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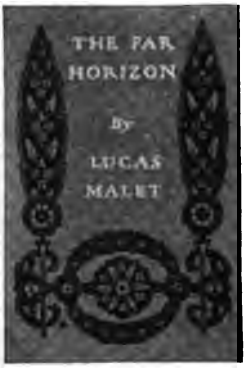
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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Literary Conscience Money

Some interesting details have been given out lately as to the sums voluntarily paid to British novelists by American publishers before the days of international copyright. It is not quite true that these payments were due wholly to a sense of moral obligation, though the leading motive was a very honourable one. Any American firm could reprint at once whatever issued from the English presses; but some publishers arranged with British authors for advance sheets of forthcoming works, thus enabling them to get the start of "piratical" firms which paid the author nothing. It is interesting to observe the occasional disparity between the merit of the book and the price paid. The whole thing was in the nature of a leap in the dark. Often the sum given by the American publisher was really more than the American rights would probably have been worth had it been possible to secure them by copyright. Thus Anthony Trollope got $3500 for *Sir Harry Hotspur*—one of his poorest novels—George Eliot $8500 for *Daniel Deronda,* and Charles Reade $5000 for *A Woman Hater.* No publisher to-day would pay any such sums for these books—if he were permitted to read them before buying. On the other hand, by way of compensation, the very best books brought their authors only trifling returns from America. Charles Reade received only $250 for *Put Yourself in His Place,* $1000 for *Hard Cash*—these being two of his finest novels—and $1000 for *Love Me Little, Love Me Long.* Thackeray got only $750 for *The Newcomes,* and $500 for *Henry Esmond!* Trollope obtained from the Harpers $125 for *The Bertrams,* $250 for *Castle Richmond,* $250 for *Rachel Ray,* $500 for *Phineas Finn,* $250 for *Phineas Redux,* and $1000 each for *The Eustace Diamonds, Orley Farm, Lady Anna,* and *Ralph the Heir.* The $500 for his *Cicero* is fully as much as any American publisher would give to-day for the copyright of such a book. George Eliot received only $100 for *Adam Bede* and $500 for *Silas Marner. The Mill on the Floss* brought her $1500. Wilkie Collins and Dickens were the most popular authors of the pre-copyright period, and they fared best of all at the hands of their authorised American publishers. The former drew from this country $1800 for *The Woman in White,* $3750 each for *The Moonstone* and *Man and Wife,* and $3000 for *Poor Miss Finch.* To Dickens the Harpers paid $1250 for *Little Dorrit,* $1800 for *Bleak House,* $5000 each for *Our Mutual Friend* and *A Tale of Two Cities,* and $7500 for *Great Expectations*—this last representing the high-water mark of such voluntary payments.

On the whole, one is surprised at the generosity of these payments, which in no case gave to the firm that made them more than a few weeks advantage over less scrupulous rivals. Many readers, in fact, refused to purchase the authorised

editions, knowing that by waiting a short time the same books could be had at half the price, or—in paper covers—for a fifth of the price. We should very much like to see an authoritative list of voluntary payments made by British publishers to American writers whose works were popular in England. How much, for instance, did Longfellow ever gain from the immense English sale of his poems? How much was remitted from London to Lowell and Hawthorne and Emerson, or to Mrs. Stowe? Prescott received something, but very little after the House of Lords decided that American books could not be protected by an English copyright. Motley got something also, but not very much, and he practically published his own first book, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic,* to which London firms gave a very cold shoulder. These matters are of interest because they exhibit the other side of a once hotly debated question. Englishmen have seldom realised that American authors used to suffer in Britain just as British authors suffered in America. And the reason why they have not realised it is found in the characteristic circumstance that after an American author gains a certain foothold in England he is calmly assumed to be an Englishman! Anthony Trollope with his downright honesty admitted this in his *North America.* We have ourselves seen included in the lists of "British Authors," advertised in London and Liverpool, the names of Hawthorne, Lowell and Prescott.

❧

"Disagreeable" Books

Last month Mr. Sinclair's book, *The Jungle,* appeared at the head of the best-selling books, as recorded in our pages. This was to have been expected, for surely never did any novel in our times receive such extraordinary notice, both in quantity and quality. *The Jungle* stirred the President of the United States to official action; it made Congress legislate; it was read all over Europe, and was quoted in the debates of the British Parliament; and it led to the cancelling of contracts in the commissariat of foreign armies. No wonder it reached the first place among the six "best sellers." But what is really surprising is the fact that, in the graded list of last month while *The Jungle* stood first, it won, first, so to speak, only by a neck. Mr. Winston Churchill's *Coniston* came within four points of equalling *The Jungle* in its sales. Now Mr. Churchill's *Coniston* is a very good book—the best thing that he has ever done—yet it has not been "pushed" by its publishers in any sensational way nor has it had the lime-light turned upon it by the grimy hands of scandal. Yet it came within four points of *The Jungle!* Why is this? Why should all the *réclame* that has been Mr. Sinclair's have done comparatively so little for his book? Because, some one will say, *The Jungle* is a "disagreeable" book, and a disagreeable book never wins supreme success. Readers like good, pleasant, merry fiction—the Dickens kind, with holly-berries and a bowl of punch and wedding-bells at the end. This is true enough, but only partly true; or rather it lacks a certain discrimination in its truth.

❧

For many "disagreeable" books have had a great success. Not to go too far back in literary history, Zola's books were "disagreeable," and Tolstoy's most-read books—*Anna Karénina* and *The Kreutzer Sonata*—were "disagreeable," and so are all of Hardy's—*Tess* most of all—and so was *Sir Richard Calmady.* Yet these stories made a deep impression upon the mind of the reading public, and they not only sold but they go on selling. The mere fact that a book is in general "disagreeable" does not then bar it from public favour nor diminish the vogue due to its intrinsic merits. Why then has *The Jungle's* success not been more spectacular and pronounced from a commerical point of view? Why has it not reached the startling vogue of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* for example? The answer lies in a definition of what is meant by "disagreeable." A book is not disagreeable merely because it lacks the conventional "happy ending" of which Dr. Cooper wrote some very sensible things in our August number. It is not disagreeable in the re-

pellant sense even when it harrows the feelings and shocks one's traditional prejudices. Such a book may still make a wide appeal. But a book which gives one the sensation of having come into contact with something physically unclean, that makes you figuratively and almost literally wish to take a bath after reading it—that is the sort of book which can never be popular or re-read, even though it achieve a momentary *succès de scandale*. Such books, for example, are the psychopathic fiction of Mrs. Voynich, *Jack Raymond*, and such is Octave Mirbeau's *Mémoires d'une Femme de Chambre*. Healthy minds recoil from them, and fortunately the great majority of readers have healthy minds. Mr. Sinclair's book is disagreeable in the same way—necessarily so—and its inevitable suggestion of the nauseating bars it from the lists of books that one reads for intellectual pleasure. For one thing, women will not read it; and unless women read a novel, it can have no success that is enduring. The assertion that disagreeable books are never popular is, therefore, true if we define the word "disagreeable" in this manner; and our definition explains why, in spite of all the international advertising it has had, *The Jungle* stood only four points above *Coniston*.

Shakespeare and Sinclair

The English *Bookman* is in the habit of offering each month a prize for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in that month's issue of the magazine. The prize for July was won by the following:

THE JUNGLE. By Upton Sinclair.

TITANIA. Say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

BOTTOM. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The Jungle suggested many quotations. For instance:

And now about the cauldron sing,
Enchanting all that you put in.

—*Macbeth.*

And again:

Sir, I will eat no meat.

—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

Also:

By my troth, I cannot abide the smell of meat since.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

The Jungle in France

A recent issue of the *London Academy* calls attention to the matter-of-fact directness with which translators tear off the veil from poetically vague English titles. For instance, how the chivalrous courtliness of Scott seems to evaporate by the metamorphosis of *The Heart of Midlothian* into the literal bluntness of the French *Le Prison d'Édimbourg*. One of the latest books to be translated into French is Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*. The translator is Mr. M. A. Fournier, and the book is presented to French readers under the startling title of *Les Empoisonneurs de Chicago*.

Autumn Novels

The list of novels to be published during the coming autumn shows the result of considerable activity during the past year on the part of the men and women of recognized literary success. There is to be a new book by Mr. Kipling, and Conan Doyle's *Sir Nigel*, which has been running serially, is to appear between covers some time this month. Mr. J. M. Barrie is to be represented by an illustrated edition of *Peter Pan*. A new book for the autumn, by Stanley Weyman, is entitled *Chippinge Borough*, and deals with the England of 1830. Miss Corelli's *The Treasure of Heaven* has already appeared. From the Williamsons we are to have *Rosemary in Search of a Father*, which is described as a Christmas love-story; and from Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler a sequel to *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, entitled *The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby*. From American writers, in addition to Margaret Deland's *The Awakening of Helena Richie* and F. Hopkinson Smith's *The Tides of Barnegat*, which are among the first of the autumn books to be published, there will be a

new story by John Fox, Jr., the first of any length since *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,* entitled *A Knight of the Cumberland.* Mr. George Barr McCutcheon will be represented by *Jane Cable,* and Mr. Richard Harding Davis by a book made up of three of his farces and *Real Soldiers of Fortune,* the latter being the stories of nine adventurous spirits of our own day. Late in the autumn or early in the winter will appear *The Mystery,* written by Stewart Edward White, in collaboration with Samuel Hopkins Adams. Some of the familiar names, of which we find no mention in these lists, are: Henry van Dyke, Booth Tarkington, James Lane Allen, Ellen Glasgow, Owen Wister, and Edith Wharton.

The first ambitious life of the late Sir Henry Irving will appear early in the autumn. It is the work of Mr. Bram Stoker, who was for many years associated with the Knight, having joined him when he took over the management of the Lyceum Theatre in 1878. In the meantime, we have Mr. Mortimer Menpes's *Henry Irving,* which is in its way a really admirable little volume, giving in brief space a great deal of the real Henry Irving. Here, for instance, is an account of the exposure of the Davenport Brothers' "cabinet trick:"

Sir Henry Irving

He went, he said, one evening to see the marvellous brothers. Their doings were astounding. He was convinced that either they must be great scoundrels or they had really some supernatural power. Sir Henry thought them scoundrels. After that he went every night and watched every movement of the men, until he knew how to untie knots, disappear, and do all things else to perfection—all except one thing. When the brother was inside the cabinet a piece of paper was placed under his feet, and a gentleman from the audience was requested to step up and trace a pencil line right round the feet. The brother's hands and legs were securely tied when the cabinet door was shut; yet he was able to dance, play on tambourines, fire off pistols, and reappear in extraordinary places; in fact, he got through a great deal of work. Then, when the cabinet door was at length opened, there sat the brother, calm and serene, with all the knots securely tied. He hadn't stirred. The most extraordinary fact was that his feet were in exactly the same position on the piece of paper, with the pencil line exactly traced round them. The contours of the shoes were marked. It was obviously impossible that he could have budged an inch from his chair. This worried Sir Henry. He was convinced that there had been a trick; yet he could not make it out. Every night for two weeks he lay awake, thinking and planning until his head was like to split. At last, one morning early, an idea dawned. He went to sleep happily for the first time in a fortnight. Shortly after that Sir Henry performed the Davenport trick at Manchester before 2,000 people. It was an immense success. Sir Henry's "brothers" were perfectly trained, and the whole show went off without a hitch. The paper business was done in a simple way. Sir Henry placed a book on the floor and put his feet on it, to explain how. We could see that there was something good coming by his expression; he himself was tickled by the thought of it. "Well," he said, "a line was traced round the fellow's feet. He got through all his tricks in the proper way. When he was back in the cabinet again, this is what my man did: he carefully turned the paper round on the other side, and with his own pencil traced another line round his feet." The manner in which Sir Henry told this story, with pantomime, was very amusing. "Yes," he said, when we were exhausted by laughing, "it was a success. The only thing that was not quite as it should have been was that, when the cabinet door was flung open and the gentleman was shown not to have moved from his chair—how could he, when the pencil line was still traced round his feet? —instead of appearing calm and serenely indifferent, behold my man, his collar bathed in perspiration, puffing and panting from his exertions, not being accustomed, as the Davenport men were, to such strenuous work."

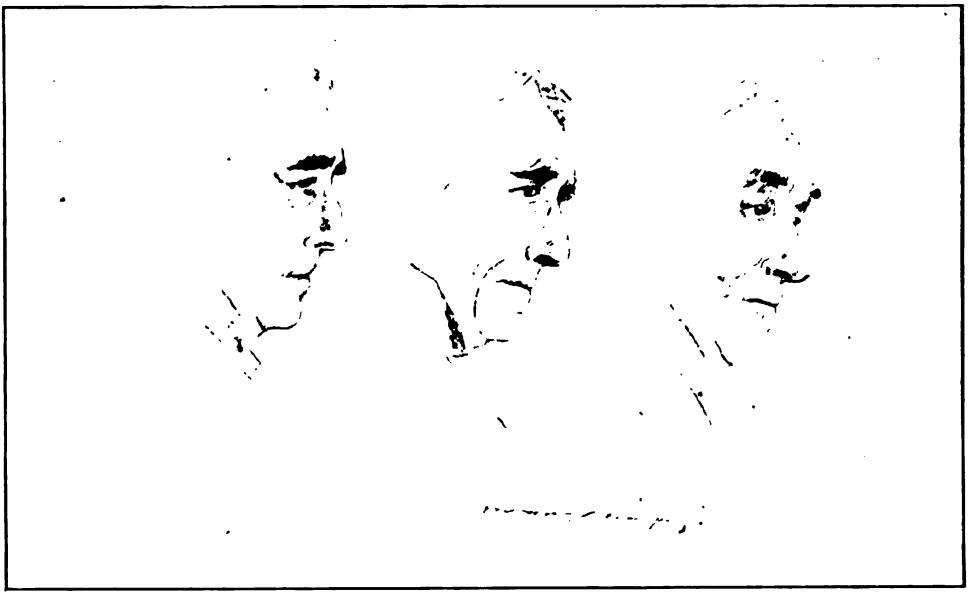
In one of the last interviews between Irving and Mortimer Mempes, Sir Henry spoke of his old friend Toole and the latter's pitiable state of health, little thinking that he himself would be the first to die. The book narrates a practical joke, of which Mr. Toole, himself a master,

hand at practical jokes, was the victim. Attached to the Lyceum Theatre there was a set of rooms in which Irving used to entertain after the play. At midnight a banquet was served, and until six or seven in the morning the company remained indulging in discussion and good cheer. At one of these meetings Mr. Toole beckoned to a young man who was seated on the left of the host. The youth walked round and sat down beside Mr. Toole.

"Irving tells me," said Mr. Toole, "that you are a son of our good friend the Tory Editor of Fife?" "Yes." "And that you are editing the *National Review?*" "Yes." "Well," went on Mr. Toole, "I see that great men—Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Greenwood, and so on—write in your review. I, too, must write in it." The editor said he was delighted, and looked so. "What is your subject, Mr. Toole, and when may I expect the manuscript?" "Oh, I have no subject," said Mr. Toole. "You must find the subject, and



BRAM STOKER, AUTHOR OF THE FORTHCOMING LIFE OF SIR HENRY IRVING



THREE HEADS OF SIR HENRY IRVING. BY MORTIMER MENPES

you must write the article. I will sign." The editor was very thoughtful for a few moments, and then said: "There's a thing called 'The New Humour' going about. How would that do?" "The very thing—splendid!" said Mr. Toole, his remarkable countenance seeming even more woebegone than usual. "When can you bring the manifesto to be signed? Come with it to the theatre. Afterwards we'll go out and lunch." "It will have to be sharp work," said the editor. "We are near the end of the month: the *Review* has to go to press very soon. But I'll come with the proofs the day after to-morrow, if that will do?" "Right," said Mr. Toole. The editor kept the appointment; but he was in a great hurry, having, he said, an important engagement a mile and a half off at two o'clock. "I'll read the opening and the end," he said, unfolding some yards of proof-sheets. The opening of the article and the closing passage were in Mr. Toole's familiar strain of jocularity, and the editor expressed a hope that the rest might be held as read. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Toole; and the editor hurried away. Three days afterwards Mr. Toole was the most-talked-of man in the United Kingdom. He was the theme of astonished leading articles in practically all the journals. The substantial parts of his essay—those which he had "held as read"—were not at all like the opening and the end. They went far up into the mysteries of feeling, art, and even ontology, and were couched in words of extraordinary length or unfamiliarity. Mr. Toole, in short, had formulated a profound and far-reaching philosophy of humour, ancient and modern. The journals, not one of them scenting a joke, were astounded at the aggressive thoughts which gentle Mr. Toole had so long been cherishing in silence. A New Humourist, speaking in behalf of his School, wrote to the *Daily Chronicle*, bitterly complaining that the great comedian, who had long enjoyed the affectionate favour of the public, had stamped so brutally on the efforts of the young literary colleagues who were likewise engaged in the effort to amuse and cheer. The Garrick Club hummed with excitement. "I must ask you," said Mr. Toole, appearing at the editor's club, "to let me lunch with you every day for a little." "Charmed, charmed!" said the editor. "You see," explained the comedian, with his most anguished expression of face, "the fellows at the Garrick—especially Traill—persist in wanting to discuss passages in my article, and, as they don't always know how to pronounce some of the learned words I was obliged to use, I find their conversation fatiguing."



THE LATE JOHN TOOLE AS THE ARTFUL DODGER

Magazine Policies and First Numbers

It would probably be not too much to say that there is not a reader in the accepted sense of the term, in the country, who is unaware of the radical change during the last eight or ten years in the business of magazine-making. It is obvious to every one that the days have gone by when editing a periodical, well or ill, was entirely a matter of taste in selection. The most casual glance along the table of contents shows that the average magazine of to-day is not written, so to speak, but builded—that it is a work of construction, just as a play to be successful must be a work of construction. Consequently, if a periodical were to rely to any extent on the chance contributions that come in, it would soon be hopelessly distanced. Many of our most successful magazines to-day are made by formula—each issue has to contain certain articles that will appeal to certain tastes. The avowed policy of one very prosperous monthly, the pioneer in its field, is an excellent illustration. In each number there must be a special article that will in some way make an appeal to American patriotism; in each number there must be an article treating of some phase of European court life or of the European aristocracy, because people like to read that sort of thing; likewise an article about some aspect of what is called the "Four Hundred," its country homes, its yachts, its horse shows, or its successes on the turf; a certain large part of each number must be devoted to matter of distinct interest to women, because women are preëminently the readers, or better still, the buyers of magazines. Every line must be carefully scanned and every doubtful phrase stricken out. There must be no word that could possibly give offence to any class or body of persons. The writer of a recent contribution to this magazine made what to him was a

perfectly innocent statement that "the income of Mark Twain, from his books, was the income of a successful banker or life insurance official." Before the paper was printed he was asked to eliminate the words "life insurance official." It was thought that it might smack somewhat of the muck-rake.

With just a little sense of relief we have been turning from the magazines of the present to the magazines of the past, when the laws of the making were not so rigid and where selection was guided by the opinion of what would be interesting or what ought to be. Browsing about among the old numbers leaves us in an unsettled state of mind. We are not entirely convinced that the so-called advance in magazine-making should not be spelled deterioration. The average hack writer for magazines and newspapers will tell you with perfect candour that every special article in the world has been done over a score of times. Perhaps there is a little cynicism and a little exaggeration in this statement, but it is unquestionably true that for ninety-five per cent. of the articles which are to be found in current issues one need only to turn back to the old files. We are not ourselves drawing any decided conclusions. Our readers may perhaps like to do so, however, when we recall the contents of some of the First Issues. We shall begin with *Harper's, Scribner's* and *The Century.*

The First Harper's

The first issue of *Harper's Magazine,* which bore the date of June, 1850, was not a difficult problem in editing, because the periodical was begun as an eclectic, and all that were needed were shears, paste, and judgment in selection. After the manner of first issues of all kinds the publishers saw fit to begin with a foreword or announcement couched in the stilted style of American writing at that period. This foreword laid great stress upon the growing literary dignity of the reviews and newspapers in England and France. The leading statesmen of England were proud to be considered publicists and men of letters; the leading statesmen of France were men who had been called from the ranks of journalism. "Lamartine has just become an editor of a newspaper. Dickens has just established a weekly journal of his own. Lever is enlisted in the *Dublin University Magazine,*" etc. The first issue of the new periodical was made up of one hundred and forty-four substantial pages, and a list of the various subjects included would make three or four pages in the style of the table of contents of the present *Harper's Magazine.* As was the custom at that time, almost all the contributions to the magazine appeared without the names of the writers. The magazine began with the first installment of what was evidently considered its big serial, Charles Lever's *Maurice Tiernay, The Soldier of Fortune,* from the *Dublin University Magazine.* Then came a special article on "Women in the East," by an Oriental traveller, three pages in length, followed by twenty-two pages of another serial, *Lettice Arnold,* by the author of *Two Old Men's Tales.* Next followed short descriptions of eruptions of Mt. Ætna, clipped from the Marquis of Ormond's *Autumn in Sicily,* which we devoutly hope was a more lucrative work than the volumes of travels by titled hands which Messrs. Bacon and Bungay used to publish from rival sides of Paternoster Row. "Papers on American Literature" and "Milking in Australia" were followed by the third serial, *Lizzie Leigh.* After a short article on "Steam," came the first of a series of "Papers on Water," which dealt with the question "Why Hard Water is Unfit for Domestic Purposes," a bit of verse from Herrick, a "Tale of the Good Old Times," a short story, and then a ten-page article on the "Memoirs of the First Duchess of Orleans." For the sake of brevity, we shall give the list of other contents of this number without comment:

The Snowy Mountains of New Zealand
Genius
Francis Jeffrey
Dr. Johnson: His Religious life and His Death
Sonneto—from the Italian
A Child's Dream of a Star
The Chapel by the Shore (Poem)

Illustrations of Cheapness—The Lucifer Match
The Flower Gatherer (Poem from the German)
Short Cuts Across the Globe
The German Meistersingers—Hans Sachs
Ghost Stories
The Reverend William Lisle Bowles
Morning in Spring (Poem from the German)
Work—an Anecdote
Men and Women
The Return of Pope Pius IX to Rome
The Genius of George Sand
Amusements at the Court of Louis XV
The Circassian Priest Warrior and His White Horse (Poem)
Unsectarian Education in England
William Wordsworth
The Mother's First Duty
Sidney Smith on Moral Philosophy
The Young Poet's Plaint (Poem)
Sonnets from the Italian
The Character of Burns
The Paris Election
The Pope at Home Again
The Australian Colony
Jewish Veneration
The Modern Argonaut



F. HOPKINSON SMITH. FROM HIS LATEST PORTRAIT

A review of Mr. Smith's *The Tides of Barnegat* will be found elsewhere in this issue

Then at the end came the various departments; first, the Monthly Record of Current Events, one of which chronicled the election of Eugene Sue as a member of the Paris Assembly on the Socialist ticket; crude wood cuts of Alison, Macaulay and Prescott with reading matter; four or five pages of literary reviews; and, finally, three pages of suggestions for the Fashions of Early Summer, adorned with designs of feminine attire so strange that it hardly seems possible that they were worn only little more than half a century ago.

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Over twenty years elapsed between the appearance of the first issue of *Harper's* and the first issue of *Scribner's*, twenty years of many and vital changes.

The First Scribner's

There still held, however, the custom of suppressing in the text the names of the magazine contributors, although these names may be learned by reference to the index of the bound volumes. The first *Scribner's* appeared for November, 1870, contained one hundred and twelve pages, and typographically and artistically showed a marvellous advance over the first *Harper's*. It is exceedingly surprising to modern ideas, however, to learn that it made its bow to the public with a poem seventeen pages in length,



SIR RICHARD BURTON

The recently published Life of Sir Richard Burton will be discussed in a later issue

entitled "Jeremy Train, His Drive," purporting to be "By an Old Fellow." Old Fellow, we learn, was Dr. J. G. Holland. Second on the table of contents was a descriptive article on "The Bottom of the Sea," by T. Edwards Clark. This was followed by "A Day with Dr. Brooks," by Mary Mapes Dodge, who at that time signed herself Mary E. Dodge. The fourth feature was the first Scribner serial. This was *Natasqua,* by Rebecca Harding Davis; then followed "The Bondage of the Pulpit," an essay by W. C. Wilkinson, which was considered so radical in its tone that it caused widespread comment throughout the country. The one short story of the number was "Twice Alone, a Tale of the Labrador," by I. I. Hayes; a sonnet, by C. R. W., was followed by a short paper by Samuel W. Duffield on "The Writings of George MacDonald." Then came a poem "Fair Weather and Foul," by William Morris, and the first installment of George MacDonald's serial story *Wilfrid Cumbermede.* Finally, were the three departments, Topics of the Times, Books and Authors Abroad, and Books and Authors at Home.

The First Century

The first *Century* was, in a measure, a continuation of the last *Scribner's* of the first series, the Century Company buying the older magazine, with the condition that the Scribner house should not publish a magazine for a period of



LADY BURTON

five years. The editor of the new periodical was Dr. J. G. Holland, with Mr. Richard Watson Gilder and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson as associates. Dr. Holland planned the first number, but did not live to see the day of its appearance. This first number is exceptional in the high quality of its material and the standing of its contributors, and, also, from the fact that it is made up to a considerable extent of the same line of subjects which we associate with the *Century Magazine* of to-day. In the first number of *Harper's*, on the other hand, there is, with the possible exception of the Charles Lever serial, not a paper that would now stand the slightest chance of acceptance. The frontispiece of the first *Century* was the reproduction of a painting of George Eliot. Then there came a fourteen-page description of "A Diligence Journey in Mexico," by Mary Hallock Foote, with illustrations by the author; a twenty-four-page paper by Lizzie W. Champney, entitled "In the Footsteps of Fortuny and Regnault," was followed by "Christophe," a poem by Edmund Clarence Stedman. The first *Century* short story was a "Curious Experience," by Mark Twain; then there was a short descriptive paper about the George Eliot portrait, and then another poem, "To a Missal of the Thirteenth Century," by Austin Dobson. "Around Cape Ann," by Hiram Rich, was illustrated from etchings by Stephen Parrish. "George Eliot" was the subject of a descriptive article by Frederick W. H. Myers. Mr. Gilder's first contribution to the magazine with which he has been so long associated was a poem, "When the True Poet Comes." This was followed by a fifteen-page illustrated article, "Costumes in the Greek Play at Harvard," by Frank B. Millet, and poems, "Sunshine in March" and "Delay," by E. H. Gosse and Andrew B. Saxton, respectively. The first *Century* serial, Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Through One Administration," was followed by "Phœbe," a poem by James Russell Lowell. The modern magazine idea is illustrated, at any rate, by the next contribution, "Compulsory Lane Routes on the North Atlantic," by Captain Horatio McKay of the old Cunard. Then came a long and controversial paper entitled "The So-Called Venus of Melos," in which W. J. Stillman endeavoured to prove that the famous statue of the Louvre was not a Venus at all but a Victory. "Tommaso Salvini," by Emma Lazarus, was followed by Salvini's own paper on "Impressions of Shakespearean Characters." Then came "Enfoldings," a poem by Mary Mapes Dodge, "My Escape from Slavery," by Frederick Douglas; "Eli," a story, by the author of *The Village Convict;* and "Backwoods Visions," a poem by Roger Riordan. The departments were Topics of the Times, Home and Society, Literature, The World's Work, and the familiar Bric-a-Brac.

Marion Harland

There are just two or three American writers who so long have been intimately known to every member of the reading club list, and whose names for so many years have been accepted as household words, that anything more definite or specific about them is either generally overlooked or forgotten. Such an author is Marion Harland. There is probably hardly a person in the land, who can read and write, who will not profess immediately a knowledge of her and her work, and yet further inquiry will very likely elicit the vague reply that "she wrote a cook book." Marion Harland is now seventy-five years of age, and as her first novel was written at sixteen, her literary life may be said to cover a period of sixty years. In addition to writing her books, the latest of which, *The Distractions of Martha*, is soon to appear, Mrs. Terhune edits the Woman's Department of the *North American Syndicate*, in itself no light undertaking, as her own account of some of her responsibilities shows:

My average mail for the *North American Syndicate* is five hundred letters a week. That makes over twenty thousand letters a year. Besides these I have my personal correspondence, which is large. I could not get through with it all but for the help of an exceptional secretary. Then I am strong and work systematically. I write an abstract of my reply to every letter, either on the envelope or a piece of paper attached to it. My private



MARION HARLAND (Mrs. Terhune)



THE SPANISH STAIRS IN ROME AS SEEN FROM THE PIAZZA DI SPAGNA

The Keats House is at the right and the tablet and wreath indicate the room in which the poet died. The fountain was designed by Bernini, and commemorates a time of high water in the Tiber when a boat was floated to the piazza, a mile from the river. The stairs were built by a French gentleman, through whom they became, as they still are, the property of the French government. The church is Santa Trinita de' Monti, and to the left is a convent of Spanish nuns for whom Mendelssohn wrote music which they still sing at vespers. To the left of the convent is the Villa Medici, the seat of the French Art School (Prix de Rome), and still further the park of the Pincian Hill, overlooking the city. The last four months of Keats's life were spent in this house, which is one of the most beautiful places in Rome. With its central location, in an atmosphere of flowers, fountains, and picturesque architecture, the house is an ideal place for a memorial to the two English poets.

correspondence I write wholly myself. People write to me about everything. Some of the letters I cannot answer. Some want me to write the story of their lives and divide the profits with them. Others wish me to write stories, the plots of which they offer to furnish me on the same terms. They are not infrequently offended when I decline. One such I told I could not write on all the subjects I had in my own mind if I lived for a hundred years. One projector of an English paper wanted me to contribute for a year without compensation, with the promise that after that I should be paid better than I had ever been paid by any paper.

There seems to be a very general interest in the movement to purchase by popular subscription the House on the Piazza di Spagna in Rome in which Mr. John Keats died, and to establish therein a permanent memorial of Keats and Shelley. The memorial, apart from its literary bearings, has an international interest in the fact that it was originated and set on foot by Americans to do honour to the two great English poets buried in Italian soil. On the 17th of last May, after three years' endeavour, the committees in charge of the movement obtained a legal option on the desired property at one hundred and six thousand francs. This option will expire on January 17th next. American subscribers have already contributed over ten thousand dollars to the fund.

The Keats-Shelley Memorial



FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of *Whispering Smith*



MR. SIDNEY H. PRESTON
Whose novel *On Common Ground* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

A book of two years ago, which was very much out of the ordinary and which caused considerable discussion, was Mr. Frank H. Spearman's *The Strategy of Great Railroads.* Mr. Spearman's latest book is *Whispering Smith,* a novel dealing with life in the Rockies during the pioneer period, when every man carried his life in his own hands and the great civilising factor was the advancing railroad. Mr. Spearman's career has been a singularly varied one. He has been, in turn, a broker, a bank cashier, and a bank president, and as an author he has gradually made his way by writing short stories and by his two novels, *Dr. Bryson* and *The Daughter of a Mag-*

Frank H. Spearman

nate. Mr. Spearman was born in Buffalo, N. Y., and was educated at Lawrence University, in Appleton, Wisconsin. His present home is in Wheaton, Illinois.

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Wilkie Collins Recollections

A paper on the "Recollections of Wilkie Collins," by Mr. Wybert Reeve, which appeared in the July number of *Chambers's Journal*, recalls the rather curious fact that there has never been a biography of Collins published. For that matter, the most we have of the personal Collins is to be found in his correspondence with Dickens, and allusions to Dickens take up a good deal of Mr. Reeve's space. For instance, we learn that in Collins's opinion, Dickens injured himself very much by his readings, and particularly by reading "Nancy" and "Bill Sikes." The effect on Dickens was painful in the extreme, both at the first and ever afterwards; every nerve in his sensitive temperament was wound up to such a pitch of excited energy. At the first rehearsal he fainted, and always



WILKIE COLLINS

afterwards when he read these scenes in public he suffered from exhaustion. Collins did not care for John Forster's life of Dickens. He thought that Forster told too much about Dickens's family quarrels, and that Forster was made too prominent. Collins was of opinion that Mrs. Dickens was a very unsuitable lady to be the wife of a man of his nature. Mr. Reeve tells us what was fairly well known, that Wilkie Collins failed in his American readings. He lacked the necessary dramatic power to make them acceptable to general audiences. Collins suffered from neuralgia and gout, and fell into the habit of taking opium in considerable doses and frequent injections of morphia to relieve the pain. Mr. Reeve says: "His diet was singular at dinner. He would sometimes take bread soaked in meat gravy only. In the night he was fond of cold soup and champagne. For exercise he often walked up and down the stairs so many times by the aid of the balusters. Frequent suffering made his habits a little eccentric perhaps, and I am quite certain the frequent use of opium had its effect upon his writings in later years."

The Late Lafcadio Hearn

A rather extraordinary literary controversy has been going on of late about the personal habits and appearance of Lafcadio Hearn. The controversy began when the New York *Sun* printed an editorial, containing the statement that Hearn, during the time that he lived in New Orleans, avoided as much as possible the society of whites, preferring to live among negroes, not of the cornfield variety, but the high priests and priestesses of Voodooism. This and some remarks about Hearn's personal appearance called forth a storm of protesting letters which the *Sun* duly printed for a period extending over many days. We have no desire to enter in any way into the controversy; but as throwing a light on the much-discussed question of Lafcadio Hearn's personal appearance, we print the accompanying portrait.



LAFCADIO HEARN

An English View

In the opinion of the *London Academy* the past season, despite the usual complaints of "slackness in the book market," has not been altogether unfruitful of good books, although an examination of the list leads to the impression that this is not a great age of imagination or of poetry or of poetic drama or of fiction. Of the novels that the *Academy* finds worthy of special attention two are from America—Mr. Owen Wister's *Lady Baltimore*, "a book of charm, of depth, of power very gently used, of wisdom never obtruded," and Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*, "which circumstance has made notable." Of English novels the *Academy* mentions Mr. John Galsworthy's *The Man of Property*, Mr. H. M. Hueffer's *The Fifth Queen*, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *Out of Due Time*. As fairly respectable the *Academy* classes the recent books of Mr. E. F. Benson, Mrs. Thurston, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and Mrs. Humphry Ward; also Q.'s *The Mayor of Troy*, Maarten Maartens's *The Healers*, Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Hugo*, and the Baron-

ess von Hutten's *Pam Decides.* But the best work nowadays, thinks the *Academy,* is being done in biography, history, criticism, and works that combine creation with compilation. It instances Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's *Life of Lord Randolph Churchill,* Mr. J. B. Atlay's *Victorian Chancellors,* Mr. Charles Whibley's *Pitt,* Mr. Thomas Wright's *Life of Sir Richard Burton,* and Miss Sichel's *Life of Canon Ainger.*

The South in the Saddle

There is one passage in Mr. O. Henry's recent book, *The Four Million,* which we wish to reprint without any comment. It will strike most New-Yorkers, at least, with considerable force. The passage appears in the tale called *A Cosmopolite in a Café:*

> While Coglan was describing to me the topography along the Siberian Railway, the orchestra glided into a medley. The concluding air was "Dixie," and as the exhilarating notes tumbled forth, they were almost overpowered by a great clapping of hands from almost every table.
>
> It is worth a paragraph to say that this remarkable scene can be witnessed every evening in the numerous cafés in the city of New York. Tons of brew have been consumed over theories to account for it. Some have conjectured hastily that all Southerners in town hie themselves to cafés at nightfall. This applause of the "rebel" air in a Northern city does puzzle a little; but it is not insolvable. The war with Spain, many years' generous mint and watermelon crops, a few long-shot winners at the New Orleans race-track, and the brilliant banquets given by the Indiana and Kansas citizens who compose the North Carolina Society have made the South rather a fad in Manhattan. Your manicure will lisp softly that your left forefinger reminds her so much of a gentleman's in Richmond, Va. Oh, certainly; but many a lady has to work now—the war, you know.

In Springfield, Mass.

We lately spent a few hours in Springfield, Mass., having to wait there between two trains; for trains do not always make close connection in Springfield, Mass. This circumstance can have no real interest for our readers, and we owe them an apology; but *que voulez-vous?* The Junior Editor has just informed us that he needs another paragraph to complete the Chronicle and Comment, and he has intimated rather plainly that he is expecting us to write it. This is not because he likes our paragraphs, but because the more we write the less remains for him to do. Therefore, not having any other subject in our mind, it occurs to us to jot down a word or two regarding Springfield, Mass. Before this little visit we had no special knowledge of the place except the fact that from it issues the *Springfield Republican,* one of the very best newspapers in the whole United States. Also it is, or was, the site of the Arsenal about which Longfellow wrote his well-known poem, beginning:

> "This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
> Like a great organ, rise the burnished arms."

We have always felt that these opening lines were rather weak on the part of Longfellow. If the burnished arms really rose from floor to ceiling, surely it wasn't necessary for him to say, "This is the Arsenal." Any one with half an eye could see it was an arsenal. Nobody would suppose that it was a delicatessen shop. Well, as we were saying, that is all we previously knew about the town; so we took a stroll. Not to the Arsenal, for arsenals are not to our taste; nor to the *Republican* office, because we might not be to the taste of the editors. But we went down a long street parallel to the railway station and presently came to a drug-store, where two rather pretty girls were eating chocolate sondhis (that is the way we spell the word). All the girls that we had ever before seen eating sondhis had used little spoons with long handles. But these girls were employing small silver spikes like miniature ice-picks. How they did it without impaling their tongues we couldn't imagine. It was a terrible and yet alluring sight, and we watched it so long that the druggist's assistant came out and asked us to go away. We went. Presently we came

upon the Massasoit House. Back in the early seventies we once heard an old gentleman say that when he was a youth, the finest waffles in the world were to be had at the Massasoit House in Springfield, Mass. But that was a long while ago, and now they may have doughnuts for breakfast there. You never can tell. We remember that once in the little town of Paxton, near Worcester, when we were breakfasting at the village inn—but this has nothing to do with Springfield, Mass.

Fearing to get lost, we went back to the railway station, where a surprising number of people were sitting around eating out of brown paper bags, just as they do at Battersea Park and the Fête de Neuilly and Coney Island. As no other diversion was provided, we read a copy of the *Springfield Republican*—editorials, dramatic and musical criticism, local news, advertisements and all. The musical criticism was rather good. An operatic company had been presenting *Lohengrin* in Springfield, and the musical critic, who evidently was accustomed to prepare "write-ups" for the Springfield merchants, dealt rather gingerly and unwillingly with the technique of the various artists. "Madame So-and-So has a good, loud voice," was his usual form of commendation. But he came out strong at the end.

"When Lohengrin came on drawn by his swans," he wrote, "it was as though a large base-burner was being hauled in on a stone-boat. But this only shows that German opera is a hard thing to negotiate in a common theatre."

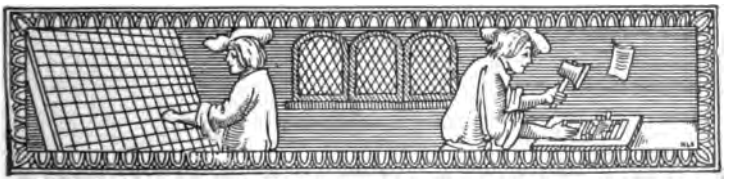
That word "negotiate" was really clinical, diagnostic, chromatic—everything that would have delighted Sainte-Beuve and Mr. Huneker. The suburban news was also edifying. We read about the dog-license law in Westfield and what had lately been decreed by the ædiles of Agawam. But after all, the advertising columns were the best, though we were shocked at first by reading the words: "Go to Mt. Tom!" We took this for an imprecation, but it really wasn't. Then we saw in large black letters: "This Is the Last Week for Free Pants!" It pleased us to know that the people of Springfield were to be endowed with free pants, and that henceforth no citizen need go trouserless to his daily tasks. Another column led us to infer that some members of the feminine aristocracy of Springfield are of possibly African lineage and that they are wont to express their wishes and preferences through the medium of the daily press. We noted, for instance, the following:

A COLORED LADY wishes to travel. —— —— Bridge St.

Now in other cities, when a lady wishes to travel, she usually tells her immediate acquaintance, but she hardly confides this aspiration to the public in a newspaper. Still, there was something artless and attractive about the Springfield custom, and we trust that this coloured lady ultimately did travel and that she travelled far. Another notice ran:

A COLORED LADY wishes refined washing. —— —— Mattoon St.

We pondered over this for some time, meditating on the general ambiguity of the naïve announcement. But while we mused, our train came in; and now we shall perhaps never learn just what refined washing is. This is all we know about Springfield, Mass.



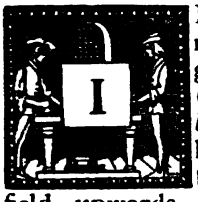


MARY E. WILKINS

SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

II—MARY E. WILKINS

I



IN spite of being by no means first upon the ground, Miss Wilkins (beginning with *A Humble Romance* in 1887) has succeeded in extracting from her chosen field upwards of a dozen volumes, dealing with local life and character as spontaneously as if no predecessor had ever ventured upon the soil of New England. And notwithstanding her illustrious forbears, *A Humble Romance* won instant recognition for its sure touch and unmistakable personal note.

Using a restricted canvas, a small scale, Miss Wilkins immediately showed a perspective, an atmosphere, compared to which the snap-shots of our many brilliant young writers appear like the thin, accurate outlines drawn by a savage or a clever child. It is the absence of all journalistic taint which gives her work its quality. Her scope may be limited, but within it she *knows*. Depth beyond depth is open to her. Her mental processes lie at the farthest possible remove from impressionism. It is conceivable that before unfamiliar sights or people the picture reflected upon her retina might lack force and distinction. It is out of infinite comprehension, out of a wealth of information, that she selects a poverty-stricken cottage, a gaunt old woman, a cat! With unerring elimination she seizes the telling detail. In each minute study (and a score of pages suffice for the majority of them) you are put in full possession of any facts necessary for understanding the past of every character; and this is done so imperceptibly that you are unaware of being "posted," of anything beyond the gentle, uninterrupted forward movement. The stories moreover are never inter-dependent. Each stands quite alone. If all were lost but *A New England Nun* no explanation, no sidelights, would be required to make clear this crystalline little tale. Louisa Ellis is engaged to a young villager of her own class, but her unconsciously celibate temperament slowly chills him. She is an inverted Galatea. With the outward semblance of a living woman, on the approach of love (although in a highly restrained form) she turns to marble. Relieved at her lover's defection, she goes happily back to her immaculate housewifery, ... "prayerfully numbering her days like an uncloistered nun."

Equally complete, *A Village Singer* ends with a turn of inimitable humour. Deposed from the choir for singing out of tune, and literally dying of the blow, Candace Whitcomb makes her peace with heaven, forgives her enemies, even calls upon her successor to sing a hymn.

> Candace lay and listened. Her face had a holy and radiant expression. When Alma stopped singing it did not disappear, but she looked up and spoke, and it was a secondary glimpse of the old shape of a forest tree through the smoke and flame of the transfiguring fire the instant before it falls. "You flatted a little on—soul," said Candace.

To read about Miss Wilkins's old women gives all the satisfaction of watching remarkably disagreeable weather from a post of comfort and safety. A deaf spinster (in *An Object of Love*) is turned from piety to atheism by the disappearance of her cat. The gentle young minister is at his wits' end how to cope with such a situation. . . . "It seemed to him bordering upon sacrilege to treat this trouble of Anne Millet's like a genuine affliction, though, on the other hand, that treatment was what her state of mind seemed to require."

Willy, the missing pet, is found in his own cellar, Anne's deaf ears having failed to register his mewings.

The next meeting night Anne was in her place. The minister saw her, rejoicing. After meeting he hurried out of his desk to speak to her. "I'm so happy to see you are feeling better." "The cat has come back," said Anne.

II

In the census of a Mary Wilkins village the proportion of inhabitants would approximate sixty women upwards of seventy years old, five old men, fifteen middle-aged women, eight middle-aged men, seven girls, three eligible bachelors, two children. Of these, forty old women would be intolerable, ten merely difficult, and ten victims to the rest. Three old men out of five could be set down as narrow, detestable tyrants, two (weak brothers) show amiability. The middle-aged men and women are in good training to succeed their elders. Young girls represent every degree of voluntary and enforced repression. Of the young men, mark two as thoroughly developed mules, well-meaning, honourable, but as "set" as their fathers before them. The third may be a reasonable creature, who consents to defer the wedding for ten years till his betrothed can buy a silk dress or pay off her father's mortgage. Failing to be of heroic stuff, number three usually breaks down and marries a girl from another village. The life is as narrow as that of a Kaffir in his kraal. In one place only do two men fall out over politics. These descendants of a race bred to religious dispute, to thought, inherit an acuteness, an eternal mental activity, which is now steadily turned upon their own and their neighbours' small affairs. Their very virtues seem to make them only the drier and harder. Each feels and suffers intensely, walled up inside his or her own personality. When they break loose it is like a geyser of ice-water. Cold storage has robbed their passions of all genial warmth. The throbbing of their own hearts rends and tears them. Their precise, inelastic language is inexpressive of emotion. Yet they are sensitive, not inarticulate peasants more like dumb animals than sentient human beings.

Their rare, prolonged courtships, scanty families, depressed young people, are entirely remote from the joys and sorrows, the devil-may-care attitude of ordinary poor communities. They are strikingly like the Scotch, in a land without Scotch whiskey! The love affairs suggest pale Arctic blossoms, pitifully testifying to the renewing power of nature, to her constant struggle to claim her due, to accomplish her work amid frozen, rock-bound surroundings, where a brief summer barely snatches a moment's respite from storm and hardship. The descriptions give scene and figures without a superfluous word. Every event is well prepared, but without emphasis, and characterisation of people abounds in passages of rare discrimination.

She was a small woman and quite young, with a bright alertness about her which had almost the effect of prettiness. It was to her what greenness and crispness are to a plant.

That bit is unsurpassed in directness, as is this, of an old man hunting a lost girl:

He had a natural scent for glory, but he was like an animal reared at a distance from his native prey, and had little opportunity to exercise it.

Her analogy is swift and sure; with the eye of a realist she uses the symbolism of a romantic. In these small glimpses she shows her grasp upon the foundation of her characters, but she seldom openly dissects. Giving you their actual presence, their lives, how they live them, she merely indicates the underlying mental processes, seldom dragging them out into the light of day. You bring away a paradoxical suspicion that owing to the religious repression of centuries these people often inherit the sense of repression without the sense of religion. Then, thanks to generations of chaste living, the women have evolved a purely celibate temperament. This frequently tramples over an eligible suitor, a comfortable establishment. In many instances it turns to a dogged, senseless fidelity to an unwilling object. In the case of many who actually go so far as to marry, the woman seems shortly to revert to an acrid virginity, rendering her fiercely intolerant towards the love affairs of young people. The naked virtues of this community, truth, honesty, de-

cency, self-reliance, endurance, cleanliness, thrift, make the story of their lives a wholesome tonic—taken in small doses. As a prophylactic, in connection with a course of French novels, the effect is beneficial. Taken too lavishly, without corrective, it might easily foster an appetite for fiction that is "high" in a sense more often applied to game than to literature. Whereas the French entirely accept every manifestation of nature, merely asking "What shall we do about this?" these New Englanders seem to have no general problem. Their attitude is the inheritance of a special race. The stranger will seldom say, "How like people!" But almost invariably—"How like *these* people!"

III

If the stories are special to an extraordinary degree, they also show a distinction of workmanship a clearness, delicacy and sureness, which places them far beyond the "Rogers Groups" to which they have been rather stupidly compared. Curiously enough, being so very definite as to character and place, they have absolutely no date. Although reading them in mass would be depressing, the best of them are so complete as to give a sense of permanence. There is nothing to grow obsolete. The simple narrative with its unpretentious style, the perfect analogy, the clear outlines and cool grey tints—what is there here to fade?

If out of all her work two slender volumes were to be compiled of the best, so chosen as to avoid monotony, without question those volumes would be as interesting a hundred years hence as they are to-day, not only for themselves, but as records of a society bearing a sure sign of decadence, the utter domination of the young by the old.

Jane Field, Miss Wilkins's first novel, is a striking example of this trait. Throughout, the mother holds the central place. Jane's stern affection for her daughter, the violence done her conscience, her inability to reap the reward of her crime, this is the main theme. The story is beautifully told, without undue elaboration. The handful of characters stand out quite clear. Green River has the same proportion of people as her other villages. In the church—

> the mass of them were middle-aged and elderly women, . . . a sprinkling of solemn old men, a few bright-ribboned girls, . . . and in the background a settee or two of smart young fellows.

Lois Field might stand for the typical Mary Wilkins girl, harking back to Hawthorne, but with more of Priscilla than of Hilda.

> "I've seen young girls go down," said Mrs. Green. "It seems sometimes as if there wan't nothin' more to them than flowers, and they fade away in a day."

Amanda Pratt is really delightfully done—the gentle old maid who cuts a piece out of her good stocking and darns it, to match the hole in its fellow—who leaves her cat ten saucersful of milk, one for each day of her absence, trusting pussy to be as self-denying as she herself would have been. All this is told so simply that you are never asked to stop and admire.

The sober courtship of Lois and Francis Arms is delicately frigid. Surely no story-teller has chronicled so many austere wooings! Yet the chronicle is neither conventional nor superficial. You feel that just so would these young Puritans approach one another. You share their surprise that the voice of nature should ever speak to them. You almost wish that delicacy did not forbid Miss Wilkins from further revelations, and at the same time feel thankful for her reserve. The same sensitiveness which permits her to understand prevents her from revealing.

It is curious that while Barney Thayer's flowered waistcoat and Charlotte Barnard's neckerchief suggest a remote period for the novel of *Pembroke,* the story itself might equally well be of yesterday. Barney courts Charlotte with the full consent of both their families, barring Charlotte's father, Cephas, whose opposition is general, not particular, merely a phase of his concentrated opposition to everything.

One evening, near the time set for their wedding, Cephas inveighs Barney into a political discussion. They have

"words." They quarrel and Cephas orders Barney from the house.

Barney adores Charlotte, likewise he is too mulish to change his mind, once his ideas have been started in any direction, even about a woman. Not only through fidelity, but through obstinacy, he could not waver; moreover, in his queer way he has even a flash of physical passion for Charlotte. He is well off; she is poor. She and all concerned give him right in his quarrel with Cephas, yet he refuses to marry her. In his anger he has sworn not to marry the daughter of such a one as Cephas Barnard; and, like a balking horse, with fires built under it, blows raining down on it, rewards held out to it, he is agonisingly immovable. It is the hysteria, the orgy, the riot of self-repression—a nature that can only be expressed by absence of expression! He lives in growing anguish, inside the coffin-like existence he has made himself. As its sides contract, his living body grows more cramped within his self-imposed bonds. A pretty village coquette makes love to him, but he feels no wish to respond. This main theme is sustained by several lesser ones. Let us run over the characters: Cephas Barnard, crank and tyrant. His wife, a colourless, inefficient creature. Charlotte, fine, but abnormally steadfast and painfully inexpressive. Mrs. Thayer, obdurate, hard, suffering inwardly, but unflinching in turning a son and a daughter from her house and whipping a delicate child from sternest sense of duty, a task-mistress to her wavering, affectionate old husband. Rebecca Thayer, a defiant girl, driven into joyless misdoing by her mother's hardness. So much for the Thayers! Then the Berrys: Mr. Berry, tyrant, cheat and miser. He dominates a colourless wife and son. Rose, the coquette, might have been a gay, delightful creature—out of *Pembroke!* As it is, she merely seems a bit of thistledown, blown hither and thither, finally attaching herself to a mediocre lot. She is pretty, with the bloom so often recorded in these annals. Pointed elbows and thin arms show through a muslin dress. She has dilating pupils, sharp, delicate features, radiant with ephemeral bloom; she pants easily, sways in the wind. You foresee her in a few years, withered and ugly.

Then there is the loving old maid, Sylvia, who clings to her obstinate suitor, though he meanly abandons her because her door was once accidentally closed to his weekly visit. The story moves briskly to its end. Crippled with rheumatism, Barney finally consents to marry Charlotte, who has tarnished her reputation by nursing him.

IV

Think what a proportion of unkind, intolerable people! That such qualities as principle, generosity and certain forms of self-sacrifice underly their hardness only makes them more exasperating. But the point is that Miss Wilkins induces you to believe that all these things happened. It seems strange, but you are convinced, and through all their hatefulness the author still cares for her people; yet her affection never so colours them as to render them tolerable to the reader. The whole condition is so alien that you read with interest, with admiration for her admirable story-telling. And the next time you pass through a neat white New England hamlet, you remember that these low-roofed, tidy cottages are inhabited by an alien race, whose heartbeats are different, whose methods of life and thought are so detached from the ordinary pulse of the world as they water their flowers and mix their eternal sweet-cakes, that the ordinary events of humanity—a courtship, a birth, a merry-making—almost strike a false note, as something inappropriate. Death alone seems the perfectly natural blossom of these well-tended gardens.

Madelon, perhaps, has more ordinary life and passion. Not that the author changes, but she happens to deal with people in whose veins other fluid moves than Anglo-Saxon and water. Madelon Hauteville, with her French-Indian ancestry, is a very different creature from the typical New England girl: at the same time, New England affiliations have so impressed that wild blood that Madelon is swayed by conscience as well as passion.

The story is full of unwonted violence. Burr Gordon flirts with Madelon, but

seriously courts the parson's daughter, Dorothy Fair. Lot Gordon also courts Madelon. As he is middle-aged, consumptive and ironical, she naturally prefers Burr. Madelon lives with a tribe of half-wild brothers, trappers and hunters; the whole family are viewed somewhat askance by the villagers. Untamed, disturbing creatures, nevertheless owing to a useful accomplishment they are tolerated. Every Hauteville is a born musician.

Pleasure has not been banished from this village: there are dances, and enough young people to make such entertainments lively. At one of these parties, Burr so plainly shows his hand about Dorothy that Madelon, meeting him in the dark on a lonely path, stabs him. Unfortunately he and Lot have the same gait and general air; as her victim drops, Madelon sees that she has struck the wrong man. Burr joins them, and is found near Lot; suspicion falls on him, particularly as he would profit by Lot's death.

Madelon vainly tries to give herself up to justice. There is a conspiracy of silence between the two men, and Burr goes to jail with a fair chance of hanging, but Lot suddenly proclaims himself the criminal, having tried to commit suicide. The price of his telling this untruth and saving Burr is Madelon's promise of marriage.

From this situation the plot works out to a happy end; thereby losing force, since Madelon seems more consistent as a doomed and fateful creature than as a rather well-to-do Mrs. Burr Gordon. Nevertheless the story is interesting, full of movement, and significant in touching a broader field of action than the short stories. Moreover, in choosing a larger stage, the author seems to attain a wider sense of beauty. The book begins with a description of a snow-laden forest, which curiously recalls the beautiful opening of *Under the Greenwood Tree*. There is the same accuracy of vision, the same imaginative linking of past and present, the same super-sensitive appreciation of sound.

Take only two short paragraphs:

> This was an old road, but little used of late years, and the forest seemed to be moving upon it with the unnoted swiftness of a procession endless from the beginnings of the world. . . . Everything was very still. The new-fallen snow seemed to muffle silence itself, and do away with that wide susceptibility to sound which affects one as forcibly as the crashing of cannon.

Lot talks of the wood:

> "Set me down anywhere in the woods when there's a wind, and I'll tell ye what the trees are, if it's so dark ye can't see a leaf, by the way the boughs blow. The maples strike out stiff like dead men's arms, and the elms lash like live snakes, and the pine trees stir all together, like women."

This is strikingly like the passage where Hardy speaks of the voices of oaks, birches and ash trees, but the resemblance arises from similar inspiration, not from plagiarism. On this occasion our author rises to true generalisation. The more violent theme seems to have quickened her pulse. Kisses here are less formal, more a matter of impulse than convention. Even the consumptive Lot views life with colour, speaks of it with a happy imagery. "There isn't a rose that's too good to take in a bee," he remarks to Burr, a sentiment which would certainly have met disfavour in the eyes of a New England nun.

Though not as a whole equal to the short stories, *Madelon* contains more than one passage which belongs to the entire world of feeling and imagination. There is even a touch of genius in the description of a boy's soprano voice: "Louis raised his piercing sweet treble, which seemed to pass beyond hearing into fancy."

V

In *Jerome* Miss Wilkins not only is more ambitious in the number of people introduced, but she also aims at recording gradual development of character. Although the book is full of interest, the author sees her own creatures so completely in the first flash of conception as to be slightly handicapped in any attempt to follow them in process of formation. The figure of Jerome himself never, as a whole, quite materialises, although episodically he has moments of

undeniable life. You can think of him defying the doctor, you can think of him stitching shoes and planning to conquer fate, but you never succeed in realising him other than in glimpses.

Lucina Merritt, child of good fortune, finds Jerome Edwards nestling in the hollow of a sun-warmed rock, enjoying the relief from winter frosts. Baby as she is, Lucina divines that this barefoot little boy is poor and hungry; she offers him her chunk of gingerbread. He refuses it angrily and is only to be pacified when she accepts his bit of sassafras root. Delicate symbolism of what is to follow throughout their lives, where Lucina forever offers, and pride or principle forever goads Jerome to reject.

Fear of obligation lies like a scourge across the Edwards family. Mrs. Edwards, chair-ridden, painfully stitching shoes, yet sends a bowl of parsnip stew to a rich neighbour who once gave her a pitcher of lamb broth. Little Elmira Edwards, overworked and famished, must carry this gift to Mrs. Prescott before eating her own portion. Pride warms and nourishes this family. When Abel Edwards, the incompetent father, vanishes under a strong suspicion of suicide, Mrs. Edwards gives a decorous, though corpseless funeral, with sufficient tea and cake to have comforted the family through long weeks.

The story of Jerome's fight with poverty, the child forcing himself to a man's part, would be unbearable were it not for the author's intimate sense that the invincible thing in him, the unbreakable purpose, made life inevitable and therefore, in some strange way, worth while. A passion not of the senses throbs and quivers in Jerome, whether he be fighting and beating a bigger boy, wresting a living from the hard New England earth, or rejecting benefits.

Giving amounts to mania with him. Spurred on by the sight of mortgages being foreclosed, paternal acres sold for a song—all the detail of that condition which made of New England one vast deserted village—Jerome pledges himself, if ever money comes to him, to give it to the poor. His existence is adjusted to self-sacrifice, and then again Lucina Merritt crosses his path. With infinite lightness Miss Wilkins touches upon the embarrassment of love in the life of a young man who has left no place for it. Still, you wonder at such self-mastery. These are human beings—they love and suffer—but surely they conduct matters after a fashion of their own. No doubt Mrs. Edwards was eternally unflinching, no doubt Paulina Maria refused the money to save her blind son's eyesight. No doubt John Upham denied a doctor to his ailing baby, no doubt Jerome dominated his love. Perhaps all of the noble and difficult actions are the commonplace of New England village life. At least, while reading *Jerome* you almost believe it. On laying down the book, however, you grow suddenly inclined to protest. Yet, whether they truly are quite as Miss Wilkins here sees them, is hardly relevant, since she sees them so sincerely that her complete vision makes a consistent picture.

It is a common mistake to confound her absence of flame with lack of passion. Passion she has, but it is still, white heat, never a ruddy glow. It is the passion that sustains a sentinel quietly starving at his post, not the fury of cavalry charges.

Her humour is made up of insight and happy analogy. She does not provoke open laughter when she describes a schoolmarm as "mildly and assentingly good, virtue having, like the moon, only its simple illuminated side towards her vision." The titillation is too delicate for noisy mirth.

In *Jerome* there is the comfort of seeing some well-fed people (though sugar predominates distressingly in their diet). Miss Camilla Merritt has servants, a fine old house, a boy to weed her garden. Cream goes with her tea, and plum cake. Squire Merritt and his cronies play for small stakes and drink Mrs. Merritt's punch. Lucina has pretty clothes and a saddle horse. The Squire secretly prefers fishing to church-going. Yet the atmosphere of Puritanism never weakens. As in *Pembroke* and *Madelon*, the time of the story is vaguely remote; but if of doubtful benefit, this can hardly be rated a disadvantage, as, save for the matter of a hoop-skirt or two, never was period less emphasised.

It is not easy to decide whether there are too many characters, or whether so many dour New Englanders make rather oppressive company. Jerome, Elmira, Dr. Prescott, Mrs. Edwards, Ozias Lamb, John Upham, Paulina Maria and the blind Henry doggedly knitting are all fierce with repressive pride, yet the whole book, in one point, surpasses *Pembroke* in its all-pervading sense of beauty. You actually linger upon the descriptions of nature instead of skipping them.

VI

This attraction is denied to *The Portion of Labour*, as here the stage is set in a manufacturing town. It is, moreover, fairly crowded with figures, some sharply realised like old Mrs. Zelotes Brewster, whose pride rates her own poor belongings above the richest possessions of other people—some shadowy and unconvincing, as Cynthia Lennox, a rich woman who for two whole days plays kidnapper to a lost child—and some, like Robert Lennox, the leading young man, who never seems more alive than the photograph of a tailor's dummy. Although *The Portion of Labour* deals with a strike, it is in no sense a labour novel. The trouble at Lloyds should be merely considered as an incident in the development of Ellen Brewster. Miss Wilkins rigidly abstains from taking sides, and if her sympathy obviously lies with the needy, her treatment of the problem is hardly such as to gratify the friends of Organised Labour.

Here, as ever, she is intensely personal. She sees in detail. Large issues do not animate her, and if both here and in *Jerome* there are prickings of Socialism, they come rather of an impulse towards the poor than from any specialised spirit of revolt. To be truthful, *The Portion of Labour* is long, and not too well held together, and as occasionally happens in this writer's sustained efforts, her style suffers, the analogies grow forced. No doubt she is bigger for occasionally venturing further afield. In so doing she is saved from shallowness, from tricks of repetition, from atrophy; but the flights themselves unveil weakness. At the same time, in that very weakness there is revelation of the source of her strength. She is absolutely free from didacticism. She is no showman objectively displaying her prim old maids, her girls with their fragile arms, sharp features and evanescent bloom. You sometimes doubt if she can have the slightest conception of how these New Englanders appear to the outside world, how forbidding their virtues, how bewildering their fierce, cold tenderness, how deplorable their tyranny of conscience. You suspect that to her they are just ordinary humanity, the norm! Being of them to her inmost fibre, she vibrates with their passions, stiffens with their pride. Her mouth might even grow moist at the sight of their endless pies and sweet-cakes. They are her people and she loves them!

It is not only the poor. Comfortable old ladies in rich silks, dispensing old-fashioned hospitality from ancestral silver and porcelain, are no less dear to her than ancient crones fighting off the poor-house in wayside cottages; but city-bred creatures like Cynthia Lennox seem out of the realm of her sympathies, and as it is through sympathy and emotion that she sees, such portraits are dim and ill-realised.

She never dislikes one of her eccentric villagers, domineering old men and women, insanely obstinate lovers, lukewarm New England nuns. To her they are comprehensible and therefore lovable, like a dog made cross by confinement. She no more presents them as specimens than decent people exhibit their grandmothers in a museum. If she chances to leave a genuine record of New England —when the farms were being abandoned, before country trolleys and rich settlers had brought back a measure of the prosperity that perished with the whale fisheries and the decline of a local agriculture —that is chance. She is nowhere a self-conscious observer and historian. There is no contrast, no point of observation. Her eye never rests on her audience. Absorbed in each story, identified with every character, she narrates spontaneously. In consequence, when she attempts a character with which she cannot be identified, whose outlook is different, whose skin she can by no possibility inhabit, that character fails. But this failure comes of her very sincerity. Curi-

ously enough, the same condition affects her style. She has actually forged herself a medium. In the short stories it is pure, simple and tinged with a provincialism which admirably fits it to its subject. A skilful homeliness bridges over the gap between the delicately indicated dialect spoken by the characters and a tongue suited for literary narrative. She has found a perfect compromise, something as far from commonness as the manners of her gentle provincial ladies, yet, like them, vaguely savouring of rusticity. In the novels this is not always the case, and in *The Portion of Labour* the provincialisms grow aggressive, and for a curious reason. While unable to blend with the town rich, she perfectly identifies herself with the city poor, and as they are common, the commonness of their speech invades her narrative. She tells of "horseback-riding," of Ellen's "rubbers," of Mr. Lloyd's holding the "lines" (reins), of how Floretta "toed out." You rub your eyes. Can this be *your* Miss Wilkins? And what freak of anatomy was the "silent arm" which Ellen flung about her father's neck? And then you remember bits so fine and thoughtful as almost to reconcile to an abuse of "gotten" amounting to positive self-indulgence. Take the reflection upon Ellen: "The child might have been in some subtle and uncanny fashion the offspring of her age and generation instead of her natural parents"—simple, obvious even, but who before has said it so luminously?

Miss Wilkins has been compared to the Dutch and Flemish *genre* painters, to Gerard Dow, but the likeness is founded on a fancied similarity of subject. It entirely ignores the naïf quality of her style which (at its best) gives her the charm of something greater than skill, the touching sincerity of the primitives. And as the price of that naïveté, we must of course be prepared to accept certain limitations.

VII

Of her latest novel, *The Debtor*, it is well to speak with reserve. Miss Wilkins's transplanted genius proves its vitality by an effort to strike out new roots in the strange soil of New Jersey. But in leaving her own people, in losing that intense vibration with the perfectly understood, Miss Wilkins necessarily imperils her real ground of distinction. As her vibration is all the stronger for being special, not universal, so in new fields it becomes less available. The lack of journalistic quality, which places her so high in her own rank, becomes a handicap when she breaks fresh ground. In classing her as a specialist, it must not be overlooked that if she has chiefly confined herself to one locality, to one branch of the human race, within that boundary her observation knows no limit. Take her flowers, her trees, her birds, her animals. Here again are no snapshots, no "clever" sketches, but a deep, sentient familiarity with the ways of nature, and in such vignettes as *The Cat, The Monkey, The Squirrels,* she ventures beyond the realm of her etherialized realism into a country bordering upon fable.

Nothing could be more gayly whimsical than the points of view in *The Squirrels.* The farmer and his wife never harvest so much as a windfall from their English walnut tree. When after years of disappointment the old man finds the squirrels' hoard under his wood-pile he has every sense of being plundered.

When the squirrels see their winter store taken by this marauder, their sense of property is equally outraged. The situation grows tragic. You shrink in anticipation of starved furry bodies, limp, bushy tails.

The farmer relents, but Mrs. Farmer can see in the squirrels only law-breakers. She sends him to the loft for a dish of walnuts.

"I dunno as I want any," he remarks as he pounds them. "I never did care much about nuts anyway, and somehow I've always felt as if we'd stole the squirrels' after they'd worked so hard." "How silly you be!" said his wife, but she looked at him lovingly. "You were always too tender-hearted for your own good. Talk about stealing; it was the squirrels that stole our nuts."

(Perhaps her admonition would have been less gentle had she known of that bag of shagbarks which her husband had bought and hidden in the ravished wood-pile.)

But the squirrel and his mate had different views. . . . They were in the woods champing their supper of shagbarks, and often finding a wormy one, and they considered that the farmer had stolen their nuts.

Of the six ghost stories (*The Wind in the Rosebush*), five though admirably told are not remarkable. *Luella Miller,* however, has a peculiar interest. True to her instinctive avoidance of didacticism, Miss Wilkins doesn't even hint at its being an example of that belief in vampires which even now lingers in New England. She is telling the story of Luella Miller, not giving an account of contemporary demonology in outlying rural districts. Never a parenthesis is vouchsafed the reader. If you happen to know her country, you may ratify the truth of her stories. If not, little she cares to convince you!

To a genuine child of the soil, New England customs and characteristics are synonymous with those of the human race, so why explain? As far as the rest of the world is concerned, New England might be a rock-bound island. Here is no trace of cheap cosmopolitanism. Miss Wilkins is expressing that life, not describing it!

It is interesting to see the impression made by this special talent upon an appreciative foreigner. In a study of *Pembroke,* accompanying a translation of *A New England Nun,* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* Madame Blanc says:

All of this possesses a savage greatness, no matter how humble, how homely, how rude the subject. At first, passing through the terrible village of Pembroke, you are inclined to put considerable price upon lukewarm virtues, beginning with tolerance. Through a spirit of opposition you begin to excuse small weaknesses current in the world at large. But grow more widely acquainted with this little rustic society, so different from ours, and you cannot deny a vivifying influence—the same produced upon us by harsh sea winds or robust Alpine odours.

After pointing out the accord between character and climate, Madame Blanc ends with one of those fine observations in which French critics excel:

Through the very modern talent of Miss Wilkins one may study, not without interest, a soul as curious as the Scandinavian or the Russian, although one quite lacking the same enigmatic seduction; I mean the English soul of the Seventeenth Century, transplanted into a region which has become the ancient portion of America.

To this may be added a suggestion that through Miss Wilkins it is possible to gain understanding of that part of America which is not yet old.

The pioneers of New England sought religious liberty. Hence their own ways, their own customs, became to them not only dear, but sacred. Consequently, those in whom the old blood ran purest clung to tradition. These remained at home to starve upon exhausted bean and lettuce patches. The irreverent, on the other hand, cast tradition to the winds and went West. These new pioneers sought not only money, but relief from a form of religious liberty which quite excluded any chance of personal freedom. The condition worked as automatically as a cream separator. Old people and conservative young ones stayed at home, eking out an existence of inexpressible economy. As a result of this division, the breach of mental sympathy and understanding between East and West far exceeds that between the colonies and the old country, and for a clear comprehension of what the village of New England strives to preserve and the young Western towns look on with pitying contempt, no student of American psychology can afford to neglect the stories of Mary Wilkins.

Mary Moss.

FRENCH AUTHORS AND BEST SELLERS



ROBABLY few of those on either side of the Atlantic who keep in close touch with French fiction, whether embodied in drama or romance, and to whom the names of Bourget, Maupassant, Daudet, Dumas, Mirbeau, Ohnet, Anatole France and others are familiar as household words, ever stop to consider the commercial side of the art.

And yet in France, as in the United States and England, the successful circulation of works of fiction is not only an art, but a *metier*—a trade in which author and publisher are the manufacturers of the commodities sold, and the names of the authors the trade-marks the wares bear when placed on the market, and secure their sale. Let us note a few of the more popular of these at the present moment—in short, the French "best sellers."

At the head of the list must be placed Georges Ohnet, who, despite his industry, his vigour, his graphic descriptions of the "Battles of Life," has not yet written himself within the charmed circle of the "Forty Immortals," or even won the esteem of the literary critics. Any book by Ohnet will sell to the extent of two hundred thousand copies, while several of his more popular works, such as *Serge Panine, Comtesse Sarah, Lise Fleuron,* and others, have exceeded this figure. Only one of them, however, his *Maître de Forges,* came near doubling it, the latter having been printed to the extent of three hundred and eighty thousand copies. The *Maître de Forges,* moreover, has had a vast circulation outside of France itself.

Only one other French author can be ranked with Ohnet in the matter of sales. Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* has been bought to the extent of two hundred and eighty thousand copies, and of his *L'Aiglon* two hundred and fifty thousand copies have been printed. When it is considered how often these two dramas have been acted in France and elsewhere on the Continent, to say nothing of England and America, these figures are certainly extraordinary.

The success of Ohnet and Rostand has not been equalled by any other French writer of fiction now living. Paul Adam and Octave Mirbeau (in whom many recognise a writer who may yet reach the popularity of Zola), after a long interval, come next, with average sales of from fifty thousand to sixty thousand—figures which, however, all of their works do not reach, but which some of them surpass. Thus over one hundred thousand copies was the record of Mirbeau's *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre.*

Paul Bourget, Academician as he is, and well advertised, especially in the American papers, enjoys only an average sale of from twenty thousand to thirty thousand. His books published in the eighties, such as *Cruelle Énigme, Andre Cornelis, Mensonges,* and *Le Disciple,* seem to have been more popular than his later novels. His complete "works" may be obtained in twelve volumes.

Of the plays and romances of Paul Ernest Hervieu, among which may be mentioned *The Adventure, Flirt* and *Painted by Themselves,* and those of Marcel Prévost, who, prior to 1890, was a civil engineer in a tobacco factory, but whose *Demi Vierges* and *Vierges Fortes* gained him instant recognition, not more than from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand are bought. The demand for the works of Catulle Mendes stops at about twenty thousand, while that of Anatole France, despite his election by the Academy and his having passed the ripe age of sixty, vacillates between fifteen and thirty thousand.

What may be styled the "double tandems"—the brothers Rosny and Paul and Victor Margueritte, working as two literary "teams"—turn out romances that command an average sale of from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand, while only

twelve thousand of those signed by Abel Hermant can be sold. Readers of the novels and plays of Henri Lavedan are satisfied with editions that vary from between ten thousand and fifteen thousand copies.

Turning for a moment to popular historians and contrasting the consumption of their works with those of the writers of fiction, we find that one of the most widely read, Henry Houssaye, cannot sell, on an average, more than twelve thousand copies of any of his books, and that from eight thousand to twelve thousand of the historical romances of Gosselin-Lenôtre fully supply the demand.

It is a curious fact that Pierre Decourcelle does not meet with the same success when his stories are placed on the market in book form as when they appear first as "feuilletons." In the latter event from forty thousand to eighty thousand readers can be counted upon, with corresponding profit to the author and the journal printing it; but when the "libraries" alone are depended upon, not more than four thousand copies are usually sold.

Among the popular women writers "Gyp" and "Bob" must be mentioned first, although only one person is thus indicated. The Countess de Martell writes the books signed "Gyp," and the Countess de Martell, who, by the way, is the grandniece of Mirabeau, illustrates and draws caricatures for separate works. Right royally has she responded to the demands of her admirers, as a list of her published volumes attests. Their circulation ranges between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand each, which is good for a woman writer in France, seeing that there is only one other who can claim anything like as large a circulation. This is Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, who averages a sale of between ten thousand and twenty-five thousand copies, but whose *Maison du Péché* so pleased the French public that these figures were largely exceeded. There are *no* rivals, however, to Mesdames Mirabeau and Tinayre, as the third in the list, Mme. Jeanne Marni, can sell only from four thousand to eight thousand of her most popular books, and the poems and romances of the Countess de Noailles rarely exceed a sale of six thousand.

The true criterion of popularity, however, for the average writer, is considered, in Paris, not the sales on publication, but the prices that the authors command when their works are offered at second-hand. Subjected to this test, Anatole France is found to be one of the most popular, his three-franc volumes never bringing less at second-hand than two and a half francs. For Mirbeau's books two francs must be paid, while the Bourget and Maurice Barrès volumes sell for from 1.50 francs to 1.75 francs, Ohnet bringing only 1.25 francs to 1.50 francs.

In this connection it must be remembered that the French publishers do not follow the example of theatrical managers and politicians in the matter of *réclame*. So far as the newspapers are concerned, they have not the opportunities enjoyed by their American brethren. Advertising space is too valuable in Parisian journals, even were it the custom, to permit the insertion of "scare-head" announcements of new books. The *Vient de Paraître* in the bookseller's window, and the enclosing band, is usually all the advertisement that new French books receive.

Besides this, publishers do what they can to push their issues by cheap editions. To say nothing of the low-priced reprints of the French classics that are always obtainable, many publishers have 3.50-franc and one-franc editions of works by the same author, but of course not the same romances. Thus this summer the ninth, tenth, eleventh, fourteenth, and sixteenth editions of *La Bête, Blacks and Reds, The Adventure of Ladislas Bolski, Miss Rovel,* and *Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme,* all by Victor Cherbuliez, have been placed on the market at one franc each. *Count Kostia* (in its sixteenth edition), *Jean Tetarol's Idea, Samuel Brohl &Co.,* with a dozen of his other books, can only be bought new at 3.50 francs.

It is at the railway book-stalls that the cheap editions find their largest sale, and where, too, the sensualist, one regrets to note, may wallow in a sea of pornographic romances that no reputable

dealer would place on his shelves in New York.

From the figures given, it will be seen how limited a circulation the books of the great mass of romance writers in France attain. In making selections at the book-stalls one does very well to be guided by the number of the edition printed on the title page; as although one may not know definitely the number of copies going to form an edition (a French edition, however, usually means five hundred copies), it still constitutes a basis for estimate. It must also be remembered that the cost of producing a novel bound in paper, owing to the smaller amount expended for rent and labour, is only a trifle as compared with the cost of the same in the United States, not counting in the cloth binding of American novels. This, of course, is in favour of the author, who gets his hearing at the bar of public opinion in France far more readily than he could hope to do in this country.

Thus, of the three cities, Paris, London and New York, it is in Paris that he can most easily force his way into print. In London he has the advantage of cheaper labour, and the custom of circulating through the big libraries, such as Mudie's, which makes the entire United Kingdom his market. In New York he has the advantage of cheaper and more generous advertising, and a considerably larger *clientèle,* but even with these it is doubtful whether he achieves a pecuniary success at all adequate as a reward for the labour performed, or equal to the recompense that would await the same exertion in almost any other profession. In the case of the novelist of only average ability, the Latin maxim must apply: *Labour ipse voluptas.*

J. Henry Hager.

TRAFFIC

I dreamed the sea was still. Sudden as sleep
Calm was. The huddled green and foam fell grey
And smooth and mute. As silent as shut cups
And windless reeds, and certain love, the deep
Lay, shadowless of spray on silver spray.

Then came one with strange weeds and sands of gold
And silken stems and tried to traffic. I,
Who saw the dream of tides in tideless face
Of ocean, for my tears I could not buy—
Until I saw the eyes of her who sold.

Zona Gale.





N. P. WILLIS AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES



THE year 1907 will no doubt witness a vast addition to the existing volume of criticism and appreciation of Longfellow, since it will be the centenary of his birth. The present year, however, seems to be passing without the slightest reference in the literary periodicals to a fellow-townsman of Longfellow's, who, though now but little read, did nevertheless occupy a considerable space in the estimation of both Americans and Englishmen for half a century. Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, Maine, on January 20, 1806,* and from early youth until his death in 1867 he was a figure of importance in the field of letters and in the social world. To most readers who were born since the end of the Civil War he has become little more than a name—a name associated vaguely with some Scriptural verses, with the late *Home Journal* of New York, which he founded, and with some almost forgotten frivolities. As a matter of fact, however, there are several phases in the long career of Willis, any one of which

*The preface to a reprint of Willis's poems by J. W. Lovell & Co., New York, wrongly gives 1807 as the date of his birth.

would justify a serious consideration of the man and of his work.

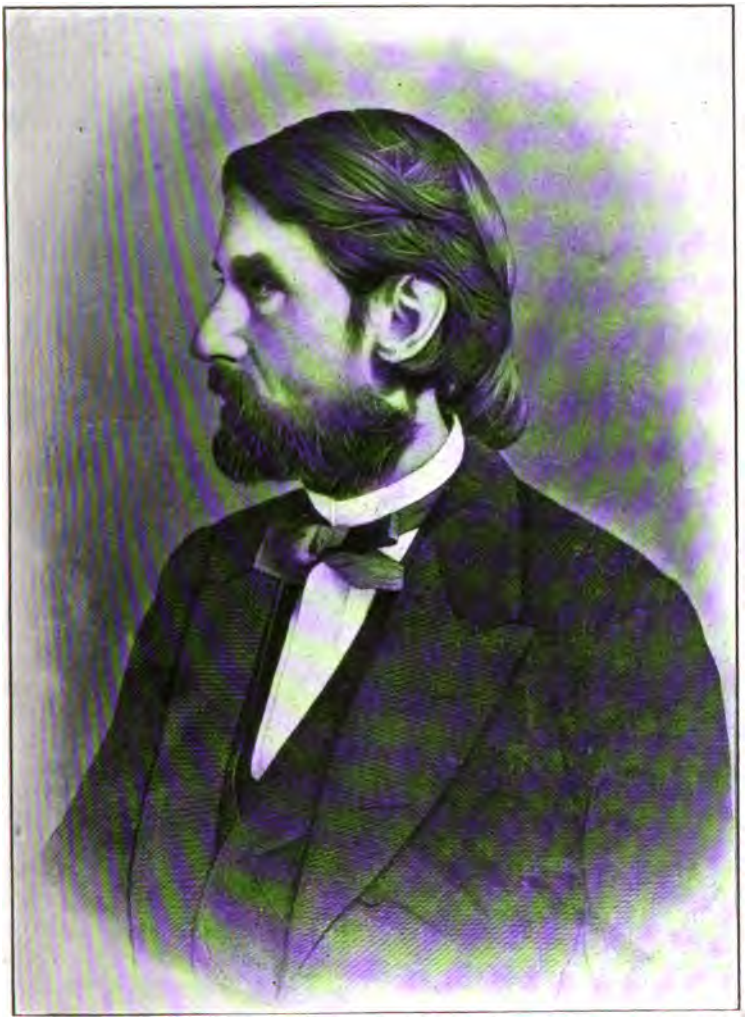
In the first place, his literary associations and the extent of his literary acquaintanceship would make him in retrospect an unusual figure. The *concivis* and friend of Longfellow, the schoolmate of Emerson, the intimate of Hawthorne, with whom he wrote under the Philistine patronage of Samuel G. Goodrich or "Peter Parley," Willis added to these friendships many more that were no less notable. He was among the first to give encouragement to Lowell, who always felt warm gratitude in return. He it was who launched Bayard Taylor upon his career when Taylor was a penniless and friendless boy. Willis also reckoned among his American friends and confrères such tried knights of the pen as Irving, Bryant, Halleck, Fenimore Cooper, R. H. Dana, Hildreth the historian, Richard Henry Stoddard, Charles A. Dana, and Horace Greeley. He was engaged to the sister of Park Benjamin the elder, and the lady, at the instance of her family, broke off the engagement and married Motley. Willis, as editor, had for his assistants James Parton, Edgar Allan Poe, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Parton married Fanny Fern, who was the sister of Willis. Thus, in some fashion



THACKERAY ABOUT 1838

or other, Willis seemed to come into personal relations with every man of letters on this side of the Atlantic who was at all worth while.

And across the sea his life touched other and sometimes still greater personages. Willis discovered Thackeray and made him known to Americans long before *Vanity Fair* had been written or conceived. He knew Dickens when Boz was still viewed as only a smart young scribbler. He breakfasted with Charles and Mary Lamb. He was entertained, and later vilified, by Walter Savage Landor, who gave Willis an unenviable fame in the postscript to his *Pericles and Aspasia.* To him the Countess Guiccioli imparted her memories of Byron. Lady Byron praised his writings, and Byron's sister, Augusta Leigh, gave him an autograph letter of the poet's; while Joanna Baillie, Scott's friend, paid him graceful compliments. Captain Marryat challenged him to a duel because Willis in a private letter had described *Peter Simple* and its successors as "gross trash." A more serious indiscretion of Willis's caused Thomas Moore and O'Connell the "Liberator" to break off a long friendship. Campbell told Willis anecdotes of



JAMES PARTON

Burns; Disraeli diverted him with epigrams; Bulwer-Lytton harangued him; Samuel Rogers entertained him; and Lady Blessington tried to find him a rich wife. Indeed, to run over the names of those whom Willis knew in the heyday of his career would be almost to produce a catalogue of England's famous writers in the Early Victorian Period. One who had intimately met so many interesting personages would of necessity become interesting himself, by this very fact, even were he quite usual—and Willis was not usual.

For in other ways Willis claims consideration. He was one of the very first American writers, if not the very first, who made a living by his pen, and not merely a living but a very good one. He ought to become a sort of Patron Saint for those who write for magazines. Such writing was not remunerative before Willis, by his cleverness, compelled the publishers to send him liberal cheques. The *North American Review,* when founded, paid its most eminent contributors at the rate of two dollars per page of about 1,000 words. Willis, even while a boy at Yale, got more than that. Later, when he received $50 for four



CHEVALIER WIKOFF



MRS. EDWIN FORREST

small printed pages of contributed matter, he made a new "record" among his brethren of the periodical press. It seems small enough in these days, but it was astonishing then. When Robert Bonner of the *New York Ledger* sent Willis $100 for a short poem, there was more stir made than when, years afterwards, *St. Nicholas* was said to have sent Tennyson $1000 for a shorter one. In fact, Willis lived well all his life, with no source of supply save his ink bottle and his pen. When he first went abroad, in 1831, it was with only $500 as his fortune, and a promise of ten dollars for every letter that he should write for the *New York Mirror*—not more, however, than one letter each week. In Europe Willis lived with nobles and gentlemen, dined at ease with kings, consorted with the greatest in whatever land he visited, paid his way, married, returned home, purchased an estate, received what was then the handsome revenue of $7500 annually, entertained lavishly, went everywhere—and all by the magic of his pen, in a country which had but half awakened

to an appreciation of literature, and which was hungering only after newspapers.

This last fact in reality explains the secret of the vogue which Willis had. Born of a family of journalists, he was himself *au fond* a journalist, but in the best sense of that word—in the sense in which we may apply it to Mr. Richard Harding Davis, or to Mr. William Allen White. It may be questioned whether we may not very fairly apply it also to Charles Dickens—that is, to the Dickens of the *Pickwick Papers* and *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. Dickens and Willis had, at least, these things in common—the pictorial sense, a quick eye for the salient things, and the gift for making the reader *see* whatever was described. So Willis nearly always interested. He was a born reporter of *choses vues*, of table-talk, of what men and women were doing. And when he cared to take the time he could write with a style that had some very serious merits, with its ready gift of phrasing, its deftness, and its harmonious cadences. He may be said to have created what we now mean by "foreign correspondence" in the press; and he was the first foreign correspond-



CAPTAIN MARRYAT

ent to lay stress upon what was personal. One may style him an earlier and an American de Blowitz, for his once widely-read *Pencillings by the Way* were read as eagerly as the revelations which de Blowitz used to make from 1870 to 1880.

These *Pencillings* for years have lain amid the dust of libraries in the uncomely covers in which they last appeared. They are thought of as merely the *ephemera* of a by-gone day. But there are signs that their true importance will be



THE COUNT D'ORSAY

recognised at last. The English essayist who writes over the name of "George Paston" not long ago thought it worth while to publish a long paper upon Willis, of whom he very truly said: "Thanks to his Boswelling powers, . . . Willis has left an admirably vivid picture of the literary society of London in the thirties —a picture that steadily increases in value as the period at which it was painted recedes into the past . . . In this country [England] his fame, such as it is, will rest upon his sketches of such celebrities as Lamb, Moore, Bulwer, D'Orsay, and Disraeli. So long as we retain any interest in them and their works, we shall like to know how they looked and dressed, and what they talked about in private life." The day, I think, is not far distant when the historical value of what Willis wrote of England will be fully felt, and when his *Pencillings* will emerge from their obscurity to take a permanent place beside the memoirs of Greville and the letters of Horace Walpole.

Willis was, in person, graceful, almost handsome, and of exceedingly good manners. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of him that he was "something between a remembrance of Count D'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde." A certain jauntiness and glitter of gilded youth sat well enough upon him as a young man, and he was the transatlantic replica of Disraeli and Bulwer in their salad days. The same jauntiness, verging upon affectation, was perceptible in a great deal that he wrote. He assumed the air of a very *rusé* worldling, spoke of the Johannisberger at his elbow, and of the amber-handled pen with which to write in summer, so as to be cooler for the palm—an unconscious echo of Juvenal's exquisite with his *æstivum aurum.* These harmless absurdities offended many serious and worthy souls in the early days of our social development. They rebuked him with ponderous gravity instead of laughing at him; and he was "excommunicated" from the Park Street Congregational Church in Boston for having attended a theatre. Obviously he was out of place in the Boston of 1829, and very naturally he made New York his final choice for a centre of activity, where for several decades he represented both with his pen and in his own person the sort of fashionable life which throve when Saratoga was an American Carlsbad, and when Lebanon and Trenton Falls were known to the gay world. As one turns over the fugitive pages in which Willis sketched lightly, yet very deftly, the manners of his time, one seems to get a

ghostly glimpse of the rustling crinoline, the "sontags," the pinched waists, and the white-stockinged feet, and to hear the airs of the old Italian operas mingled with bits of Balfe and the balladists of the forties.

That, with all his dandyism, Willis had a critical sense in literature, deserving to be styled something more than a mere *flair*, is seen in his discovery of Thackeray, whereof I have already spoken. This was in 1839, when the future novelist had as yet made no stir in England. He had lost his fortune—or rather spent it—and was living by his work upon such periodicals as *Fraser* and *Blackwood's*, acting also as critic on the staff of the London *Times*. His two books, *The Yellowplush Papers*, and *Major Gahagan*, had been pronounced clever, but had received no serious criticism. It was just before this that Thackeray had waited upon Dickens and asked to be allowed to illustrate his books—an offer which was rather too carelessly rejected. Willis, however, discerned the promise of the coming man. He sought him out at once, on visiting London for the second time, and wrote to his own paper in New York some interesting sentences:



LADY BLESSINGTON

> Mr. Thackeray breakfasted with me yesterday Thackeray is a tall, athletic man of about thirty-five, with a look of talent that could never be mistaken. He has cultivated his natural talents very highly, and is one of the most accomplished draughtsmen in England, as well as the cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers.

Willis succeeded in engaging Thackeray to write for the New York *Corsair*, at "a guinea a *close column*" (the italics

are Willis's); and on these modest terms, Thackeray sent eight papers to the *Corsair,* signed T. T. (Timothy Titmarsh). Some of them afterwards appeared in Thackeray's *Paris Sketch Book.* Allusion to the episode is made in a well-known passage of *Philip.*

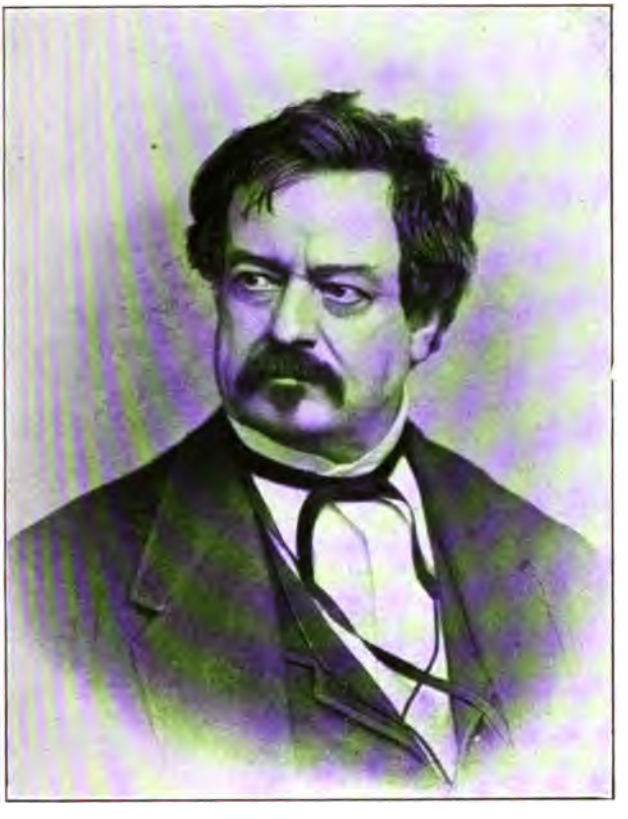
As to Willis's personal and social gifts, the surest test of them is found in the fact that he, a young, unknown American, with few letters of introduction, made for himself a distinct place among the most distinguished English men and women; and not the place of a stranger, but of a valued friend. He liked the English and they liked him. Miss Mitford wrote of him: "He is a very elegant young man and more like one of our peers' sons than a rough republican." He made long visits at the greatest country seats—those of the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Gordon, Lord Grey, and a score of others little less distinguished—and he was asked to return whenever and for so long as he might wish to stay. He married his first wife in England, Miss Mary Stace, daughter of a retired General of Artillery who had served at Waterloo. It was declared by Willis's enemies that he abused the generous hospitality shown him by turning it into "copy" for his *Pencillings.* Lockhart in the *Quarterly* with fine old Tory wrath called Willis "a Yankee poetaster," "a man creeping into your house and forthwith printing, before your claret is dry on his lips, unrestrained table-talk on delicate subjects." And Dr. William Maginn (whom Thackeray impaled as Bludyer in *Pendennis*) fell upon Willis in *Fraser's* with a vulgarity of abuse such as would not be printed in a gutter-sheet to-day. "Jackass," "ninny," "lickspittle," and "a beggarly skittler," were some of the epithets which he showered upon Willis, of whom it may be mentioned that he shared this same species of critical damnation with poor Miss Landon whom Maginn also disgracefully attacked. The best answer to the charge brought by Lockhart and his fellows may be found in the circumstance that not one house was closed to Willis by reason of his so-called indiscretions, but that he was welcomed back again to be praised for the vivacity and good-nature of his *Pencillings.* Dickens, in a private letter to John Forster, burlesqued some of these descriptions of Willis's; and Thackeray poked some harmless fun at him as a lady-killer, styling him "Willis the Conqueror;" but no friend of his liked him or trusted him the less.

Though his antagonists in the press sometimes spoke of N. P. Willis as "Namby-Pamby Willis," his dandyism was backed up by abundant manliness. When Captain Marryat challenged him to a duel, the American chose a military friend as second, and, waiving his right to choose the place, agreed to meet the irate sailor at Ostend. Marryat in the end withdrew his challenge, but not until he had conceded all that Willis declared to be essential. Again, in this country, Willis clashed with the once-noted John Van Buren—"Prince John" as he was called—the son of President Van Buren. Van Buren in the still-remembered Forrest divorce-case, went so far in his personal abuse of Willis that the latter sent him a dignified demand for an apology, failing which a challenge to fight was definitely suggested. Van Buren returned the note to Willis with a contemptuous line or two, and was thereupon publicly posted by the latter in the words: "I now pronounce you a coward as well as a proper companion for the blackguards whose attorneyship constitutes your career." Van Buren plainly showed the white-feather, and public sentiment was with Willis.

The Forrest divorce-case, already mentioned, affords, however, the most striking proof not only of his physical, but of his moral courage. Edwin Forrest, the actor, had married a very charming, gentle-mannered Englishwoman, a Miss Catherine Sinclair, who made many friends among the literary set in New York. Forrest was a man of herculean stature, tremendous physical force, and natural if untrained dramatic powers. In such melodramatic rôles as those of Spartacus, Metamora, Jack Cade, and Virginius he thrilled vast audiences. Even in certain plays of Shakespeare, as *Othello,* he was impressive—not giving any subtle meaning to the part, but unchaining, as it were, a

human tiger before his audiences. When old age had somewhat softened the blaze of his fierce fires, he gave a dignified and kingly impersonation of Macbeth and Lear. As a man, he was uneducated, fond of low company, spoiled by the grossest flattery, violent, suspicious and easily enraged. He grew jealous of the attention paid to his wife by men and women of a higher type than his own associates, and at last he came to believe her unfaithful to him. His treatment of her was unbearable and she sued him for divorce in 1850. Mrs. Forrest had the sympathy of the most respected members of the community. She was a friend of Mrs. Willis and had often been a guest at the home of the Willises. Forrest threatened Willis that if he meddled with the affair he would find himself involved in the charges made against Mrs. Forrest. Willis did not hesitate an instant. He wrote and published in his own periodical a spirited defence of Mrs. Forrest, denouncing the attempts that had been made "to enlist kitchen and brothel against her." Then, scorning to take refuge in the editorial "we," he signed his own name to the article.

When Forrest read it he swore with many oaths, "I will cut his heart out!" And soon after, meeting Willis in the street, he felled him at a blow. It was said at the time that Forrest approached Willis from behind; but this is probably untrue. Nevertheless the assault was cowardly to a degree. Willis was a much older man than Forrest, of delicate physique, and was just recovering from a severe illness. Bystanders prevented Forrest from further violence; but he carried out his former threat and dragged Willis into the divorce suit as a co-respondent, besides suing him for libel.



EDWIN FORREST

Mrs. Forrest, however, triumphed, receiving a release from her husband and a judgment for alimony, which Forrest with savage pertinacity fought from court to court for eighteen years, until at last, in 1868, he was forced to pay the award, then increased to $64,000. Dur-

sister, Sarah Payson Willis (Fanny Fern), who bitterly assailed him in private conversation and finally sought to discredit him by caricaturing him in a novel, because, as she said, he had tried from jealousy to dissuade her from authorship. Fanny Fern married James



LYDIA MARIA CHILD

ing the trial of the case in 1851, Mrs. Willis—a second wife, formerly Miss Cornelia Grinnell—sat by her husband's side and heard unmoved the foul abuse which John Van Buren hurled at him.

Willis had many enemies, but it may be fairly said that he never wantonly provoked one. The most painful of all the attacks made upon him was that by his Parton, and thereafter the two made common cause against one who had never done either of them aught but good.

Willis wrote incessantly and with no preparation. Probably this manner of writing was best suited to his temperament and he could have written better in no other way. Lowell in his *Fable for Critics* wrote of him:

"So his best things are done in the flush of the moment."

Frequently he revamped old material, using the same thing over and over again. Naturally most of such writing could not endure. Yet the best of it was sometimes very good; for he had a touch of the divine spark. Professor H. A. Beers who, in his biography of Willis, has handled a bewildering mass of material with admirable skill and taste, does justice to the merit of much that Willis penned. Yet I think that he fails to give their full due to the so-called Scriptural poems. The fact that they have outlasted their author's fame and still retain vitality in popular appreciation, seems to show that there is something in them which deserves to live. I had not read them for nearly thirty years when I took them down the other day; and they seemed more than good. They show little or none of the stilted, declamatory rhetoric that was the approved model for such verse when Willis wrote "Absalom," "The Leper," and "The Widow of Nain." There are in them dignity and grace, and often the note of true feeling which cannot be mistaken. And the pictorial element, in which Willis seldom failed, is always there. Take, for example, the opening lines of "The Widow of Nain:"

"The Roman sentinel stood helm'd and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city-mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
And basked his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier leaned and kept
His idle watch; and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumb'rously dozed on."



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

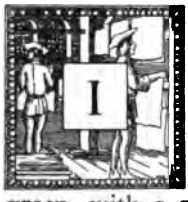
As a perfect fancy caught and prisoned within four lines, the following is very characteristic of Willis when he is quite spontaneous. It is from the little poem addressed from Europe to Miss Mary Benjamin, at a time when he still hoped to win her:

"I give it to the winds! The bird
Let loose to his far nest will flee;
And love, though breathed but in a word,
Will find thee over land and sea."

Willis had the respect and the affection of his brother writers to an unusual degree. With all his whimsicality and his lightness, he had given something to his country's literature. It was not without significance that, when he died, and his remains were borne to St. Paul's Church in Boston, among those who bore his pall there should be numbered men of true distinction in the record of American letters—Aldrich, R. H. Dana, Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell.

Harry Thurston Peck.

GERMANY'S ONE HUNDRED STUDENT CORPS



I HAD not been an hour in Munich before I saw two young men, one dressed in a sort of half-military, half-civilian costume of dark clothes striped with bright green, with a round cap to match, and across the breast some green ribbons worn from right to left. The other young fellow was dressed in a similar costume, but in lieu of a cap he wore a black silk bandage, covering his head like a turban. A few moments later I met another couple, this time with yellow trimmings on their clothes and caps, and again one of the lads wore a silk turban and on his face strips of court-plaster. Then I saw other young men in this sort of uniform without turbans, but bearing on their foreheads, cheeks and chins deep scars. Before the day was over I had noticed scores of such young fellows, and in the evening a German acquaintance told me that, as I had already surmised, these were all members of Student Corps; the fellows with silk bandages in lieu of caps were nursing fresh wounds received in Corps duels.

The following day I happened to pass a photographer's show-window, in which was displayed a large picture of a group of such students, each one holding a beer-mug, and almost every man in the group was more or less disfigured by ugly scars. Not only we saw much of the Corps students during the next three months of our stay in Munich, meeting hundreds of them every day in the streets, but we heard them shouting and singing in their favorite restaurants and cafés until early morning. And we were told queer stories about them, as, for instance, that not one in twenty of them opened a book or attended a lecture during the first year of university life; and that even if a young man wished to study there was too much drinking, fighting and gambling to be done to allow any time for it. Also that the normal condition of every Corps student was to be head-over-ears in debt to his tailor, boarding-house-keeper and restaurant.

As I came to see more of the students in Berlin, Dresden, and Leipsic as well as in Munich, I became interested in them and gradually found out much about their life. We have our college societies at home, but the most venerable of them are mushroom affairs compared to these German university Corps, and they play no such part in the life of the students. One may almost say that in Germany the young man is a Corps member first of all, and a student if he finds any time for study. With us it is the other way.

The history of the institution dates back to the middle ages. At times it has been decried as the ruin of German youth, and again highly praised as essential to the best type of manhood. "Free is the lad" ("Frei ist der Bursche") has been a catch-phrase in the song and talk of Germany's student world for the last two hundred years; and the authorities of many towns have often thought that the lad was a great deal too free, notably when, as often happened during the Thirty Years' War, it was hard to distinguish between students and highwaymen, their manners were so much alike.

The first student corporations date back to the fourteenth century, when at the great universities of Paris, Bologna, Vienna and Prague the students banded themselves according to their nationality and in some instances according to the particular branch of study pursued. Nationality, politics and religion determined the membership of some student associations, and religion to this day still enters into the question, for there are Corps to which only Protestants are admitted, and others which are wholly Roman Catholic. In other respects a boy belongs to the Corps to which his social standing and, to a lesser degree, his financial standing entitle him. In the two most exclusive Corps in Munich no young man is admitted whose income is less than

three hundred marks a month—about seventy-five dollars. In Munich and in Dresden, but not in Berlin, a shopkeeper's son is not eligible in some of the best Corps. When I was in Dresden there was quite a little fuss over the black-balling of a student in one of the Corps for no other reason, apparently, than that his father kept a well-known glove shop; while in the same Corps was the son of a man who manufactured gloves, but sold them only to dealers.

The last half of the eighteenth century proved to be a period so disastrous to the universities of France and Germany that all the old student associations died from inanition. Real fighting gave place to sham battles. The beginning of the last century found Germany exhausted and her universities empty. With the revival of prosperity reappeared a number of flourishing student unions. One of these, the "Order of the Black Brothers," founded in 1799 at Erlangen, is the oldest German student union still in existence, and it was to this association that the name Corps was first given. By 1816 the "Mœnania" had been founded at Wurzburg, the "Bavaria" and "Suevia" at Munich, the "Teutonic" at Halle. The old German designation of "Landsmannschaft" gave way to the new name of Corps, but the principles of the old associations remained very nearly those of the new. The Corps was intended to make a man of the student if not a scholar; it prescribed various rules as to his dress, behaviour, work and play, all of which had to be rigidly obeyed.

Up to the time of the Reformation the student costume was a clerical one. At the time of Charles V it took on more of a military aspect, with a Spanish colouring—jerkin with puffed and slashed sleeves, high boots and dangling daggers. During the eighteenth century, when Germany was afflicted with Gallomania, the students affected short breeches, gold-laced coats, powdered hair and three-cornered hats, this costume giving place after the Napoleonic wars to that of the German burgher—a coloured coat with brass or silver buttons, leather breeches, an embroidered waistcoat and an imposing cue. A more soldier-like dress came later and prevailed until about fifty years ago, when gaudy dress disappeared in favour of plain black or drab-coloured clothes trimmed with bright colours.

To-day there are more than one hundred university Corps in Germany. With



"READY FOR THE FIGHT! GO!"

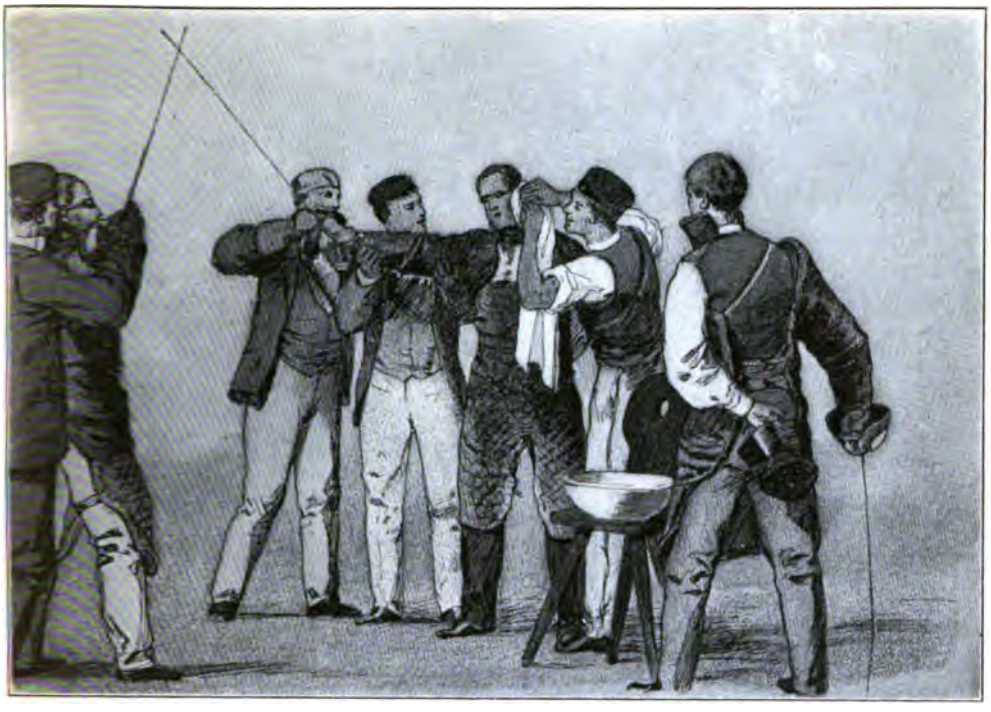


DRESSING A WOUND

the names, arms and colours of each the full-fledged Corps member is expected to be familiar; he has to pass an examination upon these points before he is received into full membership. A brief mention of the Munich Corps, their year of organisation and colours, will suffice here. We have the "Suevia," 1803, white and light blue; "Palatia," 1813, red and light blue; "Bavaria," 1816, white stripes and dark blue; "Isaria," 1821, light green and blue; "Franconia," 1836, green, white and red; "Macaria," 1848, black, white and red; "Brunswiga," 1882, blue, white and gold. Each Corps has its own coat of arms and motto.

At the beginning of every university year the officers of the different Corps try to enlist the best among the new men, who are invited as guests to meet the Corps; if they like the members and the members like them, they join, becoming "Foxes" for the first and perhaps second term, during which time they must serve some older member of the Corps, receiving instruction and advice from him in return. Every morning is devoted to sword practice, ending usually with a drinking bout (Frühschoppen). About one o'clock the Corps dines in a restaurant where tables are reserved for it, and after dinner come games of cards, billiards, etc., during which the officers of the Corps settle various matters, such as projected duels, etc. Then may come more sword practice. The evening finds the members of the Corps at a café, where beer drinking, according to certain rules, talk and singing last until late at night or early morning. The "Salamander" is perhaps the most characteristic observance at the Kneipe, or evening meeting. At the word of command from the Senior or President of the Corps, all the students rise, beer-mugs in hand; when the Senior shouts out "Two," the lids of the mugs fly back and at "Three!" they pour the beer down their throats. Again the Senior calls out, the lids are closed and the mugs are brought down upon the table with a mighty crash.

So much has been written about the student duels that but little remains to be told. They are maintained and tolerated, although proscribed by law, chiefly because it is thought that fighting and suffering make a man of the student —the Spartan idea—and so long as such men as Prince Bismarck praised the duelling practices of the German student it was found hard to put a stop to them. To-day, however, there are signs fore-



STANCHING THE BLOOD

shadowing a radical change in the next generation. Young men of good family in England, France and America learn to stand up straight and to hold their own in a fight without wasting a year's time in professional brawling or getting themselves disfigured for life. But that the duelling still goes on in Germany is very evident. It was not my luck to see any of the duels, but friends have described them to me in detail.

There are two classes of duels—those fought "by agreement," merely to keep the men in practice and for the honour of their Corps, and those fought to avenge insults, often of the pettiest kind. For instance, if a student is dissatisfied with the bow made to him by another student, or if one student stares too persistently at another, there is a duel. The reputation of the Corps requires that it shall have to its credit a certain number of duels during the year, and so pretexts are made for picking a quarrel with members of other Corps. A young man in search of a fight goes about the café treading on the tails of dogs belonging to other student Corps and can thus make material for half a dozen duels in as many minutes.

The encounters are conducted with the utmost decorum and regard for precedent. The two young men having been padded around the body and further protected with goggles and neckbands, with their ears tied back with tape so that they may not be cut off, are let loose at one another only after endless salutations. A surgeon stands ready to see that no serious injury is done, and the "foxes" sponge off the swords with carbolised water. The neglect of this latter precaution may lead to fearful results. At the University of Jena in 1882 an unusually large number of duels were fought one day with swords not properly cleansed; three students died of blood-poisoning and more than forty were laid up in the hospital.

Sometimes the wounds are severe enough to lay a man up in the hospital, and occasionally an ear or a nose is sliced off. An amusing story is told in Heidelberg concerning a duel in which a



PRACTISING FOR A MENSUR IN DRESDEN

well-known professor took part when a young man. It was a "courtesy" duel in one of the big halls on the hill overlooking the town. As upon all these occasions, many of the students had their dachshunds with them, the dogs taking a lively interest in the proceedings. The fight in which Professor ——— figured was a particularly spirited one, but proved disastrous, as owing to a slip a good part of his nose was taken off in quite an appalling manner. The surgeons laid him down and washed off the wound preparatory to sewing on the missing piece. But upon a search for it, there was consternation. It was nowhere to be found—one of the dachshunds had swallowed it. So Professor ——— has had to go through life with a false nose.

The sword used for the courtesy duel ("Mensur"), fought for practice and not to avenge insult, is a straight heavy blade (Schläger) about forty inches long, blunt at the end but sharpened on both edges. The men are placed five feet apart with their toes on chalk marks, and the rules of the combat allow no stepping back to avoid a blow—not even a movement of the body or of the head. It is no disgrace to the student to get his face slashed into ribbons; but nervousness, if too marked, results in expulsion from the Corps, a very serious matter for a young man and one that may ruin his whole career. The courtesy duels, "by agreement," are fought with two seconds, one on either side of the combatants, who stand, or rather crouch, sword in hand, ready to throw up the fighters' blades when the umpire calls "time," or when in their opinion there is likely to be serious injury done to one of the duellists.

In duels fought to avenge insult there are no seconds and the men are less wrapped up in leather and silk. In place of the straight Schläger a heavy sabre is used, sometimes with disastrous results, many skulls having been split open with these weapons. In both classes of duel the swords are held above the head and the fighting is done largely from the wrist, the object being to let the blade fall with a slanting blow upon the opponent's head or face; to avoid cutting off the ears, these appendages, as I have already said, are tied back with tape. But the nose often suffers. The heart, sword-arm, wrist and hand are protected by heavy padding. Ninety-nine out of a hundred blows fall upon the padded arm.

Perhaps the worst feature of the duelling system is that it encourages a spirit of pugnacity among the more athletic students, some of whom are always looking for quarrels, until at last fighting becomes a veritable mania with them. If a student is killed in a duel, the murderer is compelled to leave the university, but may enter another; if a man is so unfortunate as to kill a second opponent, he is debarred from all institutions of learning in Germany and is more or less ostracised. At present the German law concerning duelling decrees that the police can do nothing unless they catch the duellists actually fighting, which, of course, is almost impossible, as the duels usually take place in suburban taverns well picketed by "foxes," who give the alarm at the approach of the police. In the last ten years seven students have been killed in duels at German universities. Before that fatal results were more frequent.

It seems hard to believe that not more than one out of twenty Corps students attends any lectures or even pretends to study during his first year at the university, but one has only to live a few months in a German city like Munich to understand the importance which the Germans, old and young, place upon a year's fighting and drinking as the proper preparation to a learned career. Students do pass through the German universities and are graduated with honour who, because of poverty or other reasons, do not join a Corps, and, as a matter of fact, the number of students who are not Corps members shows a steady growth. But the youth of good family joins a Corps as a matter of course, fights his duels, of which there must be at least three before he is entitled to wear the Corps ribbons, and probably rubs wine into the wounds he receives in order to make the scars more lasting.

As might be expected, a great many of the students after a whole year's idleness do not take kindly to study at the

beginning of the second year, and it is often not until the year is well advanced that the typical brawler settles down to serious work. As a rule the Corps does not countenance idleness after the first year at the university. Once a man has done his regulation fighting and drinking his Corps expects something in the way of contributions, the drain upon a student for Corps expenses averaging in Munich fifty marks a month (about twelve dollars) during the university year. And after he leaves the university every student able to afford it is expected to make a yearly contribution as long as he lives of from twenty-five to fifty marks, which money goes towards the decoration of the Corps rooms, Corps suppers and balls, and the payment of debts incurred by Corps students. Every member of a Corps is responsible for its honour; so long as he wears its colours his behaviour must conform to certain rules. There are a number of questionable cafés and halls in Munich which a Corps member does not enter without first obtaining the permission of his Senior or President, and he must not wear his Corps colours in such places. The Corps thus exerts an influence for good upon the manners of young men, and I inquired in vain for instances of intoxication in public or rowdyism among the Corps students of Munich.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

THE LITERARY CARPENTER AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



NOVELIST who belongs to the group of younger reputations in New York, and has already proved to his own ample satisfaction that fiction is a sound business proposition, recently explained in an expansive moment the simple rule by which a "best-selling novel" may be put together. "First of all," he said, "I decide in a general way the sort of story I want to write, the period, the setting, the prevailing tone. Then I run over the list of the big English novels, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Bulwer, and pick out all the volumes that seem to fit in at all with my own idea. I read all these, and make notes of the strong scenes and big characters. Then I sit down with my notes and incorporate the best of these scenes and characters into my plot. If I draw material from recognised masterpieces, and put the best they contain into one book, then my book must be just so much better than any one of the books that I borrow from. Isn't that simple and logical?" The author in question was not joking; he was not aware that there was anything ludicrous, or anything tragic, in his method of work; he was simply self-complacent as to the value of his formula. Aside from his unusual frankness, he fairly represented the large class of writers whose books are not literature, but a sort of verbal carpentry work, the product not of art, but of skilled labour.

Yet there is always somebody ready to come to the defence of the cheap machine-made story and speciously demand what crime there is in using ideas that have already served one or more earlier writers. He will argue that there are only just so many plots in the world, anyway; that the best of our modern stories are only a refurbishing of the old classic tales and legends. He will point out the sources of Shakespeare's plots and of Molière's, and clinch his argument by repeating that hoary defence of plagiarism, that Genius takes its own where it finds it. But he is sure to miss the real point at issue: namely, that it is not so much the method as it is the spirit which is at fault. A Cellini or a Ghirlandajo may take their precious metals whence they will. In presence of their finished handicraft no one will ask the source. But he who has the soul of a

farrier, though he strip the inner shrine of the temple, can still conceive of no nobler shape than the rude, utilitarian horse-shoe. Posterity may forgive the Byzantine Emperor who pillaged the monuments of the ancient world to adorn a St. Sophia; but only the vandals of the dark ages would have burned the marbles of Phidias to make lime for mortar. And so it is in the making of books. The writer in whom smoulders a spark of the divine fire may take his materials whence he will, it matters not whether the phrase which set him thinking be found in Æschylus or Bunyan or Laura Jean Libby. In the architecture of words as well as of temples the stone rejected by the builders may prove after all to be the cornerstone of a masterpiece.

But our literary carpenter is a man who does not know the significance of the word masterpiece. He has no conception of the meaning of form and symmetry and artistic ideal. He would see no incongruity in erecting a St. Peter's dome upon Gothic arches, supported by Doric columns, and encircled by a close hedge of Turkish minarets. If he fancies himself a realist, he will filch a plank or two from Flaubert and Maupassant and frankly borrow the rest of his building material from Zola. If on the contrary he prefers to ally himself with the romantic school, he will run you up a framework of Dumas, board in with Scott and Harrison Ainsworth, and finish off with lathes and shingles from Victor Hugo or Jules Verne—just rough carpentry work, knocked together with a few hasty blows, its roughness seldom even disguised by a thin coating of local colour. It would seem as though a good, strong breath of criticism ought to blow down the whole flimsy structure. And sometimes in some countries this really does happen—witness the case of Georges Ohnet, after Anatole France gave himself the pleasure of saying what he really thought about the author of *Le Maître de Forges.* But, as a rule, the literary carpenter succeeds in imposing upon the public long enough to accomplish his purpose. And, to do him justice, he succeeds at the same time in imposing upon himself. So long as a host of readers remain blind to the distinction between the book which is literature and the book which is merely merchandise; so long as department stores continue to offer bargains in "best-selling books" alongside of special sales in breakfast foods and laundry soap, just so long the literary carpenter will continue to believe himself a second Thackeray, a latter-day Balzac.

The Colonel of the Red Huzzars

At no other time of year does the carpenter-made novel have so good a chance of success as in midsummer, when the critical faculty dozes and bored humanity demands primarily to be amused. There is many a popular book that would never have enjoyed half its vogue if there were no such thing as long, sultry afternoons and drowsy hammocks. It is at such hours that the cheap imitation of something really good, the feeble replica of a book you have once enjoyed, deludes you with a specious glimmer of talent. It is only when our sounder judgment nods that the pseudo-Dumas novel, the would-be Zenda tale, the imitation Sherlock Holmes detective story find their chance to impose upon our good nature. To take a case in point, *The Colonel of the Red Huzzars,* by John Reed Scott, relieved the tedium of a particularly hot and humid August day, and for this it deserves the courtesy of a grateful word. Yet in every chapter it bears the sign manual of the literary carpenter, although the workmanship is of a superior sort, suggesting the neat joinings of the expert cabinet-maker. Like all the modern stories of imaginary principalities, it traces its pedigree back to Stevenson's *Prince Otto* and Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda.* And while these prototypes belong to literature, and the modern imitations do not, it may at least be said in favour of Mr. Scott's story that it does not make such violent and wanton assaults upon our credulity as, for instance, are made by Mr. McCutcheon in his eminently successful Graustark stories. Of course these books, as a type, are all a tissue of extravagant romance. Yet even here there are degrees of plausibility. Anthony Hope, with his finer instinct, knew better

than to mar the illusion of reality he had created by allowing a mere English commoner to masquerade permanently as ruler of the hereditary monarchy of Ruritania. In *Beverly of Graustark* Mr. McCutcheon deliberately lowered the standard of an otherwise creditable achievement by showing us an American girl, born and bred, successfully playing the part of queen of an autocratic little Balkan state—a situation that has no logical place outside the realm of comic opera. In *The Colonel of the Red Hussars* Mr. Scott neatly avoids any such absurdity by making his hero, Major Dalberg, of the American army, the lineal descendant of the younger branch of the reigning house of Valeria—the fourth generation that has lived in exile in the United States, while unknown to them their rank and titles and rights to the succession have been carefully guarded for them by the secret edicts of the Valerian kings. It is necessary only to add that when Major Dalberg is sent to the Court of Valeria as military attaché, the reigning king has no male descendant, but only a daughter, who promptly recognises her cousinly relation to the hero. And if cousins, why not something nearer and dearer? the author speciously argues. And while the book is not without exaggeration and incongruity, it at least keeps above the level of the *opera bouffe*.

For the Soul of Rafael

There has been no dearth of romances of Old California since the revival of interest, a few years ago, in Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona*. Yet there is nothing of the literary carpenter either in the style or the plot of Marah Ellis Ryan's new volume, *For the Soul of Rafael*. The treatment of the material is distinctly fresh and new, and while the conditions depicted are those of an earlier generation, the racial types and the physical aspect of the land are obviously drawn directly from life, with a fidelity begotten by sympathetic understanding. The plot of the story hinges upon the bitter hatred cherished by the Spanish population against the Americano, who after the Mexican War steadily encroached upon their possessions and threatened to sweep away their traditional customs and social standards. There is, in particular, a proud old Señora, Donna Luisa Arteaga, who since the war has lived in exile in Mexico rather than submit to Anglo-Saxon dominion. But at last, realising that death is near, she returns to her estates in order to accomplish the nuptials of her son and the bride she has chosen for him—a convent-bred girl, Raquel Estevan, in whom a hatred for the usurper, the Americano, has been carefully fostered from her birth up. Oddly enough, the only man with whom she has ever come in close contact, aside from the priests, is an American, whom she nursed through a dangerous illness, whom she learned to love, and whom she firmly believes to have died. She does not learn of her mistake until after her marriage to Donna Luisa's son Rafael, nor until she has had time to discover the cowardice, the vileness, the utter worthlessness of the husband for whose soul she has made herself answerable in an oath dictated by his dying mother. How Raquel keeps this oath is the main theme of a picturesque and romantic story, which stands out vividly against the careful and realistic brush-work of the background. The bigotry and ignorance, the hasty passions and lax morality of the old régime in California, are all pictured with the assured touch that comes of intimate knowledge.

The District Attorney

It would be distinctly unjust to stigmatise William Sage's new volume, *The District Attorney*, as a piece of carpenter work. Yet it must be frankly recognised that the first freshness has recently been worn off the material which he uses. Ten years ago if any one spoke of politics or finance in American fiction a few types like Peter Stirling or Silas Lapham would come to mind—and that was all. Since then we have had scores of novels in which the main interest centered in ward politics, in legislative corruption, in big financial gambles and vast schemes of monopoly. Such a plot as *The District Attorney*, which a decade ago would have teemed with originality, has to-day a familiar ring; there is more than one plank in the structure that has

the appearance of having been used before. Nevertheless, taken altogether, the story is not lacking in strength nor in interest. It deals with the career of a man who, like his father before him, holds tenaciously to his ideal, but, unlike his father, does not find that ideal in the acquisition of money. Old Samuel Haverland knows but one golden rule, one guiding principle, that all else in life must be subservient to "business interests." When those "business interests" require that a life-long friend should be crushed and driven from the field, he unscrupulously crushes him, although that old friend's daughter is the affianced wife of his only son. When those same "business interests" require the enactment of a certain bill, he sees to it that the bill is passed, though this can be done only by a wholesale purchase of aldermanic votes. Richard Haverland, the son, is made of the same tough, unyielding fibre; but his bent is in a different direction. He has a wholesome scorn for that mere love of money which, in his father, begets an unscrupulous greed. Breaking all business relations with the older man, and renouncing all claim to his father's millions, young Haverland begins his single-handed, uphill struggle as a lawyer; is elected District Attorney on a reform ticket, and suddenly finds himself under the obligation of prosecuting the very aldermen whom his father had bribed, the agents whom his father used to bribe them—perhaps, for all he knows to the contrary, the evidence will, in the end, bring the guilt home directly to his father's door. But because it is a Haverland trait never to relinquish a grip after once taking it, the District Attorney perseveres. And the history of his perseverance makes a book that not only shows careful workmanship, but is apt to set the reader thinking rather seriously.

Superseded

A little volume, which it seems incongruous to mention in connection with the phrase "carpenter novelist," excepting by way of emphatic contrast, is *Superseded*, by May Sinclair, author of *The Divine Fire*. A publisher's note accompanies the book, explaining that it is an earlier work which Miss Sinclair allows to be reprinted in this country, so that her American friends may have a chance to become acquainted with it. While it is a very slight affair, in comparison with *The Divine Fire*, there is so much simple pathos, so much genuine human nature, in *Superseded* that only a writer of the first rank could have wrought such deft effects of light and shade from such slight material. It is merely the humble tragedy of a timid, colourless, inefficient school-teacher whom fate originally thrust into a niche that she could never adequately fill, and then after she had spent her strength for years in the pitiful struggle to do what is demanded of her, unexpectedly thrusts her out to an old age of helplessness and want. The humble little woman's unspoken romance, the harmless dreams which she weaves around the young physician who befriends her, and who has already given his heart to the younger teacher destined to supersede her, is the most delicate part of a story which eludes analysis, and gives it its chief charm. *Superseded* is one of the books which ought not to be missed. It would be difficult to point out another story in English which portrays with such quiet strength the pathos of inefficient old age, the anguish of discovering that one has outlived one's usefulness. *Frederic Taber Cooper.*



FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Foibles of the Bench.



THE business side of literature has been described as "a compromise between the greed of the author and the rapacity of the publisher," but Mr. Henry S. Wilcox of the Chicago Bar evidently does not believe in compromise. Indeed he bitterly arraigns what he terms the "compromise judge," who endeavours to induce litigants to settle their differences and prevents what the author calls "legal justice," whatever that may be. This mental attitude is doubtless responsible for the fact that *Foibles of the Bench* has been published to the world through the agency of the Legal Literature Company, which is apparently the author's trade-name, for in his preface he enterprisingly advises the public that copies of his works, completed or projected, may be secured by a postal card directed to him in Chicago. "There are no books," he adds, "that are of a similar character. The writer may not be the best person to undertake the task, but so far he has been the only one disposed to try it. So here goes."

This breezy foreword is a fair example of the author's literary style, and one reluctantly inclines to his suggestion that he is not perhaps thoroughly equipped for the task he has essayed, which is that of instructing the Bench and admonishing the Bar. With a little different treatment, however, the volume which Mr. Wilcox has produced might have been exceedingly entertaining and instructive, not only to members of the legal profession but to the general reader. The writer is evidently familiar with his subject matter and he shows keen powers of observation, but the value of his facts is so seriously marred by his method of presenting them that their effect is practically lost. It would indeed be well if certain judges who now occupy the Bench could be induced to see themselves as others see them, but there is very little hope that they will accept the reflections of a dull mirror as accurately imaging their own imperfections.

Not a few ornaments of the Bench described by Mr. Wilcox savour of the Police Courts, where judicial dignity is not at a premium. "Sit down or I'll retire you from circulation!" he reports one of these worthies as shouting at a lawyer. "A little animated specimen of imbecility who has scratched all the hair off his head trying to hunt an idea, must not insult this court!" "It's a pity that a fellow who has brass enough to get lawsuits hasn't brains enough to try them," is another judicial pleasantry recorded by the author as emanating from "Judge Wasp," and other equally courtly phrases are quoted to illustrate the methods of judges whose "internal organs are all quarrelling with each other."

Such experiences are not unfamiliar to the profession, and there are very few members of the Bar who have not suffered from a "Judge Knowall" in the performance of their duties. Judge Knowall is described as a lawyer who never tried a case before his elevation to the bench and who seems to regret his neglected opportunities. "With a feeling of suppression the plaintiff's attorney puts a witness on the stand and begins to examine him. Judge Knowall stops the attorney and proceeds to examine and cross-examine the frightened witness. The lawyers on both sides sit cowed and silent spectators. When the judge has finished with the plaintiff's witnesses he may instruct the jury to find for the defendant, or he may play the same examination game with the defendant's witnesses."

This is a meddlesome type of jurist easily recognised by every lawyer in active practice, and it is this sort of individual who might receive a useful lesson had the author wielded a less amateurish pen, and possibly Mr. Wilcox may, with greater experience, yet produce a notable volume in his chosen field.

Certainly the writer who can thus describe a certain type of lawyer possesses great possibilities: "His most valuable services were in surrounding and enmeshing the unwary delinquent debtor. He would ensnare a man in failing circumstances and creep over him as the ivy grows over the mouldering wall, profiting largely by his ruin. This he did so gently and with such an affectation of piety and sweetness of temper that the man who slipped naked out of his clutch felt that the hand of Providence had been his undoing and that Judge Fearful had saved him from a worse fate."

It is excellent work of this character that makes one regret the carelessness and lack of skill that have ruined what might otherwise have been a valuable criticism of the Bench.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

II

F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Tides of Barnegat."

Like *The Awakening of Helena Richie* and *Fenwick's Career,* Mr. Hopkinson Smith's recent story, *The Tides of Barnegat,* involves a question of morals. The ruin done to character by living a lie, the impossibility of stopping the effects of wrong-doing, and the iniquity of trying to shield the unrighteous from the effects of his sin at the expense of the righteous, are all emphasised in the story of Lucy Cobden.

The Tides of Barnegat concerns itself with the fortunes of two orphan sisters, the elder of whom, Jane, has been as a mother to Lucy, her junior by ten years. At the opening of the story Lucy, a brilliant girl of seventeen, has just returned from school to her home in Warehold, near Barnegat Light, where the Cobdens had been leading people since Revolutionary days. With Lucy's advent the quiet old house takes on new life, and among the young people who gather there is Bart Holt, a handsome youth who at once falls in love with the beautiful girl. Before the summer is over they are constant companions, and when autumn comes Lucy joins a friend in Trenton with the avowed intention of studying music. Later in the winter she sends for Martha, her old nurse, who, on her return to Warehold, brings Jane such news that it is soon announced in the village that the sisters are going at once to Europe in order that Lucy may study music abroad. After an absence of two years Miss Jane returns without Lucy, but bringing with her a baby whom she has adopted, and whom she says is the child of a friend. Of course gossip is rife, and suspicion even falls upon Jane, though never upon Lucy, and, with the immoral self-abnegation of which only the best women are capable, Jane accepts the burden she has placed upon her own shoulders, sacrificing for Lucy's sake not only her own happiness but, a more serious affair, that of the man whom she loves and who loves her.

Time passes on. Miss Jane brings up Archie as her adopted son, Lucy marries an elderly Frenchman, and finally, after an absence of seventeen years, returns to Warehold, a widow with one little girl. She has grown older, but she has not changed. She is the same beautiful, joyous, heartless creature as when she deserted her child, and she is loved by her sister with the deep affection that only the worthless seem able to inspire. The consequences of her sin have always been borne by some one else, why should she not go free to the end, pleasing herself and leading men and women captive in her train? It would not be fair to the reader to describe the events which bring about the climax, plunge Lucy into despair and disgrace, and unite Jane and her faithful lover; but in following out the development of Lucy's character to its logical conclusion it is made clear that it would have been better for all if she had been forced to take upon herself the consequences of her own acts—she might have lost her reputation, but she would have saved her soul.

The story is very readable, the descriptions of the life of fifty years ago in the little New Jersey town being full of charm. One incident in the story seems unlikely, the placing of Archie in the life-saving crew. It seems improbable that a woman like Miss Jane, whose

*The Tides of Barnegat. By F. Hopkinson Smith: New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

family had occupied a prominent position in their native town for so long, could find nothing better for her adopted son than a position which offers so little in the way of a career. However, the author has given a most interesting picture of the duties and dangers in the lives of these men, while the description of the storm and rescue shows their courage and skill.

Archie's early life is not much dwelt upon, but the description of the onslaught of the town boys under the leadership of Scootsy Mulligan upon Archie and Tod Fogarty in the Bandits' Cave is almost good enough to be bracketed with that of the immortal snow fight on Slatter's Hill in *The Story of a Bad Boy.*

Among the minor characters that of Max Fielding is very well drawn, the character of "The Born Philanderer," the man whose weakness was "his inability to be happy without the exclusive society of some one woman, ... a discontented wife, perhaps an unmarried woman of thirty-five or forty, with means enough to live where she pleased. . . . All most respectable people, of course, without a breath of scandal attaching to their names—Max was too careful for that—and yet each and every one looking for precisely the type of man that Max represented—one never happy or even contented outside the radius of a waving fan or away from the flutter of a skirt." Seldom has a character whom we all know been better described.

The title does not refer only to the scene of the story. The author says: "These Barnegat tides are the sponges that wipe clean the slate of the beach. Each day a new record is made and each day it is sponged out With the coming of the autumn all this is changed. The cruel north wind wakes, and with a roar joins hands with the savage easter; the startled surf falls upon the beach like a scourge Now the forgotten wrecks, like long-buried sins, rise and stand naked with every scar and stain." This is the idea which runs throughout the book, the inevitableness of retribution.

Mary K. Ford.

III

S. H. Preston's "On Common Ground."*

To those anxious investigators who swarm about our universities, searchers after a subject for a thesis and a "Ph.D.," I commend as a subject for research the relations subsisting between poultry and a diary. No one has as yet elucidated the logic of this curious association, though every one knows its existence. Books of first-personal reflection and record are as the sands of the sea; but can you recall more than one or two, at most, that contain no mention of feathered bipeds? As for trying to discover a poultryman who doesn't write, the idea is absurd; if he keeps no diary, he is no true poultryman.

Witness the case to which Mr. Preston directs our attention in a book having the outward appearance of a novel. Ralph Merrivale—"Mr. Merrywell," Mrs. Biggles insists on calling him—deserts the city for the country. Simultaneously he takes to raising chickens and keeping a diary. The one occupation is not more natural, more inevitable, than the other, in spite of the fact that both lead him into difficulties. For the diary ultimately gets him into print, which, an author friend tells me, is an evil with few compensations. The chickens, on the other hand, lead him a merry chase through a hedge into his neighbour's cornfield, and that, though a dire evil, had a notable compensation.

For the neighbour was a woman farmer—no, you have not guessed it yet; it is even more obvious than that. Mrs. Biggles, who was Mr. Merrywell's housekeeper and what is known as "a character," was wont to discourse at times of their neighbour, *Miss* 'Umphrey, and again of Miss *'Umph*rey—a nice distinction, but perfectly comprehensible. Merrivale is mystified. Not so the reader. Merrivale stupidly asks whether *Miss* 'Umphrey has a younger sister. The reader knows pefectly that it can be nothing less charming and romantic than a visiting niece. It takes Merrivale some

*On Common Ground. By Sydney H. Preston. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

fifty pages of diary to discover, what the reader has learned in one, that *Miss* 'Umphrey is a plump, fair farmer of forty or thereabouts, while Miss *'Umph*rey is the beautiful, slender, brown-eyed niece whom Merrivale encounters one morning on his way to the village, who witnesses his clumsy and disastrous efforts to reclaim his chickens from his neighbour's cornfield, who becomes in short the author of all his evil and the compensation therefor.

And at this point another curious relation develops. Merrivale, with Mrs. Biggles for his Greek Chorus, of course conceives a deep passion for his brown-eyed neighbour, which grows coincidently with a passion for split infinitives. Here again is a conjunction often noted, the roots of which are deeply hidden. We are fairly reconciled to the passion of a hero in fiction for a brown-eyed young lady, but the worship of those immodest acrobatic infinitives is still, in spite of Professor Lounsbury's valiant press-agency in their behalf, a distasteful cult. They may perhaps be considered more or less appropriate to a book of rural associations, as smacking of the soil. Nevertheless, it is pardonable to regret that Merrivale did not make love in more orderly linguistic fashion, restraining his disposition to excitedly implore or to silently worship his divinity.

It may, however, already be suspected that the aim—the *tendenz*—of this book is not painfully scholastic or even literary. That fact does not prevent its being in its way unusual. The entire story is a masterpiece of the obvious; from the first page to the last it is the expected that always happens. Given Mr. Merrywell and the lovely Miss *'Umph*rey; sentimental Mrs. Biggles and the errant husband whom she still loves; stolid Joseph, the hired man, and pretty Jenny on the adjacent farm; Teeterley, the flutist, and the intellectual Almiry Biggles—given all these conveniently arranged couples, and the least imaginative can foresee the happy joining of hands at the fall of the curtain. But, of course, in such a story the story is the last thing to be considered. The manner is everything in these pseudo-philosophical, gently sentimental romances—the little reflective side-lights, the ingenious surmises, the quaint speculations, the odd touches of character, the Stocktonian humour—there! it is out. The comparison with Stockton is inevitable, but it is not altogether easy to justify. Mr. Preston's humour is neither very insistent nor very subtle. It is constituted with a minimum of wit and a maximum of conceits. There are some amusing bits of character, though the whole scheme of this diary and the people of whom it treats is far from the reality of life. As for the reflective element, it gives no reason for proclaiming the arrival of a new Thackeray or Meredith.

In short, *On Common Ground* is a very ordinary sort of book, and high-browed intellectuals have no right to find the slightest enjoyment in reading it. There is therefore a lurking sense of shame in the necessity I feel for confessing to a genuine enjoyment in its perusal. Any one with literary ideals can see that it is not at all like a masterpiece. But then there are some of us who read for entertainment all the time, and all of us read for entertainment some of the time; and so it is perhaps well to have at hand a book that can be frankly enjoyed, without the necessity for justifying our taste on the loftiest æsthetic grounds.

Edward Clark Marsh.

IV

Margaret Deland's "The Awakening of Helena Richie."*

If in *The Awakening of Helena Richie* Mrs. Deland reveals her main passion as a story-writer, which is undoubtedly that of the moralist, this is not to class her with what is wearily known as the didactic author; her interest in human nature for his own sake is too keen for that, as is her born gift as a humourist and a story-teller. Neither does the effect of moral simplicity that the story leaves upon the reader imply some lack of psychological depth. One can but acknowledge that here is as serious a moral study as Robert Herrick or Edith Wharton might write, to quote our two con-

*The Awakening of Helena Richie. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

temporary American novelists who seem to have most deeply the psychological gifts of the moralist. To be sure this moral simplicity is the result of Mrs. Deland's idealism, and it is an idealism which to our contemporary habits of thought seems at times a little old-fashioned, like a breath from provincial Chester itself! But as the story proceeds in its plain naturalness, in the irresistible logic of its events, in the subtlety and realism of its motives, one perceives that this idealism is not only the light by which the author sees life; it is no less the philosophy which she has reached from her own direct and very penetrating observation of life. The story itself creates the moral. Only in the closing scenes, perhaps, does Dr. Lavendar—that very human old saint who acts as chorus to the drama—usurp the parts that the reader wishes were left a little more to the actors themselves. And yet on second reading one might take back even that charge of didacticism, because for an unformed and docile woman like Helena the priest often does lead the way.

The story runs thus: A woman of the unreflecting type, sweet and pleasure-loving, is led when yet a girl to a thoughtless marriage with a man who turns out to be a brute and a drunkard, and who causes the death of their child in a drunken passion. Absolved thus, as she feels, from all obligation to him, she accepts Lloyd Pryor's love and his philosophy of the "cowardly conventions of society" and lives with him.

The action opens in Old Chester, where ten years later Helena Richie, still disappointed of her husband's death, has come to lead a life of retirement and to receive occasional visits from her "brother," who is not introduced to Old Chester society. In spite of her retiring ways, however, Mrs. Richie is discovered by the big, boyish-hearted Dr. Willy King, who recommends her to Dr. Lavendar as a charming woman and a proper guardian for the little orphan David, who is left in Dr. Lavendar's charge. It is so that David, one of the most genuine and irresistible youngsters of fiction, begins to play his part in the story, an innocent and embarrassing questioner of all things natural and moral. From the first we are made to feel the embarrassment of Helena's situation. The very innocence and kindliness of the village community are a reproach to her, and moreover Lloyd's passion has begun to cool. All the fine irony of life is here as the woman begins to discover that her very yielding to the man's demands has cost her the thing that alone could have held him. Indeed the scenes between Pryor and Helena are done with a telling realism—Lloyd's growing disgust for a situation that offends his taste, the discovery of which might cost him his young daughter's faith; his growing weariness of the woman who simply makes demands of sentiment upon him; and, on the other hand, the more unconscious selfishness of the woman who can master neither the man nor herself, because she sees in life only her own need of affection. But the tragedy spreads beyond the lives of these two. When the young Sam Wright, idealistic, lonely, erratic youth, falls in love with Helena, the interest of his worldly-wise old grandfather in the woman is quickened. It is the old man's anxiety for the boy that leads him to discover the truth about Helena and Pryor, and his disclosure to the boy that shocks the young lover into suicide. It is now that the long unacknowledged sense of guilt in the woman's heart confronts her, and for the first time, with the sense of shame, her sense of responsibility is born. How that sense of responsibility is finally brought home to her in her love for the small David is the issue of the story. Mrs. Deland is evidently one who believes that conviction of sin is the first necessity to salvation; and when Helena finally confesses to Dr. Lavendar, at his instigation, that she is unworthy to have the child, it is perhaps not the man's argument that convinces her, after all, so much as a hundred memories of the child when his innocence has pressed against her unacknowledged sense of guilt. As to the effect of moral simplicity which we get from the story, it lies, we think, in a certain absoluteness of idealism. It is the fashion of our modern psychology, with its deep sense of the necessity of temperament, to understand and to pity

its erring heroes and heroines. Mrs. Deland does more than this, she judges her heroine and asks us to judge her. But one feels that her reason for the judgment is her deep-rooted faith in the power of moral self-recovery.

In concerning ourselves with its tragedy alone, however, we entirely fail to convey the atmosphere of the book. Mrs. Deland has that large and genial power, far more unusual in a woman than in a man, where the underlying intensity of purpose never interferes with the humourist and lover of life. The personal tragedy takes place in a world that is larger than itself—a world of sane and cheerful activities. Mrs. Deland's humour is one of the qualities of her sincerity, and perhaps we should say also of her tenderness. How easy, for instance, it would have been to make the small David into a little Lord Fauntleroy or a Paul Dombey. Instead, here is David. Dr. Lavendar has been flattered by the child's rapt attention to the story he has been telling. "Well, well; you are a great boy for stories, aren't you?" says he. "You've talked seven minutes," replies David, thoughtfully, "and you've not moved your upper jaw once." David is irresistible! In fact, in this richly peopled book there is hardly a character that is not as fine a creation of comedy as he is significant in the tragic purpose of the story. Benjamin Wright, the humourous autocratic old eccentric, with his worldly-wise childishness and the ill-concealed romanticism of his heart, is a unique and absolutely convincing creation. Indeed, in this last story we feel that Mrs. Deland has, as never before, proved herself the creator, and not merely the finely-equipped and enjoyable story-teller. *Edith Baker Brown.*

GREAT MUSICAL FAILURES



IF the composers or authors of ill-starred ventures among theatrical productions are properly versed in the history of the stage, they can derive considerable comfort from the fact that acknowledged masterpieces often commenced their career as fiascos. To take the operatic branch of the art alone, the number of great works that were originally failures is positively startling. The list includes not only those which were beyond immediate critical comprehension, but also many which later appealed most strongly to popular taste. With this precedent before him the unsuccessful composer might well expect that his work, too, will meet its just deserts.

How inconclusive the verdict of a first-night audience may be is well illustrated in the story of the *premiere* of Rossini's *Barber of Seville.* The chain of accidents accompanying the production was quite comical, although it is safe to assume that Rossini and his impressario failed at the time to see the humour of it. Rossini had, in his choice of subject, (adapted from the French of Beaumarchais) antagonised a large part of the Roman public. Paisiello, one of the older composers, had used the same story with great success; and with his opera still on the boards, Rossini's action in placing himself in competition was characterised as impertinent and audacious. It mattered nothing that he had first asked and obtained Paisiello's consent to the use of the story and that the opera was not called *Barber of Seville,* but *Almaviva, ossia l'inutile precauzione.* The whirligig of time brought its revenge; for Paisiello's opera paled quickly before the brilliancy of the new work and is saved from oblivion only by its connection with Rossini.

But there was no hint of future ascendency visible to the audience assembled at the Argentina Theatre on that carnival night in February, 1816. The spirit of the Roman carnival was certainly evident, but the warmth of the reception scarcely propitious. The hum of jesting conversation was not interrupted by the overture, which it effectu-

ally drowned. When the curtain rose, Garcia, who took the part of Almaviva, began to tune his guitar on the stage and broke a string. Laughter and hisses were heard from all parts of the house; and when Figaro appeared with another guitar, such a loud laugh was set up that not a phrase of "Largo al fattotum" was heard. A small trap had been left open, and Don Basilio on entering fell and bruised his face. He began his air handkerchief to nose. When Madam Giorgi-Righetti made her appearance in the balcony, her personal popularity drew a round of applause; but this was succeeded by murmurs of disapprobation when the audience discovered that the expected cavatina was not forthcoming. At the beginning of the first finale a cat appeared on the scene, and Figaro and Bartolo devoted their energies to chasing it off. When the curtain fell, Rossini, who was at the orchestral piano, turned toward the audience, shrugged his shoulders and began to applaud. This openly expressed contempt of their opinion scarcely helped to appease the hostility. In the second act the hubbub was so great that not a note passed the orchestra. Seeing how matters were Rossini calmly went home—to sleep—where he was later found by the artists who had come to console him. At the second performance the audience were more inclined to listen, and applauded some of the songs; and with each succeeding representation their enthusiasm grew. It was not long before the opera, its name changed to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia,* became the most popular work on the Italian stage. It is interesting to note that Donizetti, when told that Rossini wrote the *Barber* in thirteen days, said: "Very possible; *he is so lazy.*"

The story of the first French performance of *Tannhäuser* is similar to that of Rossini's work. Even royal patronage did not protect it against a hostile audience. According to Præger, the Emperor Napoleon III, conversing with the Princess Metternich about a reigning musical favourite of whom she had expressed disapproval, asked, "But where is better music to be gotten, then?"

"Why, your Majesty, you have at the present moment the greatest composer that ever lived in your capital."

"Who is he," asked the Emperor.

"Richard Wagner," she responded.

"Then why do they not give his operas?"

"Because he is in earnest and would require all kinds of concessions and much money."

"Very well; he shall have *carte blanche;*" and the Emperor ordered that *Tannhäuser* should be mounted at the Grand Opera. Wagner, always optimistic, set to work energetically to prepare for what promised to be a brilliant entrance into the musical world of Paris. But there were many forces at work to counteract the auspicious beginning. Three concerts, containing excerpts from his work, which he undertook to give, were financially disastrous; and the critics, Berlioz among them, attacked his music severely. This naturally predisposed the public against him, and when, thinking to clear the atmosphere, Wagner published an essay explaining his theories of music in a manner which served only to confuse those who read it, the prejudice was deepened. Finally, the very important question of a ballet, without which no work was ever put on at the Paris Opéra, was raised. Heedless of the effect which his temerity might have, Wagner peremptorily refused to introduce any ballet in the second act, where it would interfere with the dramatic integrity of the scene. His concession to rearrange the first scene by adding ballet music in the revels of the Venusberg did not mend matters. For the gentlemen of the Jockey Club, among the most important subscribers to the Opéra, who were in the habit of arriving after their dinners, in time for the ballet, were not considered in this arrangement at all. Their pride was touched and their enmity aroused. They determined to show this presumptuous foreigner that the sacred traditions of the Opéra were not to be thus lightly set aside. They attended the performance in a body. After the first act they supplied themselves with whistles, and as soon as the second act began they set up such a din that almost the entire performance was unheard. Even the thrilling narrative of *Tann-*

häuser's pilgrimage failed to restrain them, and the comparative quiet of the music served only to emphasise the noise and confusion against which the artists struggled hopelessly on. Wagner's friends applauded, and the Emperor attempted several times to lead a favourable demonstration; but the result, as a whole, was lamentable. The second presentation fared little better, although Wagner had been induced to cut out some portions of what was thought the heaviest music. The third performance was given on a Sunday, when the regular subscribers were absent; and then the audience showed itself plainly interested. But Wagner now refused to allow the opera to be given again; and burdened with debts and a heavy heart, he left for Germany.

It was not only the works of aliens that suffered in Paris. The masterpieces of the two greatest French composers failed at first. *Faust,* produced in Paris in March, 1859, was received with the faint praise that damns. The critics were divided as to its qualities. The *Figaro* thought the third act lengthy and monotonous, but approved the second and fourth, thus excluding from favour the garden scene with its "Flower Song," "Jewel Song," and all the love music. *L'Illustration,* on the other hand, thought the third act the finest. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* proclaimed the "Soldiers' March" a masterpiece, but was not much impressed with the rest of the opera. Berlioz wrote that Marguerite's monologue at her window, closing the third act, was the most remarkable portion of the score. None of them seemed to feel the intense beauty of the final trio. Probably they had not remained for that.

Mapleson produced *Faust* in London in 1864 and sold only £30 worth of seats for the first night. In his memoirs he describes how he aroused public interest in the work. He distributed the balance of the tickets for the first three nights and then advertised that "in consequence of a death in the family two stalls for the first representation of *Faust,* the opera that has excited so much interest that all places for the first three representations have been bought up, can be had at twenty-five shillings each." The *ruse* was successful, or else English humour responded to the sarcasm, and the opera house was thronged. Gounod is said to have received but £40 for the English rights of his work. It has made a fortune for its publishers.

The Parisians apparently learned no lesson from their experience with *Faust*; for sixteen years later they pronounced the same verdict on *Carmen.* The first production was a frank failure. Both the press and the public united in charging the opera with immorality, a quality of which they certainly were judges. The *chic* indecency of Offenbach, Hervé, and others of the opera bouffe school, then flourishing, did not make the Frenchman blush. But *Carmen*——! When the rest of the world accepted the work, Paris began to think it could not be so bad after all, and revived it; but that was eight years later. Meanwhile Bizet had died, carrying with him to the grave a cruel uncertainty as to the fate of the work destined to make him immortal. The critics who then pronounced the score too laboured and ambitious later wrote of his great spontaneity. And so the world moves merrily on, to-day condemning, to-morrow lauding.

It is strange to think that the only operatic work of Beethoven, the greatest of all composers, should have been a complete failure. It was the irony of fate which denied to the composer, who so developed the expressive and dramatic powers of music, success in that branch of the art where lesser men triumphed. Written in the maturity of his powers and awaited with eager and expectant curiousity by a large public, *Fidelio* fell flat on his first presentation in Vienna in November, 1805. After three performances it was withdrawn, the libretto materially altered, and some of the musical numbers sacrificed. In its new form it was given a second trial, but failed again. A number of elements conspired against the success of the work, the libretto probably the most potent. Beethoven himself believed in the opera and wrote for it four overtures, one after the other, until he was satisfied that he had found the appropriate introduction. The same strange fate which decreed failure for the opera itself gave double measure

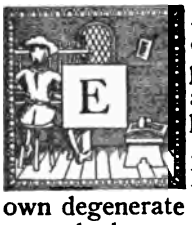
of success to the four overtures, every one of which is a masterpiece and has achieved popularity. That known as "Leonore Overture No. 3" is regarded as the Fifth Symphony among overtures. But *Fidelio*, although revised again and revived some nine years later with mild favour, remains one of the few operatic masterpieces which time has not reclaimed.

Perhaps the most striking example of a great musical failure is *Pinafore*. Yes, difficult as it is to believe it, this sparkling little piece commenced its career, as did so many other master-works, with unsuccess. Gilbert and Sullivan had collaborated in *Trial by Jury* and *The Sorcerer* before *Pinafore*, and their work had been received with great favour. Everything seemed to point to equal good fortune for their latest effort. The first night every one was enthusiastic; but it was evident that a friendly bias influenced the general attitude. For the business done at the theatre soon became so unremunerative that the management decided to withdraw the work. Sullivan was at that time conducting a series of popular concerts; and one night he placed on the programme an arrangement of the *Pinafore* music. It created quite a sensation; and from applauding that the people began to go to hear the opera itself. The box-office receipts swelled, and *H. M. S. Pinafore* was allowed to continue her course. Soon she crossed the ocean and created a perfect furore in the United States. One paper published this statement: "At present there are forty-two companies playing *Pinafore* about the country. Companies formed after six p.m. yesterday are not included." Another story relates to the popularity of the catch-phrase, "What, never?" One editor forbade its use by his staff on pain of dismissal. "It has occurred twenty times in as many articles in yesterday's edition," he sorrowfully said to them. "Never let me see it used again." "What, never?" was the unanimous question. "Well, hardly ever," he reluctantly replied.

Ever since, the managers have been looking for another *Pinafore*. Perhaps if it is found, it too will fail at first, or perhaps the managers will fail to recognise it when presented. For there is nothing to show that either managers or public have developed the prophetic vision. *Lewis M. Isaacs.*

NOTES FOR A HISTORY OF BOOK PUFFERY

The great art in writing advertisements is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye; without a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankrupt.—Tatler No. 224.



EACH successive age chides its authors and publishers with a mercenary forwardness in marketing their wares. Each seems sincerely to believe that never until its own degenerate times has literature sunk to such deeps of commercialism. Each points, with one hand, to that period not too remotely in the past when the shadow of a dollar had never fallen upon tome, and with the other to an assured night in the immediate future when literature, authorship and publishing will all have gone to the dogs. A harmless enough illusion, this. What would criticism have done without it? But as a matter of exact truth, there does not appear to have been any age at all in the past when the world of books was free from devices of exploitation. In all the history of advertising—that so-called modern thing—there is no branch more ancient than the art of puffing a book or an author, nor any that turns up as many illustrious names. The only saving virtue the great-great-granddaddies of literature reveal on examination of the

facts is that in all ages there has been, side by side with book puffery, a healthy opposition to it.

The very first bit of printed matter that approaches an advertisement in character was a book advertisement. It appears in an early German newsbook of 1591, a work containing news for the years of 1588 and 1589. An unknown plant had been found in Holland, a certain Dr. Laster had written a pamphlet about it, that pamphlet was for sale, so ergo! what more natural than to press the young craft of printing into selling it?

The first printed advertisement in England came from the press of Caxton, and was a book advertisement announcing the completion of a work called "The Pyer of Salisbury."

The first advertisement for which insertion appears to have been paid is, again, a book advertisement in the *Mercurius Politicus,* London, January, 1652, exploiting a poem on Cromwell's victories in Ireland:

IRENODIA GRATULATORIA, an Heroick Poem; being a congratulatory panegyrick for my Lord General's late return, summing up his successes in an exquisite manner.

To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London. Printed by Tho. Newcourt, 1652.

For many years after the invention of printing it was the custom of publishers to insert in their books puffs of others, and until the advent of newspapers this was the only form of printed advertisement. One of the best advertisements for publishers, quietly efficient, is their imprint on title pages. This first appeared when books were printed.

The first poster was a book poster. In 1836 a French artist of some note, Lalance, made a poster to advertise a book entitled "Comme Meurent les Femmes," from which time posters were long associated with book advertising alone. They were excellent posters, too, for the artist often had a direct interest in the sales of books he puffed on the walls of Paris. The facile Gavarni, illustrator of Balzac and Sue, was a productive book poster designer. Chéret began his career with book posters in 1866.

These, however, are mere modern instances. In the third century B.C. we find Demosthenes publishing and puffing his own speeches for both political and financial returns. After delivery he had copies written, placing them with his friends for distribution. He was one of the "best sellers" of Athens. A hundred years before that Hermodorus of Syracuse, a pupil of Plato, acted as publisher and puffer for Plato himself. Book selling was carried on in the orchestra of the theatre, and from a comedy of the period it is shown that Plato's publisher had spoken from the stage lines to the effect that "Hermodorus makes a trade of the sale of lectures."

Authors advertised by means of complimentary copies in Cicero's day—a device still in wide use among publishers. Cicero had so able a publisher that he gave him exclusive control of his writings—from which it is fair to assume that he was a good advertiser. Martial not only sought rich patrons sedulously, but also put into his books direct puffs, with prices and his publisher's address:

This is he whom you read and whom you seek—Martial, famous throughout the world for his brilliant volumes of epigrams. Lest, however, you should perchance not know where I am for sale, and should go astray and wander over the whole city, you shall be made sure of your way by my directions. Look for Secundus, the freedman of the learned citizen Lucensis, behind the threshold of Pax and the forum of Pallas.

Secundus took pride in his small, compact editions, advertising them as suitable for journeys, the *Everyman's Library* of his period. The loud bassoon is a note proper to literature in all ages. Nothing may be more easily demonstrated. But while many authors of parts may be discovered bringing their productions before the public in ingenious ways, there are very few instances in which puffery has foisted a book into lasting reputation. Whatever the notoriety obtained, it has been the fleeting "best seller" that benefited by exploitation, while the permanent works have usually been their own best advertisement. Sometimes there was a simple announcement, and the public carried off *Robinson Crusoe* or *Pickwick Papers* by thousands of copies. The binder prepared four hundred copies of the first part of *Pickwick,* but of Part

XV more than forty thousand were sold. Again, an *Omar* has been shovelled into the penny box at a bookseller's door to advertise itself over a term of years through that best of all publicity mediums, the "pleased purchaser."

Yet there are exceptions.

The first American book of wide fame was undoubtedly *Poor Richard's Almanac*. No abler advertiser than Franklin can be found in bookish history. His circulation methods with the *Pennsylvania Gazette* are still modern. He not only bribed postriders to carry the paper, but knew that contributors of small pieces always bought copies for friends, and that a newspaper could never print too many names. When the first edition of his almanac was prepared in October, 1732, he adapted a device of Dean Swift's to bring it into notice. The Dean had only a malicious motive in announcing the supposed death of Partridge. Franklin thriftily turned this device to the sale of copies. Titan Leeds, a publisher of an established almanac with which the new Poor Richard must compete, was foredoomed to die before the year 1733 was out, Franklin stated in his preface. Titan Leeds had read his own doom in the stars, and set the day of his own death, October 17, at the ☌ of ☉ and ♁. Necessarily he would publish no+more almanacs, so *Poor Richard* was designed to replace his invaluable work. Leeds rose to the bait with a denial, and for several years a controversy raged back and forth in the prefaces, Leeds insisting that he was alive and still doing business at the old stand, Franklin mourning him as one gathered to the fathers. The first impression of Franklin's almanac was sold out in a month, and by the end of 1733 it had reached a third edition. Year after year an impression of ten thousand copies was sold, or one for each hundred inhabitants of the colonies.

Another American book for which the author cleverly prepared his public was the *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. In the newspapers was inserted a notice, advertising for the owner of some manuscript left at the inn of one Seth Handaside, the same belonging to a strange lodger, named Diedrich Knickerbocker, who had disappeared. Later it was advertised that, as the owner had not responded, this manuscript would be published to pay said Diedrich Knickerbocker's tot, and with the appearance of Irving's history it sprang at once into favour. This is an early instance of the use of a device that is now a staple of book puffery. A hurrah of speculation as to a mysterious, anonymous author seems to have for the public as certain an attraction as the woolly horse. Scott profited by it. What would be our interest in "Junius" to-day if his identity were established? "Who wrote Job?" may be not one of the oldest scholastic problems alone, but perhaps the earliest instance of this mode of puffing. The device won for that exceedingly interesting collection of spurious memoirs, *An Englishman in Paris*, wide circulation in the eighties, rumor hinting that eminent diplomats had tattled in this book, which was really made up from newspaper clippings by a London hack, born long after the events he chronicled.

Defoe failed in business, but the advertising ability he carried into writing and publishing made him a genius at puffery. His pamphlets were always on topics of current interest. In each he referred to previous ones, and when a pamphlet failed to sell he wrote another calling attention to it. Political writing landed him in prison. But he started a newspaper inside the walls and soon made himself so conspicuous that he was liberated. His *Shortest Way With Dissenters* got him into the pillory, but he had another pamphlet to sell to the crowds who came to witness his punishment, and in three days turned ignominy into a triumph. *Robinson Crusoe* seems to have been strangely neglected by Defoe, and was heralded by meagre advertisements. But in its year of publication it attained popularity sufficient to be reprinted as a serial in a weekly newspaper. The author was growing old. Three years later, though, he brought out his account of the life of Jack Shepard while that criminal was being tried, and arranged for a reference to it from the scaffold.

The gallows, as a centre of great popular interest, seems to have been a staple source of publicity for publishers during the eighteenth century. Fielding told an

anecdote of Richard Savage, whose books had long lain dormant in his publisher's warehouse. Suddenly Savage had the good grace to kill a man and be sentenced to hanging. His publisher took the hint and advertised the neglected works next day, selling off the whole accumulation. "Encouraged by this success, the merchant, not doubting the execution of his author, bade very high for his dying speech, which was accordingly penned and delivered. Savage, however, was contrary to all expectation pardoned, and would have returned the money; but the merchant insisted on his bargain, and published the dying speech which Mr. Savage should have made at Tyburn, of which it is probable as many were sold as there were people in town who could read." Dr. Johnson denounced an author who "wrote voluminous books, and three other books commending those books, in which there was something of rascality."

Curiosity in authors' personalities has been another stable medium for advertising books. Balzac's cane, which made all Paris chatter; those gold buttons on his new coat, "chiselled by the hand of a fairy for the man who carries a cane worthy of Louis XIV;" his "divine opera-glass made by the optician at the Observatory"—who shall say how many copies these sold? His stew of quarrels with editors, his lawsuit, he frankly regarded as valuable advertising. A dispute as to the intelligibility of *Sèraphita* caused the first edition to be sold in ten days. "I have observed," begins the Spectator, "that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." When Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew* was running in the *Constitutionnel*, accompanied by such puffing and advertising as made even Paris sit up; when the copies of each instalment were rented out at ten sous a half hour, the author, overdressed, with spurs to his boots, posed at the Café de Paris in deep abstraction. At intervals an instalment was missing from the paper; the author was presumed to be too sick to work, and an editorial bulletin reported the state of his health. *Madame Bovary* rose to a large sale when Flaubert was summoned to answer a charge of outraging morality and religion in his novel; but this shrinking stylist felt that such advertising was disgraceful, causing his book to be misunderstood, and tried to suppress it, buying up all the copies. When Père Dumas lived at Saint-Germain, it is said, the railroad receipts between that place and Paris increased twenty thousand francs per annum, falling immediately when he left. What must have been the effect of such a personality upon an output that filled the bookshops, the theatres, the journals, and which there was no escaping? In the quarrels that grew out of Pope's satires, too, there was genuine advertising value.

But it were vain to imagine that puffery through personality accomplishes sales without that fine knack of turning the general attention into profitable channels that marks a true publicist. Is it probable that Goldsmith's bloom-coloured coat ever sold a book? Probably it fulfilled not even the hopes of its simple maker. ["Well, let me tell you (said Goldsmith), when my taylor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When any body asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water-lane.'" Dr. Johnson—"Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a colour."]

In the time of Shakespeare newspapers had not become a medium of advertising, but booksellers employed the printing-press to issue placards and circulars. Ben Johnson enjoins his publisher to rather sell his works for old paper than force them through such advertising:

> Nor have my little leaf on posts or walls,
> Nor in cleft sticks advancèd to make calls
> For termers or some clerk-like serving-man.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century newspapers began to grow in circulation and advertisements, and one of the remarkable things with regard to the latter was the extent to which notices of pills, plasters, etc., presently began to

compete with the book puffs. Pope was the first English writer who succeeded without the patron, realizing comfort through sale of his writings. As the public became the chief support of authors, book puffery grew in volume and ingenuity.

Balzac did not fail to give attention to this subject. In *A Great Man of the Provinces in Paris* he records interesting facts about publishers:

From 1816 to 1827 publishers had no other means of announcing their publications than by articles inserted in the *feuilletons* or other parts of the daily papers. Up to 1826 French newspapers were printed on such very small sheets that the great journals were hardly larger than what are called the "little journals" now. In 1821, therefore, newspapers had really a power of life or death over the conceptions of thought and the enterprises of publishers. An article inserted among the "Paris Items," announcing a new book, was horribly expensive. Intrigues were so complicated in the newspaper offices, and at night on the battlefield of the pressrooms when the clicker decided the admission or rejection of such or such an article, that the powerful publishers kept a literary man in their pay to write the little items they needed, in which it was essential to put many ideas into few words. These obscure journalists (who were not paid unless the items were inserted) were often obliged to remain all night in the pressroom to make sure of the insertion of either some fine article (obtained heaven knows how!) or those little items contained in a few lines, which were called in after years "réclames." In the present day all the habits and ways of literature and of publishing houses are so much changed that many persons will regard as fabulous this statement of the immense efforts, solicitations, meannesses and intrigues which the necessity of obtaining these "réclames" forced on publishers, authors and other seekers after fame. Dinners, cajoleries, gifts were all employed in the seduction of journalists.

Here is an anecdote which will show the power of these articles: A book by Monsieur de Chateaubriand, on the last of the Stuarts, was perched on a publisher's shelves in the condition of a "nightingale" (a book that refuses to sell). A single article written by a young man in the *Journal des Débats* sold the whole edition in a week!

To resist the tyranny and exactions of journalists, publishers invented a system of posters with which to catch the attention of all Paris, and on which were displayed, in fantastic types and colouring, vignettes and even lithographs, which made the poster a poem to the eye and often a deception to the purse of the amateur. This method of advertising, confined at first to shop windows, and the booths along the boulevards, though it afterwards spread elsewhere, was partly abandoned after the introduction of (paid) advertisements. The advertisement, within the reach of moderate finances, which has now (1840) converted the fourth page of all newspapers into a fertile field for speculators, was born of the severity of the stamp-duty, the postoffice and the bonds for newspaper licenses. Nevertheless, the old póster will always continue to exist, especially since they have found a way to plaster the walls with them.

This same novel of Balzac's (*A Great Man of the Provinces in Paris*) turns almost entirely upon the intrigues of journalists and authors for both honourable fame and the notoriety that made sales. The intrigue of politics was no more bitter, and the book is doubtless true in the main because based on Balzac's own experiences.

About this same period Macaulay was cursing a similar system of book puffery in England:

The puffing of books is now so shamefully and so successfully practised (he wrote, reviewing Montgomery's poems) that it is the duty of all who are anxious for the purity of literature to join in discountenancing it. All the pens that were ever employed in magnifying Bish's lucky office, Romanis's fleecy hosiery, Packwood's razor strops and Rowland's Kalydor—all the placard-bearers of Dr. Eady—all the wall-chalkers of Day & Martin—seem to have taken service with the poets and novelists of this generation. A mercer of the higher class would be ashamed to hang up papers in his window, inviting the passers-by to look at the stock of a bankrupt. We expect some reserve, some decent pride, in our hatter and our bootmaker. But no artifice by which notoriety can be obtained is thought too abject for a man of letters.

The publishers of that day had learned the value of conducting a magazine in connection with book production—a de-

vice infinitely better than French publishers' posters, and one that has continued till now, in this country, at least, for no large American publishing house is at present without its periodical through which to make announcements. Macaulay saw no decency in the practice, however:

> The publisher is often the publisher of some periodical work. In this periodical work the first flourish of trumpets is sounded. The peal is then echoed and reëchoed by all the other periodical works over which the publisher, or the author, or the author's coterie may have any influence. The newspapers are for a fortnight filled with puffs. Sometimes the praise is laid on thick for simple-minded people. "Pathetic," "sublime," "splendid," "graceful, brilliant wit," "exquisite humour" and other phrases equally flattering fall in a shower as thick and as sweet as the sugar-plums at a Roman carnival. Sometimes greater art is used. A sinecure has been offered to the writer if he would suppress his work, or if he would even soften down a few of his incomparable portraits. A distinguished military and political character has challenged the inimitable satirist of the vices of the great, and the parties have been bound over to keep the peace. These are but tame and feeble imitations of the paragraphs with which the daily papers are filled whenever an attorney's clerk or an apothecary's assistant undertakes to tell the public, in bad English and worse French, how people tie their neckcloths and eat their dinners in Grosvenor Square. The editors of the higher and more respectable newspapers usually prefix the words "Advertisement" or "From a correspondent" to such paragraphs. But this makes little difference. The panegyric is extracted and the significant heading omitted. The fulsome eulogy makes its appearance on the covers of all the reviews and magazines, with "Times" or "Globe" affixed.

For another picture of publishing conditions in England during the forties of last century turn to those chapters of *Pendennis* where Pen begins his literary career, and his novel is praised in an outrageous manner in the new gazette established by Bungay, his publisher, to rival Bacon, another publisher; and his own praise of a book issued by one of Bacon's authors deftly turned into a denunciation. The resemblance of these chapters to Balzac's *Great Man*, and the likeness of *Lucien* to *Pendennis* lead to an inference that such conditions were not peculiar to Paris and London of 1840, but are typical of writing and publishing.

The "testimonial" has long been a ready tool of book puffery. It sometimes takes the form of which Macaulay complained, and again is worn to its last shred of silliness by the use of bits from newspaper reviews of a book—"Finest style since Thackeray," "Greater than *Vanity Fair*," and so forth. Boswell put part of Dr. Johnson's letter in the advertisement to his "Account of Corsica," and the wrath of his "illustrious friend" could not mar the value, in his eyes, of thus attesting a connection with the sage. But the truly famous piece of puffery in this kind will always be that instance where Whitman blazoned on the cover of his second edition of *Leaves of Grass* a sentence from Emerson's letter: "I greet you at the beginning of a great career." Emerson was mortified, yet never altered his judgment of the man with whom he had laboured on Boston Common, pleading that his poems be excised so that they would be sure of wide reading. Whitman was an industrious writer of notices about his own book, contributing puffs to any journal that would print them. At one time a New York phrenologist was his agent for the sale of *Leaves of Grass*, and he puffed it regularly in a phrenological journal. In recounting that notable episode of the cover, Emerson is usually made to figure as a tender æsthete drawn unwilling into commercialism. But this is not a just view. Was there ever an abler puffer of a book than the Sage of Concord himself when acting as the apostle of Carlyle in this country? He not merely undertook to edit *Sartor* and the *French Revolution* for American readers, but was publisher, capitalist, promoter and a wily foiler of pirates, and moved public opinion by sheer force of enthusiasm, so that his ventures paid Carlyle $2,000 before the London editions had produced royalties.

And so the tale goes and the instances multiply. He who decries our sensational announcements of "best sellers" as something degenerate and new, cannot have

looked back over the old files and seen the solid columns of book puffery which began with newspapers themselves. In 1663 James Allestry, at the Bell, St. Paul's Churchyard, announced as "Newly published, the second part of *Hudibras* (by the incomparable author of the former), which, if possible, has outdone the first." The London *Times* in 1788 carried nine columns of advertisements in a sixteen-column paper, and two and a half were notices of new books. Until Fanny Burney wrote *Evelina* novels were frankly obscene, and usually advertised as such, with thin titles like "Letters Between an Illustrious Gentleman and a Lady of Honour." Her novel, published quietly by booksellers of little note, eventually elbowed tidbits of this sort out of the market, despite their puffing.

And this, generally, is an epitome of publishing. Thousands upon thousands of mediocre volumes, fanned into a brief fame, have gone into oblivion, while the *Tom Joneses,* the *Vanity Fairs,* the *Les Miserables* and *Trilbys* have sprung into instant popularity without the machinery of exploitation. Single poems hid away in fine type in the corners of newspapers have been discovered and acclaimed by a public seldom deceived by the wiliest puffing. A *Ben Hur,* starting out with moderate sales and formal announcements the first twelve months, has increased in ratio for years, until it has outsold all the "best sellers" of a generation. An *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* published serially in a none-too-widely circulated *Era Magazine,* has in ten years worked out its destiny in war. Side by side with much-heralded works of pseudo-literary merit have run stories by writers whose names are never seen in the reviews, or book gossip, nor on bulletins and deadwalls, yet who have their hundreds of thousands of readers and an assured return for whatever they write. There may be exceptions. But the good book, whether it be a *John Inglesant* or a *Mr. Barnes of New York,* has usually no advertising history.

Jas. H. Collins.

EDUCATION

TEACHING LITERATURE IN THE COLLEGES



OT long ago I was sitting on the steps of a great library near a group of undergraduates dressed in the athletic negligée so fascinating to the eye of the broad-minded observer. These boys were talking of literature, and the name of Fielding caught my attention. At once I saw that they were about to go on an examination.

"Tom Jones, what did he write?" asked a bright-looking fellow as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"He didn't write; it's about him. He's the hero, and a ripper. Allworthy is the name of the old one. . . .Two l's. The talk gets away with the story, but skipping it's good, or 'so I am reliably informed.'"

"Good work! How about this next one, *Clarissa Harlowe;* I thought she wrote plays? . . . Sure that *was* Marlowe." And so following.

Later this youth went on examination, and "flattered to tears" the hard-working instructor by a sympathetic appreciation of *Tom Jones,* and how "the novel, otherwise intensely interesting, loses in real narrative force by needless digressions." "If I may venture an opinion, however," he avers with alluring modesty, "these digressions are justified to an extent by the effectiveness of their content."

English literature occupies a large space in the present educational scheme. Under some guise or other it is taught from the kindergarten on up through the post-graduate school; yet in spite of all the time given to it, although we are constantly reminded that the amount of our

good literature is small, in the end we come on the interesting fact that the students know rather less about it, and feel less care for it, than perhaps for any other study.

In this long course of training three superficial divisions may be distinguished: the high school course, the undergraduate courses in college, and the post-graduate courses. Of these three divisions there is but one in which there is much pretence of really teaching literature for its own sake. Not in the high school courses, where the work is pretty clearly cut out into the patterns of the College Entrance Requirements; nor in the post-graduate, where it is in definite and exquisitely specialised tasks of accomplishing this or that thing concerned with anything you please except the spirit of literature. The purpose of the high school course being to put the student safely into the college classes, and the purpose of the post-graduate courses to fit him to teach college classes, one is led to suspect that the undergraduate college classes are the happy hunting grounds of literary study. The college catalogues confirm this suspicion with thousands of courses in literature, the apparent design of which is cultural rather than scientific.

One other interesting fact the catalogues reveal concerning this cultural study. Not only is the study of English literature for its own sake confined chiefly to the sophomore and junior years in college, but the courses in English literature are the only courses in the curriculum of the average college that have any cultural pretence. From the classics to pure mathematics, the aim and the methods are wholly scientific. Naturally so, of course; for the tendency in college education is toward a system that shall attain the perfection of a machine. Its business, with its paraphernalia of quizzes, examinations and diplomas, inevitably crystallises into an effort to impart a certain precise amount of knowledge. Now and then young men come into the work of teaching with fresh eagerness and zest, only to have their ideals worn down into commonplace regularity by the endless repetition of the eternally fit and required things. Men and courses necessarily become formally accurate and inflexible—academic is the world's word for it. Under this academic system education is just what it says it is not, a pouring-in process. And the teaching of literature, despite the pretence of the college catalogues, is almost wholly scientific and pouring-in and not cultural at all.

In other studies the process of pouring in knowledge gives precisely the results wanted. The emphasis is frankly and clearly on the substitution of some sort of knowledge for ignorance and the developing of a strong brain through an invigorating mental diet. The results are fairly clear to the understanding, and what is attempted is so definite that a professor may safely wager four years ahead on the hour that a student will meet with disaster in the binomial theorem, or call a certain ethical dative on page thirty-six an ablative. In courses where knowledge is the issue, education rejoices to see the machine doing its exact duty with superhuman impartiality. But English literature cannot profitably follow the lead of these other courses. Its emphasis is innately elsewhere. The amount of valuable knowledge to be got from a scientific study of it is small, and of a sort that is not invigorating. The case is made worse by the fact that such knowledge as there is, is in the teaching confusedly enveloped in a vague æsthetic veil.

A teacher with questions to ask, and quizzes and examinations to hold, speedily comes to devoting his energies to finding out whether his students are seriously taking his lectures, and whether they have read *Tom Jones*. Now the student is very dull as well as ignorant who cannot make this modest information sufficiently difficult to discover. It becomes with the teacher a question of "When was *Tom Jones* written?" "Who was Rabbi Ben Ezra?" "Explain fully 'yclept Euphrosyne';" "What is the moral of the 'Ancient Mariner'?" To the teacher marking time on the treadmill, it is a trifle that Coleridge should say that the moral is the very least thing about "The Ancient Mariner." The teacher faces the grim necessity of finding out quickly whether some artful dodger should pass.

A weary and profitless pursuit, to be sure. So a tired teacher was aroused to enthusiasm, in a dusty waste of "correct" answers, by the response: "The moral of 'The Ancient Mariner' is, 'Always be on time,' for if the guest had been on time he would not have met the grey-beard loon."

Certainly most instructors have realised the lack of value in reducing the study of English literature to a process of accumulating facts, but the necessities of an implacable system, and the uniquely great demand that a culture course makes on personality, have forced the majority on precisely this ground. And in so far as teaching is a contest the position is strategically wisely chosen. Many teachers regard it as safe from all attack. One distinguished maker of text-books, as a part of the unending discussion of "How to Make the Study of English Literature Interesting?" contributes with easy courage, "It should not be made interesting. Let the students scratch for it." The refuge to analogy is wisely made, and needs no analysis. It is enough to say, perhaps, that students lack the vermicular impulse, and that such return as comes to students from scratching for the facts of literature is about as muscular as an anæmic chicken.

Every English department has its full share of instructors, and every student goes through two or three text-books of literature before he is graduated, and every instructor and every text-book reveals a "method" and guide, but in the many interests in college life, for all this painful care, does anyone ever hear of a vital interest in literature? The large number of students who take courses in literature do so for reasons that give the thoughtful instructor no pride. They go through not unlike a party of Cook's tourists; it is the easy and natural thing to do, and once done, it is done forever. If carefully planned outlines and courses, and exhaustively educated instructors, don't succeed, it isn't to be inferred that carelessness and negligence will. To have the negligence of Lowell, one must first of all be Lowell; but nothing but the apotheosis of system can ever lead, in a culture course, to satisfaction in conventionalised methods that have only the slightest relation to culture.

Souls of Poets dead and gone, what Elysium can ye know that will hold your happiness safe from the pædagogue's desiccated discourses on your art? "Why aren't you taking notes?" asked a certain professor who devoted brief intervals in his research work to inspiring undergraduates. "I have my father's, sir," replied the more or less naïve boy. Is it any wonder that the essays that come trooping in at predestined intervals "lack spontaneity and real enthusiasm"? And is it a wider wonder that on a quiz, a criticism by the professor should be dimly reflected by the student (to dumb forgetfulness not quite a prey) in: "Keats is an anæsthetic poet"!

If the teacher of literature does succeed in truly imparting the spirit of literature, he has achieved the most delicate thing in all teaching. For in sober truth, the teaching of literature is not the job of a taskmaster. It is not necessarily for the man labelled by the scholastic system a doctor in the realm of knowledge any more than for the dainty dilettante. Let us not shirk the necessities of the case. Vitally to conduct a course whose main purpose is culture is to arouse an active and abiding love where no love exists; it is nothing less than to transfuse the spirit of beauty. A medium that to the mind of the student shall exhibit in a large degree the spirit of perfection, is the obvious demand of such a course in art. The demand is insistent for the spirit, not of the taskmaster, but for the rich, flexible spirit of the master.

If the undergraduate courses were limited to fit the few, the problem would disappear; but they are taken by the crowd, and the teacher has to get some sort of "work" out of the crowd. For the work to have any value it has to be adjusted to the average of aptitude and taste, and it is a much more difficult thing to feel the average of taste than to see the average of intelligence. The fact that the disposition of the American, man and boy, is not inclined to a patient consideration of any form or art further complicates the problem. To the American the achievements of the English schoolboy

make English biography as full of curious facts as the plain tales from the pioneer West. The American undergraduate has a fine basic taste; but it is a taste that has a heartiness almost rough. He has a sense of humour that cannot resist the spectacle of an able-bodied man dallying with pretty bits of poetry. Enthusiasm has to present its credentials of fine sense in reserve before it can arouse the sympathy necessary to impart the manifold spiritual content that is in poetry. To put the spirit of literature and the love of good literature into the mind and heart of the developing man is a problem so difficult that its only answer is a great teacher.

Education, in certain instances, appears to follow tradition as a substitute for frank thinking. The teaching of English literature is such an instance. Where the demand of the study is for nothing less than a great teacher, the demand of education is that the stuff be taught. The classes scratch for such "grades" as they can get, while the instructors celebrate the college by dating therefrom articles that testify very often their assiduity in neglecting their most vital duties. Though a man may for his genius attain the distinction of being a great teacher, his position in the academic world is made nothing by the bar sinister: "He never published anything."

English literature can be taught, but it isn't necessary that it should be taught. It can be taught only by a teacher especially gifted. If it isn't possible to get men who can fill the large requirements, educators should not be dominated by a conventionalised curriculum, but the courses should be stricken out. For it to be taught badly is a hurt to education, and a wilful crime against literature.

E. K. Graham.

REVIEWS

SOME RECENT EDITIONS OF CÆSAR.*

Nothing shows more clearly the popularity of Cæsar as the first Latin author in the secondary school course than the great number of editions which have appeared within the last few years. The attempt to substitute Nepos seems to have failed completely, not because Cæsar is better adapted to the purpose, but in part at least because many teachers in our smaller schools have not the general knowledge of Latin necessary to make them feel at ease with an unfamiliar text.

Since there is little opportunity for novelties in the introductions and commentaries of such books, many of the newer editions find it necessary to justify their existence by the introduction of special "features" of more or less merit. These are illustrated by the books under consideration, and, with the addition of Mather's *Selections* (reviewed in an earlier number of this magazine), we have representatives of the different classes so far as the amount and variety of text is concerned. Professor Bennett's book, like the other volumes of his Series, is practical and conservative, giving only the four books required for admission to college, with the usual introductions, notes, and vocabulary. These are all of the high grade which is a general characteristic of his work. The vocabulary, however, is not confined to Books I-IV, but covers the entire seven. There seems to be no object in this, unless the editor has in mind the possibility of adding to his text in a future edition.

There is of course much to be said in favour of giving a Latin work in its entirety, as is done by Towle and Jenks. It would be highly desirable for our schoolboys to read the whole of the Gallic War, but this can rarely be done under present conditions. The entire text, however, allows the independent teacher to make his own selections, instead of reading only the first four books or having his path blazed for him. Johnston and Sanford give Books I-V, while others give Books I-IV with selections from V-VII, or, like Mather, general selections from the Gallic and Civil Wars, or from the former alone.

The introductions differ little in their general plan. All include a sketch of Cæsar's career and some account of the Roman army of his time. Towle and Jenks add a brief history of the Roman commonwealth and an

**Gallic War, Books I-V*, edited with Introduction, Notes, Synonyms, Word-groups and Vocabulary, by Harold W. Johnston, Ph.D., University of Indiana, and Frederick W. Sanford, A.B., Fellow in the University of Chicago. Students' Series. Sanborn and Co., New York, 1906.

Gallic War, with Introduction, Notes, Appendix and Vocabulary, by Harry F. Towle and Paul R. Jenks, Boys' High School, Brooklyn. Gildersleeve-Lodge Latin Series. University Publishing Co., New York, 1905.

Gallic War, Books I-IV, with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary, by Charles E. Bennett, Cornell University. Bennett's Latin Series. Allyn and Bacon, Boston, 1903.

estimate of the character of the Roman people, and an account of Gaul and its peoples, while Johnston and Sanford add to these an account of Cæsar's provinces.

These last two editions are characterised by a number of "features." The latter gives in heavy-faced type each word which occurs more than once in Books I-V on the occasion of its first appearance in the text, a custom which is new only in its details. It mars the appearance of the page, but may have advantages enough to offset this. An excellent idea in this same edition is that of asking review questions at the end of the notes on each chapter of the Helvetian War in Book I and of Book II throughout. Another novelty is a list of synonyms, consisting of thirty-one groups of verbs, twenty-five of nouns, eleven of adjectives, and fifteen of adverbs, with an index to the entire collection, followed by groups of related words. In Towle and Jenks we have word-lists, giving the principal parts of verbs, irregular substantives, and the like, and in the vocabulary references to the text are given for the words of least frequent occurrence. The greatest innovation in this edition consists in a complete syntactical appendix, to which reference is made in the notes instead of to the grammars. References to several grammars are, however, given in connection with each section of the Appendix. Most of these features seem designed to relieve the student of buying any books beside his edition of Cæsar, and since most students will neither buy books nor use them, they may be justified. The last one seems desirable, and even necessary, not for the reason given by the editors, but because of the great number of school grammars. It is practically impossible to refer in the notes to seven different grammars, and to restrict one's references to three or four makes the edition unavailable for those who use the others.

All editions of Cæsar are illustrated now-a-days, though the amount and character of the illustrative material differ greatly. Here too Bennett is conservative, giving only what is necessary to illustrate the chapter on the army, a number of excellent maps. Towle and Jenks, on the other hand, have besides a number of good and appropriate pictures. An example of irrelevant illustration is seen in the revision of Chase and Stuart's Cæsar, which is adorned with full-page cuts of Roman remains which were not even in existence in Cæsar's time, such as the Temple of Castor in the Forum, the Colosseum, and the Mausoleum of Hadrian. *John C. Rolfe.*

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

ENGLISH TEXTS.

Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* and Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal* are combined in one volume of the Standard Literary Series, published by the University Publishing Company. The general editorial note by Prof. E. E. Hale dwells upon the advantage of the comparative study of these two diverse specimens of the romantic movement. The brief and succinct biographical sketches, the historical account of the romantic movement, and the excellent critical discussions are by Prof. H. G. Paul. The directions for study, and the questions for topical discussion, are excellent; but very many of the footnotes are superfluous, and frequent ones apt to prove a distraction to the interest and attention of the student, if not an offense to taste. This latter, however, arises from an emphasis in footnote to the technique of construction that will commend itself to many.

For the English work of the primary grades two additions are made in the *Indian Primer*,* by Florence C. Fox, and the *Action Primer*,* by Thos. O. Baker, the former is designed as a supplementary text, and will be welcomed in those schools that devote a portion of the earlier years to the study of Indian life. As a matter of fact, not one but several culture epochs are covered, from the Zunis and cliff-dwellers of the plain through Hiawatha and Pocahontas to the Esquimaux of the north. The action primer is designed to introduce the child into the technique of reading through the ordinary activities of the school and home. Neither text offers anything new in the way of method: both are good examples of both the pædagogical and mechanical excellencies of the texts now being furnished the children of the lower grades.

*American Book Company.

HISTORY TEXTS

Among the many recently issued texts in United States history, none is better for the particular grade of school work for which it is designed than the *Essentials of United States History*,* by Wm. A. Mowry and Blanche S. Mowry. The most evident commendable feature is its continuous narrative style: the book tells a story and not simply facts to be learned. This is a *sine qua non* for a history for the grades, and this text is designed for the grammar grades only. The proportions of this book are excellent: only essential topics are treated, and fully and clearly. The emphasis is superior to that of most texts. About the same space is given to the period since the Civil War as to the pre-Revolutionary period. The Mexican War is dismissed with one page. The space devoted to all the wars is minimized, while the advance in civilisation and culture is treated with corresponding fulness. Not only inventions and discoveries, but such advances as the adoption of standard time, provision for international copyright, the work of the weather bureau are discussed in a manner at once adequate, and intelligible

*Silver, Burdett & Co.

and interesting to the child. The illustrations, maps and biography are excellent and helpful to the child. Errors in fact and in interpretation occur, as in all texts, but for the most part these are the traditional ones. To give the impression that Toscanelli was the first to proclaim the sphericity of the earth, is unfortunate, to say the least. The oft-quoted letter of Governor Berkeley, thanking God that there are no free schools in Virginia, is again quoted without the context, which was to the effect that the same provision was made for education in Virginia as in England. The failure to understand the meaning of "free school" at that time is largely responsible for the misinterpretation of this quotation made here as often elsewhere. Such errors, however, are infrequent.

Among the avalanche of texts now descending upon the schools there must be many that are indifferently good, and some even atrociously bad. But that there should be a reversion to the type that was popular at the beginning of last century is strange indeed. And yet that is the case with *American History Versified*,* by Felix Faber, which purports to give the essentials of American history in forty-one stanzas. The following is a fair sample:

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbus crossed the ocean blue.
One hundred and twenty brave sailors had he
When from Palos, in Spain, he set out o'er the sea,
Which no man before had dared to explore,
And reached the far island of San Salvador.
He planted the Cross, and their banners unfurled.
'To Castile and Leon he gave a New World.'"

Appropriate marginal dates and footnotes give other essentials which the child may hang on the memory pegs of the verse.

The volume appropriately bears upon its dedicatory page the familiar quotation, "I care not who makes the laws of the country if I may make its ballads." Such being the significance of these ballads, it is due the public to have a further acquaintance with them, and we cannot forbear to quote this stanza on expansion, comprising the period between the Civil and the Spanish Wars:

"No land in America Russians now hold;
In eighteen sixty-seven Alaska they sold.
The month of October, eighteen seventy-one,
Fire raged in Chicago three days ere 'twas done.
In science applied, how this period has shone!
The phonograph speaks, and the long telephone,
With steamers upon it and cables below,
Across the Atlantic the human tides flow."

There might be some inclined to ridicule this work as wholly inadequate to its mission, as outlined in its preface, were it not for the sympathy with the child, the insight into the educational problem, the patriotic devotion, and the modest pretensions of the author, as shown in the dedicatory verse:

"Dear children, learn these little verses;
Our History each one rehearses.
'Love thou thy land with love far brought,'
Heed well this truth the poet taught;
And love the Scribe who seeks your pleasure
And shows a zeal that knows no measure."

The claim made in the last line is amply vindicated by the text itself.

*The Neale Publishing Company.

NATURE STUDY.

Our Common Wild Flowers,* by Alice M. Dowd, is offered as a text for the upper grades of the public schools. It consists of a popular untechnical description of one hundred of the wild flowers and shrubs most common in the region of the Central and New England States. To the descriptions are added historical and literary references which no doubt appeal to the child interest. By the help of such a manual the pupil would be able to identify many of the common flowers, by the hit-or-miss method. But the school should be under no illusion: there is nothing of a scientific value to be derived from the use of such a text. The best that could be derived is an ability to identify a few flowers, which must have been previously known by the teacher, and to recognise a few literary references. There is nothing scientific about the training derived: the arrangement of the text, and hence of the school work based upon it, is most unsystematic: the descriptions are not only untechnical, but consequently often vague and inexact: attention is centered purely on the externals of the plant, not on the plant life itself. But judged by the existing standards of nature study as it actually exists in our schools, the book has much to commend it: at least this, that the child would be able to recognise the plants common in his environment.

Mountain Wild Flowers of America,† by Julia W. Henshaw, may be mentioned as among the best of the numerous popular works on nature issued during recent years. The plan is that of most such works: a popular guide through a simple colour key, rather than through scientific analysis. Technical and popular descriptions are given of several hundred plants, most of which are, of course, found quite commonly throughout northern latitudes. But since the book contains all those flowers which "bloom above the clouds," it forms a very convenient companion piece for a summer outing. One hundred plates of photographic reproduction add much of attractiveness to the volume.

PÆDAGOGY

A sane, wholesome, practical, and comprehensive work on school management, under the title, *The School and its Life*,‡ is the work

*The Gorham Press, Boston.
†Ginn & Co.
‡Silver, Burdett and Co.

of Charles B. Gilbert, now of the Western Reserve University. Mr. Gilbert introduces his readers to the treatise with the statement that the literature of the psychological and philosophical phases of education is vast and reasonably sufficient, while that of its practical aspects is meagre and unsatisfactory. This statement is of very doubtful validity. To most students of the subject it would seem that the practical literature is the more abundant, and probably the most adequate. However, no such excuse is necessary for adding this excellent treatise to the three or four recent works upon the subject. The author disclaims any intention of treating the fundamental principles underlying the practical problems dealt with, and this is fortunate, if one may judge from a few occasions when he departs from this resolution. In such cases there occur the same vague generalities that usually characterise such discussions. The book is sometimes marred by wordiness—the bane of the literature of the subject: and such a treatise could not avoid a frequent reliance upon platitudes. But as a whole it gives an impression of freshness and force that could result only as the outcome of long and successful contact with the school-room. Among the twenty-four chapters are those on "The Morale of the School," "Gradation and Promotion of Pupils," "The Individual Child," "The Place of the Teacher," "The Course of Study," "The Superintendent," "The Principal," "The Home and the School," "The Social Function of the School." Thus a very wide scope is given to the subject, which is discussed in the spirit of no narrow school-room pendantry.

It would seem that the limit to the detailed psychological study of child life was reached in *First Steps in Mental Growth*,* by Dr. David R. Major. From one point of view, this 350 pages of minute record of the observation of the activities of a child for its first two years is an excellent piece of impersonal scientific study. There is scarcely an independent generalisation made as a result of the study, though frequent reference is made to the extent to which the observations recorded, conform to or conflict with the generalisations of another treatise on the same subject. From another point of view the book may be taken as a sample of that piling up of observation of commonplace phenomena which may have some value to the specialist, but has no interest or meaning for any one outside a narrow circle. From another point of view the volume may be considered a veritable treasure house of material for Miss Daskam and other writers of kindergarten stories. A single passage may serve to illustrate equally well the three points of view. Under the section on "Learning to use a spoon and fork to carry food to the mouth," which we are informed in a footnote is "a modification of the carrying-to-the-mouth motion which is so conspicuous a feature of the hand-movements of the latter part of the first year," we have the following record:

"The baby's first attempt to feed himself with a spoon or fork, from the artistic viewpoint, ends in flat failure. The performance usually yields results which are far from satisfying to the æsthetic sense: in fact the baby makes a mess of it. But the baby's sense of the beautiful is not easily offended, and he enters into the learning with eagerness. . . . It was found that as soon as the child held a spoon or fork in his hands and poked around, in rough imitation of his attendants, in the cups, bowls or saucers which contained his food, he was ready to try to feed himself, if given a little help." What a wonderful triumph is here recorded for the twentieth century! In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries we read of knights skilful to a hair's breadth in the use of sword or dagger, yet spitting their tongues with the new-fangled instrument for eating. But in the twentieth we find a child in his fifteenth month—or to be scientifically accurate his 446th day—thus skilful.

The publication of a few such books is no doubt valuable, especially when written by a trained observer and one familiar with psychological principles, literature and methods. But may the publishers spare us from the innumerable "babies' diaries" of the fond parents of the present generation.

A little volume of *Talks with a Training Class*,* by Margaret Slattery, contains a sensible and wholesome discussion of leading educational principles and psychological terms, with special reference to the needs and experiences of Sunday School teachers. It contains nothing novel in interpretation, or even in statement, but is brief, concise, and suggestive.

PRACTICAL HELPS

A *Manual of Examinations for Governmental Positions*, by Frank Pergande, is privately issued by the author.† It is a guide to those preparing for examinations for the civil service and frankly aims at a memory cram for those tests. However valuable it may be to the unfortunate candidate with little school training, the volume is of no educational value, save to indicate how a test of intelligence and ability may reduce itself to a mere test of unintelligent memoriter work.

A Manual of Descriptive Annotations for Library Catalogues ‡ by Ernest A. Savage, is a very sane and thorough treatment of the work supplementary to library cataloguing. Although an English work by a librarian of an English library, the little treatise will be of very great assistance and suggestiveness to every librarian, as would be its suggestions, if embodied in practice, to every library patron and visitor.

*The Macmillan Company.

*The Pilgrim Press, Boston.
†Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
‡Library Supply Company, London.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Albertson Publishing Company:

Editorials from the Hearst Newspapers.

This volume is composed of articles which originally appeared in the editorial columns of the various Hearst newspapers. These sketches, which number over a hundred, are short and are upon many themes.

D. Appleton and Company:

Ocean and Inland Water Transportation. By Emory R. Johnson.

"A treatise on the economics of transportation by water." Book I, which takes up about four-fifths of the volume, is devoted to ocean transportation. Book II deals with inland waterways and their traffic. The work is intended as a complement to the author's "American Railway Transportation." There are illustrations, maps, diagrams, etc.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Mr. Pratt. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

Like "Cap'n Eri" and "Partners of the Tide," Mr. Lincoln's new story is a humorous and characteristic study of life along the New England coast. Skipper Pratt, a very important character, tells the story of two fashionable young men from New York who have come to the little fishing village in search of quiet and the simple life.

Brentano's:

Italian Romance Writers. By Joseph Spencer Kennard.

In addition to the introduction, in which there is a general history of romances by Italian novelists, there are fourteen chapters devoted to the life story and the works of as many writers. These are: Alexander Manzoni, Massimo, Taparelli D'Azeglio, Francesco Domenico Guerrazzi, Tommaso Grossi, Ippolito Nievo, Edmondo De Amicis, Antonio Fogazzaro, Giovanni Verga, Matilde Serao, Federigo De Roberto, Anna Neera, Grazia Deledda, Enrico Annibale Butti, and Gabbriele D'Annunzio.

The Picture of Dorian Gray. By Oscar Wilde.

After being out of print for several years this psychological study is republished. The new edition contains chapters which were omitted from the original American edition. The portrait which inspired the story appears as the frontispiece.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Pocahontas. By Virginia Armistead Garber.

The story of this well-known historical character is told in verse. The frontispiece is from a painting said to be a life portrait of Pocahontas.

Social Eccentricities. By Walter Sonneberg.

More than three hundred epigrams are included in this volume. Four comic drawings by William L. Hudson illustrate the book.

The Gas Offis. By the Offis Boy.

The reader becomes well acquainted with the gas office, its employees, its joys and sorrows, its ins and outs and many experiences that may be traced directly to the boy himself. He tells the story in his own way.

Bixby of Boston. By John Tornrose Fitzgerald.

This humorous tale narrates the experiences of a young railway office clerk. Twelve drawings, by the author, illustrate the story.

The Century Company:

The Intellectual Miss Lamb. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

This bit of satire has for its heroine a very pretty professor of physiological psychology at a woman's college. She regards men, women, and children as so many "types" which she desires to study and include in her next book. The man is not a bit dismayed, when, in answer to a proposal, she informs him that he "had completely confused his primary inferences." The ending of the romance is not unlike those in which the heroine is somewhat less learned.

The Clarendon Press:

The Nature of Truth. By Harold H. Joachim.

Making no pretensions at establishing a new theory, this essay is an endeavour "to examine certain typical notions of truth, one or other of which—whether in the form of a vague assumption, or raised to the level of an explicit theory —has hitherto served as the basis of philosophical speculation."

Robert Grier Cooke:

Panama Patchwork. By James Stanley Gilbert.

In an introduction which Tracy Robinson has written for this volume, he says: "These poems have been evolved from an inner consciousness, the visible and outward environment of which has

been an active business life." There are over one hundred poems in the collection.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Story of Paul Jones. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

The subject, about whom this historical romance is woven, is one in whose life there occurred many exciting adventures. The recent enthusiasm over the body of Paul Jones adds to the interest in the story. There are eight illustrations.

Extra Dry. By Bert Leston Taylor and W. C. Gibson.

The fate of those who were cast away upon the foundering of the "Water Wagon" is here told. "It is a tale of privation and torture unparalleled in the history of human thirst." The illustrations, by L. M. Glackens, make the epigrams more interesting.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

My Sword for Lafayette. By Max Pemberton.

Zaida Kay, the hero of this tale, "was first and foremost the friend of Lafayette; but he was also a sterling soldier, who never forgot a kindness nor willingly did any man an injury." The first exciting adventure occurred at Barren Hill and at Yorktown, where the hero and his leader fought for the cause of American Independence; the second great scene takes place in France, whither Kay has gone with General Lafayette to aid in the French Revolution. A spirited love story runs through the book.

The Girl with the Blue Sailor. By Burton E. Stevenson.

The hero meets the "girl with the blue sailor" on his way to the Catskills for a rest. During the whole of his vacation a flirtation is carried on between them. He is sent, by the newspaper on which he works, to South Africa to report for the Boer army. When he returns there is a surprise in store for the reader, as well as for some of the characters in the story.

Rubaiyat of a Motor Car. By Carolyn Wells.

This humorous parody of "Omar" mildly satirises the enthusiasms and tribulations of the automobilist of today, and at the same time expresses the philosophy of the motorist. The numerous full-page illustrations in colour are by Frederick Strothmann.

Magazine Articles I Have Read. Arranged by Burton Emmett.

The magazine reader who would like a memorandum of the stories, articles, and poetry which have interested him or which he thinks he may want to refer to at some time will find this book very valuable. It is arranged for records under subject classification, with spaces for title, author, name of magazine, date, volume, and remarks.

My Commencement.

A convenient form in which to keep a record of one's commencement and all the interesting facts connected with it, including accounts of the exercises, brief sketches of the teachers, the classmates, newspaper clippings, etc. The pages are blank and are supposed to be filled in by the owner.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Recollections of Thirteen Presidents. By John S. Wise.

Twelve presidents of the United States and Mr. Jefferson Davis have been personally known to Mr. Wise, who is not yet sixty years of age. A chapter is given to the reminiscences and anecdotes of each of the following presidents: Tyler, Pierce, Buchanan, Jefferson Davis (president of the Confederacy), Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt. Among the illustrations are portraits of each character dealt with. There are, also, pictures of Henry A. Wise, Miss Harriet Lane, and Mark Hanna.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Miss New York. By Edmund Blair Pancake.

The hero of this novel, a college student, finds the heroine, a girl bearing unmistakable signs of aristocratic lineage, in a rude hut on the side of a mountain. His roommate is even more ardent in his attention than he is. They woo her together, but it is not until she is able to disclose her identity and clear up the mystery that has surrounded her that she accepts either.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

The Book of Tea. By Okakura-Kakuzo.

These essays for the most part relate to tea—not to tea as a beverage, but as an æsthetic symbol. He speaks of Taoism and Zennism, of Art Appreciation, Flowers, Tea-Masters, the Tea-Room, the Cup of Humanity, and the Schools of Tea. The author says that "The Philosophy of Tea is not mere æstheticism in the ordinary acceptance of the term, for it expresses conjointly with ethics and religion our whole point of view about man and nature: It is hygiene, for it enforces cleanliness; it is economics, for it shows comfort in simplicity rather than in the complex and costly; it is moral geometry, inasmuch

as it defines our sense of proportion to the universe. It represents the true spirit of eastern Democracy by making all its votaries aristocrats in taste."

Henry Frowde:

My Lady of Dream. By Lloyd Mifflin.

In a prefatory note the author says that in these poems he has "sought to apostrophise in an elusive way that Spirit which has ever been very dear to me and at whose feet I have offered many years of my life."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Samantha vs. Josiah. By Marietta Holley.

In Miss Holley's latest book her well-known characters appear in connection with a borrowed automobile. The fate of this car and various other incidents narrated in the humorous style of Josiah Allen's wife go to make up the story.

Tuxedo Avenue to Water Street. By Amos R. Wells.

The author says that this story of a transplanted church is a parable. "It shows a church transferred to the highways and the hedges, a church going forth, as all churches will some day go forth, to the place where the need is, where the work and the blessedness are."

Spurgeon's Illustrative Anecdotes. Selected and classified by Rev. Louis Albert Banks.

The stories of Spurgeon are here gathered and classified. They will be found valuable to preachers and laymen.

A Desk-Book of Errors in English. By Frank H. Vizetelly.

The purpose of this volume is to point out "common errors and slovenly speech in the hope that they will prove acceptable to and that they will be read with interest by all who desire to acquire refined diction, and to check the use of those vulgarisms which unfortunately spread only too rapidly from the street into the home."

The Health-Care of the Baby. By Louis Fischer.

This handbook for mothers and nurses gives suggestions and advice for infant feeding in health and sickness; directs and guides fevers, measles, croup, etc. gives antidotes for poisoning; and offers aid to the injured. It also deals with bad habits in a child.

Harper and Brothers:

Under the Sunset. Harper's Novelettes. Edited by W. D. Howells and H. M. Alden.

This addition to the Harper Novelettes contains ten stories. They are: "The End of the Journey," by Grace Ellery Channing; "The Sage-brush Hen," by Thomas A. Janvier; "A Madonna of the Desert," by Elia W. Peattie; "The Prophetess of the Land of No-Smoke," by Marie Manning; "A Little Pioneer," by Philip Verrill Mighels; "Back to Indiana," by Elmore Elliott Peake; "The Gray Chieftain," by Charles A. Eastman, M.D.; "The Inn of San Jacinto," by Zoe Dana Underhill; "Tio Juan," by Maurice Kingsley; and "Jamie the Kid," by Josiah Flynt.

Pizarro. By Frederick A. Ober.

Another addition to the "Heroes of American History" series. The story of that wonderful man, who, with only a few soldiers, subdued the large empire of the Incas of Peru, is here told by Mr. Ober. Much of what has heretofore been accessible only in an inconvenient form is condensed in this volume. The book is well illustrated.

Mark Twain's Library of Humour: The Primrose Way.

The same writers who are represented in the first two volumes of this "Library of Humour" have contributed to this. The first story is "Playing Courier," by Mark Twain. Others are: "At Niagara," by W. D. Howells; "Plumbers," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Leander," by Sewell Ford; "The Idiot Triumphant," by John Kendrick Bangs, etc.

Guarding a Great City. By William McAdoo.

Ex-Commissioner McAdoo describes in this volume "the inner workings of the New York police system and discusses the problems that grow out of the supervision of vice and crime in a great city, suggesting various reforms." There are chapters on the East Side, Chinatown, and the Pool-Room Evil.

A Modern Slavery. By Henry W. Nevinson.

This book is the result of a journey through Africa. It contains an account of the slave-trade carried on to-day by the Portuguese, despite the Berlin Treaty of 1895. This trading is practiced in the Portuguese islands of San Thomé and Principe, and in the Portuguese province of Angola. Mr. Nevinson was obliged to travel *incognito* and even then barely escaped death. Several illustrations from photographs add to an otherwise interesting book.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Misses Make-Believe. By Mary Stuart Boyd.

The "Misses Make-Believe," whose real names are Belle and Eileen Fleming, are two English gentlewomen who, with limited means, try to make a so-

cial "hit" in London. Finally, their finances being exhausted, they take a small cottage and gradually become sensible. A romance runs through the story.

The Analysis of Racial Descent in Animals. By Thos. H. Montgomery, Jr.

An examination into the methods of determining racial descent by the analysis of phenomena, concluding with an attempt to deduce general and fundamental principles covering the subject. The book contains ten divisions: Environment Modes of Existence, Heredity and Embryonic Differentiation, Relations of Modes of Reproduction and Conjugation, Life Cycles and Polymorphism of Individuals, Variations and Mutations, the Transmutation of Species, Parallelism of the Ontogeny and the Phylogeny, Morphological Comparisons, the Relative Values of Morphological Characters and Criteria of Racial Advancement.

Mitchell Kinnerly:

Modern Love.

An anthology. Most of the poems in this collection are by living authors, chosen from fifty different volumes. Among the authors are: W. B. Yeats, Arthur Symons, Ernest Dowson, Andrew Lang, E. Nesbit, and Richard Le-Gallienne.

Imperial Purple. By Edgar Saltus.

A new edition of a work which appeared more than a dozen years ago. It is a romance, the scenes of which are laid in Nero's time.

Sirocco. By Kenneth Brown.

Upon Yankee shrewdness and the trickery of the Orient is this story founded. The scenes are laid in Northern Africa. The plot of the story concerns a young English woman rescued from the Sultan by an Englishman.

The John Lane Company:

Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain. By Constance Hill.

In this new edition is included fresh material gathered from a collection of letters recently published in a French publication. The first chapters of the book discuss the appointment of the Princess, by Louis XIV, to the post of Camarera Mayor—Mistress of the Queen's Household—in the new Bourbon Court of Madrid; others deal with her Court life. The volume is well illustrated.

The Wild Flowers of Selborne. By John Vaughan.

The main purpose of Canon Vaughan in this volume is to compare the wild flowers of Selborne, as recorded by Gilbert White in his "Natural History of Selborne," with what is known of the same subject in the same place to-day. Among his subjects are Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, Izaak Walton, Jane Austen, Pot-herbs, the Disappearance of Plants, Our Poisonous Plants, etc. The book contains ten illustrations.

The Secret Life.

These essays are written in the form of a diary, a "heretic diary," the subtitle gives it. In them are a number of the author's "secret loves and hates, of the intolerable opinions for which I have been slapped and put to bed, of all the sentimental rubbish I carry about with me in a fardel under my mask and domino—the poor inconsequential treasures of my secret life."

Cornish Saints and Sinners. By J. Henry Harris.

Life and character in Cornwall's highways and byways are pictured in these sketches. The book is copiously illustrated with drawings by L. Raven Hill.

The Young O'Briens. By the author of "Elizabeth's Children."

The happenings of the four O'Brien children during the year spent in London are told in this book. The failure of a mine in which their father had invested his fortune necessitated the acceptance of a position as surgeon on a ship. On account of the mother's poor health she accompanied him on the voyage. The children were obliged to leave their home in Ireland and go to their aunt. The year passes more pleasantly than was expected and both good health and fortune are restored. A touch of romance is given to the latter part of the book.

The Bridal of Anstace. By Elizabeth Godfrey.

The disappearance of Count Basil Leonides on the eve of his wedding is the mystery upon which this tale hangs. After weeks of separation the bride seeks seclusion by going to her old nurse. The dénouement is left to the discovery of the reader.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century. 2 Vols. By Alfred William Benn.

Starting on the basis that the English Church and all the religious communities in England have become alienated from fact and love of fact, the author endeavours to trace the process by which this has been brought about. The work is divided into twenty chapters on such subjects as: Rationalism and the Methods of Faith, The English Deists, English Rationalism Before and After the Revolution, Coleridge, Utili-

tarianism and Romance, The Religious Reaction and Its Meaning, The Dissolution of Pietism, The Deliverance of Criticism, The Deliverance of Science and Philosophy, The Retreat of Theology, The Historical Method, etc.

Nature Knowledge in Modern Poetry. By Alexander Mackie.

The writer of these articles has striven to gather the best references to the birds, insects, and flowers from four poets, who are all lovers of Nature, but who differ in their manner of presenting scientific facts. These poets are Tennyson, Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, and Lowell.

Simple Annals. By M. E. Francis.

These Dorset stories are studies of working women. They make no pretensions at analysing conditions or grappling with problems. Their main purpose is to picture some of the joys and sorrows of a large and varied class. There are fourteen stories in all. Some of the titles are: The Breadwinner, Patchwork, Mrs. Angel, A Widow Indeed, The Transplanting of a Daisy, etc.

The Problem of the Pentateuch. By Randolph H. McKim.

These lectures are an examination of the results of the higher criticism of the Old Testament. The chief objection is to the conclusions deduced by many critics as to the unhistorical and untrustworthy character of the Old Testament narratives. The Dean of Canterbury has written a foreword to the book.

The Macmillan Company:

Walter Pater. By Arthur C. Benson.

Mr. Benson has followed his "Fitz-Gerald" and "Rossetti" with a study of Walter Pater, issued in the "English Men of Letters" series. The two sisters of Pater have given the author assistance in his work. One of the most interesting chapters gives an account of his personal characteristics. "Marius the Epicurean" is given praise as Pater's best work. Other chapters deal with his early life and writings, his life at Oxford and at London, and his later writings.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Where Speech Ends. By Robert Haven Schauffler.

This music novel deals with the Chicago Orchestra, when under the direction of Theodore Thomas. In the prelude Dr. Henry van Dyke says, in effect, that a real musician, well-acquainted with the life, has written a novel to prove the humanity of the members of the orchestra, the humanity which "makes it possible for them to feel their music, and to play it, not as a machine would play, grinding it out with dead monotony, but with all the colour and passion of life itself." The young woman who plays the harp in the orchestra supplies the love interest.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Recollections of a Lifetime. By John Goode of Virginia.

Besides being the life story of a lawyer, soldier, and statesman, as told by himself, this book contains numerous recollections of many persons with whom John Goode came in contact.

Eb Peechcrap and Wife at the Fair. By Herb. Lewis.

The experiences of Deacon Peechcrap and Tildy, his wife, at the St. Louis Fair are told in the vernacular of "'Possum Ridge, nigh ontu Gait City, Ben Davis Caounty, Arkansaw."

Sprigs o' Mint. By James Tandy Ellis.

A collection of sketches, short stories, pen pictures and verses of Kentucky life. In them the author is said to have interwoven "home-spun philosophy, negro dialect and character, local colour, wit, pathos, fancy, and imagination."

Confederate Operations in Canada and New York. By John W. Headley.

A narrative giving the "particulars of the hostile operations along the northern borders of the United States by Confederate soldiers from Canada, who were assigned to this service by the authorities of the Confederate States in 1864." It is thought by the author that the publication of this narrative "may serve as a lesson and a guide to the present and future generations of our reunited country in determining the price of peace and the pretexts for war." An interesting feature of the work is Captain Headley's confession of a cold-blooded endeavour to burn New York City.

Gettysburg. By Robert Wm. Douthat.

"A battle ode descriptive of the Grand Charge of the Third Day, July 3, 1863." The foregoing sub-title gives a concise description of the contents of this small book.

New Tide Publishing House:

A Grain of Madness. By Lida A. Churchill.

The keynote of this romance has been taken from the following quotation from Arsene Houssay: "He who is not born with a grain of madness in his composition is disinherited by heaven. He will be neither poetic, nor artistic, nor victorious, nor amorous, nor young."

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The Trials of a Stump Speaker. By Henry S. Wilcox.

"A series of sketches and humorous incidents that happened during the many years' experience of the author, and particularly during the campaign of 1888." Bound within paper covers.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Praying Skipper and Other Stories. By Ralph D. Paine.

Mention was made of this book in the Chronicle and Comment of the June BOOKMAN. There are seven stories in the volume. "Captain Arendt's Choice," which is said to be the best in the collection, is an exciting story of a collision at sea. "A Victory Unforeseen," "The Last Pilot Schooner," and "The Jade Teapot" are all reputed to be good.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

How to Look at Pictures. By Robert Clermont Witt.

In the previous edition of this book, the author says it "is intended for those who have no special knowledge of pictures and paintings, but are interested in them, and find themselves from time to time in public and private galleries and exhibitions. It makes no appeal to the artist, the expert or the professional critic." The volume is well illustrated.

From a College Window. By Arthur Christopher Benson.

Twelve of the eighteen essays in this volume have been previously published in an English periodical. Some of the subjects dealt with are: The Point of View, On Growing Older, Books, Sociabilities, Conversation, Beauty, Art, Egotism, Education, Ambition, Games, Habits, Religion, etc.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The French Blood in America. By Lucian J. Fosdick.

"The purpose of this work is to trace the presence and influence of the French Protestant blood in America, and to show how important a part it has had in the making of our Republic." It aims to present a readable, comprehensive view of the Huguenots in France and their descendants in America; to reveal and estimate at its true value the Huguenot influence as a factor in the religion, society, and commerce of this land. The volume contains many illustrations.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Lucy of the Stars. By Frederick Palmer.

Very early in the story Lord Carniston's father commits suicide that the son may be impressed with the fact that in order to find relief from poverty he must marry an heiress, not the woman he loves. In his flight to America Lord Carniston finds Lucy von Kar, the woman from whom he is fleeing, on the same ship with him and in the company of his own friends. The social circles in America receive both. Just as he has come to his senses and determined to marry the heroine the unforeseen happens. John Frane, a splendid type of an American, and Geraldine Hodges are other lovers in the tale. The complications into which all are plunged is the plot of the story.

The Pink Typhoon. By Harrison Robertson.

Judge Macollister's automobile, called "the Pink Typhoon," plays a very prominent part in this story. It is not pink at all, but a bright red. The friendship which springs up between him and two children, Donald and Marion, is responsible for the story. They drive with him almost daily, often accompanied by Delicia, whom the Judge believes to be the nurse, but who is really a very much more important character. The reader must discover her identity the same time that Judge Macollister does. The outcome may be imagined.

The Works of George Meredith. 8 Vols.

Each of the sixteen volumes to be included in this pocket edition of George Meredith's works will be complete in itself. There will be fourteen novels and a volume of short stories and one of poems. These eight are: *Richard Feverel, Vittoria, Sandra Belloni, Diana of the Crossways, Rhoda Fleming, Beauchamp's Career, Harry Richmond,* and *The Egoist.*

Camp Kits and Camp Life. By Charles Stedman Hanks.

This practical handbook contains information on about all phases of outdoor life. There are chapters on The Preliminary Canter, The Man Behind the Gun, The Wangan, Camps and Camp Fires, Camp Cooking, What to do if Lost in the Woods, Some Deer that I have Met, Some Geese and Ducks that Flew Away, Some Pleasures of Trapping, Some Suggestions about Camping Out, Some Remedies for Sickness or Accidents in Camp, etc. The volume is well illustrated.

The Seasons in a Flower Garden. By Louise Shelton.

A "handbook of information and instruction for the amateur. It is especially designed for those who have to use space economically in order to have a variety of flowers. The book is divided into three parts. The first gives directions as to plans, planting and the soil. The second part is arranged in the order of months--giving suggestions for

each month, a list of its flowering plants, and practical hints for garden work during that month. Part III gives general information.

The Rhine from Rotterdam to Constance. By Karl Baedeker.

The chief object of this small imported volume is to furnish such information to the traveller in the Rhine country "as will render him as nearly as possible independent of hotel-keepers, commissionnaires, and guides," thus adding to the enjoyment of the tour. The book, which has been revised to date, contains forty-seven maps and twenty-nine plans.

Great Britain. By K. Baedeker.

Twenty-two maps, fifty-eight plans and a panorama add much to the value of this handbook to Great Britain, which Messrs. Scribner's sons have imported. The book is designed to aid travellers in planning their tours to make the most of their time, and to enable them to thoroughly enjoy and appreciate the objects of interest which they meet. This sixth edition has been carefully revised and brought down to date.

The Sacred Poems of Henry Vaughan.
Lyra Innocentium. By John Keble.
The Letters of Charles Lamb. Edited by Russell Davis Gillman.

Three additions to the "Caxton Thin Paper Classics." The poems in the first volume have two general subjects: Silex Scintillaus, and Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations. There are verses on a large number of sacred themes. The second volume contains "thoughts in verse on Christian children, their ways and their privileges." These include Cradle Songs, Lessons of Nature, Lessons of Grace, poems on Children's Troubles, Children's Sports, Early Encouragement, Early Warnings, Holy Baptism, etc. There are two hundred and seventy-three letters written by Charles Lamb in the last volume. These extend over the years from 1796-1834. All three volumes are imported.

Etchings of Van Dyck.

This imported volume is published uniformly with "The Etchings of Charles Méryon." The artist's work is illustrated with thirty-four of his etchings. Nearly all of these are portraits. The illustrations are preceded by a sketch of Van Dyck's work, by Frank Newbolt.

My Little Boy. By Carl Ewald.

The hero of this psychological study is said to be the author's own son. "All that Carl Ewald has written in this book and elsewhere is the fruit of his personal knowledge and observation of his own children and those of others." The translation from the Danish is by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

Leo Tolstoy. Vol. I. By Paul Birukoff.

Autobiographical memoirs, letters, and biographical material, revised by Tolstoy himself. The first volume of this work, which will be complete in three parts, deals with the earlier life of Tolstoy until his marriage. Birukoff has long been an intimate friend of Tolstoy and has had access to all the material which Countess Tolstoy and other friends have been able to secure. The four parts into which the book is divided are: The Family Origin of Leo Tolstoy; Childhood. Boyhood and Youth; Military Service; and Travels, Literary and Social Activity. The volume is amply illustrated.

German Universities. By Freidrich Paulsen.

"Professor Paulsen aims in his new book to give a systematic account of the nature, function, organisation and historical development of the German university." After the first chapter, which describes the general character of the German university, the work is divided into five parts. Book I gives an outline of their historical development; Book II discusses the present organisation of the universities and their place in public life; Book III deals with university teachers and university instruction; Book IV describes the students and academic study; and Book V is devoted to the particular faculties and their aims. The translation has been made by Frank Thilly and William W. Elwang.

D. G. Rossetti. By H. W. Singer.

This imported volume is an addition to the "Langham Series of Art Monographs." The biography of Rossetti is illustrated by thirteen reproductions of the artist's paintings. There is, also, a list of Rossetti's works in public collections.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Origin of Life. By J. Butler Burke.

The object of this book "is to indicate, and it is hoped also to prove, so far as proof is possible, the continuity of vital processes; that the links between the organic and inorganic, between living and dead matter, form an unbroken and continuous chain, which connects biology with physics as closely as it unites the two with chemistry." Several illustrations add to the value of the book.

BOSTON, MASS.

Richard G. Badger:

The Junction of Laughter and Tears. By DeKellar Stamey.

This collection of verses takes its title from the first selection. The poems,

which are dedicated to the author's wife and child, are upon various themes. The general subjects are: Under the Blue Dome, The Maelstrom, In Prayerful Mood, In Playful Mood, For Childhood Ears, Brevities, Vesper Chimes, and The Homeland.

The Youth of Messiah. By Edward Farquhar.

The material for this poem is supposed to have been found in an ancient manuscript, recently discovered.

The Sin of Saint Desmond. By Amy Cameron Fariss.

The scenes of this novel are laid in California. The heroine, to please her mother and to be relieved from want, marries a man whom she does not love. She becomes infatuated with Vandell, a scoundrel, and is on the point of eloping with him when the plans are interfered with by Saint Desmond, a minister of splendid qualities. She becomes very ill and Saint Desmond takes her under his care. In order to quiet her ravings, he impersonates Vandell, for whom she constantly calls. This leads to his really caring for her. The rest of the tale tells how the heroine is freed from her husband, the stand Saint Desmond takes, and her ultimate fate. A gold mine plays a prominent part in the story.

The Exodus. By Francis Everard Roche.

An epic on Liberty. The story opens at that time when the Israelites were sore oppressed by the Egyptians and primeval liberty almost overthrown or destined to be overthrown in all other lands. The Almighty requests His Divine Son to take such measures as shall restore and preserve this liberty. The rest of the story tells the means which the Filial Godhead takes to accomplish this. It is assumed that the "Exodus from Egypt was the true turning point in the life of Liberty and its final triumph over the ills of slavery and despotism."

Actæton's Defense. By Alice Wilson.

This collection of poems on various subjects takes its title from its first selection.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Science and Idealism. By Hugo Münsterberg.

An address delivered by Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard University, before Yale University this spring. This, the third lecture to be delivered by a professor of Harvard at Yale this year, is the result of a resolution made last year by the Corporation of Yale University to invite some professors of Harvard University to speak at Yale every winter.

The Court of Love. By Alice Brown.

A wealthy woman adopts an unusual manner of spending her money. Every one who comes to her home gets what they most desire, if money can buy it. All are placed on the same level and no questions are asked. This arrangement gives the impression that it is an insane asylum, and the name given to it by the neighbourhood is "madhouse." A light plot runs through the story.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Game of Bridge. By Fisher Ames.

This book makes no pretensions at presenting new theories or rules. "It is an attempt to present the subject in the simplest manner, and yet in a systematic and natural order, and in such a way as to interest and instruct the reader in the principles and to familiarise him with the best practice of the game, without burdening his memory with too many rules."

Sandpeep. By Sara E. Boggs.

"Sandpeep," the name given to a beautiful fishermaiden in Maine, tells her own story in "Miss Book," a diary which she has written "to read when she is an old woman." The tale opens when she is but a small girl. She goes to a rich gentleman's home to live as a governess to a stupid boy, whom she afterwards finds to be an impostor. She proves herself a heroine by saving the lives of both the man and the boy and she has a wonderful voice which she is about to use in opera when the hero claims her. Into the story is woven a pen picture of life on the eastern coast of Maine.

Truth Dexter. By Sidney McCall.

This story, which was popular five years ago, is now printed from new plates and is newly bound. Jessie Willcox Smith has made the title-page vignette and there are eight full-page illustrations in tint by Alice Barber Stephens.

John W. Luce and Company:

Foolish Etiquette. By O. B. Hayve.

"A mirror wherein any fool may find clear, concise and conclusive reflections on behaviour under all possible and impossible circumstances." There is advice on such subjects as: How to Behave in a Balloon, How to Conduct One's Self When the Flat Iron Building Blows Over, or in a Divorce Court, and numerous others of a kindred nature. Comic illustrations, by Wallace Goldsmith add to the interest of the book.

The Pilgrim Press:

Letters to Sunday-school Teachers. By Henry Churchill King.

These twelve letters are based on "the great truths of our Christian faith." They are intended for Sunday-school teachers and young people.

James H. West Company:

Beside the New-Made Grave. By F. H. Turner.

This book aims "to suggest a possible reconciliation between the scientific dictum, *Thought is a function of the brain,* and the religious tenet, *The soul of man is immortal.* It is written in the hope that, by suggesting a new reading of Nature's scripture, it may comfort those who have thus far found therein no promise of a future reunion with their beloved."

What Would One Have?

A Woman's Confession. This is the inner life-story of a sensitive woman "up through the baby-girl days—up through the serious sorrows of childhood's inexperience, misty maidenhood, wondering, dreaming young womanhood, conventional marriage, widowhood, and at last—?" After denying a Creator who brings her such unhappiness, she finds that it is only through sorrow that one finds the "Life abundant—more and most abundant!"

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Blue Sky Press:

The Harper and the King's Horse. By Payne Erskine.

A story told in verse. Full-page drawings illustrate each of the six cantos.

The World Above. By Martha Foote Crow.

A duologue between Jean, a young workman in "The Darker Realm," and Angelica, a daughter of another workman.

Forbes and Company:

Thrills of a Bell Boy. By S. E. Kiser.

Mr. Kiser's new volume of verse is written in the same vein as his "Love Sonnets of an Office Boy." While these verses are laughable, human nature is portrayed in them many times, and a pathetic strain runs through them. Mr. John T. McCutcheon has made the illustrations.

Laird and Lee:

Glimpses of the San Francisco Disaster.

The one hundred and sixteen halftones in this souvenir volume are reproductions from original photographs of various sections of San Francisco at the time of the recent earthquake. In addition to snapshots of localities, important buildings, landmarks, parks, and refugees in flight and in camp, there are portraits of the chief officials and photographs from other cities.

The Doomed City. By Frank Thompson Searight.

A history of the great catastrophe that befell San Francisco in April of this year. More than forty half-tone reproductions make the story very vivid.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

"Ground Arms." By Baroness Bertha von Suttner.

The second edition of Messrs. McClurg and Company's re-issue of this novel, the theme of which is a plea for peace. This edition is a great improvement over the first.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

American Baptist Publication Society:

The Masculine in Religion. By Carl Delos Case.

In this volume the author endeavours "to note the trend of intellectual and spiritual life, and foresee, though but dimly, the goal by means of what has already passed into history."

Keywords in the Teaching of Jesus. By A. T. Robertson.

Each chapter of this book was delivered as a lecture in June, 1904, before the Jackson Springs Summer Assembly. The titles are, God the Father, The Son, Sin, The Kingdom, Righteousness, The Holy Spirit, and The Future Life.

Thirty-one Thoughts from an Invalid's Bible. By Mrs. Anna Ross.

The Country Sunday-school. By Rev. Hight C. Moore.

Our Church and Our Creed. By E. A. Woods.

Three pamphlets in the nature of tracts.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:

A Century of Bibles. Edited and Compiled by a Sunday-school Teacher.

This small book gives a history of the Bible for the last one hundred years. It tells the story of the circulation, translations, societies, rare copies, numerous editions, etc.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Battles of Labor. By Carroll D. Wright, LL.D.

The many strikes which have taken place recently make this book by Dr. Wright, formerly United States Commissioner of Labour, very timely. It is made up of four lectures delivered before the students of the Philadelphia Divinity School in the course known as the "William Levi Bull Lectures" for the year 1906. The subjects of these addresses are: The Background, In Mediæval and Modern Industry, Great Modern Battles, and How Modern Battles of Labor are Treated.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Consumption and Civilization. By John Bessner Huber.

Dr. Huber presents in this volume a treatise in which he describes the "white plague" in detail, gives its cause, its pre-

vention, and the means of cure. He has traced the effects which consumption has had upon civilisation, and its relation to human affairs. The American and European sanatoria are described and there is valuable advice upon almost all phases of the disease and its environments. There are one hundred and thirty-one illustrations in the volume.

The Discoverers and Explorers of America. By Charles Morris.

As stated in the title, in this book are stories of the discoverers and explorers of America. Commencing with the story of Leif Ericson, the discoverer of Vinland, Mr. Morris has, in forty different tales, given a history of those heroes to whom the title of "Makers of America" is applicable. These are brought down to the expeditions of Lieutenant Peary. Boys will find this volume very interesting.

The Holy Grail. By James A. B. Scherer.

The author says that he intends the Holy Grail to be the theme that unites these six essays. To the first essay is given the title of Holy Grail, and the quest of the Grail is the motive of the other five. They are: Henry Timrod, Sidney Lanier, The Crusaders, Liberty and Law, and The Century in Literature.

Vir Publishing Company:

What a Young Girl Ought to Know. By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen.

A new and revised edition of one of the "Self and Sex" series. The book is designed especially for mothers.

John C. Winston Company:

By Love's Sweet Rule. By G. E. Jackson.

The home of Dr. Prior had been ruled by his sister-in-law since the death of his wife, nine years ago, and his affectionate fourteen-year-old daughter had long pined for a mother's love and "for things like other girls." Her happiness begins when Margaret Drake accepts the position as mistress of the home. Her enjoyable visits to Miss Drake's family, the sympathy and love that exist between Marjorie and Margaret, Margaret's noble qualities, and finally, Margaret as Marjorie's mother and Dr. Prior's wife go to make up the story.

BERKELEY, CAL.

The Acorn Press:

Keweenaw. By W. C. Gray.

This little story of the North Woods was originally included in a book of Dr. Gray's writings. It is now issued in this form to give his best work to his friends and to introduce his writings to others.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Arthur H. Clark Company:

Pittman's Mississippi Settlements. Edited by Frank Heywood Hodder.

This volume is said to be an exact reprint of the original edition, published in London in 1770. The editor has added the introduction, notes, and index. Facsimiles of the original maps and plans have been included.

Audubon's Western Journal: 1849-1850. By John W. Audubon.

"Being the MS. record trip from New York to Texas, and an over-land journey through Mexico and Arizona to the goldfields of California." Besides giving a vivid pen-picture of the difficulties of an over-land journey to California, the work throws light upon those years immediately after gold was discovered in California. Professor F. H. Hodder, the editor, has supplied complete annotation, and Miss Maria R. Audubon, the daughter of the author, has written a biographical memoir. The work is illustrated.

Personal Narrative. By Elias Pym Fordham. Edited by Frederick Austin Ogg.

Here are recorded the travels of the author in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and of a residence in the Illinois Territory: 1817-1818. This work, with the introduction, numerous annotations and index by the Editor, will be found valuable to historical students in general, and particularly to students of Western history. There are facsimiles of the author's sketches and plans.

The German Baptist Publication Society:

Ancient Masters and Jesus. By Wm. B. Hartzog.

The difficulties which beset thoughtful men of to-day in regard to religious belief were dealt with by Greek masters many centuries ago. This work endeavours to give a "brief but comprehensive idea" of the philosophical efforts of these men. Following this is a portrayal of the character and teachings of Jesus.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

The Baker-Trisler Company:

In the Furrow. By Lewis Worthington Smith.

Selections from the poetry of Mr. Smith. The first selection gives the book its title. There are twenty-two others upon such subjects as: Southern Stars, Spring Rain, The Violin, Italy, To Arcady, Summer, Threnody, etc.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Vanity Square. Saltus. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Sirocco. Brown. (Kinnerley.) $1.50.
5. Our Right to Love. Deepen. (Ogilvie.) $1.00.
6. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN,

Second List

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
6. The Scholar's Daughter. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Wire Tappers. Stringer. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The District Attorney. Sage. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Breakers Ahead. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Man Between. Barr. (Authors' and Newspapers Ass'n.) $.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. In Cure of Her Soul. Stimson. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Pratt. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Garden, You and I. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. From a College Window. Benson. Putnam.) $1.25.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Throwback. Lewis. (Outing Publishing Co.) $1.50.
5. "Pigs Is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $.50.
6. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Throwback. Lewis. (Outing Publishing Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. "Pigs Is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $.50.
4. The Crime of Sylvestre Bernard. France. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Breakers Ahead. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $.50. Popular Edition.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Tracer of Lost Persons. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

4. The Garden, You and I. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. A Diplomatic Adventure. Mitchell. (Century.) $1.25.
6. The False Gods. Lorimer. (Appleton.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Mayor of Warwick. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Race of Life. Boothby. (Fenno.) $1.50.
5. More Stories of Married Life. Cutting. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. "Pigs Is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Rock in the Baltic. Barr. (American Authors Ass'n.) $.50.
2. The Man Between. Barr. (American Authors Ass'n.) $.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Conniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Garden, You and I. Wright. Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Breakers Ahead. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. In Our Town. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

3. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Nicanor. Taylor. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Tracer of Lost Persons. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book	standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50. 363
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50. 157
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50..... 152
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50..... 150
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50. 141
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50. 97

TWO IMPORTANT NOVELS

Ready September First

PROFESSOR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS'S NEW BOOK

The Heart That Knows

by the author of
"The Heart of The Ancient Wood," "The Kindred of The Wild,"
"Red Fox," etc., etc. (1.50)

Professor Roberts's latest romance deals with the adventurous life of the sailors and fisher-folk of the region at the head of the Bay of Fundy. The winds and the waves and the salt fragrance of the sea are in its pages; and the strength of the tides that fight the great dykes of Tantramar.

The vehement passions of these simple people in whose hearts emotion runs riot, and their deep natures which partake of the steadfastness characteristic of the exhaustless meadows, make it a land where romance walks by day.

The action turns upon the mystery of the heart's wisdom in discerning truth and love where reason sees but deceit and betrayal.

"The Heart that Knows" is a great human story in which the author has employed to their uttermost his unique gifts of rich fancy and genius of expression, as well as that craftmanship which has had so splendid a development during the years of his successful career.

Ready September Fifth

Richard Elliott, Financier

By GEORGE CARLING

With many illustrations by Henry S. Watson. (1.50)

A powerful and up-to-date novel which has for its theme "high finance" and "The System." A vivid and scathing arraignment of the methods of modern financing which should find a large and interested audience. The career of an unscrupulous man of business from typist to trust magnate, and his fight against The Standard WOOL Company, rascal against rascals, ends with a dramatic climax which seems prophetic of the fate of those who risk all for money.

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L. C. PAGE & COMPANY

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The more DAINTY—the more DELICATE—the greater the need of PEARLINE'S help.
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ELSE millions would not have been convinced simply by the use of a trial package.

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Borated Talcum
TOILET POWDER



The Mennen Caddie
offers instant relief from chaps and skin roughness which keen fall winds bring to out of door folks.
MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM POWDER
soothes and heals all chafing and chapping, and is put up in non-refillable box—Mennen's face on the cover guarantees it's genuine.
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Newark, N.J.
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TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC
WHICH APPEARED SERIALLY IN
THE BOOKMAN
WILL BE PUBLISHED
IN BOOK FORM IN OCTOBER
TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC
BY
Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, L.H.D., LL.D.
8vo. cloth, net $2.50

A history of this country from the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884 to the inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, Publishers



The Making of a Man

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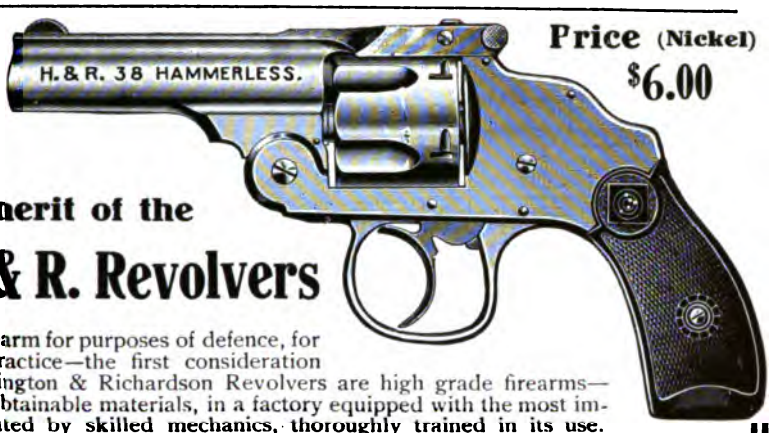
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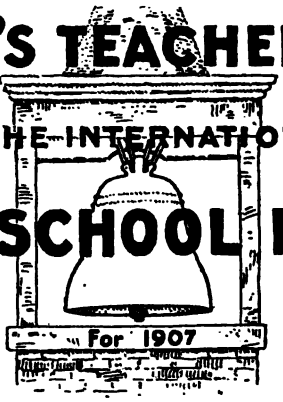
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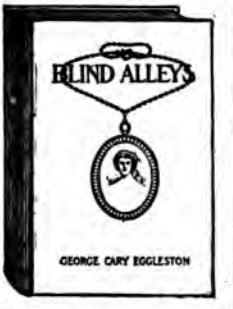
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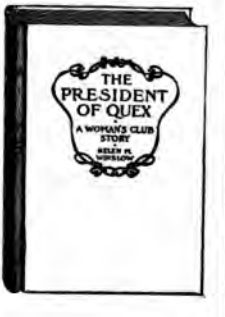


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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

OCTOBER, 1906

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Simplification Begins at Home

There has been made in several quarters a suggestion which should seem perfectly reasonable to the President in his new rôle of Simple Speller. Millions of Americans have always pronounced his name in two syllables, and have made the first syllable rhyme with "booze." They do not know that the double-o in "Roosevelt" is simply the Dutch method of indicating that the vowel is long. From the standpoint of the Simple Speller, that second *o* is not only superfluous in English, but actually misleading. By stubbornly retaining it, the President is responsible for the perpetuation of gross error among his faithful subjects; and, worse than that, he is recreant to the high and holy cause of Fonetik Refawrm which he has sought to champion. If anyone were to ask Mr. Roosevelt why he is unwilling to spell his own name simply, and to write it "Rosevelt," he would probably answer that he prefers to keep the original spelling, because it clearly shows the Dutch descent of which he is rightly proud. But that is exactly the reason why most of us prefer to keep to the existing form of words which he desires to change. We are proud of their descent from Anglo-Saxon or Norman French or Greek or Latin as the case may be; and there is no reason why the President should reject an argument as inapplicable to other names while he accepts it as pertinent to his own. As for Professor Matthews we don't know what on earth he would say if one asked him why he does not drop that superfluous second *t* in his surname. He calls himself "Mathews," not "Mat-thews," and in not spelling his name as he pronounces it, he too is faithless to Simplification and a promoter and abettor of Complication.

Mr. Herford's Polished Style

Mr. Oliver Herford has a mild aversion to literary pose of every kind, and sometimes sends a wingèd shaft in that direction. Not long ago he was present while a number of young writers were discussing style. One of them recalled with admiration how Walter Pater would never write more than thirty lines a day, so great was his regard for perfection of form.

"Ah," said another of the group; "that is something quite paralleled in *my* best writing. There are times when I give at least two days to the construction of one paragraph."

"Yes," said a third, musingly, "it is so with me as well. The rhythm of one sentence has often occupied my thoughts for an entire day."

Then Mr. Herford, from a couch in the corner, spoke up with a mild, slow voice, and with an air of adorable simplicity:

"And I, too," said he, "have often spent a week in polishing a single word!"

Thereupon ensued a silence which no one cared to break, until a rude Philistine entered the room and began talking about yachts.

Probably half of the stories that are told of Mr. Herford are the amiable inventions of his friends, who love to dwell upon, and incidentally exaggerate, his interesting traits. If a tale that we heard the other day be true, then Mr. Herford's absent-mindedness must be equal to that of Sir Isaac Newton or of the typical Herr Professor of *Fliegende Blätter*. According to this yarn, Mr. Herford met a friend whom he had not seen for a long time, and warmly urged him to call.

"You really must look me up, old man," said he. "I've an awful lot to say to you."

"All right. What's the address?"

"Oh," returned Mr. Herford, "somewhere uptown. Let me see"—a book of doubt coming over his face—"it's—it's—well, I really don't remember at the mo-



OWEN JOHNSON

ment. But"—brightening up—"I can find out."

He took off his hat, on the inside of which was pasted a row of figures.

"Ah, yes," he resumed. "That's my telephone number. You see when I forget, I can always call the place up on the telephone and ask them where it is!"

The Early Effort

Probably nearly every man and woman writing books looks back with mingled amusement and tenderness on some first early effort in the field of letters. It may be with a thrill of reminiscent pleasure. It may be with a pang of mortification due to a mature realisation of how crude and artificial that early effort was—how mawkish the bit of verse, how pompous the sentiment, how artlessly imitative of a favourite author or novel the plot and style. But somehow that first venture can never be forgotten. In the case of Mr. Owen Johnson, whose new novel, *Max Fargus,* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, the early effort was rather unusual in that it had a practical result. Mr. Johnson is a son of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson of the *Century,* and in conjunction with Rodman Gilder, a son of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, he established, at a very early age, the *Chimney Seat,* a little two-numbered periodical, which in its brief life boasted some very distinguished contributors, among them Grover Cleveland. The sale of the *Chimney Seat* added one hundred dollars to the fund for the Washington Arch.

At Lawrenceville, and later at Yale, it was "up to" Mr. Johnson to "make good" in a literary way. While at the New Jersey school he founded and edited the Lawrenceville *Lit,* to which he contributed a number of stories of schoolboy life. Entering Yale in the autumn of 1896, he followed up this line of work so assiduously that he won that coveted prize and highest honour in this field at New Haven, the chairmanship of the Yale *Lit* for the class of 1900. During his last year at the University he wrote the greater part of *Arrows of the Almighty.* Absence from this country prevented his finishing his senior year, and when he went back to New Haven the next summer to make up his deficiencies, the faculty gave him his degree on the strength of the novel, then unpublished, which, after a Yale custom, was accepted in lieu of the lacking academic work.

After being graduated from Yale, Mr. Johnson went to Paris, where he entered upon a study of the novel and the drama. He took up his residence in the Latin Quarter and was in the fortunate position of being able to rub elbows with a great deal of the literary and artistic life of the French capital. Among his friends and acquaintances of that period were Madame Th. Blanc-Bentzon, the novelist and contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* who perhaps understands America and Americans better than any other French writer; the painter, Boutet de Monvel; Ferdinand Brunetière, René Doumic and others. The influence of such persons obtained for him special privileges at the Bibliothèque Nationale, where he passed many hours and found in unedited documents much of the material that went to make *In the Name of Liberty,* his second novel, which dealt with the Reign of Terror.

Ivan Strannik

A new Russian novelist has risen upon the literary horizon, a woman, who writes under the name of Ivan Strannik. It was Mme. Strannik who introduced Gorky to the West by translating a collection of his tales entitled *Vagabonds* into French. Unlike other Russian writers, Mme. Strannik writes in French exclusively. The reason for this she sets forth in a recent letter:

> I wrote in French because I did not wish to bend myself to the caprices of the Russian censure. Not that I had any revolutionary ideas, but simply because I liked to say freely what I thought, and up to this year such a thing was absolutely impossible in Russia; in fact, my first book, *L'Appel de l'Eau,* was forbidden, innocent as it is of all social theory, by the Russian censure.



IVAN STRANNIK

Although Mme. Strannik's books are, as she says, free from social theory, there are no Russian books of to-day that are designed to give a better idea of the general level of life in Russia, especially among the upper middle classes and landed gentry; although in one of her books, *Les Mages sans Étoile,* she gives most interesting pictures of the life of the Russian exiles who make their headquarters in Paris. Indeed, several of her books deal with Russians outside of Russia. A cosmopolitan note enters into them, and she is fond of introducing foreign, and particularly English, characters into her novels. These now number about half a dozen. Since *L'Appel de l'Eau,* which won her the friendship of some of the leading men of letters in Europe, Ludovic Halévy, Anatole France and Georges Brandes among others, she has gained steadily in the practice of her art. Probably her best book so far is *The Shadow of the House,* a story of a Russian girl's courtship, marriage and motherhood, which is announced for autumn publication in an English translation by Emma A. Clinton. Mme. Strannik in private life is Mme. Anitchkoff, her husband being a professor in the University of Kiev. She herself belongs to a very old Russian family, her grandfather being Admiral Avinoff, and her father Colonel Avinoff in the Russian army. Since the appearance of her first novel she has lived in Paris.

Robinson Crusoe's Island

If for no other reason, the fact that it is the scene of what is probably the most dramatic single incident in all fiction—the finding by Crusoe of the foot-print in the sand—the disappearance of Robinson Crusoe's Island in the Valparaiso upheaval should be mentioned in THE BOOKMAN. Alexander Selkirk, who has been accepted as the prototype of Defoe's hero, was sailing master of the *Cinque Ports* on a cruise in 1704. He quarrelled with the captain and at his own request was put ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez, where he remained four years and four months. As a matter of fact whether Defoe intended the island to be on the east or west of South America is a point never likely to be settled beyond dispute. *A propos* of the matter the London Academy comments that if the earthquake has carried off the island it has plagiarised Jules Verne.

Mrs. Craigie

It is not easy for those who remember Mrs. Craigie as she appeared last winter to think of her otherwise than as still living; for her vitality and vivacity were remarkable. With an immense social connection, she was seen at all important functions, never failed to keep an engagement, was always ready to do her part and to add to the brilliancy of every gathering by her wit and clever talk, and still found time to write much and to write carefully and well. All this is the more



ROBINSON CRUSOE'S CAVE

remarkable because her health was really delicate, and she could not, like many authors, forget physical weariness in the zest of composition. She never wrote longer than two hours at a time, and these hours were often gained by early rising, just as Sir Walter Scott dashed off his most famous chapters before his guests were yet awake. Mrs. Craigie won much



Mrs. Craigie.

appreciation from the critics. The public was also kind. But we are of the opinion that only one book of hers is of lasting merit, and that is the grotesquely named novel, *The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham.* The fact that it survived such a title is in itself convincing proof that the work had unusual merit. It brings to mind Mr. W. H. Mallock's *Romance of the Nineteenth Century;* for the unforgettable episode in each has to do with the sinister revelation of a woman's past—not quite the sort of past with which the stage and the divorce courts are familiar, and not the sort of woman who is usually supposed to have a past. The implications are more vague, more doubtful and more ambiguous than the garish scandal of the daily news-papers, and for that reason they are the more disquieting. There is a cynical assumption—not expressed in words—that the things which are not known, which never come out, which are the secret of only one or two, are worse than those which rumour hints at and which gossip spreads abroad. Both books, then—that of Mrs. Craigie and that of Mr. Mallock—are distinctly unpleasant



ROBERT H. DAVIS



WILL IRWIN



ROBERT MACKEY



J. O. COSGRAVE
Portrait by Hollinger

SOME CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE EDITORS

and disturbing. But they are both powerful and remorseless, and will haunt the consciousness of their readers for a long while.

Some Californian Magazine Editors

California seems to have laid a strong, compelling grasp upon the editorial sceptre of the New York magazines. Her sons direct the policy of many important and widely circulated periodicals. There is Mr. Will Irwin on the staff of *McClure's,* while Mr. Bailey Millard has transformed the *Cosmopolitan* into an exponent of Western vivacity and verve. Mr. J. O. Cosgrave is conspicuous in *Everybody's;* Mr. Robert Mackey in *Success;* and Miss Muriel MacDonald guides the *Craftsman.* But more remarkable and in fact quite unique is the position of Mr. Robert H. Davis, who furnishes the editorial motive-power to no less than four magazines—the *All Story Magazine,* the *Scrap Book,* the *Railroad Man's Magazine,* and (newest of them all) the magazine entitled *Woman.* Two of these publications hold an exceptional position in the history of American magazines. The *All Story Magazine* and the *Scrap Book* are the only monthly periodicals that from the issue of the very first number have paid a profit to their publisher. The *Scrap Book* first appeared last spring; and its circulation began with the surprising total of 520,000 copies. Its success was well deserved and quite legitimate, for the idea which underlay its plan was not only a novel one, but was conducive to the dissemination of a love of good literature. Apart from its special features—its clever summary of current opinion, and its original contributed matter—it gives each month a mass of selected reading from the famous authors of all time and from those who, while not famous, have still left something which is vital and enduring. Here are brilliant bits of fiction—the *cor cordium* of literary masterpieces; here are collected the pungent epigrams and the sheer bed-rock philosophy of human experience crystallised into phrases that cannot be forgotten—the wisdom of Plato, of Bacon, of La Rochefoucauld, of Montaigne, Balzac, Franklin, and Emerson. And here, too, is a mass of rare and curious information upon a hundred topics of permanent interest, culled from many an obscure and hidden source. The design of the magazine has been admirably carried out; and its bound volumes with their minutely careful indexes place under one's hand for immediate reference facts for which the busy man might elsewhere search many hours and then fail to find. So successful was the *Scrap Book* from the very first that it almost at once bred imitators; but it has met no worthy rivals, for the reason that the tact and ingenuity of its editor remain unmatched.

Magazine Policies and First Issues

In the first of a series of brief sketches about the contents and make-up of the initial numbers of the magazines of the day we spoke of the radical change in the business of magazine editing which has taken place during the last eight or ten years. We can go back several years more and find the reasons for this change in the introduction of the cheaper magazines as dangerous rivals to the periodicals of long established reputation. The ten cent magazine idea began to take form about 1890. At first it was not regarded as a serious menace in conservative circles. It was pointed out, with apparent justice, that any magazine of a size and quality to win circulation could be retailed at ten cents only at a loss. In speedy refutation of this opinion came the ventures of Mr. Frank A. Munsey and Mr. S. S. McClure.

The First Munsey

Munsey's Magazine, as we know it today, really begins with Volume VI. in the history of the periodical. Before that there had been a *Munsey's Weekly,* which made up the first five volumes. Number I. of the magazine bore the date of October, 1891, and a striking feature of this number was the preponderance of material of particular interest to the people who live

in New York or in its vicinity. The first paper was entitled "Snapshots in Central Park." It was written by J. Crawford Hamilton. "Plays and Players of the Day," by Morris Bacheller, was followed by a story, "A Daughter of the Desert," by Thomas Winthrop Hall; then came the first Munsey poem, "A Brief Burlesque." The appeal to New York appeared again in the next article, "The Museum of Natural History," by Warren Taylor, and, again, after a brief poem, in a paper by R. H. Titherington on "Brooklyn's Statue of Beecher." Then there are two poems, "My Pretty Library Vis à Vis," by Joel Benton, and "To Priscilla," by Stephen Decatur Smith. An article on "Cornelius Vanderbilt," by William S. Richmond; "A Matter of Conscience," by Elliot E. Shaw; "Yesterday and To-Day," by Nathan M. Levy; "An Episode of Nugget Bar," by H. L. Wilson; "A Dilemma," by Flabel Scot Mines; "The Colleges of New York," by Judson Newman Smith; "Love is Blind," by Jean La Rue Burnett; "The Japanese Novelty," by Allanson Goodwin; "Horsemanship a Popular Fad," by Frank A. Munsey; "Hallowe'en" (verse); "A Life Speculation," by Henry W. Austin; "An Accidental Romance," by Matthew White, Jr.; "Unbroken," by Charles H. Luders; "Vera Shamarin," by William Murray Graydon; and, finally, "The Department of Editorial Etchings," in which are discussed From Weekly to Magazine, Our Immigrant Armies, Ruling Out Art, and Defects in Our Penal Code. It will be noted that the list of contributors contains three names of men whose association with the magazine has been in an editorial capacity: Frank A. Munsey, R. H. Titherington and Matthew White, Jr.

The First "McClure's."

Obsolete as it seems when judged by the ephemeral standards of this year or last, the first issue of *McClure's* is very interesting reading indeed. It bears the date of June, 1893, and owing to the fact that the text and advertising seem to have all been printed together, contains the unusual number of ninety-three pages of reading matter. The table of contents has a very decided literary flavour. The magazine opened with the first of a series of Real Conversations. This is practically an article on Mr. William Dean Howells, but it is offered under the unwieldy sub-title of "A Dialogue Between William Dean Howells and Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen," recorded by Mr. Boyesen. Then followed "The Nymph of the Eddy," by Gilbert Parker (for this was long years before the Canadian novelist was knighted), introduced under the general and serial head of "Parables of a Province." In fact, there was a very marked striving after serieses of papers in the editing of the first numbers of the magazine. "Parables of a Province" was followed by the pictorial "Human Documents," which was such a feature of *McClure's* in its early years. This department was introduced by a paper from the pen of Sarah Orne Jewett, and the subjects dealt with were General Lew Wallace, William Dean Howells, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen and Alphonse Daudet. The next feature was the first of a series on "Wild Animals," by Raymond Blathwayt. It discussed how they were "captured, transported, trained and sold." The first bit of fiction was "Under Sentence of the Law, the Story of a Dog," by Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. Then followed "The Edge of the Future, Unsolved Problems that Edison is Studying," by E. J. Edwards; "A Day with Gladstone, from the Morning at Hawarden to the Evening at the House of Commons," by H. W. Massingham, of the London *Chronicle;* "Where Man Got His Ears," by Henry Drummond; James Parton's Rules for Biography; "Europe at the Moment," by M. de Blowitz; "The Comedy of War" (fiction), by Joel Chandler Harris; "The Rose is Such a Lady," a poem, by Gertrude Hall; and "The Count de Lesseps of To-Day," by R. H. Sherard.

Some one recently renamed Miss Marie Van Vorst's latest novel *Outside the House of Mirth.* That title is not inappropriate, inasmuch as *The Sin of George Warrener* deals with the class of people who are clamouring at the gates

of the society of which Lily Bart is a member. Miss Van Vorst, who has proved her versatility in journalism, criticism, fiction and verse, shares with her sister-in-law, Mrs. John van Vorst, the responsibility for calling forth President Roosevelt's "Race Suicide" letter, which first appeared as an introduction to their book, *The Woman Who Toils.*

Marie van Vorst

Since we had occasion in our June issue to recall a singular prophecy of Mademoiselle Couédon, the French clairvoyant, in January, 1905, and its partial fulfilment by the San Francisco earthquake, prophecies have had to us a little more than usual interest. The "Old Moore Almanac" for 1907 appeared a few weeks ago in London and promises the

Cheerful



MARIE VAN VORST

world a most exciting twelve months. January, we are told, will bring shocking earthquakes in the south of Europe and riots in London and Italy. In February there is to be a great disaster in the Cornwall mines. March will find mutiny in the British army. In April a mysterious letter will be sent from St. Petersburg to the Court of St. James and, as a result, England will at once place her land and sea forces on a war footing. From Spain there will come terrible news, in June, though it is not definitely said what this news will be about. In July the crops of Europe will be ruined by a great drought. France and Germany will prepare for war in August. In October the Morocco question will again come up with renewed complications. Then all through the year the Russian revolution is to continue and China will have a liberal insurrection. Cheerful!

The extensive publicity bureau maintained by Mr. George Bernard Shaw has been unusually active and ingenious of late. A few weeks ago there was cabled from London a story to the effect that Mr. Shaw was engaged in writing a play which would contain a death-bed scene on the stage, and that this scene was to be excruciatingly funny. A little later came the news that Mr. Shaw had been photographed in "the altogether," posing as Rodin's "Le Penseur," and that the photograph was to be exhibited in a London exhibition.

G. B. Shaw.

On his recent visit to Europe Mr. George Barr McCutcheon followed in the footsteps of his American heroes and heroines as far as Vienna and there stopped. He confesses to a fear that any closer acquaintance with the mountain kingdom of Graustark, "somewhere out in the Balkans," would have brought disillusionment. Mr. McCutcheon's new novel, *Jane Cable,* will be reviewed in the November issue.

Mr. McCutcheon and Graustark.

A rather cruel story was going the rounds two or three years ago at the expense of the author of an exceedingly fortunate "best seller," whose head was supposed to be a trifle turned by the magnitude of his unexpected success. According to the yarn, the author in question was found in the corridor of a New York hotel by a friend from his native town, who rushed up with all the usual enthusiastic warmth of the average American away from home. To the surprise of the latter the novelist put a warning finger to his lips and hurried off to an obscure corner. "I didn't want you to call out my name," explained the man of letters. "Just address me as Mr. So-and-So. The fact is, I'm here incog."

"Incog."

We do not vouch for the truth of this anecdote, nor do we undertake to contradict it, but our personal acquaintance with the modern American authors hardly leads us to believe that there is any one of them who takes himself quite so much *au grand serieux* as to feel the need of a disguise if he desires his presence to pass unnoticed. On the other hand, there have been eminent novelists whom we are quite ready to associate with an "incog." Victor Hugo, for instance, we are sure, would have used one for reasons apart from political, and would have been hugely and scornfully astonished had any one had the temerity to consider him as making himself ridiculous by so doing. Balzac actually did so on one or two of his visits to Madame Hanska, but in his case we should ascribe it less to personal vanity than to his liking for the bizarre and mysterious—that liking which caused him to organise a secret society, to believe in it with naive ardours, and delightedly to greet his brother Invincibles, when he met them in society, with sly winks and facial contortions. Eugène Sue would probably have travelled incognito and thought that his action conferred a certain distinction on a time-honoured custom. The elder Dumas would certainly have done so and unquestionably would have taken all his fellow-travellers into his



G. B. M'CUTCHEON

confidence on the matter. We can believe an "incog." of Bulwer-Lytton, and of Fenimore Cooper, and of Lord Tennyson.

❧

Speaking of "incogs." recalls a very interesting list of the names used by European notables which recently appeared in London *M. A. P.* The subject was suggested by the fact that King Edward had just started on a trip under the name of the Duke of Lancaster. The purpose of this "disguise" is not altogether to prevent the King being recognised, although that object is occasionally



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF H. G. WELLS

desirable; it means, principally, that the sovereigns through whose domains he travels are relieved from the necessity of visiting him in full state, and are thereby saved considerable expense and trouble. When his Majesty's visits are informal, the term "incognito" is used; when he desires his presence to pass unnoticed, the words "strict incognito" are employed.

Before he ascended the throne, according to *M. A. P.*, his Majesty travelled privately as the Earl of Chester, but that title is now the property of the Prince of Wales. In his early youth the King travelled with his tutor a good deal about England strictly incognito, and not always to his personal advantage. An hotel proprietor in the West country had been apprised of his future King's forth-



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF SARA JEANNETTE COTES

coming arrival incognito. The best apartments were got ready. A gentleman and a boy arrived, and the proprietor, believing them to be the Prince and his tutor, showed them deferentially to the very special rooms. Later in the day came two gentlemen and a boy, asking for accommodation. "Very sorry, gentlemen," said the landlord; "we have only room for two of your party; but perhaps we can manage to make up a bed for the young gentleman on the sofa." This was done, and in the morning it was discovered that the youth who slept on the "shakedown" was the heir apparent, while the boy who occupied the best bedroom was plain "Master Robinson," travelling with his father. At this period the King occasionally travelled as Lord Renfrew. During a visit to the United States, a wealthy magnate, introduced to his Royal Highness, remarked: "Lord Renfrew, eh! But you're no better than anybody else. I'll call you Mr. Renfrew." And he did for the whole of the visit, to the infinite amusement of the Prince's party.

❦

Queen Alexandra once stayed in Paris as Mrs. Stephens. The Queen of Norway, when Princess Charles of Denmark,



THE COMPARATIVE POPULARITY OF ENGLISH NOVELISTS

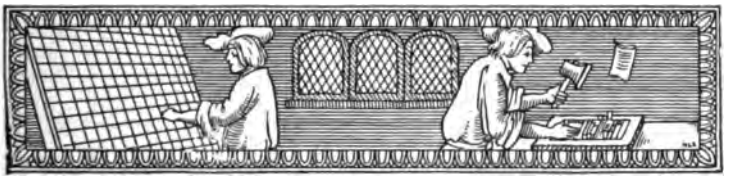
Regarded from left to right the authors depicted are as follows: Mr. Thomas Hardy, Miss Braddon, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Stanley Weyman, R. L. Stevenson, W. M. Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, Mr. Henry James, Charlotte Brontë, Mr. George Meredith, Anthony Trollope, Charles Kingsley, Bulwer Lytton, Mr. I. Zangwill, Charles Reade, and Mr. E. F. Benson.

used to make journeys on the Continent with her governess, under the single cognomen of Miss Mills. Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) calls herself Lady Sundridge, using one of her husband's second titles. Princess Christian styles herself Countess Gravenstein. Princess Henry of Battenberg adopts the title of Lady Carisbrooke, from her official position as Governor of the Isle of Wight. The Princess of Wales travels as Countess of Killarney; the Duchess of Connaught as Countess of Sussex; the ex-Empress Eugénie as Comtesse de Pierreponds. Queen Victoria used the title of Countess of Balmoral, and the Duke of Cambridge that of Lord Culloden. The Princess Victoria has travelled as plain Miss Johnson. Other notable incognitos are as follows:

King of Spain.....Marquis Cavadonga.
Queen of Spain.....Countess of Toledo.
King of Portugal.....Count de Barcelles.
Queen of Portugal.....Marqueza de Villacosa.
King Oscar of Sweden.....Count von Haga.
Crown Prince of Sweden...Count Carlesberg.
Emperor of Austria.....Count Hohenembs.
Late Empress Frederick...Countess of Lingen.
Ex-Queen of Naples.....Duchess de Castro.
Prince Victor Napoleon..Count de Moncalieri.
Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria..Count Murany.

Relative Literary Popularity.

The accompanying illustration, which the *Strand Magazine* recently printed in an article on "Living Figures," is interesting, but rather misleading. While the fact that it deals exclusively with English authors and readers is obvious, the inference is that it relates to the relative literary popularity of the present day. While we should like to believe that a great many more persons are engaged in the perusal of Thackeray than in reading the books of Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine, as the figures would seem to indicate, we fear that the pleasing disparity in size is entirely due to the fact that the author of *Henry Esmond* had a great many years' start. In justice to the compiler of the paper it must be said that it has been based on what has been read during the past twenty years.





TOLSTOY AND GORKY

TOLSTOY IN 1906



THE afternoon was well advanced when my sister and I reached Toúla. Our train was an hour late. At best Russians are not noted for their punctuality, and now, when lawlessness seems to be in the air, the train service is more disorganised than ever.

Anxious lest our visit to Tolstoy, which was to be a short one in any case, should be still further curtailed, we asked the guard whether we were not losing time.

"Yes," he replied, "but at the next station we leave three carriages behind, and shall then catch up."

After the three carriages were left behind, however, we still went on losing time, though instead of three or four we now only lost one or two minutes between each station.

An hour was wasted in looking for a vehicle and horses to take us from Toúla to Yásnaya Polyána, some ten miles away in the country; and it was seven o'clock before we arrived, and saw Tolstoy and his family dining at a long table spread under the trees in front of the house. Several persons rose and came to greet us; and we were asked at once to the table, without going first into the house. I threw my cloak and bonnet on a garden seat, and, after an informal introduction to those members of the household whom we did not already know, was given a place at Tolstoy's side. Besides Tolstoy, his wife, a son, three daughters, and a little grandson, there were present an English governess, a doctor, the eldest daughter's husband and step-children, and one or two other people, all of whom were staying in the house, or at the other house on the estate.

Though two men-servants were waiting at table, the dinner was a most informal meal; but perhaps our late arrival may have contributed to the prevailing confusion.

We were asked many questions about ourselves and our friends, with that peculiar relevancy which makes you feel that the questioner is really interested in you, your family and life. Tolstoy has this power of remembering and entering into other people's interests to a very high degree.

Both Tolstoy himself, his son Sergius, who is in the Moscow Duma, and his son-in-law, who is in the National Duma, were pessimistic as to the state of affairs in Russia. It was very evident that the recent events had in no wise altered or modified Tolstoy's anti-governmental views. My sister, rightly supposing that newspapers only reach Yásnaya Polyána late in the evening, had brought one with her. It was eagerly seized by some of the party, but Tolstoy remarked that he did not like reading newspapers. They not only waste time, but are even harmful, besides being full of lies. He seemed much depressed by the lies told by all the political parties, and by the false promises they have made to the people, in their efforts to win the election.

"They have promised the peasants what it is impossible to grant," he said. "And if it were possible, why should the peasants again form a separate class, and be the only possessors of land? Why should not a boot-maker, or a nobleman, have the use of land if he needs it? If they really wish to do something, why don't they adopt Henry George's scheme?"

I replied that people in Moscow said that the peasants would not be content with that scheme, and would not understand it, and I asked whether Tolstoy thought they would.

"Yes," he replied slowly; "I think many of them would. Some to whom I explained it understood it perfectly and quite approved of it."

"That is well," I said; "for many educated people don't seem to understand it at all, and think they would lose their little farms and gardens if Henry George's scheme were adopted."

Tolstoy laughed. "Yes," he said; "I have spoken to people who when I advised them to read Henry George, told me they had done so and quite understood him; yet they complained that 'It is not fair to tax people for the labour they put into the land!' And still they pretended to understand Henry George!"

"Well, at least you have now got some freedom of the press in Russia. That is something," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, rather doubtfully; "yes, that is something." But he did not seem very ready to make even this small admission to the utility of the reforms from which so many in Russia hope such great things.

When dinner was over, the company did not all rise at once. Engaged in interesting conversation with the host, I had only a vague sense of moving figures, and a feeling that I need not get up yet.

I gave Tolstoy one or two messages from people who had asked me to tell him how much they had been helped by his writings, as well as a resolution addressed to him by a meeting of the Vegetarian Association recently held at Cheltenham. He seemed pleased, and in his straightforward, simple fashion remarked that he could not at all understand how it was that so many good people remain meat-eaters.

"And you know they pretend a vege-

tarian diet is more expensive," said he, and paused, as if wishing to hear my opinion.

"Yes, I know," I answered. "I have often heard the same thing said. But of course it is quite a mistake; it is much cheaper when properly managed."

"Just so. Yet my wife won't admit it, and proves her point by giving me dainties—things out of season, and which I do not at all require."

It was rather amusing that the Countess Tolstoy was meanwhile complaining to my sister of her difficulties in providing for the family, some of whom were strict vegetarians, while others ate fish, and the rest were meat-eaters.

Soon after dinner several of the company assembled on the tennis-court, which is merely a bit of ground shaded by tall trees, with the turf removed, covered with sand, rolled or stamped down to a degree of smoothness which would hardly satisfy English players. On one side of the ground is a long wooden bench, and on it I sat down beside Tolstoy. He watched the game with interest, and the players, among whom was his youngest daughter, seemed very keen on it. It was amusing to hear the familiar English words "game," "thirty love," "play," called out with Russian accents, and intermingled with comments in Russian. A consecutive conversation was impossible, especially as the people who watched the game kept coming and going, now sitting down on the bench, now rising to give room to some one else, or to take their turn at the game. But Tolstoy, though following the game keenly, put in a word every now and then, or made some remark which showed that he listened to what was being said, and again showed that he had not altered or modified his views on the use of physical force, on private property, or on Christian duty. When the Doukhobórs happened to be mentioned, his second daughter, Princess Obolénsky, remarked that it was the fear of forgetting their ideals and becoming self-satisfied by a life of material prosperity that led them to start on pilgrimages in search of the Messiah, and other eccentricities. Tolstoy began to say something which sounded like approval, but was interrupted. A beggar had come up the path to a few feet behind our bench, and stood in that peculiar attitude of humility and resignation a Russian beggar can assume, holding his limp cap in his hands, which lay crossed on the knob of his staff; and bowing low his bare head, waited in silence. I turned to look at the beggar, and did not see whether Tolstoy's hand felt for his pocket, as mine and those of most of the people present did, but I heard him ask his daughter if she had anything, and saw a hand pass a silver coin to the beggar. It made me think of what Tolstoy says in one of his books about it being a matter of politeness not to refuse a trifle to a man who asks you for it.

The beggar bowed and went his way, and Princess Obolénsky told us a story about a woman she had heard of in Paris, who had given away everything she possessed, until she had nothing left but the dress she was wearing next her skin, and that then her relatives had her shut up in a lunatic asylum. There was a ring of pity and indignation in the speaker's voice, and her father again began:

"Yes, it is strange . . ."

But there was another interruption, and I did not hear the rest.

It was a warm evening, yet Tolstoy soon began to feel chilly, and though an overcoat was brought him, he said he would go in, and I thought he seemed to be in pain.

The doctor, whom I had met in England some years before, now offered to show me round the park. I accepted, and followed him down the shady path to the pond, which, he said, had been recently cleaned, and from the banks of which the brushwood that had been allowed to grow for many years had been cleared at the same time. Tolstoy had had this done because in his mother's days these banks were open, and he wanted the ponds to be as they had then been. It was growing dusk beneath the tall, closely planted lime-trees which grew down both sides of the long avenues, at the end of which the evening light appeared, as through a small Gothic window. These avenues, as far as I could make out by the fading light, are intersected in several places by paths thickly walled and roofed in by hazels or some similar bushes. After the

extremely hot day, it was still very warm beneath the trees, but now and then there came a delightful, soft, balmy and refreshing breeze. The air was full of the song of nightingales. They seemed to be on every side and above us, as we walked along the soft, sandy, slightly humid footpaths. I had never before visited Yásnaya Polyána, or, indeed, any of those Russian estates, far away in the country, which both Tolstoy and Tourgénef describe in their novels, and I could hardly tell whether it was the resemblance to some of the parks nearer Moscow or these vivid descriptions that gave these new surroundings that familiarity which adds a charm to the most beautiful, as well as to the most ordinary, scene. However, I had not much time to spare, nor did I feel sentimentally inclined, and we walked quickly, only stopping for my guide to point out different places mentioned in Tolstoy's novels; for instance, the wood where Kitty and her baby, in *Anna Karénina,* were during the thunderstorm, while Lévin was both vexed and anxious about them.

When we came up to the house, past the now deserted tennis-ground, we met the Countess, who was taking my sister the same round that I had just gone; and from a balcony Tolstoy called to me to come up if I wanted to talk. The doctor showed me the way up, and I found Tolstoy and his son-in-law on the balcony playing chess in the twilight. Tolstoy asked me to excuse him, as his son-in-law was going away the next day, and this was their last game, and would be finished in a few minutes. After a few moves his son-in-law was checkmated, because (as they both said) his eyes were weaker than the old man's, and he could no longer distinguish the pieces.

When his son-in-law had left us, Tolstoy spoke very kindly about a book of his stories, *Twenty-Three Tales by Tolstoy,* which my husband and I had just translated into English, and a copy of which I had brought him. He said he had already had time to read my husband's short preface, which he liked very much, and that he thought the way the book was arranged was excellent.

He then fetched a book he had been compiling, *A Circle of Readings,* a collection of thoughts by great thinkers and teachers (including many of his own), grouped according to the lessons they contained, and arranged for every-day readings, with a few short stories by himself and by other writers. He told me he considered that reading some of these thoughts, and thinking them over, was most useful; and that to read them to, and talk them over with, a child was the best form of education.

"Children," he said, "understand many of them." He knew this by experience with his little grandson, who gladly and regularly came to him every day to hear some of these thoughts read out and talked over. He said he was compiling a second volume, simpler and even more suited for children and uneducated people.

We went on to talk about a child we both knew, and were interested in; and about a mutual friend I had met in Moscow a few days before, who had nearly got into trouble and lost his place, being accused by the gendarmes, quite unjustly, of carrying on revolutionary propaganda.

"Ah, yes," said Tolstoy despondently, "I have just been thinking how fortunate your old father and I are to be so near death."

It had grown dark; the nightingales never ceased their songs, and from downstairs came the sound of a human voice, singing snatches of songs delightfully to the guitar, in a subdued tone, as if obeying a natural desire, prompted by the mood of the moment.

"How lovely!" said Tolstoy. "Those are my daughter's step-children; they don't know any one is listening; that is why it sounds so beautiful."

It was time to go in. Tolstoy took the book he had given me, wrote an inscription on the fly-leaf, and returned it to me. Then he showed me some portraits on the wall of his study. Among them was one of Henry George, and we passed into the next room, where a long table was spread. We had just enough time to drink a cup of tea before taking leave and starting on our return journey to Moscow.

Louise Maude.

MY LAST VISIT TO TOLSTOY



IT is now nearly four years since, early one morning in August, 1902, I walked the couple of miles across pleasant, undulating and in places wooded country from Kozlóvka Zaseka, a small country station on the Moscow-Koursk Railway, and reached, first, the long birch alley leading to the house, and then the house itself, at Yásnaya Polyána, where Tolstoy lives.

Five years had passed since I had last visited it and him. The place had altered but little; it was still the same plain, substantial country-house, with old-fashioned, rather bare furniture, but comfortable withal, roomy and well adapted to its purpose. The large grounds seemed even more neglected and overgrown than of yore, as though announcing that their master was absorbed in matters more serious than the trimness of his gardens.

Tolstoy himself was slowly recovering from a series of illnesses, which had brought him to death's door. One after another, angina pectoris, inflammation of both lungs, pleurisy, and enteric fever had been announced by the doctors, who almost gave him up. Slowly, however, his strong constitution pulled him through, and at the time of my visit he was again on the high-road to recovery, though still so weak that he was glad to be helped upstairs after a couple of miles' walk. I noticed, too, that at times he had to leave the company in the large room which served both as dining and sitting room, to go and lie down; and once or twice he even dropped asleep in his chair.

Tolstoy has always been sceptical of the advantages of medicine and of doctors, and it was amusing to hear the Countess tell of his surprise at finding that it really had an effect, when at the time of his greatest weakness they administered injections of camphor. Speaking in his humorous way, when already convalescent, he said to the three doctors who attended him: "Well, gentlemen, I have always spoken badly of doctors, but now that I have got to know you better, I see that I did you a great injustice. You are really very good men, and you know all that your science teaches—the only pity is that your science knows nothing!"

In a similar vein, after being visited by an American Senator (or ex-Senator) with whose opinions he had been unable to agree, he once, at dinner, asked his family and visitors whether they knew how the United States is governed. They did not know; so he proceeded to explain that for the government of the country each State of the Union carefully chooses out its wisest men, and these in turn carefully choose the very wisest of all to be Senators. One such Senator had, he said, been to see him. This Senator knew all the sciences and all the languages, and had read all the books; but the pity was that he had not yet begun to think!

The Countess has a habit of telling even casual visitors of her difficulties, and of the opinions she holds contrary to her husband's, but I noticed many signs of her love and care of him; and far from being conscious of discord in the house, I was much impressed by the atmosphere of love and respect that surrounded the old man from his own family, as well as from the retainers, and from the visitors of all classes and sorts who came to speak with him.

That, after some twenty years of married life, Tolstoy changed his views on property and other questions very much, and that this occasioned friction with his wife, whose views had not changed as his had, is matter of common knowledge. But the fancy sketches that have appeared from time to time in our periodicals as to their relations to one another do him, and especially her, much injustice. With reference to one such article, which appeared soon after my visit, Tolstoy wrote me: "My relations with my wife, my respect and love for her, and our friendly forty-year family life, are too well known to our acquaintances, and my wife is known to too many people, for the writings of some journalist or other to injure her reputation in any way."

The members of the family all have their own views, and hardly one of them

would accept all that Tolstoy has written; but apart from any question of opinions, there was, in the family group I saw at Yásnaya, evidence of mutual respect and affection, which could not have existed had independence of thought among them been suppressed. Of his three daughters in particular Tolstoy said: "I have to thank God for giving me such daughters."

He has never kept a paid secretary. The work of copying out his MSS. and assisting him in his correspondence has been undertaken first by his wife, and later on by each of his daughters in succession.

During my visit the youngest daughter, the Countess Alexandra, an attractive, powerfully-built and vigorous young lady, was the only one living in the house, but the second of his two married daughters, Mary, Princess Obolénsky, was living with her husband in another house near by, and came over to the big house for most of the meals. This daughter in particular has been much influenced by her father's views. They all share the characteristic Tolstoy manner, and are frank of speech, kindly and sympathetic, and possess that assurance which comes of meeting many people intimately and on friendly terms.

Tolstoy's only sister, Mary, who, since her husband's death, has become a nun at the Shamárdino Convent, near Koloúga, was also staying in the house. She had obtained leave of absence from the convent in consideration of the state of her brother's health. Knowing my interest in Tolstoy, she narrated several stories of the days when he devoted himself to educational work, and started eleven schools in the neighbourhood. On one occasion, soon after the emancipation of the serfs, owing to rumours of further rights the Tsar was said to have granted, the peasants of the district refused to work for the landowners. Thereupon Tolstoy, his wife, sister and eleven teachers from the schools set to work themselves, and saved his hay crop by their own exertions.

In those days the boys from all the schools within reach used to collect, on Sundays, at Yásnaya Polyána, and Tolstoy would spend hours with them, playing *barre*—a kind of "storm the castle."

But to return to what happened during the four days of my stay: Tolstoy's two younger sons, with their wives, paid flying visits to Yásnaya Polyána, and no less than fourteen other visitors came, several of whom remained one or more nights. It will illustrate the diversity of interests that surround Tolstoy if I mention some of these visitors.

One was V. V. Stásof, the well-known critic and author, who is at the head of the Imperial Academy Library at St. Petersburg. He is an old friend of the family. His immense knowledge of books, as well as the great library he has at command, makes him very useful to Tolstoy when the latter is dealing with some fresh subject and wants to see the best that has been written upon it. Stásof by no means shares all Tolstoy's views; but he feels the highest esteem for him. He remarked to me that among her great writers Russia has had three who were pre-eminently *intellectual*. They were Herzen, Griboyédof and Tolstoy.

Another guest was the sculptor Ginzburg, who was modelling a bust of Tolstoy. I had met him at the house on a former occasion, and was much struck, both times, by his inimitable powers of mimicry. With a towel and a chair he could give a whole performance of a nurse and the baby she had in charge; or he could become a most life-like tailor stitching clothes. Tolstoy was delighted with this dramatic ability, and when we were out for a walk one day said to him: "Ah, if only our theatre-realists could be got to understand that what is wanted is not to put real babies on the stage and show the real messes they make, but to convey, as you do, by voice and feature, the real feeling that has to be expressed."

Ginzburg was anxious to interest Tolstoy in the sufferings of the Jewish population, and some of the stories he told from his own knowledge of the subject were very striking. He knew, for instance, of a girl anxious to complete her studies and qualify as a school-mistress, but who was unable to get college training within the pale of settlement to which, as a Jewess, she was confined. There was only one possible way for her to procure the legal right of residence in Petersburg, where the educational facilities she

sought were obtainable. That way was to become a professional prostitute, and to apply to the police for a "yellow ticket," the special passport issued to the unfortunate class. This expedient she reluctantly resorted to, but was suspected of not following her vocation, and after repeatedly escaping medical examination by bribing the police doctors, she was ultimately expelled from Petersburg. The "yellow ticket" was not enough; nothing but the actual practice of her profession would satisfy the officials.

Another visitor was Stahóvitch, *Maréchal de la Noblesse* in Orél, who, at a congress of Russian missionaries some time previously, had made a speech in favour of religious toleration. At that time this was an act of unheard of boldness, and produced a great sensation. Sipyágin, the Minister of the Interior, sent Stahóvitch a reprimand, which the latter declined to accept unless it came from the Emperor. He thereupon received a letter from the Emperor, who took exception merely to some expressions Stahóvitch had used. It was in connection with this letter, and the reply he was about to send to it, that he had come to consult Tolstoy.

In those dark days of bureaucratic despotism, when in Russia few people dared to call their souls their own, Tolstoy always most warmly approved of every assertion of personal dignity in opposition to official arrogance. I heard him tell with satisfaction how years before, when old Prince Dolgoroúki, then Governor-General of Moscow, sent for him on account of something he had written, he had returned a message that if the Prince had anything to say to him he had better call on him. He heard no more of the affair, which might have sufficed to send a lesser man to exile.

Several young people, relations of Stahóvitch, had come with him to see Tolstoy. It was their first visit to Yásnaya, and was evidently felt by them to be a great event. Tolstoy did not miss the opportunity of implanting in their minds the seeds of his anti-war, vegetarian and land-nationalisation principles. It was characteristic of Russia that members of a great land-owning family should so amicably and respectfully sit at the feet of a philosophic anarchist, who admitted anything so mild as land-nationalisation, only by way of concession to the weakness of humanity; his own principles demanding absolute abolition of every vestige of any government that enforces its decrees and the free yielding up of land (or any other form of property) to any one who cares to take it.

There was in the atmosphere of the house an infectious feeling of the importance of what was going on; and this showed itself among the visitors. There was plenty of mirth, but its savour came from the strenuous life lived there. It felt as though we were all invited to share in the immediate regeneration of mankind.

On Sunday afternoon a Jewish clerk living in the neighbourhood called asking to see Tolstoy. He had read some of his religious writings, and wanted further explanations. To such callers Tolstoy is especially attentive. The man was invited in to tea, and soon a volume of extracts from the Talmud, a New Testament and an English Concordance were on the table in the large room already mentioned, and a series of questions and explanations were in progress. At first I did not follow this conversation, but presently Tolstoy called for attention, saying: "I have just discovered something. Listen to this." He then read out the parable from the twenty-second chapter of Matthew, beginning: "The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a certain king, who made a marriage feast for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the marriage feast; and they would not come." He then went on from verse two to verse ten—how other servants were sent, and those who had been invited would still not come, and how at last the king sent his servants to the partings of the highways, to gather all they could find, "and the wedding was filled with guests." Stopping here, he asked the assembled company whether that made sense, as a parable of the international democratisation of the kingdom of heaven. All agreed that it did. Then he went on to read verses eleven to fourteen, about a man who had not on a wedding garment, and whom the king ordered to be cast into the outer darkness, where

there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Tolstoy then asked whether that made sense with the rest of the parable, and received a reply that it did not.

"Well," said he, "I have just found where it comes from! It is part of a story in the Talmud, and must have been copied by accident on to the end of the Gospel parable. Some scribe who knew the Talmud story by heart had probably been engaged in copying the Gospel, and coming to words which occur identically in both, has blundered, and writing from memory, put into the Gospels a passage which makes sense where it occurs in the Talmud, but does not make sense here."

A little later some one asked Tolstoy whether he considered that Christianity had any advantage over Buddhism. To this he replied that both religions were equally concerned to prepare man for what will follow after the present life, but that Buddhism gives this world up as a bad job, accepting what is wrong in it as inevitable; whereas Christianity (at its best) trains the soul of man for what comes after by engaging him in the practical work of establishing the kingdom of righteousness here and now.

One day during my stay a telegram arrived from the Grand-Duke Nicholas Miháylovitch asking for news of Tolstoy's health. This, Tolstoy remarked, was a reminder that he had delayed acknowledging a service the Grand-Duke had done him by handing the Emperor a letter Tolstoy had addressed to him and wished to have delivered into his own hands.

That same day a workman called who had been injured at a factory and wanted to know how he could secure compensation. After seeing him, Tolstoy said: "In such cases I often have contradictory feelings. One sympathises with the man, but yet one constantly feels, as in this case, that he wishes to take unfair advantage of his injury. He makes out that he can do no work at all, while really he could still do something if he wished to."

In each of the two houses on the estate there stood a grand piano. Where the Tolstoys are, music is never long absent; and professional musicians are frequent visitors at Yásnaya Polyána. One such, during my stay, performed a new piece he had composed, but as it was in the elaborate style Tolstoy discountenances, it received but scanty commendation from him. I asked if he still held quite firmly to the view of Wagner's later operas expressed in *What is Art?* Yes; he was as resolute as ever. Music acts in two ways; one way is by the transmission of the artist's feelings; that is the real thing, and of that Wagner has comparatively little. The other is the physical effect on the nerves, produced, for instance, by passing from the softest and simplest sounds to the loudest and most complex crash. Of this pseudo-music, which acts strongly on the nerves, but not on the feelings, there is, Tolstoy maintains, a great deal in Wagner.

Only occasionally could one get Tolstoy to speak of such things as his experiences during the siege of Sevastopol, and other personal recollections; but he spoke more willingly about his works.

He regards *War and Peace* and *Anna Karénina* as belonging to that class of fiction which (like music) merely unites people in pleasant feelings without seeking to improve their outlook on life. *War and Peace,* he remarked, is somewhat injured by the intrusion of a philosophy regarding the influence of great men, which (though true) is out of place in a novel. It is difficult to estimate the effect a novel will have on different people. "For instance," said Tolstoy, "in the case of *War and Peace* (which one would think harmless enough) the daughter of a very celebrated Moscow doctor told me, to my distress, that reading it had given her a love of balls and entertainments."

Resurrection belongs to a different school of art, which aims at shaping the reader's feelings.

Tolstoy, who is very appreciative of faithful renderings of his works into other languages, seldom allows himself to complain of bad ones. On this occasion, however, he could not refrain from expressing the dissatisfaction he felt with the new complete edition which Stock, in Paris, was then beginning to publish. Of English versions, besides commending what my wife and I have done (he remarked on my wife's rendering of the

French verses in *What is Art?* as being particularly skilful), he also named Mrs. Constance Garnett's work with approval. As it is rather the custom among some English people to pretend that any translation into French is sure to be good, and any translation into English is bound to be bad, it was with satisfaction that I heard Tolstoy express so different an opinion, based not on the general merits of a language, but on the individual work of different translators.

Of his story, *Work While Ye Have the Light,* in which the people converted to Christianity go and live a simple country life and find all their perplexities ended, he said: "I never hear it mentioned without feeling ashamed." This is so, no doubt, partly because of its artistic defects and unfinished execution, but also because he has long since realised that Christians and Pagans must have shaded off into one another and overlapped. Difference of opinion cannot, in real life, have corresponded to so marked a difference of occupation and character as in that story. People's minds are not white and black, but various shades of grey.

While in poor health, Tolstoy allowed himself the luxury of finishing a novel of Caucasian life, the hero of which is Hadji Mourat, who, next to the celebrated Shamul, was the most conspicuous leader of the tribes against whom Tolstoy fought when he first entered the army, in 1852. This novel will not, he said, be published during his lifetime, partly to avoid the unpleasantness of the scramble that, owing to his refusal of copyright, would take place among publishers, and partly because, he says, were he to publish it now he would be tempted to spend too much time in polishing it, and this would interfere with the more important matters he wishes to attend to before he dies. The attention a new novel of his receives when it appears would also be a temptation to his vanity ("I have caught myself at it!"), and would engross him too much.

In reply to an inquiry whether he admitted the charge frequently brought against his translations of the Gospels, that he had often misunderstood the meaning of the Greek text, he replied that he had been very conscientious in his study of Greek, and did not think he had made gross blunders. He had consulted an acute critic and a very fine scholar about doubtful passages; but in his efforts to counteract the Orthodox bias apparent in the Slavonic text he had no doubt often fallen into a contrary bias of his own. He compared his work to an attempt to depolarise a magnetised watch. This, I think, accounts for much that has perplexed people in Tolstoy's version. To a great extent it is a polemical work; and Greek scholars who have not before them the Slavonic version, which was Tolstoy's *bête noire,* do not see why he wished to force certain texts in this or that particular direction.

Speaking of Tolstoy's knowledge of Greek led me to ask what other languages he knows. Russian, French and German he has full command of. English he reads with complete facility and speaks well, though with me he preferred to talk Russian. He also knows Italian. Tartar, which he used to know, he has almost forgotten. Of ancient languages, besides Greek, he knows Latin and Hebrew, but the latter not well.

Of the advantage of learning languages he remarked that it helps brotherly intercourse among men. Meeting people one cannot speak with causes dislike. Speech draws us together.

The Countess mentioned that a publisher had recently offered half a million roubles for the copyright in her husband's works, but that the latter held rigidly to his repudiation of all such rights. Another publisher, Marks, was offering 200,000 roubles for a copyright limited to two years, but with no better success. Yet when I spoke to Tolstoy of my own reasons for not foregoing copyright in the translations I made of his works, he did not object, but only said: "It is a question I have not considered from the side of practical advantage. I can only put a note of interrogation to it." He then passed on to other topics.

One sign of weakness that I noticed on this visit was that, for the time being, Tolstoy had abandoned his favourite game of chess, which he used to play with considerable ingenuity, though he never studied the book openings. I have seen him win a game by an ingenious com-

bination several moves deep, forcing a pawn to queen in a position that appeared to offer little chance of doing so. When serving in the army in the Caucasus, absorbed in a game of chess, he once omitted to go on duty, and was arrested, losing the St. George's Cross he was to have received next day.

Cards he finds tax his attention less than chess, and he played cards each evening of my visit, winning seventy kopecks one day and one rouble and forty kopecks another. The game of *Patience*, which is played by a single player, is a favourite resource of his when unable to get on with his work. His daughter told me that he played it one day from two till six o'clock in the afternoon. Once, when playing it, he declared he was testing whether the work he was writing would be of any use to the world. The result of the game indicated that the work would not be of use. "But I shall write it all the same," he remarked as he put away the cards.

It is, of course, only when out of sorts that he spends much time at cards. When in fair health his usual practice is to come to breakfast about nine o'clock. He does not remain at table long, but takes some tea away with him to his room. Except for a short walk, or a bathe in the pond, he is not seen again all the morning, and the Countess takes pains to prevent his being disturbed. Toward one or two o'clock he reappears for lunch. The afternoon is generally spent in walking or riding, alone or with visitors; but he does not feel satisfied unless he finds some time before dinner for reading. In the evening social intercourse fills up most of the time. Late at night the letters arrive from the post, and are read last thing before going to bed.

He spoke frequently of other people's writings very highly, praising Dickens, of whose books and stray articles he asked me to obtain a complete list for him. Of some of Carlyle's minor works he spoke with approval, but said he had not been able to get on with *Sartor Resartus*.

Górky being mentioned, Tolstoy expressed the opinion that his powers were generally overrated, not being really extraordinary; while of the imitators crowding in Górky's wake Tolstoy spoke with contempt. "They are," he said, "like children telling tales to frighten one another. "It was in a dark, d-a-r-k room (aren't you frightened?) and a gr-e-a-t big W-O-OLF came in! (aren't you frightened?)."

The subject always nearest to his heart, however, and to which he returned oftenest, was religion. Speaking of his illness, he said with a smile that he had gained so much by the experience that "I can only wish you all to be ill!"

He compared his recovery to being painfully dragged out of a bog into which he had nearly sunk, but into which he knew he had to return before long, and again to sink, before reaching the other side.

Speaking of love, he said it was the motive power of life. God is Love. We cannot increase the measure we possess of it, and should not try to force it. How can we control that which controls us? But we can remove all that hinders it, and can pay attention to it, recognising its importance.

To hear this rugged old man, with his shaggy, prominent eyebrows, piercing eyes and ruthless criticisms of nearly all the occupations and interests of his fellow-men, so earnestly insisting on the supreme importance of love was rather strange. As in the case of St. Paul (another panegyrist of love), one feels that the tribute is the greater, because uttered by a man who impresses us primarily not by his power of sympathy, but by his intellectual force.

One of the remarkable things about Tolstoy is the manysidedness of his activity, and his constant readiness to learn by experience. As an instance of this let me here find place for a story relating to the famine years, 1891 and 1892, told me by the banker A. N. Dounáef, an excellent and warm-hearted man and an intimate friend of Tolstoy's. Meeting Dounáef at that time, Tolstoy said to him: "Ah, how useful you would be if you could come and help me to organise the relief in the famine districts!"

"Why?" answered Dounáef. "Surely you have plenty of helpers as it is?"

To which Tolstoy replied: "Do you

know what I have observed? It is that those people who are free, and who come at the first summons, are free just because they have been found useless elsewhere. The useful people *always have ties* of their own already."

It is impossible adequately to describe the peaceful yet animated atmosphere of his home, crowded with vital interests, throbbing with life, overrun with visitors, but so influenced by the high and earnest tone of the great man they all looked up to that it felt both more bracing and more peaceful than any social circle I was ever in. In my note-book I see that I jotted down my feelings on leaving the place: "A remarkable and kindly family, apart from Tolstoy's genius. His influence is felt in the simplicity, frankness, kindliness and consideration shown toward all in the place."

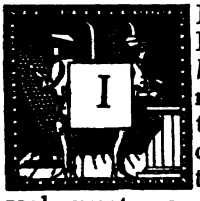
At last the time came for my return to Moscow. Declining the Countess's offer of a conveyance, I set out on foot.

It was a fine moonlight night. The undulating country looked beautiful, the air was sweet and still; and as, full of thoughts of Tolstoy and of the others I had met and had friendly intercourse with, I walked toward the wayside station, I came to a place near a wood where there was a splendid echo. To test the echo some sweet voice in the distance sang: "I—love—you," and the echo answered clearly: "I—love—you!" It seemed a fitting sequel to a visit which remains in my memory as one of the most delightful and stimulating times in my life.

The stuffy, dirty, unpunctual and overcrowded train which took me back to Moscow seemed specially designed to emphasise Tolstoy's indictment of modern civilisation. *Aylmer Maude.*



THE CREATION OF TYPES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



N reference to the recent English version of *Es War,* an erudite friend maintained regretfully, the other day, that Sudermann was one of those novelists whose real greatness could never be wholly understood outside of their native environment. His importance, so the argument ran, rested mainly upon having put into fiction for the first time certain types that have been all-important in the development of modern Prussia—types of the Agrarian party, the *Landadel,* the Prussian *Junker.* Sudermann's women, it was conceded, were of world-wide interest, types that would appeal to Teuton, Latin or Anglo-Saxon alike. But his strongest male types, his Major von Drosse in *Fritzchen,* his von Röcknitz in *Glück im Winkel,* his Leo Sellenthin in *Es War,* are so faithfully, so masterfully modelled directly from life, so instinct with the spirit of that Squirearchy which to a large extent made Bismarck what he was and the German Empire what it is to-day, that only a long and intimate acquaintance with Prussian life could give us the key to Sudermann's special genius.

To a critic already humbly conscious of his defective knowledge of German politics, such a line of argument offered, on the surface, a disquieting plausibility. And yet the doctrine it involved was nothing less than iconoclastic, subversive of fundamental and long-treasured theories of fiction. Other things being equal, the great masters of fiction have done their best work when they have adhered to their own time and country, one might almost say to their own city and their own social class. The first and highest requisite of a great novelist is the ability to recognise in the familiar, every-day life of his native village, his next-door neighbours, his own home circle, those permanent and universal traits that make the whole world kin, and wake a responsive chord in the hearts of readers separated from the author by the width of oceans and the barriers of alien tongues. Thackeray and Dickens, Balzac and Maupassant, Verga and Valdés and Tolstoy are never greater than when they are preeminently local, never more lucid to the alien mind than when picturing and interpreting types and species of humanity that germinate and mature only in the narrow circle of their own birthplace. In theory the whole matter is so simple that it needs no multitude of words to expound it. Our interest in any novel or story rests not upon the points of difference, but upon the points of similarity between ourselves and the fictitious men and women of whom we read. If a writer tells us of people so strange, eccentric, abnormal that their lives and ours have nothing in common, it makes no difference whether he lays his scene around the corner from us, or half-way around the world, for in neither case could he hold our interest. But the writer who has the inborn gift of portraying human nature may live all his life as Jane Austen lived hers, scarcely stirring beyond the limits of a sleepy, provincial British town, and yet produce an immortal series of portraits whose wonderful fidelity to life we recognise instinctively after the lapse of a hundred years. It may be laid down as an axiom that, however faithfully they lay on their local colour, the greatest novelists are the most universal. And consequently, however plausibly it may be argued, there is evidently a fallacy in the claim that only a Prussian can appreciate Sudermann or only a Sicilian appreciate Verga.

Of course, it must be conceded that, so far as the stage setting goes, the fellow-countryman of Zola or Ibsen or d'Annunzio is in a position to judge more accurately of their respective fidelity to life than the foreigner is. The latter must to a certain extent take the author on faith, give him the benefit of the doubt, assume that he is trying to tell the truth,

and succeeding fairly well in the attempt. But whether a writer be Italian or Russian or Japanese, if he falsifies life, if he departs too far from the form of human nature, our instinct is quick to show us his real lack of greatness. We may not know just how far a von Drosse is an individual, or how far he is the representative of a class; nor, for an appreciation of the greatness of a drama like *Fritzchen,* is such knowledge material, provided that the author makes clear to us the inner workings of von Drosse's mind, and makes equally clear the social environment which has made such a type as von Drosse possible. To make the point clearer, take another and more familiar example, Simon Legree in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* In the inflamed state of feeling during the Civil War the Northerner saw in every slaveholder a potential if not an actual Legree. To the Southerner Simon Legree was a hideous and malicious slander, a wilful distortion of the truth. To the latter-day reader of Mrs. Stowe's powerful epic of slavery it matters not at all whether, as a matter of fact, there could have been found a single Legree or a thousand of them in the whole Confederacy. It is enough to know that one Legree still lives in fiction, perfectly consistent in his greed, his ignorance, his brutality, perfectly convincing as the possible and logical outcome of the social conditions of the period.

But, it may be reasonably objected, is there no special merit in creating characters which on the one side are not symbols of some universal passion, as Shylock is of avarice and Othello of jealousy; and yet on the other side are more than individuals, and stand as the representatives of a particular class, or profession, or social order? Every novelist of importance has, as a matter of fact, created many such types, which have passed into the common speech of the people. We speak of Pecksniffs and Gradgrinds and Micawbers with perfect assurance of being understood, just as the Italian of today borrows from Manzoni the names of Perpetua and Don Abbondio to enrich his daily speech. But the reason that such names pass into current use is because the novelist embodies in his characters something more widespread than a local and transient type. Don Quixote was a Spaniard of Spaniards; yet the adjective quixotic is the common property of the civilised world, because it stands for qualities and foibles of which no one nation has ever had a monopoly.

To revert, then, to the point of departure, it may be asserted quite boldly that the successful embodiment of a national or sectional type in a single character in fiction is not in itself a proof either of the author's greatness or of his smallness; it all depends upon whether his point of view and his method of work produce a type which is not merely faithfully pictured, but also made clear and intelligible to the general public of the great outside world. Suppose, for instance, that a New York novelist should introduce a typical policeman, a typical street arab, a typical Tammany politician into his pages, drawing each so faithfully that every New Yorker who read would rub his hands gleefully at the cleverness of the picture; yet the question whether he had done a rather big thing, or something distinctly small, would still depend upon whether he had been able to see through and beyond the purely local characteristics—whether, in short, his view of life had been broad enough to discriminate between what is merely local and transitory and those more permanent traits which are common to the politician of all ages, the street waif of every city, the guardian of the peace the whole world over.

There is a certain kind of brain which never in all its years of schooling quite grasps the essential difference between those two mathematical operations which produce, respectively, the greatest common divisor and the least common multiple. There is, in the minds of certain writers, an analogous blindness to the wide distinction between two classes of types in fiction—on the one hand, those that are individuals first and types afterward; and on the other, those that are built up like composite photographs, and so overladen with typical attributes that no individuality remains. Suppose, for instance, that a novelist wishes to make his hero a poet—not merely an entertaining young man with a gift for rhyming, but fully, consistently, unmistakably a poet. If the novelist is one of the great

world-writers, with an inborn knowledge of the human heart, he will create first of all an individual, sketching in his personality strongly, so that we should henceforth know that man were we to meet him casually in the street. But into his personality the novelist would weave certain qualities which are the heritage of all poets, the common denominator, as it were, of the poetic temperament. The novelist of smaller calibre follows a different line of procedure. In order to make his hero a true poet he sees to it that no trait or impulse goes into the making of him that is not a demonstrable characteristic of one or more poets who have really lived. In other words, his hero is a composite word-picture, a least common multiple of poets past and present—and like all composite pictures, it leaves a blurred and shadowy impression on the reader's mind.

The real fault, it seems, with the men in Sudermann's plays and novels is that they tend toward this second type—the type of the least common multiple. Having sprung himself from peasant origin, and slowly forced his way, unaided, into social eminence, Sudermann quite naturally nurtured a smouldering antagonism toward the overbearing *Junker* class that for generations had helped to keep his own people at the bottom rung of the ladder. The motive which seems most consistently to run through all his writings is the desire to portray the Prussian *Junker* frankly and fearlessly, with all his faults, so that people may see him as he is and despise him. Prejudice and animosity are nowhere apparent; Sudermann is too fine a workman to make that mistake. But there is in many of his characters the suggestion of the composite photograph. He seems so afraid that some of the *Junker's* sins and shortcomings will be left out that he overcrowds his picture, until you feel you are reading the life history not of a single human being, but of the whole Prussian Squirearchy incarnate. This phase of Sudermann's work, it is true, the foreign reader will not be in sympathy with; but, measured by the broad standards of world literature, it is not the phase of his work which counts the most. In such a book as *Es War,* translated by Beatrice Marshall under the title *The Undying Past,* it is of quite secondary importance. The fundamental question in *Es War* is whether it is humanly possible for two lifelong friends to continue their friendship after one of them has taken for his wife a former mistress of the other. Leo Sellenthin's riotous youth culminated in a tragedy which exiled him from his home for several years. Current gossip had long coupled his name with that of Rhaden's wife, Felicitas; and although the duel in which he killed Rhaden was professedly due to a quarrel at cards, society chose to think the worst of the young widow. Leo's one intimate friend, Ulrich Kletzingk, served at the time as his second, but not until he had received Leo's word of honour that he was blameless in regard to Felicitas—a lie which Leo's code of honour bound him to tell. During the years of exile following the duel Sellenthin was unaware of his friend's courtship of Felicitas until the marriage was actually concluded, Kletzingk of course relying implicitly upon his friend's word, and little suspecting the true character of the woman he was marrying. The story opens on the day when Leo returns to Prussia to find not only that Felicitas is Kletzingk's wife, but that she has married him for reasons of the basest selfishness, without love and solely to rehabilitate herself socially and at the same time bring herself nearer to her husband's friend, her own former lover. The whole interest of this strong and repellent situation is psychological. It is a situation which might arise not only in present-day Prussia, but wherever and whenever there has been a powerful, arrogant social class, lax in morals and a law unto themselves. The pages and chapters which are devoted to a portrayal of local customs and modes of thought, careful and vivid though they are, tend to obscure the real issue of the story rather than to elucidate it.

"The Undying Past."

A piece of strong, crude, uneven workmanship, which quite unconsciously gives us a score of new and striking types of Australian life, is *The Snare of Strength,* by Randolph Bedford. In plot it is amorphous, in style it shows at times a

harshness that grates upon the ear like the tearing of linen. One tells one's self a dozen times in the course of the first chapter that the book needed at least six months of careful editing before it should have been permitted to get through the press—and then suddenly one wakes up to a consciousness that whatever good there is in the book is there because the book is precisely what it is; and that any editing, any outside interference would have emasculated and spoiled it. *The Snare of Strength* is not a book to dissect for its plot or to discuss for its psychology. For those readers who must have a love story it offers one—yes, and parts of half a dozen others. But in fairness to the author you should try to understand what he meant to do, as the title sums it up, and then read the book to see how successfully he has done it. The pure, physical joy of living, the animal delight in a sense of muscular power, the boundless freedom of Australia's vastness, the intoxication of the opportunities it offers—these are some of the things which have been woven into the fabric of Randolph Bedford's book; and along with them a sense of the snare which pent-up vitality sets for itself by taking no heed for the morrow; and suddenly the strength that seemed exhaustless is spent, the man is bankrupt of his virility, the race is over before the course is half covered. Such, in rough epitome, is the substance of this rough, virile book. If you can forget its shortcomings, you will find in it no small measure of rugged human nature, and you will get some new and interesting impressions of Australian life, physical, social and political.

"The Snare of Strength."

The distinguishing mark of Herbert M. Hopkins's work in fiction is the subtle satire of his portrayal of university life, his understanding of the petty jealousies and ambitions in professorial circles. In his new volume, *The Mayor of Warwick*, he has drawn half a dozen different types of the modern educator with such a fine appreciation of their several values, such an ironical indulgence for their human weaknesses, that they are not soon nor easily forgotten. There is, for instance, old Doctor Renshaw, the figurehead president of St. George's Hall, whose value to the institution lies "in the possession of negative qualities;" there is Bishop Wycliffe, the power behind the throne, whose scholastic training is founded upon religious traditions; and there is Llewellyn Leigh, the youthful professor of mathematics, whose ardour for scientific truth is felt to be a potential danger to this conservative seat of learning. Bishop Wycliffe has consecrated his life to the interests of St. George's Hall. When he took a wife he deliberately chose an heiress, in the hope that her money might ultimately go to the college. When his wife thwarted him by leaving her fortune in trust for their only child, a daughter, Felicity, he set himself to train that daughter to an austere, scholastic life, hoping that she would eventually enter some sisterhood and surrender her money to the institution that he loved. Only in view of her loveless home life can the rash action of Felicity be understood. Rebelling fiercely against the seclusion in which she is reared, the girl finds an outlet for her romantic instinct by falling in love with a street-car conductor on one of the trolley lines in Warwick. Day after day she waits on the corner until his car passes. And gradually a dubious glance of recognition gives place to a smile of welcome, and then a hasty exchange of words. And after a year or two of clandestine meetings they one day quietly go through the wedding ceremony together. But no sooner are their vows spoken than the girl experiences a sudden, instinctive revolt. She returns to her home, he to his, and the utmost that she grants him as the days lengthen into months is an abundance of good advice and the copious loan of educational works. Emmet, the husband, has meanwhile resigned from the trolley line. He has a comfortable fund in the savings-bank, thanks to his rare skill in "knocking down" fares. Instead, he goes in for politics, and runs for Mayor on the people's ticket. It is tacitly understood between him and Felicity that if he is elected he may proclaim their marriage and take her home. But

"The Mayor of Warwick."

during the three years which elapse before Emmet finishes his self-education and achieves his political ambition two things happen: his own ardour cools so far that he compromises himself with a pretty servant girl; while Felicity, starting with the best intentions in the world, falls in love with Professor Leigh, who for his part lost his heart to her at their first meeting. It all looks like a rather helpless tangle until at last the Mayor of Warwick shows an unexpected magnanimity that clears the way to everybody's happiness except his own. An interesting figure, Emmet; yet not a convincing one. Mr. Hopkins may draw strongly individualised portraits of professors and ecclesiastics, but when he comes to street-car conductors and ward politicians he also suggests comparison to the composite photograph.

"A Lame Dog's Diary."

An unassuming piece of fiction, which possesses a certain quiet charm quite its own, is *A Lame Dog's Diary,* by S. Macnaughtan. The "Lame Dog," it should be explained, is a British soldier, who came home from the Boer War with both legs shattered, one of them so badly that it had to be amputated above the knee. But there is nothing of war's alarms in the diary which the Lame Dog keeps to while away the dragging hours. It is a simple record of the homely sayings and doings of some very prosaic and yet very lovable people, who make up the isolated old-fashioned and self-important little village of Stowel. Village and people are of the kind that would have filled Jane Austen with delight; and they are pictured with quite an Austen-like appreciation and enjoyment of human foibles. But well as we come to know the inhabitants of Stowel, it is evident from the opening page that the poor, patient Lame Dog's heart is not really with them, because he has given it secretly to pretty Mrs. Fielden, who periodically drives over from Stanby, and always has so much frank friendliness to offer him that she quite deceives the reader, as well as the Lame Dog, as to her real feelings toward him. It all seems so hopeless that the Lame Dog would have been rather more than human if a touch of bitterness did not now and then creep into his pages, and if he did not sometimes vent his feelings by calling the pretty Mrs. Fielden "affected" and "frivolous" in the secrecy of his diary. But one day, in an access of tender remorse, he goes through his diary from start to finish, striking out all the peevish, slighting epithets, and in their place pours out all the foolish, fond words that are clamouring for utterance—words that he expects never to speak aloud, because "Mrs. Fielden was a beautiful young woman who probably would continue to come over and sit with a dull man and bewilder him with her beauty and her kindness only so long as he did not allow her to know the supremely impertinent fact that he had fallen in love with her." But as good luck will have it, Mrs. Fielden one day reads the diary, with its erasures and its foolish, fond interlinings; and after this the Lame Dog makes one final entry: "She crossed the hearthrug quite slowly till she reached my sofa. And then she kneeled down and took both my hands in her dear strong ones, and looked at me with misty eyes, like wet forget-me-nots. 'But, Hugo, dear,' she said, 'why did you not tell me so long ago?' "

"The Incomplete Amorist."

It is seldom that the making of children's books is a good apprenticeship for more serious fiction. But an exception has to be made in the case of the lady who signs herself E. Nesbit, and whose first serious novel, *The Incomplete Amorist,* has raised her at once into the ranks of writers whose books are eminently worth while. There are several reasons why *The Incomplete Amorist* is deserving of attention. To begin with, it treats old and well-worn material in a new and whimsical way. Those who insist upon classifying novels would call it a story of Paris studio life—the life that Murger pictured inimitably in his time, and that Thackeray and Du Maurier identified themselves with in their turn. Yet never before was a *Vie de Bohême* so strangely and so innocently pictured as in this unique book by E. Nesbit. It certainly takes an effort of the imagination to conceive of an inexperienced and unprotected young girl, the daughter of an

English vicar, living quite alone for a year in the Paris art colony, unconsciously skirting the margin of many a pitfall, touching elbows with vice in many forms, and yet at the end emerging unscathed, thanks to her loyal heart and native purity. Yet the series of accidents which place Betty Desmond in such strange circumstances are really not lacking in plausibility. She has relieved the monotony of her home life by a harmless flirtation with a strange artist; her austere step-father, treating the escapade as a crime, decides to put her for a time under strict surveillance, and sends her to Paris to be watched over by an argus-eyed old Frenchwoman, who, as fate will have it, is run over and killed by an omnibus on the very day that Betty arrives, consigned to her care. Betty has with her abundant funds, and not caring to return to the humdrum life in England, sees no harm in concealing from her family the fact of Madame's death and remaining to pursue her studies at her own sweet will. It happens that in Paris she runs across Vernon, the artist whose flirtation with her had first brought her into disgrace at home. Vernon is the Incomplete Amorist of the title, a man whose inclination leads him into paying mild attention to any pretty woman who comes his way, while an innate chivalry holds him back from deliberate profligacy and his native selfishness saves him from the bonds of matrimony. There is a time when Betty Desmond, adrift in Paris, is quite at Vernon's mercy; but since he is at best only an Incomplete Amorist, she is never in any serious danger from him. And even when he so far overcomes his ingrained selfishness as to offer her marriage, it is no use. He has waited so long that she has meanwhile found a worthier man; and there is nothing left for Vernon but to content himself with a far less worthy woman.

Joan of Arc has so often served as the theme of poet, dramatist and romance writer that it takes a certain boldness for any writer to attempt to present her in a new guise, or to give a new variant of the type she stands for. It is an attempt only a degree less bold than to retell in a new way the tragedy of Mary Stuart. Maurice Hewlett, it will be recalled, performed the latter feat in *The Queen's Quair,* and that too in so marvellous a manner that while one read one cared no longer what manner of woman the real Mary Stuart was so long as the Mary whom Hewlett created lived and breathed in the witchery of his pages. Recently, Justin Huntley McCarthy has tried in a similar way to retell the tragedy of the Maid of Orleans, under the title of *The Flower of France.* Mr. McCarthy's ideals and limitations are of a different order from those of Mr. Hewlett; and while *The Flower of France* has some pleasing pages and here and there a passage of considerable strength, nevertheless his Joan of Arc is not such an impressive or original conception as to rival seriously the earlier embodiments of this same subject. Besides, one sees all too plainly throughout the volume the earmarks of a prospective dramatisation

"The Flower of France."

Frederic Taber Cooper.



THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH IN ILLUSTRATION



FAY DAVIS AS LILY BART IN THE DRAMATISATION OF MRS. WHARTON'S "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH"



MISS JESSIE MILWARD, MISS KEANE AND MR. ARTHUR LEWIS IN THE CONFESSION SCENE (ACT III) OF HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S "THE HYPOCRITES"





MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS IN "THE DEAR UNFAIR SEX"

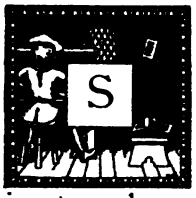


MISS ELEANOR ROBSON IN ZANGWILL'S "NURSE MARJORIE"



MR. WILLIAM H. CRANE IN ALFRED SUTRO'S "THE PRICE OF MONEY"

OUR CHROMATIC JOURNALISM



TARTING with the current use of "yellow" to characterise certain bad newspapers, one might extend the metaphor of colour and divide all daily journalism according to a chromatic scheme. Besides the familiar yellow, there would be, for example, blue, black and white. Blue journalism is the despondent, pessimistic kind sicklied o'er with the censorious hue of chronic disapproval. Black is the ignorant sort, common in small towns and still to be found in large cities flourishing side by side with the alert power of most metropolitan news establishments. White suggests at once the pure and honest kind, neither corrupt in administration nor of ill-temper nor conducted by ignorant mediocrity. Among the hundred or more papers which my profession compels me to see, there is not more than one which in a normal light shows this blameless complexion.

The metaphor of colour may be played with by whoever has leisure to indulge his fancy. My purpose in suggesting it is not to pursue chromatic analogies, but to prepare a way for a plain, unmetaphorical discussion.

Yellow journalism has received abundant censure from other virtuous critics. The prevailing venality of the daily newspaper has been discussed and deplored. But most of the censure has been too general, and has usually been aimed above the most simple and curable faults. The usual charge against the daily press is that newspapers are mere money-making institutions, wholly obedient to popular appetite, to which it is profitable to cater. That newspapers are commercial institutions, manufacturing and selling goods for money, is no sufficient reason in fact for their vices and certainly not an excuse for those vices. Dishonesty is not a corollary of commerce. The reasonable demand to make of the newspaper is that it conduct its affairs on a plain basis of commercial square dealing, that, like a good life insurance company, it maintain an internal management free from corruption, and that, like a good soap manufacturer, it produce and vend reasonably well-made goods which do not need misrepresentation to sell them to the public. In a plea for reform, as things now are, one need not go to the length of asking that the newspapers show good taste, or ardent championship of high ideals, or patriotism, or public spirit, or any literary or æsthetic merit. We may dismiss all the talk in which the newspapers themselves and their critics indulge, about the "elevating power of the press," and the "nobility of the fourth estate," and the "shaping of public opinion," and the "dignity of journalism," and simply require that the newspaper on its own commercial ground be a good commercial institution.

Most critical censure of the yellow journal falls foul of its sensationalism, and misses its real vice, or its more primary vice. It is as if one should assail a man's taste and manners when one means that the man is a liar and a thief. Sensationalism is the most humanly natural and least vicious fault of the bad newspaper. It is found with other kinds of badness only to the proportionate extent that flashing clothes are found upon bad women or violent language is heard among blacklegs. Though your gentleman burglar is not unknown, villainies in manner and matter usually bloom together. The charge of sensationalism is the one at which the professional newspaper man who knows the Great Public may most comfortably smile. He knows that the charge lets him off easily. The gambling-house crook would be similarly comfortable if we abused his pink shirt and let it go at that.

Sensational writing and startling headlines are not immoral, by the crude low standards with which for the moment we are content. No great harm is done if Mr. Hearst's newspaper plays on the horror roused by the earthquake in San Francisco by depicting in amazing illustrations and wondrous fiction what would happen if a similar earthquake af-

flicted Boston. If sixty lives are lost in the wreck of a steamship, it is a venial sin to announce in red ink: "Six Hundred Souls Plunged to Their Doom." It is a rather humorous cheat to publish in enormous headlines: "Great Battle," underneath which in small type appear the words which relieve the deluded reader: "expected next month." The "featuring" of suicides, murders, wrecks, fires, prize-fights, scandals in business and society, is degrading because it is not elevating; it wastes time in unprofitable thrills and the indulgence of low forms of mental and sensational activity. The same may be said of all bad art, mawkish or bestial paintings and statues, and morbid fiction. For centuries the race has thriven on poor literature, or at least it has survived a preponderance of empty and unelevating printed matter, much of which is admired by the most cultivated critics who dislike the blazing daily paper. Silly and monstrous yarns have always been popular. The penny-dreadful is at least as old as the days when pamphlets were sold under St. Paul's in Elizabethan London. In the era of the polite Addison a more popular writer was Defoe, master of the shilling-shocker, prince of sensational journalists, delightfully ingenious liar. If he were living now, Mr. Hearst would have him at a salary of twenty thousand, and all the literary folk who now buy expensive editions of his work would blackball him from ineffectual literary clubs. True, he had the touch of genius that makes the difference between lies that are literature and lies that are not, but he was at bottom a maker of hair-raising yarns, which he often put forth in the guise of well-attested fact. His *Apparition of Mrs. Veal* is a hireling's working out of a publisher's trick to sell a dull book.

The dime-novel has been always with us. In our time it has taken two directions. Bound in cloth, it sells for a dollar and a half into respectable families. Printed in a yellow journal, it is sold as news for a cent. One development accompanies the increase of wealth by which thousands of people are enabled to throw away money for foolish books, and the other development is due to the increasing number of those who can read but cannot afford more than a cent for literary excitement.

To quarrel with the sensationalism of the press is to contend on questions which may be finely moral, but which are trivial ethical matter compared to the plain questions of right and wrong which we find in journalistic misdeeds of another sort.

Take a copy of Mr. Hearst's paper. I am not offended, in the pleasant capacity of moral reformer, by an account of a tornado, an account in which the meagre telegraph despatches are grotesquely elaborated by Mr. Hearst's able assistants. I am not afraid that my less critical countrymen will be misled by the story. I have made a point of talking to workingmen about Mr. Hearst's paper, and I have never found one who, even without being stimulated to suspicion by direct questions, did not disavow belief in the news columns of the paper he was reading. Often he was too much impressed by the editorials, and it was hard then not to be angered by the sensational bait without which he would not read the paper at all.

The yellow journal certainly does harm by taking the place among many readers of the less yellow journals; if there were no very bad papers, of course more of the better papers would be read —a truism which does not help us very much and which is partially offset by the fact that many readers of bad papers would not read better ones. On the whole, the banality and sensationalism of the bad papers are a shade above the banality and coarseness of the people who read them. The scandalous stories are about as harmful as the gossip of village women and much less filthy than the conversation exchanged by the men who pay Mr. Hearst or some other publisher a cent every morning. The bad paper is packed with misinformation, some due to ignorance and carelessness, some deliberate falsehood—for instance, a conversation which never took place between two people whom no reporter of the paper had any means of overhearing. But amid the error and vapidity there is also some true news and correct information, which must at least be remembered when we reckon the value of the bad

newspaper. Most of the mendacity is committed in the interests of an exciting kind of fiction, and may come under the gentle head of exaggeration.

Quite aside from the habit of heightened story-telling and appeal to the lower kinds of curiosity are lies and thefts of a more chargeable kind, in which the direct offence is against individuals, and in which the public is concerned only as society becomes the plaintiff when *A* steals a watch from *B*. Here in one of Mr. Hearst's papers a picture of a well-known person is labelled "Snap-shot by a Boston *American* photographer." That picture was not taken by any employé of the *American*, but was got under false pretences from the gentleman who took it, a friend of the subject. During the absence from town of one who has authority to permit the publication of the picture, a representative of Mr. Hearst went to the owner of the picture and said that proper permission had been given by the one in authority for the *American* to have the picture. Believing the lie, the owner gave it up. Later the editor of the *American* disclaimed all knowledge of the transaction. Later still the picture turns up in the Boston *American*. The editor and his emissary are hirelings of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst was once nominated as Democratic candidate for President of the United States by Mr. William Jennings Bryan. We read—in a newspaper—that Mr. Bryan resigned from the board of trustees of a college because it accepted money from Mr. Carnegie, which Mr. Bryan thinks is not honest money. Mr. Carnegie's business career is in dim past behind the beneficent mists of literature and philanthropy. Mr. Hearst is conducting his business to-day.

There is evidence that the case I have just given has not the excuse of isolation, and it is fair to suppose that it is not an instance of unscrupulous zeal on the part of Mr. Hearst's employés of which he might be unaware. One of his employés boasted to a friend of mine that sometimes when he was sent to a house to ask for a photograph, even while the victim was denying the request he had a picture in his pocket filched from the mantel while he was left alone.

This last is hearsay evidence and therefore not so valuable as the next exhibit of documentary evidence. I have a clipping from the New York *American* in which a monologue by a well-known person appears in quotation marks as having been spoken to a reporter. It is taken from a signed article in a magazine. I wrote to the editor of the magazine. He replied that the daily press had shown similar enterprise on other occasions, but that there was no advantage in trying to do anything about it. The one who suffers most harm is the writer of the article, who is misrepresented as having talked at length to such a reporter as he would not harbour in his house beyond the moment required for courteous dismissal. Morally the misrepresentation is slander.

I have another clipping from one of Mr. Hearst's papers, in which an address made before a gathering at which there were no reporters is reproduced with an excellent imaginary account of how the person looked and spoke, and the statement that the address "has not previously appeared in a newspaper." I am not sure that that statement is as impudently true in letter as the editor thought it, for some other paper may have preceded his in taking the address from the magazine where it appeared, and, like him, may have omitted to give credit.

Mr. Hearst is not the only newspaper proprietor whose scruples lack rigidity. Some time ago Mr. Richard Harding Davis made some formless remarks to a reporter of the New York *World* about Mr. Charles Dana Gibson. If the valiant *Collier's Weekly* had not told us the history of that interview we should have thought that Mr. Davis wrote and signed an article for the *World;* as the sentences were run together without quotation marks and had the outward form of a written article. Of course Mr. Davis had given the words to the *World* and there was no theft of goods. But suppose a manufacturer of soap sells (or gives away) two kinds of soap, one expensive and well advertised, representing his life work and fortune, the other a common kind for washing floors. And suppose a retailer sells the common kind as the manufacturer's best kind. That article

in the *World* was not a written article, it was not the Standard Davis Goods. The person who bought the *World* was cheated, and the Davis trade-mark was damaged in value.

To reveal a few more sins on the yellow sheet does not add to its hue; a spot more or less does not show on the leopard. Much more disturbing is a streak of yellow across a page which is not often sullied, and which if not pure white is usually a clean grey. The real old-fashioned Bostonian hates the *American,* but he loves the *Transcript,* and his pride is hurt by a yellow spot on it. It takes the justice of Brutus to accuse the *Transcript,* but to point out a fault in a thing that is largely good is to help imperfection to give way and go live with its kind elsewhere.

In our town there was once a good old deacon who gave money for foreign missions and talked loud in the grocery store about the outrageous treatment of the negro in the South. One day somebody caught him selling watered milk. He never did it again, and much was forgiven him because of his otherwise blameless life and opinions.

This story encourages me to put in evidence a clipping from the Boston *Evening Transcript* of December 2, 1905. It is a news column and is dated, "Paris, December 2." That date, being the same as the date of the paper, can mean but one thing, that the matter is a telegraphic despatch sent that day from Paris. In point of fact it is taken word for word from a despatch printed in the London *Times* two weeks before. The second document is a clipping from the news columns of the same issue of the *Transcript.* The column is headed "London, Dec. 2." In its original form it was a letter signed by Lord Cromer and printed in full in the London *Times* three weeks before. In both these cases it will be observed that the London paper had sufficient time to arrive in Boston. The third document is like the others. It is a news column dated "Venice, Dec. 2." The whole article may be found in the London *Times* of November 16, signed by Mr. Horatio F. Brown, a well-known writer on Venetian subjects. Far from gaining by editorial inexactitude, the *Transcript* lost the authority of a good writer by not giving credit to the original article. We are concerned, however, with the morals of the *Transcript,* not with its wisdom.

Three ethical aberrations in the *Transcript* in one day were rather staggering. The paper is so rich that it does not need to resort to painful money-saving methods of getting "news," so well established in its clientage that it is under no pressure to be "exclusive" and "up-to-date," and it is hard to think that any of its editorial staff of gentlemen could have been dishonourable enough to prepare spurious despatches. I have never played detective and hunted for other cases, but three weeks later, in the issue of December 27th, I came upon a news column dated "Pekin, Dec. 27." Telegraph messages from Pekin are expensive. If the *Transcript* paid cable rates for that article it wasted money which could be devoted to keeping the front page clean of advertisements, for there was nothing in the article which had not been in European papers for a fortnight.

In the New York *Sun* I came upon a bit of evidence that between the better newspapers is not always the honour which is said to govern the relations between thieves. Says the *Sun:*

> The *Globe and Commercial Advertiser* published this paragraph yesterday:
>
> "Not the least extraordinary feature connected with these extraordinary revelations was the bearing of Senator Platt when making them. He showed no shame as his questioner led him step by step along his confession. The display was not so much of immorality as of unmorality and moral coma—apparently complete unconsciousness of wrongdoing or even of impropriety."
>
> Reprehensible as Senator Platt's conduct was, it is no worse than the conduct of the editorial thief the *Globe* employs, who yesterday deliberately stole news from the columns of the *Evening Sun.*

Let us consider a moment while we are on a question of comparative morality. The New York *Evening Sun* sold space to advertise a fraud known as Isham's California Waters of Life. These waters are alleged to have all manner of healing powers, to make short work of cancer and

falling out of the hair, and are announced by the seer who sells them to be the rill that Moses struck from the living rock, now "burst forth again under a new dispensation." Frauds like this are dangerous, not because they take money for worthless stuff, but because the deluded buyers, depending on "waters of life," omit or delay to seek competent medical assistance.

We may then justly indulge in parody: Reprehensible as the *Globe and Commercial Advertiser's* conduct was in stealing news from the columns of the *Evening Sun*, it is no worse than the conduct of the owners of the *Evening Sun* who deliberately conspire to cheat the ignorant by advertising a dangerous swindle.

This question of comparative morality is very perplexing. The moral indirections of the newspapers seem to me not greatly different from the misdeeds of public officials and millionaires, which in the vigorous vocabulary of the newspaper itself are "nefarious swindles," "astounding misrepresentations," and other frightful things. Mr. Hearst, a kind of Fagan who puts in his pocket money earned by his papers, is an expert on the malfeasance of butchers and chandlers. The Boston *Herald* becomes party to fraud by advertising nasty medicines and cancer doctors, and then in editorials impugns the methods of men in public life who never touched money so ill-got as what passes through the *Herald* counting-room. The Boston *Evening Transcript* accepts money for advertisements which apparently throttle its news columns, and yet is eloquent in its censure of bribe-taking on the part of members of the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. On April 8, 1905, the State of Massachusetts found a brewing company guilty of adulteration and imposed a fine. There was no news of the conviction in the *Transcript*. Three days later a half-page advertisement of the convicted company, announcing the purity of the adulterated brew, suggested the reason for silence. An officer of the State Board of Health wrote to the editor of the *Transcript*, telling him that on May 9, 1905, there would be a trial of two other brewing companies, and thus made sure that failure to report the trial would not be due to ignorance on the part of the editors of the *Transcript* that the trial was to take place. The two companies were convicted. There was no report of the conviction in the *Transcript*. These cases were both important as part of the Pure Food Movement on which the *Transcript* has printed able editorials. On the same day as the conviction appeared the advertisement of one of the companies with the figures underneath which show that it was to run five times in May and five times in June. On the day after the conviction appeared the advertisement of the other convicted company.

The hypocrisy of the newspaper is not usually a personal hypocrisy; the editor is often ashamed of his counting-room, and he has not the bravery to resign from the employ of a dishonest institution. So long as he does not interfere with the business the counting-room allows him to strike nobly at dishonesty in others of a kind not unlike that by which his employers prosper. The good editorial writer must be chagrined in the morning to pick up his paper and see what the other departments have done. The centrifugal clergyman who flies through whirling heavens of religious allegory and literary allusion in the Boston *Herald* must hate the adertisements. One day I saw in the *Herald* a very lofty editorial about chivalry and other fine things. Another day amid the instructions of Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson to all in authority, beside the reiterations of the *Herald's* "independence," among the illiterate headlines and the broken columns continued from the patchwork front-page, I saw a picture illustrating another idea of chivalry than that officially advocated on the editorial page. It was a picture of the mother and sister of a girl who died from malpractice. The label told who the women were; their faces were not visible, for they held their hands up as they hurried by the camera of the *Herald* "artist." The camera recorded its own offence.

The Eastern man, offended by the stripe of Boston and New York papers and aware that Philadelphia is the Darkest Africa of black journalism, will have to go far from home for a great newspaper.

London is too far—and too British even for a Boston man. The nearest place is Chicago, where flourishes the *Tribune*, which is brilliant, sane, and independent of Peruna money. It may have vices that I have not found out, and those who know it as I know the papers of Boston may smile at my approval of it, but it will have to sin more obviously than it does before I cease looking at McCutcheon's cartoons, which have more humour and better morality than any others in this country since Nast died.

The Eastern man of high morals and burdened by a literary taste might be supposed to turn to the New York *Evening Post* and the Springfield *Republican*, but in them he encounters the most depressing journalistic hue, the dark blue. They are free from venality and vulgarity, but they are so clouded by intellectual arrogance and silly pessimism that the good Yankee cannot take kindly to them. Just as the yellow journalist runs eagerly after the scarehead story, the blue journalist follows with eager scent any wrong—or right—in the scheme of the wholesome universe that he can scold about in an editorial which begins with the invasion of the Huns and comes triumphantly through many Latin phrases to the campaign of Andrew Jackson. To be a blue journalist you must be temperamentally opposed to the majority and an ex-member of a department of English in some Eastern university. Look through the morning's news and find something that will inspire a well-bred sneer. Then write as if you were so well educated that you would not write an editorial for any other newspaper than your own. If Mr. Poultney Bigelow finds that ours is the most incompetent government that ever tried to dig a canal at Panama, seize upon the idea and express a generous disapproval of all ideas of canal building which are held by those with whom you disagree on other political and public questions. When you discover, as the *Evening Post* did, that Mr. Bigelow was insufficiently informed, you must drop him. So much grace is expected of you. But you need never retract. If a woman writes a book and makes statements with which you do not agree, challenge the woman's honesty. Then if you and your associates receive proof that you were wrong, do not apologise. A good blue journalist is never wrong, for he agrees with himself. It is dishonourable for Mr. Hearst or the flippant New York *Sun* to misrepresent, but in the interests of the higher criticism of life you may quote half a sentence so that it means something different from its meaning in the original context. Be adroit in your morality and never forget to be intellectual.

The New York *Evening Post* of the present day has nothing to do except in name with the innocuous paper of Bryant, any more than the present Philadelphia *Ledger* has anything to do with the "generously good" George William Child. It is a complex institution founded by Henry Villard, a German, who engaged Godkin, an Irishman, to conduct an American newspaper. This combination was crossed with Garrison, which stands for fine morals and intellectuality, somewhat hampered by disbelief in non-Garrisonian ideas. Under Godkin the *Post* had the most brilliant editorial page in America. Unhappily his brilliancy was the part of his legacy least easy for his successors to asume. His irony remains, but it has less humour. His culture remains, but it is wan and book-bred. The old joke that the *Sun* makes vice attractive in the morning and the *Post* makes virtue unattractive in the evening is nowadays not quite just to the *Sun*. The *Post* is the greatest disappointment that the honest seeker after good journalism encounters.

For we who hold to many unpopular causes, free trade, anti-imperialism, the elevation of the black man—and the white man, if there is anything left over—small navies and armies, and the Good Lord knows what because he must be on our side, might have in an uncommercial paper like the *Post* a free spokesman of independent and righteous ideas. Instead we have only the chagrin of seeing day after day our good causes thrown open to derision by a paper which is notorious for being out of sympathy with anything which could by any possibility be popular.

The *Post* has lost a great opportunity because it is situated in an important city.

People in other parts of the country will less readily see that a similar opportunity has been lost by a paper of which they may never have heard, but which the New Englander knows might have been a great power, the Springfield *Republican.* Not content with whatever dissatisfaction its home talent might express, it regularly imports from Boston the diurnal scoldings of one who was personally acquainted with the Concord philosophers. The later Concord philosopher is not so optimistic as his less well-instructed fellow-townsmen of long ago. A man who objects to something every day of his life loses power as an advocate and a critic. When the Massachusetts Association to Promote the Interests of the Adult Blind began its noble and now irresistibly successful work for a neglected class, the Springfield *Republican* sought to discredit the association. Alarmed at the hostility, one of the workers asked a wise man what to do to meet this opposition from so dignified a paper as the *Republican.* "Do nothing," said the wise man, "but congratulate yourselves. If that paper has any effect it is to assist the movements it opposes." In this case the opinion was at least not disproved.

The blue journal wears the most sorrowful hue of all. By complaining every day it becomes like the boy who cried "Wolf," and there is no effect in its righteous cry at the right time. Reasonable protest makes progress. And only in the faith that the way to rid public institutions of their faults is in reason and good nature to demand it, is the present article written.

The cultivated people east and west of Chicago are in sore need of a great newspaper. We cannot wait for the Chicago *Tribune,* and we cannot all move to Chicago. There is not room, and maybe some of us would not like the city. But other cities are not eternally committed to bad newspapers. Cannot Boston show that its traditions are vital and operant, that it has not wholly degenerated from the days when Dr. Hale was called the greatest journalist in Boston, that it can support a good morning newspaper and compel its almost good evening newspaper to be free from editorial disingenuousness and the corruptions of the counting-room? Cannot New York, with the help of the many people in other Eastern cities for whom its papers take the place of home papers, compel the *Sun* to be as honest as it is brilliant and human, and the *Post* to cast off its ultramarine mantle and cheer itself to a less bilious state of health? The *Transcript,* the *Sun,* the *Post* (other papers please copy), these are established newspapers of excellent possibilities. It seems to the critic, who, like most other critics, approaches processes from the wrong end, the finished end, that the disfiguring hues of each of these and of other powerful journals not specifically discussed here might be peeled off like a useless garment, and that any one of them could emerge a great white American newspaper.

John A. Macy.



"THE COMMERCIALISM OF LITERATURE" AND THE LITERARY AGENT

BY ONE



O much interest has been manifested in the recent article by a distinguished American publisher on "The Commercialisation of Literature" that I venture to predict also a certain interest in the operations of the literary agent, who is depicted by this publisher as one of the chief instruments of the commercialisation he deplores. If the literary agent has become such a force in literature that he threatens to crush out its life and supplant it by a money-making machine, then it is high time, for the good of the reading public in general, as well as for the interest of the author in particular, that his operations should be held up to the light. What does the monster do, and how does he do it? Why should he have come into being, and, in all conscience, why is he permitted to exist?

It is not intended that this paper shall be merely an attempt to answer Mr. Henry Holt. Controversies of a technical sort are better suited to trade publications. Rather it is the wish of the writer to give, honestly and with as little of the colouring of prejudice as may be, some idea of what this new force in literature is, and, in the event of its continuance, what the public has a right to expect that it shall be.

The ideal of the literary agent, it is said, "is that an author shall never see a publisher, and that an author's books shall be scattered among those who will bid highest." We are also informed that he has his uses. He can find publishers for new authors, "and can also be especially useful in serialising matter." But this small influence for good notwithstanding, he is described as being "a very serious detriment to literature and a leech on the author, sucking blood entirely out of proportion to his latter service."

Unhappily, all these things, and many more that have been and could be said, are quite true—of some literary agents. But every calling has its blacklegs. Every agent, for instance, knows of publishers who trick and cheat the author at every safe opportunity. In the printed form contracts of a number of them are clauses nicely calculated to catch the unwary. If through confidence or carelessness on the part of the author these clauses are left in when the contract is signed, he is practically robbed of some of the rights in his own book.

Much that has been written about the literary agent has been futile, because the writers have not understood that authors can be divided into two classes: First, those whose work the publisher doesn't particularly want; and second, those whose work the publisher does want, or would want if he knew of it, and that it is only with the second class that a sound literary agent has, or should have, much to do. Unless an author's work gives decided promise, he is of little interest to the publisher or to the first-class agent. No agent, except the one who takes "retainers," can afford to spend much time over him. He can generally find a market for his work as well as can a good agent, and better than a bad agent; and he can afford a more thorough canvass than either.

But, generally speaking, the agent who accepts in bulk the productions of beginners, and agrees to send them to a certain number of publishers for a certain fee, to be paid in advance, is trading grievously on the young author's vanity, unless the agent undertakes also to throw in for his fee a certain amount of criticism and suggestion, which may or may not be

worth the price. Otherwise, his parcels of books from unknown authors are frequently sent back unopened by the publisher, who soon comes to be aware of the fact that the agent has not read the books, and is merely collecting the necessary number of declinations.

But that is not the sort of agent who is having any effect on the literature of our day, and it is not the sort of agent publishers have in mind when they write magazine articles about the iniquities of this new industry. The only agent who really counts, either for the author or with the publisher, or with his own banker, is the one who sells the kind of work for which publishers are in competition, and who takes advantage of that competition to get the best market price for the author.

At this point I can hear some sensitive lover of literature say "Faugh!" or a similar word, indicating an unwillingness to consider literature in connection with market prices. That is one of the conventions so amusing to those behind the scenes. While literature is being written, the less it has to do with market prices the better; but the moment it is finished and the author offers it for sale, and tries to get for it the best price he can, he might as well call a spade a spade, and speak plain English about markets.

Now, the more of himself the producer throws into his work the less he has left for the selling of it after it is produced, and the more likely he is to fare better if he leaves the sale in the hands of some one whose business it is to know the market from A to Z, and who can set a value on the work without leaving the price more or less to the buyer.

Even suppose we waive the contention frequently made, that the great creative genius generally lacks correspondingly great executive ability, the fact remains that the author's work is to write; he cannot, in justice to himself, spend the time necessary to gain the business knowledge and experience of the man whose work it is to buy and sell. It is altogether a question of specialty, not ability. As well question the executive ability of the lawyer or banker who prefers to employ an architect to design his house, as that of an author who employs a literary agent.

Of course, every sound publisher buys as cheaply as he can, and every business-like author sells as dearly as he can, and he cannot be sure of getting the best price if he sells always to one buyer without ascertaining what other buyers would give. But if the author flits about from one publisher to another, dealing indiscriminately with the highest bidder, he finds that in the long run no publisher takes an interest in him, nor has the enthusiasm for him that he would get from any one publisher to whom he had remained faithful. How, therefore, shall the author get the benefit both of the best market prices and of the steady friendship of a publisher who takes all of his books, and makes each book help each other book? He can get the full value of his work only by spending on the study of the book market his time, thought, and energy, that could be better employed to better advantage in writing books. On the other hand, if he employs an agent to make this study for him, he must avoid the other horn of the dilemma by making sure that his agent appreciates the importance of sticking to one publisher as long as that publisher will pay the full market price for the author's work.

Now, it used to be considered good form for the author to know little or nothing about market rates, and to take whatever he could manage to get from his publisher without resorting to any systematic use of competition. When the agent came along and began to prove by expert knowledge of market prices that in many cases the author had not received as much as his work was worth in the open market, it was only human nature for that author's publisher to call the agent a villain. But in most cases the good publisher has come around to the idea of paying the competitive price, and yet has continued to live and to make money. If he complains about the amount of money he pays to the author under such a system of competition, he offers pretty good evidence that previously he had not been giving their open market value for the wares he purchased; otherwise, why does he pay the higher

price when he is at liberty to decline the offer?

With the growth of competition for good books, some authors have been injured by the loosening of the ties between author and publisher. Much stress is now being laid, and rightfully, on the value of these ties, and I believe the time is coming when the author and the agent will be more careful not to break them. The wise literary agent of to-day and of the future will act for the author on a policy of competition, it is true, but competition carefully tempered by regard for the value of friendly relations between author and publisher. The best arrangement between author and publisher is the one of closest touch on the literary side of the work, leaving the commercial side to be arranged between publisher and agent, on the basis of the value of the author's work in the open market.

The timid author dealing with the shrewd publisher in person frequently gets the worst of the bargain. But it is undoubtedly true that the same timid author, with a deputy to fight for him and to take the blows for him, sometimes becomes a monster of rapacity, utterly unscrupulous and incapable of financial honour. Agents who have lent themselves to the demands of such clients have damaged both publisher and author alike, and have well earned for themselves those reproaches that Mr. Holt has showered so indiscriminately. "Madam," said an agent of my acquaintance to a certain author, "I can obtain the advance on royalty you ask only by representing to some publisher who does not know the average sales of your work that those average sales are twice what they are." And here was her answer: "What business is that of yours? You will either sell that book at the price I ask or I will take it to some one who hasn't such tender sympathy for the publishers as you seem to have." She was invited to take her book elsewhere, and she got her price. But the publisher who paid it will never take another of her books, or deal, if he can help it, with the agent who deceived him.

Does the agent achieve anything except to raise the popular author's income by expert knowledge of market prices? So much depends upon the quality of the agent that it is difficult to generalise, but if he lives up to his possibilities, and has any real feeling for the material in which he deals—and without it he cannot be any sort of an artist in his work—he is bound to be rather more broad-minded in his literary judgments than the publisher is likely to be, for in these days every publisher is more or less of a specialist. What will appeal to one will not please another. If the agent knows his business, and cares enough for it to read what is offered to him, he will read with a view to the tastes of all and sundry publishers, and not with a view to the inclinations of the customers of any one house. For this reason not a few good books have reached the public which otherwise probably would never have been printed. The agent knew of some particular publisher, of whom the author, mayhap, had never even heard, who was sure to be interested in that particular book. Such an agent acts, in fact, as a sieve for the publisher, bringing to him only such books as are likely to be suited to him, and saving the time of both publisher and author by sending elsewhere or suppressing work that might otherwise go to a house that could not possibly take it. Once the agent's good faith and literary judgment have won the confidence of the publisher, his recommendation of a book goes even further, sometimes, than the recommendation of the publisher's reader.

Here we approach what seems to me the vital point in the whole question—the point on which the future of the literary agent is going to turn. He stands between the author and the publisher, and he ought to uphold better than either of them the importance of the greatest truism in trade, viz., that no bargain is ever really sound and honest without being profitable to both parties to it. If the agent deceives the publisher in his client's behalf, he has not only wronged the publisher, but in the long run it will appear that he has wronged his client, too. On the other hand, if he "plays fair" and scrupulously tells the truth about his wares, and has sufficient intelligence to know approximately what the truth is, every publisher with whom he deals is

certain to recognise the fact sooner or later and to look upon such an agent's opinion and good will as well worth having. He will realise that such an agent brings to him books already assorted to his needs, and described in ten effective words for every hundred words the author would be likely to use. He knows, furthermore, that in the often harrassing interim between the verbal acceptance of a book and the making of the first royalty statement the agent serves the useful purpose of a buffer, allaying some of the author's temperamental outbursts on the one hand, and on the other, judiciously translating into the language of diplomacy the publisher's occasionally unsympathetic messages to the author anent delay in proof-reading, or eccentricity in demands for payment.

The publisher sometimes takes over an author's entire rights, English and American, book and serial, Continental, dramatic and second serial, and then resells such of these rights as he cannot use himself. Now take, for example, the case of an English author whose work has only lately come into demand. He has made a hit with a novel in England, but has never been published in the United States or on the Continent; has never sold serial rights, has never even heard of second serial rights. When the time comes to make a contract for the first book after the one that established his reputation, it is likely that unless he has an agent he will contract with his English publisher to take over all rights of his book. This new author knows almost nothing of the possible value of any of these rights except English book rights, for none of them was sold, or was saleable, in the case of his first book; and, furthermore, he doesn't know how to deal with these mysterious rights himself. So he turns the lot over to an English publisher. In such a case the publisher will do one of these things: (1) Absorb the lot and give the author nothing, or practically nothing, for them; (2) act as literary agent for the author and sell on commission such rights as he cannot use himself; (3) agree to give to an author outright and without commission anything arising from the sales of these extra rights.

The first plan speaks for itself. There are, happily, few publishers in England or America who would make use of it, although there are such publishers, and every experienced agent knows them. Of the second plan, more anon. Of the third plan, it is pleasant to think that there are several publishers both in England and America who follow it. But the publisher isn't a charitable institution—any more than the agent, or than the author who writes for money—and he either makes no particular effort to sell these extra rights, or else he spends time and money in turning them to account for the author in the hope of holding the affections of an author whose English rights are highly profitable to him. As a rule, however, the agent has far better machinery for selling these extra rights than any publisher. Furthermore, in this connection, the representative of an American publishing house which is a large purchaser of American rights of English authors, once told the writer that he would much rather purchase such rights through a literary agent than through another publisher. A rather significant remark, that. The proceedings of the publisher who acts as a literary agent for the author under the second plan are also much to the point of the present paper. Some insight into the question is afforded by a recent article in *The Author,* the official organ of the Incorporated Society of Authors of Great Britain. This article opens with a letter from an author, probably a member of the society, so I give it in full:

SIR: The following experience through which I have just passed may afford a useful warning to my fellow writers:

I offered the serial rights of a story I was writing to an important provincial firm, who, when I had sent them the first half to read, replied that the story had already been offered to them by my agent.

As the story was in the hands of no agent, I knew that the serial rights in question could have been offered by no one but a well-known publisher, who had asked me for a novel, and to whom I had in reply offered the volume rights of this same story.

Inquiry proved that this publisher, whose name I will give to any writer who would like

to know it, had been offering the serial rights of my novel, although he possessed no rights whatever in the story, and although the serial rights were not on offer to him.

I also discovered that the provincial firm I have mentioned had been going from publisher to publisher on the lookout for a strong serial story, surely a backstairs method of obtaining what they wanted, and little more to their credit than the act of the publisher was to his.

Yours faithfully,
FLORENCE WARDEN.

The editor, who is also the secretary of the society, in commenting on the article, says in part:

Serial rights, if properly managed, can be a source of very considerable income to members of the society, and in placing serial rights, the agent is perhaps of more use than in the disposal of any other kind of literary property. To place these rights in both Great Britain and the United States effectually and simultaneously is a matter very often of considerable difficulty, even for a writer whose name is well known. It is needless to repeat that the agent's charge for placing these rights is, as a general rule, 10 per cent. for England, and sometimes 15 per cent. for the United States. Such remuneration, in the case of some authors, brings in a large return for the agent, and in all these instances, no doubt it would be as well to make a special contract with the agent on the matter, but though the agent charges 10 per cent., the publisher charges from 25 to 30 per cent. on the net returns if these rights are left to his disposition, and out of hundreds of agreements that have come before the secretary, he has never seen a lower charge in a publisher's agreement for the placing of serial rights than 20 per cent.

He might have added that the same charge, 50 per cent., is in most cases made by the publisher when what is generally an inquiry for translation rights enables him to effect a sale. For the same work agents charge from 10 to 20 per cent., depending upon circumstances and the difficulty in arranging the translation.

For selling book rights in America the English agent charges from 10 to 15 per cent., according to the nature of the business. For the same work, the average publisher, when he does not take the whole profit, as he sometimes does in disposing of editions in sheets, usually charges 25 to 30 per cent., not infrequently paying an agent 10 per cent. to effect the sale for him.

If the facts cited indicate a desire to lay stress upon a more ideal relationship between author and agent and publisher than now in some cases exists, it is because I believe the most successful literary agent of the future will himself more nearly approach an ideal. He will be the survival of the fittest. He will have a sharply defined policy, which from the trend of events may even now be outlined:

1. He will secure for the author the full value of his books, but no more. The ideal agent must refuse knowingly to victimise a publisher, even at the cost of what seems to be his own interests.

2. He will encourage the maintenance of a close literary relationship between author and publisher.

3. He will recognise that from the publishing viewpoint there are only two classes of authors: (*a*) Those anxious to get a publisher, and (*b*) those the publisher is anxious to get. As for class (*a*), the agent will deal only with those for whom he believes demand would exist if publishers realised the facts. To the others of this class (and these are ninety-nine new authors out of every hundred) he will say frankly that they can do as well for themselves as any agent can do for them, and will resolutely turn his face from them. They are not for him, and he is not for them, for his business in the last analysis is to make sure that competition produces its best ultimate results for his clients, and when competition does not exist, or cannot honestly be made to exist, there is no proper work for him to do.

4. He will realise that the publisher who has published an author's work is, *other things being equal,* the best man for the author's next work. He will also realise that when that publisher says he ought to have the book for less than it would bring, in the long run, from some one else, the publisher is asking a gratuity from the author.

5. He should be even a more unprejudiced judge of what is really good than

the publisher, for he has not the same financial interests at stake. "This is good," says the publisher, "but I would lose money on it." "This is good," the ideal agent will say, "and I can afford not only to make suggestions that may make it commercially more valuable, but also to talk of it and offer it until at last I find exactly the right publisher for it—the man who by sympathy with the book and enthusiasm for it, and by having the right *clientèle,* will make of it a success."

6. Finally—and this is a sore and dangerous point—I think he will do his best to convince authors that excessive advances on royalty are an evil, increasing the gambling element in the publishing business to a point that is certainly harmful in the long run, both to publisher and author. By all means let the author get as large a percentage of royalty as he can, but let him beware of tempting his agent to use the club of competition in forcing up too high the amount the publisher has to advance on the book. Both author and publisher are bound to suffer by it in the long run. The agent who hasn't the conscience and courage to keep an author, if humanly possible, from exchanging birthrights—or copyrights—for messes of pottage is not the right man for the business.



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I.

In the following letter an esteemed critic in Bridgeport, Connecticut, seeks to score on us:

I notice your rejection slips read: "The Editors . . . thank you for submitting the enclosed MSS., which they regret is not at present available for the magazine."

"MSS." is the abbreviation for *manuscripts*. If you must abbreviate, the contraction "MS." should be used with the singular verb "is."

Cheerfully yours,

CONTRIBUTOR.

We don't lay claim to an excess of erudition, but we really did know that MSS. represents a plural. The rejection slips in question were not prepared by us, but by the business department of the magazine, so that they should not be quoted in anthologies as representing our best style. May we venture to express a regret that our correspondent should ever have had the opportunity of knowing what our rejection slips are like? We trust that at some time in the near future he will be in a position to criticise our acceptance slips—if they shall seem open to his censure.

II.

Are members of the medical profession especially solidified in favour of having cut leaves? Here is another physician, writing us from Boston, on the self-same subject:

Permit me to add my plaintive wail to that of your medical correspondent H. H. R. anent the cutting of leaves. If only the Junior Editor would stop inventing Dumas anecdotes for awhile and devote some of his Grey Matter to persuading the Senior Editor to at least follow the example of a Hated Rival and give us the choice whether we prefer our leaves cut or uncut, all would be forgiven. Then the Librarians could have their beautiful big (and heavy) volumes and some of the rest of us who, all too eager to taste what is inside, find we cannot wait even for H. H. R.'s carving knife, but monthly lay ourselves open to the Greater Damnation by using our thumbs as paper cutters, would also be happy. Possibly the fact that the advertising pages in even THE BOOKMAN are cut has some bearing on the matter. Why make the Letter Box harder to enjoy than—say Postum Cereal? And who, pray, are "Librarians and others" that their convenience is of more importance than that of the Indolent Reader?

Yours in sorrow,

ANOTHER DOCTOR.

We are afraid to say anything more on this painful subject, because it is we who are sure to receive the Greater Damnation from at least half of our readers, whatever we may say. And to think that any one in Boston should speak lightly and even contemptuously of Librarians!

III.

A Canadian gentleman asks our opinion as to the proper plural of the word "octopus." He has been very properly offended at finding in a newspaper the form "octopi," which is, of course, the product of crass ignorance; but he hesitates to use the true Greek plural "octopodes," and inquires whether we should venture to employ an Anglicised plural, "octopuses."

Our correspondent does not explain whether by "octopus" he refers to the marine monster of that name, or whether he is using the word in its popular and political sense of the aggregation of corporate power crushing out individual enterprise. If the former, we should keep the scientific plural, "octopodes." If the latter, we should certainly say "octopuses," except that we doubt whether there it is proper to speak of that particular octopus in the plural at all. As we understand it, the political Octopus is the entire body of corporate rapacity, including every Trust and Combine in existence. Hence it is essentially one, though its tentacles are many.

IV.

From Stamford, New York:

"Is Henry James to be classed as an American, or as an English, author?"

Mr. James is the son of a British subject and is himself a British subject. The fact that a good part of his life was spent in the United States has no bearing on the question. He is most decidedly an English author and so regards himself, as he carefully explained in a letter that was published several years ago.

V.

The following letter criticises one of our contributors. We give it as a matter of general interest:

To THE BOOKMAN'S *Letter Box:*

It is fatiguing to see persons of the rank of BOOKMAN contributors floundering about over the significance of the good old slang word Snob, a vulgar person, one of the lower classes, in distinction from Nob, a "swell."

I am thinking of your July number. And then comes in, of course, Thackeray's "definition"—which "one remembers." One remembers it, doubtless, but it is no more a ***definition*** than it would have been a definition of "ass" if Thackeray had written: He who meanly admires mean things is an ass.

I wonder if there really are people who think that Thackeray invented the word, and who have never caught the point of his BOOK, to wit, that anyone, of any rank, may be a snob—a snob voluntary, a snob by choice. I am,

Your constant reader,
B. R. F.

VI.

A sagacious physician writes from Dumont, New Jersey, on a question of logic and language. He says:

"I have been taught to avoid using such expressions as 'I don't think that,' etc. Logicians say: 'There is thus a vast difference between saying that a thing is not so and not saying that it is so, in spite of the fact that we often say 'I do not think so' when we mean 'I think not.'" (Aiken, *Principles of Logic.*)

"I have therefore supposed I was committing a literary misdemeanor when making use of such an expression.

"Among the editorial comments in the BOOKMAN I find, to my surprise and confusion, a sentence beginning like this: 'We don't think that anything of this sort has ever crept,' etc. I have so much confidence in your unerring guidance that I am now puzzled. Are the logicians wrong or have you made a thoughtless error?"

Neither is the logician wrong nor have we made a thoughtless error. There is, of course, a very real distinction between "I do not think . . ." and "I think that . . . not." The former is less positive and represents the mental attitude of the agnostic. The latter is quite positive and represents the mental attitude of the assured unbeliever. But when we said, "We don't think that anything of this sort has ever crept," etc., we observed the distinction explained above, and expressed the exact shade of meaning that we intended to convey. In other words, we did not think that the thing was so, but we were not absolutely certain.

VII.

Here is a letter which may have a fugitive interest for a literary lady in Rahway, New Jersey:

DEAR SIR: At the top of the second column on page 543 of THE BOOKMAN you say: "Would seem to imply that Longstreet and Hardy *both* (?) borrowed from the same source."

Is that a grammatical sentence?

Very truly yours,
MARY L. B. WELLS.

(Who once had the honour of being called "Carolyn" by mistake!)

If the sentence quoted isn't grammatical, why isn't it? The lady should develop her objections to it.

VIII.

Secretary Taft's bull seems still to stir the intellectuals of our readers. An editor in Cleveland, Ohio, discourses on the subject in the appended letter:

Since the definition of an island implies that it is "surrounded" by water, why couldn't Secretary Taft have saved himself from an apparent bull and the English sentence from the necessity of a structural change by expressing his idea like this:

"The problem of draining Colon is one of extreme difficulty, owing to the fact that Colon is situated on an island, with the sea on one

side and a fresh water swamp on the other."

That's not exactly what might be called a good literary construction, but isn't it simple and unobjectionable?

ONE WHO'D LIKE TO KNOW.

Our correspondent has evidently misapprehended the point of the discussion as started in THE BOOKMAN. The question was not how to convey Secretary Taft's meaning by writing an entirely new sentence, but how to modify the sentence which he actually wrote in such a way as to preserve its purport and at the same time to eliminate the apparent bull.

IX.

A lady in Denison, Ohio, projects a peculiar problem into the sphere of our consciousness. She writes:

"Fashion has decreed, during the past summer, short sleeves and bare arms for women of all ages. Now only the minority of women have pretty arms, and therefore fashion in this case seems to have compelled the many to dress unbecomingly for the advantage of the few. I always had a belief that fashions were really introduced with a view to setting off the good points of women in general, or else they failed of general adoption. Yet every girl this summer appears to have bared her arms meekly, whether they were plump, lean, or positively skinny. Can you explain how this should be?"

We must confess that this isn't exactly the sort of question that we expect to cope with in the Letter Box. However, we are not going to take a dare; and a little reflection convinces us that we can resolve the doubt which vexes our correspondent's mind. We think that she is quite correct in believing that all fashions in dress, if widely adopted, are such as set off the good points of the average woman, and not such as sacrifice the average woman to her exceptionally favoured sisters. Now, to apply this to the question of arms and sleeves, what most persons consider a beautiful arm is an arm that is well formed, gracefully rounded, and verging upon plumpness. Such an arm, fully bared, is far more attractive to the critical eye than one which is slender and very thin. Yet here comes in a nice point to be considered by our correspondent. Cunning Fashion did not decree that sleeves should be dispensed with altogether, but that "elbow sleeves" should be worn, thus exposing only a portion of the arm. Now, with elbow sleeves, the slender arm looks graceful and girlish, while the plump arm loses its beauty and seems fat and pudgy, bulging out from the upper reaches of white lawn or muslin, like that of a washerwoman at her tub and with the fleshy suggestion of a sausage. So, in reality, the elbow sleeve enhanced the attractiveness of the many women who usually dread the free exposure of their arms in dinner gowns, and it gave them a distinct advantage over the comparatively few who are too often wont to triumph. So, after all, the usage of last summer offers no exception to the general theory evolved by our correspondent. Only please don't ask us any more questions of this kind!

We claim the right of being irrelevant when we want to; and this is one of the times when irrelevance suits our book. The transmigration of our old rival, adversary, and friend, the *Critic*, has nothing whatever to do with the Letter Box; yet because it is on our mind we cannot refrain from saying just a word about it. The *Critic* for many years has exercised a sane and salutary influence for good reading and good taste. Its pages have borne the names of men and women of distinction. Now, it passes; but only to live in a new form and under a new name. As the *Critic*, it has run its course. It has won a place in American literary history. It has left a fragrant memory.

Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.

SILHOUETTES OF SOME SWEDISH WRITERS

AUGUST STRINDBERG



THIS is a name that shines with a stronger lustre than any I know of in modern literature. It gleams phosphorescent, fantastic, weird. There is something almost brutal in the things of which this name is indicative. The soul of August Strindberg has throbbed in many separate spheres in life. It has accepted and rejected many faiths—looked and fallen from high places, groped and stumbled in deep. It has gone astray in the wilderness of theory seeking Truth there. It has been lured by the glamour of many a false dawn.

Before he was anything else, August Strindberg was a pietist. But the years of discretion made him a sceptic, and incipient maturity a pagan. Like Walter Pater, he burned, for a brief while, with "that hard, gemlike flame." He found the Greek ideal of beauty adorable and worshipped it accordingly. His next step brought him, as he firmly believed, upon the most impregnable of grounds—those of science. He delved into geology and chemistry, history and philology, political science and horticulture. There came a day when he set all his resources in motion in the hope of discovering a process by which to manufacture gold. The sway of yet another inner reaction converted him to the creed of Socialism. Again, he became one of the most restive opponents of Woman Suffrage. He even joined the Church of Rome at one time. In January, 1886, he proclaimed himself a deist, in March of the same year he wrote a fable to show that he had become an atheist. Thrice divorced in marriage, he is to-day generally regarded as a misogynist, although it was he who wrote this deep word of truth: "Woman is the root of man in the earth. And without root we cannot grow and flourish." With all his contradictions, his rapid-fire changes of front, his paradoxes and sophisms galore, Strindberg is a genius of large dimensions and rare quality. He has approached life with almost barbarian boldness from numerous angles. His point of view has changed again and again, but his seriousness of purpose—never. He has laboured with tremendous energy, and (as that excellent Norwegian writer, Arne Garborg, has said) his books are not merely such, they are vital substance, part and parcel of their author's own life —of Strindberg the soul.

August Strindberg is first of all a playwright. In the sphere of drama he has done his most finished and admirable work. He is there a master craftsman, an undaunted pioneer. With no patterns to cut from, with no models to be guided by, he produced such unique examples of achievement as: *Fröken Julie, Fordringsegare* (Creditors), *Kamrater* (Companions) and *The Father* (recently translated into English). They deal, these dramas, with cheerless, charmless subjects; bald, sordid realities are uncovered in them, irremediable afflictions laid bare. The first has to do with the terrible end of a neurotic woman. The second and third describe the fatal collapse of a domestic union, and trace the elemental causes. The fourth pictures a knife-to-knife battle between husband and wife, man and woman, typifying respectively the forces of a noble mind and a cunning brain.

Unfortunately, the impression seems to prevail in this country that the Strindberg of the dramas just mentioned is the absolute and only Strindberg. Furthermore, the idea has gained ground here that from the point of view of Friedrich Nietzsche to that of the Swedish writer there is but half a step. Finally, I have known him to be considered merely a curious tail to the gorgeous Ibsen kite. These notions are as false as they are misleading and ridiculous. To a certain

extent the entire output of August Strindberg shows us in panorama the evolution of the whole man. He is easily the greatest subjectivist of all time, and in each of the fifty volumes to his credit—written all in the course of twenty-six years—looms some particular aspect, pronounced and strong, of his multiform individuality. In none of them does he resemble anybody else. In none of them does his attitude look cheap or ordinary or insincere. Strindberg is a man without a literary debt.

He gave to Sweden in 1879 its first realistic novel, *Röda Rummet* (The Red Room), which established his reputation and which marked the beginning of a new era for the literature of that country. He wrote *Hemsöborna* (The Dwellers of Hemsö), *I Hafsbandet* (In the Sea Belt) and *Skärkarlslif* and revealed himself as a story teller *par excellence.* He composed *Gustaf Vasa, Erik XIV., Charles XII.* (to name a few of his historical dramas), manifesting a new *genre* in dramaturgy, where he has attempted to elucidate the personal, the intimately human side of certain famous kings and queens in Swedish history, by removing the crowns from their anointed heads, tearing off their royal robes of authority, and shoving their thrones far into the background.

Really charming is a little book he published in 1888: *Blomstermalningar och Djurstycken* (Flower-paintings and Animal Studies). Here we meet the out-of-doors Strindberg, the amateur fisherman, hunter, gardener—the friend of earth, the gentle, infinitely curious student of nature. Equally beautiful are three or four tales in the volume entitled *Sagor* (1903), for their quaint, fresh appeal to the heart. In *Ensam* (Lonely) of the same date, we behold the contemplative Strindberg, the spirit who pauses and looks back beyond actuality and into the mist of dreams; while *Pask* (Easter), a little three-act play, has for its heroine one of the most soulful women in all Norse literature. I confidently look for the day when August Strindberg will mean to American readers of intelligence something more than a "freak dramatist," or a "morbid madman." For, as Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy points out in his sympathetic article in *The Fortnightly Review* of, I believe, 1893, the Swedish writer deserves to be studied almost, perhaps quite as much, as Henrik Ibsen.

PER HALLSTRÖM

Per Hallström is perhaps the most cosmopolitan of living Swedish men of letters, the scenes of nearly all his productions being laid on foreign ground. Stockholm, so celebrated and explored by almost every other writer of note—polite, merry, banqueting, good-natured Stockholm, has had nothing to say to Hallström, although he has lived within its gates long enough to know it as intimately as he knows his own rooms. His books are destitute likewise of all observation of provincial or country life, such as it manifests itself to-day on Swedish territory. Briefly, the things that artistically animate him lie beyond the borders of his own land.

Per Hallström is a quiet worker, a somewhat contemplative spirit. He seems somehow to dream his way into the souls of the characters he rejoices in portraying. He makes no noise, no harsh sounds. He hurries never—his effects are almost invariably produced by means of a stealthy gesture. A more fastidious artist could hardly be imagined. And yet he can tell a tale as well as he can paint a shadow and be as playful as he is constitutionally grave. His style is full of fine nuances, of rhythm and poetic beauty. For an adequate illustration of his quality as a writer of short stories readers familiar with German are referred to the collection entitled *Florentinisher Abendtraum* (Hermann Seemann Nachfolger, Berlin). Ten or fifteen years ago Hallström visited this country and engaged in the work of civil engineering, his original profession. Incidentally he studied some phases of Swedish-American life, one of the fruits of such observation being *The Shore Wind,* an impressive tale of an incurable's longing for home.

The author's contribution to Swedish literature consists of a book of verse, three or four novels, four or five collections of tales and two plays, one of which, *The Duke of Antwerp,* is in blank verse.

The other, *A Venetian Comedy,* revealed a most unlooked for aspect of Hallström's talent. Borrowing his plot from a novel of Mateo Bandello, successor to the great and only Boccaccio, the Swede has here produced a four-act costume play so overflowing with delightful humor and pathos —sunshine of smiles and showers of tears intermingling—so teeming with rare charm and brilliant wit—that its success should be instantaneous upon any reputable stage. It had a "run" of over one hundred performances at the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Stockholm during the season of 1904.

There is little typically Norse in Per Hallström. He wears the colours of no faction, he propounds the theories of no school. A gentle realist, he has intensity rather than power. His genius was not the product of chaotic earth. He has not walked a single step with Strindberg nor felt the potent influences that quickened the blood and accelerated the spiritual growth of Heidenstam, Levertin or Geijerstam. His heart is in Florence, and his fancy has taken its highest flights beneath warm Southern skies. At present Per Hallström occupies the position of dramatic critic of the *Dagens Nyheter,* a Stockholm daily newspaper.



AUGUST STRINDBERG



SELMA LAGERLÖF

The greater part of the writings of this woman of genius is accessible in many languages. Five or six of her books have been rendered into English and issued here as well as in Great Britain without pecuniary loss, I believe, to their hospitable publishers. *The Story of Gösta Berling,* the production that lured evasive fame to her door, had a "fair sale" in England, while both *Tales from a Swedish Homestead* and *Jerusalem* attracted considerable attention among American readers.

About a decade ago Fröken Lagerlöf was employed as a teacher in a girls' school at Landskrona, a little town in the province of Skane. She was fond of her vocation, to whose duties she applied herself with exemplary zeal, and gave no sign whatever of cherishing any other aim in life. Yet for seven years—with a strong woman's enthusiasm and a rare woman's patience—she had been creating a work of art that was destined to bring

her name into thousands of Swedish homes, from Ystad to Haparanda: *Gösta Berlings Saga.* This haunting picture of old Varmland—a district renowned for its glowing wealth of folklore, traditions, superstitiousness and weird unworldly mystery—won the first prize of 5000 crowns offered by a weekly periodical of Stockholm in a competition arranged by the same journal in, I think, 1893, all manuscripts being submitted anonymously. There is a charm about



SELMA LAGERLÖF

this strange, strange tale more exotic yet more intense of tone than that of *The Scarlet Letter,* or—a better comparison—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

The Story of Gösta Berling represents, it seems to me, the high-water mark of Fröken Lagerlöf's genius. I feel tempted to quote three short passages from the book, in which they, with many others of equal beauty, form as it were little stopping places of dreamy thought aloof from the crowded scenes of action.

I wish for you that you may escape seeing the tears of old eyes, or that when a grey head would lean upon your breast for support, or when old hands lay folded before you in silent appeal, you may not stand helpless. May you escape the sight of the old bowed in grief which it is beyond you to relieve.

Oh, I beseech you, all who are caretakers of fields and meadows and parks and the beloved joy-bringing flower gardens—husband them well! Guard them with your love, your labor! It is not well that nature should grieve for man's sake.

O children of the latter day, have you not beheld it? When unrest and hatred crowd the earth even inanimate things suffer sorely. Then the wave grows wild and ferocious like a robber; then the fields become as mean as a miser. But woe unto them for whose sake the forests sigh and the mountains weep.

These few lines will convey a truer impression of Selma Lagerlöf than could any words of mine within the narrow scope of this article.

Says a Swedish critic, reviewing her *Legends of Christ,* 1904:

She came to us in the midst of an age of brooding and psychological prying—took hold of the child in us, placed it before a hearth and began to tell stories to it. She was herself a great child, with open eyes that looked beyond what moved immediately about, and so strong was her vision that she discovered life where we had seen but dead things and grey. Fire-radiance and winter darknesses, blue twilight and bright sunshine played above her words, and in these there lived a world, forgotten by us long since, if ever it had existed. But she proved that it lived yet, if we would but throw aside all those glasses that time has put in front of our eyes, and look with naked, naif gaze.

In conclusion it may be of interest to state that Fröken Lagerlöf was commissioned a year ago by the Swedish government to compose a Reader for use in the public schools—a task for which she would seem to be peculiarly fitted. Announcement of the publication of this book has been made, and it will appear before Christmas.

VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

In the course of his career, launched in 1888 with the publication of his first

book, a volume of verse entitled *Vallfart och vandringsar*, Verner von Heidenstam has on more than one occasion caused conservative fellow-countrymen to spring up and stare. As a young man (he is now about forty-eight) the poet looked alarmingly pagan. The western weather depressed him. He despised the roar of mills and factories, the bloated face of trade, all political haranguing all utilitarian aims. The chirping of the spring poets irritated him, as did the colourless thoughts of contemporary thinkers. He found his age lacking in joyousness, in divine repose; it was wan with worry and haste; it was shallow, unstately, awkward. In short, he deprecated the whole occidental point of view, and turned on his heel and wandered to the sites of Oriental shrines, to worship there.

Both *Vallfart och vandringsar* and *Endymion* (a novel, 1889) voice Heidenstam's adoration of Eastern civilisation. *Endymion* presents a vivid picture of present day Damascus, where the author lived for many months. Its heroine is an American girl of foreign descent, whose soul gradually responds to the appeal of exotic Arabian beauty. She feels that she could make Damascus her home forever. Toward the close of the book, however, there creeps into her heart the sense that from the doom of disintegration the Oriental splendours have no escape. She says to her companion:

"Do you recall the story of Endymion, the beautiful youth, whom Diana constantly put to sleep in order that she might kiss him? The East is Endymion, who, without ever growing old, has slept for three thousand years or more."

"The Endymion who has been asleep here for three thousand years or more," her companion replies, "is dying without our being aware of it, during his sleep. Soon we shall be kissing but the beautiful corpse."

Since those days of ardent worship Heidenstam has changed greatly. His pessimism wears no longer the expression of a frown intensified by a sneer. The presence of black factory smoke and approach of thunderous locomotives does not nauseate him. My impression is that he would rather ride in an automobile (say Fiat 80 H. P.) than travel caravanwise. Still a good pagan, he now tills western soil, that of his own land, and is one of its strongest patriots, perhaps its most gallant one, with keen racial instincts. Note, for instance, the tenor of the following lines, an excerpt from an article written eighteen months ago when Norway had dissolved its political union with Sweden, established in 1814:

We have more rational problems to deal with than the question of whether Norway be right or wrong—on paper. . . . The spirit of discontent that has settled about so many



VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

of us, making this year—like 1809—a year of awakening, has a deeper origin (than that of the external political situation). It is the suspicion that our people, after all so ambitious, and who in spite of their geographically isolated position have retained a prominent place among the Scandinavian nations, now face the possibility of dropping behind in the contest; sooner, it may be, than we shall need days and months to reckon. It is the sense that the stagnant bureaucratic forms, the indifference displayed toward the commonwealth and lavish contempt toward personality and power which characterise the dulness of present things—that

such conditions have helped to bring about what has happened and what may repeatedly happen in futurity. It is the dumb exasperation of having to look in vain—at a time when all the earth is aquiver and afire—for men of strength and action.

Of the poetry of Verner von Heidenstam it is impossible for me to speak in comparative terms. He is the peer of all living Scandinavian poets, Holger Drachmann not excepted. Whenever I read his magnificent *Pilgrimens Julsang* (The Pilgrim's Christmas Carol) I utter harsh



words about the limitations of language. Music, I say to myself, is surrounded with no impassable gulfs; is it not cruelly unjust—a universal loss and mishap—that poetry, equally divine, should be?

Several of Heidenstam's prose works exist in English, notably *Karolinerna,* a series of tales about the warriors of Charles XII.

I recognise one of the sources of his inspiration by the following aphorism, taken from his latest book, *Folkungaträdet,* 1905: "Injustice is the profoundest and most sacred element that was infused into Creation, in order that strong beings might arise."

GUSTAF AF GEIJERSTAM

In the beginning of his career Gustaf af Geijerstam enjoyed a reputation second only to that of Strindberg—the most luminous figure in the literary circle known and hailed as *Young Sweden.* In those days, about twenty-five years ago, Geijerstam was as zealous an iconoclast, as red a radical as his fellow craftsman. He inhabited a squalid attic chamber, he was extremely poor, but afire with energy, aquiver with enthusiasm for the new ideas and forms, and antipathy against futile established notions. Members of the bourgeois faction had no liking for him, and even the big middle class found him a dangerous individual. His weapons were most destructive, it was said, while he had learned the art of social swordsmanship from no less a master than that daring rebel Georg Brandes, of neighbouring Denmark.

To-day the position of Gustaf af Geijerstam in Swedish art and letters is a cosily comfortable one. He has a substantial upholstered easy chair to sit in when he writes. His study, agreeably furnished, is a pleasant place of books and paintings and bric-à-brac. It breathes an air of languid calm and repose. If Geijerstam indulged in idol-smashing in his youth, he has at least carefully removed the tell-tale pieces. There are with him no vestiges of the storms he is said to have been instrumental in whipping up. The writer has profitably reconciled himself to the popular will and reaped abundant reward. He is now the favourite author of the multitude, and those who were his enemies twenty-five years ago are now his admiring friends.

The first production of Geijerstam's to attract wide notice and provoke discussion was *Erik Grane,* a novel largely autobiographical. In this book the author has attempted to picture the deep inner struggle of a young student in ardent pursuit of the intellectual ideal. The hero has listened to Spencer, and heard the near rumble of the radical's drum. The surging voice of Brandes,

too, has reached his ear from across the Baltic. He looks about him, at the Upsala University professors, who deal in antiquated knowledges, unserviceable, inane facts (he thinks), at various nooks and crannies of the educational régime, at certain ways and by-ways of the student body—with the result that he experiences a pang of disgust. Forthwith he feels called upon to combat the evils of the torpid conditions that face him. But his career as a reformer and reconstructor soon terminates. An overpowering sense of *Weltschmerz* comes to Erik Grane. He asks himself the ancient question, Is it worth while? and a negative answer forms itself in his singed mind. Abruptly leaving the university he obtains employment in a machine shop at manual labour and marries a young woman, to whom Spencer, Brandes, Darwin and all the rest are perfect strangers, but who may have been a good cook.

In those days *Erik Grane* was an unconventional book—a book with a message. To-day modern Scandinavian literature is fairly crowded with works of fiction of the same character. The Erik Grane type has stalked through the pages of a hundred volumes of Danish, Norwegian and Swedish origin—fault-finding, fanatical, cursing things high and low, cultivating his emotionality, uttering platitudes between weary sighs or angry gasps, affecting an attitude of proud disdain, and landing finally in the arms of Renunciation.

In the twenty-one years that have elapsed since the appearance of *Erik Grane* Gustaf af Geijerstam has brought into the world some forty books, more than half of which, at a conservative estimate, may be classed as mere pot-boilers. The notable exceptions are, perhaps, *Medusas Hufvud* (The Head of Medusa), *Vilse i Lifvet* (Astray in Life), *Pastor Hallin*, and most of his shorter tales. For the stage he has written three or four humorous plays that have been hugely successful. He has also several volumes of essays and one of poetry to his credit.

Admirable is Geijerstam's ability to delineate the character of country folk as well as his intimate understanding of the soul of the child. In *Mina Pojkar* (My Boys) he is really delightful, and in *Boken om lille-Bror* (The Story of Little Brother) he reveals—in spite of an inherent propensity to be hypersensitive—true charm. This last named book, the author's most popular story, went through twelve editions, which means that about 30,000 copies of it were sold. An extremely exceptional case for Scandinavia! In Germany Geijerstam's books are almost as much in demand as at home.

HILMA ANGERED-STRANDBERG

To Fru Angered-Strandberg belongs the distinction of having written a most admirable interpretation of American conditions as compared and contrasted with Swedish—her long autobiographical novel, *Den Nya Världen* (The New World), published in 1897.

The New World is a story of failure, of the desperate, heart-rending struggle of two persons, man and wife, against unspeakable adversity—a grim tragedy of two souls:

"Whose youth had no flower in its branches,
whose hopes burned in ashes away;
From whose hands slipped the prize they had
grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their lives all around them,
unpitied, unheeded, alone;
With death swooping down o'er their failure,
and all but their faith overthrown.

Louise Niefelt, the heroine of the novel, comes to the United States to be near the man she loves. She hopes to find here not only a better home for her body but more congenial surroundings for her soul. She has the intellectual ideal, refined tastes, a sensitive temperament. Yet she is a woman of action and ambition, and we gain the impression from the novel that if she had fought alone she would have won, for her husband, with all his willingness to see and to try, becomes a burden on their common back. Opportunities arise—the woman perceives and points them out to her husband. He rubs his eyes and looks, but rarely does he act until it is too late. Drudgery has bent his back and sapped his courage. He works automatically, without aspirations, as a window decorator, a dauber, a clerk, an unskilled workman, at hard labour. He opens his mind

to no stimulating thought; he becomes as the years roll on a veritable beast of burden. Not so Louise Niefelt, who, though obliged to act the part of a scrub woman and suffer physical pain for lack of food, cultivates her mentality incessantly, clinging tightly to the illusion that darkness is only the wall in front of light. Some day it will totter to the ground, and their horizon will spell Reward and Success. Impoverished, pitiable pilgrims, they wander from place to place, from New York to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Chicago. In the latter city, which they reach in the days of the World's Fair, the husband is prostrated with the heat. With his last moments fast approaching and half in delusion, Hultman tries to account for their failure. He declares that the fault was hers; she never understood him, her prodding, her incitements, the swift currents of her energy—all militated against the free development of his individual propensities. Yet he has loved her all the time and loves her still. The next day his wife takes poison. For painful realism, Scandinavia has but one novel to be compared with *The New World,* and that is the Norwegian Knut Hamsun's *Hunger.*

OSCAR LEVERTIN.

The case of Swedish literature has been excellently presented by its three most distinguished critics (all of them of Jewish parentage), Karl Warburg, Henrik Schück and Oscar Levertin. The first was born in 1852, the second in 1855, while the subject of this little sketch became an inhabitant of the world six or seven years later.

Somewhat less than half a generation ago, Oscar Levertin was the *poeta laureatus* of thousands of young women. He was more melodious than Heidenstam, and in his songs there quivered that inevitable little chord of pain whose message goes straight and quick to every responsive feminine heart. Sorrow, longing and regret formed the chief strings of his instrument. He sang reminiscently of "the days that are no more," and singing, he faced his past, which, for him, held no imminent warm comfort. But he sang softly, with alluring cadences. Cultivating the "form that is well within the feeling," he never permitted himself to grow rhapsodic. His melancholy was of the dreamy sort, poetic in itself, almost volatile. In a poet of lesser magnitude it would have been an attitude only.

The four or five volumes of verse that have come from his hand contain few lines reflecting the sensibility and temperament of the Swedish race. Levertin's poetry reveals a mystic spirit—dark, brooding, anxious. The Swede is anything but that. He is fair, robust, confident. I might add, parenthetically, that Emanuel Swedenborg was his country's most unrepresentative son, which conclusion it would not be so very hard to prove.

All the same, it was Oscar Levertin who did fully as much as Verner von Heidenstam and Gustaf Fröding to effect the revival of Swedish poetry that took place in the early nineties. And he has written more than one poem that will endure with the best productions of Carl Snoilsky and Victor Rydberg, notably the introductory poem, "Beatrice," to *Legender och Visor* (Legends and Songs).

Oscar Levertin published his first collection of essays in 1898, while the following year saw the appearance of a second series of portraits entitled *Diktare och Drömmare* (Poets and Dreamers). The latter volume is mainly of a cosmopolitan character, dealing, as it does, with such subjects as Lucretius, Dante, Musset, Renan, Böcklin, Nietzsche, and others, but four of the essays being dedicated to native products—Rydberg, Snoilsky, Strindberg and Heidenstam. In his latest volume of criticism, *Svenska Gestalter* (Swedish Figures, 1904), Levertin returns to the field of his first endeavour, to home grounds. He has here given us an extraordinary, comprehensive appreciation of Selma Lagerlöf, which for its acute perception and analysis matches Brandes's wonderful study of Hans Christian Andersen, first published about 1870. His portrait of Bellman, poet laureate of Gustavus III., and one of the greatest of all minstrels, is equally admirable.

Paul Harboe.

THE UNCLE OF EUROPE*

For the spirit of Grand-Carteret's *The Uncle of Europe,* which Paris has found quite as amusing as the much discussed *Lui* of last year, one need only turn to the dedication. "To the very Parisian former Prince of Wales, with the hope that he may be my interpreter to His Majesty, King Edward VII., this book is respectfully dedicated by a French Anglophile." There is great significance in that "très Parisien ex-Prince des Galles." For unquestionably the genuine friendliness with which the French regard Edward the Seventh is based not so much on the *entente cordiale,* not so much upon the recognition of the practical value of a sane, mature and statesmanlike Majesty, as upon the memory of that very human "Dodo" of other days, the short, stout man with the familiar waistcoat barred by a great watch chain, who was neither "a commercial traveller nor a German excursionist," but the heir to the British throne, coming quite naturally to take his share of the delights of the boulevards. In the antipathy with which the great majority of Frenchmen regard the German Emperor there can be detected the

*L'Oncle de l'Europe. Par John Grand-Carteret. Paris: Louis Michaud.



EDWARD VII., KING OF ENGLAND AND EMPEROR OF INDIA

This extraordinary picture is by Léandre, and originally appeared in *Le Rire* (Paris) in February, 1901, just after the death of Victoria and the accession of Edward. To any one familiar with the conventional portraits of the former Queen and Empress in her later life the significance of the picture is obvious.



THE UNCLE OF EUROPE AS A SPORTSMAN

The second picture, by Caran d'Ache, appeared in the closing months of the Boer War. The legend reads as follows: "London.—H. M. Edward VII. has spoken in warm terms of De Wet, of Armistice and Peace. Later.—These, however, it seems are the names of horses." The bottom picture represents Edward saying: "My brave Ambush, you are the glory of my reign, I appoint you a General."



THE UNCLE OF EUROPE AND THE ENTENTE

The picture at the top is a Belgian thrust at the infidelities of Marianne (France). Kruger is complaining bitterly: "After all, Marianne, it was only three years ago that I was your fat darling" (ton gros cheri). The last picture depicts Edward as Romeo and France as Juliet. The picture directly above is an Italian skit called "The Algeciras Ball." Marianne is saying: "You are not handsome, my dear John, but you make the Terrible Corporal furious. It is for that I love you."



THE UNCLE OF EUROPE AND HIS NEPHEW

The picture at top bears the brief legend: "Kiel! Kiel! Edward and Willy." The second picture deals with the English King's habitual visit to Marienbad, preferring to stay at Austria House than at the hotel kept by his nephew. The third picture is a German idea of Edward's expression on receiving a German invitation











THE UNCLE OF EUROPE AS AN ARBITER OF FASHION



THE UNCLE OF EUROPE AND PARIS

In the first picture Edward asks: "Well, Alfonso, did you amuse yourself in Paris?" Alfonso—"Ah! If you had only been my guide; M. Loubet is a good father of a family, while you——". In the second picture Edward is saying, "Oh, my joyous Paris, how changed you seem to me." The point of the third picture is that despite change of cooks the Grenadier remains true to the kitchen so long as the food is good.

note of a certain pity. He may marshal his spiked helmets by the million, his lightest word may cause a shiver in every corner of Europe and send the shares tumbling in the Bourses—but—he has never known Paris, and that misfortune must be considered as a certain extenuation for his extravagances and excesses. Last year *Lui* was rigidly excluded from Germany. *L'Oncle de l'Europe*, on the other hand, has been cordially welcomed in England, and the King himself sent a letter of appreciation to the author.



FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Robert W. Chambers's "The Fighting Chance."*

A heroine of Miss Edgeworth's is regarded as a bad risk by a prudent admirer, because of a rumour that, in her race, for several generations, no man has been *sans peur* and no woman *sans reproche*.

The same shadow upon all her ancestresses does not deter Mr. Howard Quarrier from wishing to install Miss Sylvia Landis at the head of his house and, incidentally, as acknowledged leader of New York society.

Aware of her hereditary drawbacks, the girl is glad of a safe husband, and, though well to do in her own right, she permits the prospect of a superlative establishment and position entirely to counterbalance the unpleasantness of Mr. Quarrier's silken beard, woman's eyes and blonde pompadour. How such an insider of insiders contrived to preserve these stigmata of ignorance without his "form" being questioned is one of the mysteries Mr. Chambers has not time to explain.

Sylvia has had one or two bad scares on the score of her own recklessness and susceptibility—her tendency to short-lived but inconvenient fancies for highly inadequate gentlemen; and although her three years of society have passed among the gayest and most sophisticated "smart" people, she is quite ignorant of the nature of love, and innocently regards wedlock as a convenient, impersonal arrangement by which Mr. Quarrier may, with propriety, have the privilege of paying her bills.

In this way Mr. Chambers skilfully proves her invincible girlishness, since in the circle which she frequents bills go largely unpaid unless through luck at Bridge, or benevolent if not disinterested intervention from an outsider.

However, Sylvia preserves her maiden view of matrimony (nothing among her young married associates arousing a doubt as to its thoroughly impersonal nature), while losing her heart to a

*The Fighting Chance. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1906.

charming detrimental, one Stephen Siward, an hereditary dipsomaniac.

Now in the love passages between this ill-starred pair Mr. Chambers at once strikes his gait. Their first meeting, their talk by the sea, their stolen midnight interview in the deep window seat, are as pretty and sympathetic bits of sentiment as can be found in contemporary fiction.

Mr. Chambers defines all his characters clearly, never failing to use the word, the phrase, which shall keep their peculiarities sharply before the reader. Sylvia's uncle, Major Belwether, looks like a rabbit and always "scuttles" to cover, or otherwise acts in character (why did not Mr. Wentzel take advantage of this in his illustration instead of making him a model, straight-featured old gentleman?); Leila Mortimer's Japanese eyebrows are never forgotten, or Beverly Plank's big pink fists.

The entire company plays Bridge harder than Lily Bart's friends; they drink more, they are more sporty, more fashionable, more vicious, they have fewer children. No set of people ever before had so many servants, beauty doctors and luxuries; . . . and as for their touring cars, Mercedes by preference, who can count them?

Their dissipations make early stories of New York life—Mr. Fawcett's, Mr. Bishop's, Mr. Crawford's, even those of Mr. Saltus—sound pale and spiritless, and the way in which Mr. Chambers knows it all is positively dazzling.

Moreover, he knows something more important—how to tell a story admirably; and he so manages his various threads of intrigue that an expert novel reader may go on to the very last chapter without a positive certainty of the outcome. His inroad upon the stock market is sufficiently coherent to convince you, without being wearisomely overladen with detail. There is movement in plenty, and his "well-groomed" players prance up and down Fifth Avenue, making a picture as lively and natural as a cinematograph. In other words, *The Fighting Chance* is completely readable. Mr. Chambers is so clever, has so keen a sense of character, that after enjoying his book, you ungratefully regard him with violent irritation. He has no right not to do even better! He lets himself go, in descriptions which, however brilliant, suffer from an element of cheapness, of quick journalism. He is willing to tag his people with a recurrent phrase rather than take time to convey his just conception through a more subtle and painstaking medium. Their jargon penetrates his narrative till he cannot tell of Siward's buying roses without himself, the author, calling them "Jacks." His command of idiom is so perfect that at times he comes perilously near using the trade idiom. He is so taken with the general sense of splendour that even the silver ash tray comes in for mention. In other words, his abundant and interesting material is not thoroughly digested. Plank, the well-imagined, lonely millionaire, is worthy of more careful analysis; also the central theme, the girl finding her own soul in spite of her odious surroundings, is almost crowded out by the restless and obtrusive background. If *The Fighting Chance* were a shade less talented you would pass it by as a clever, readable book, not calling for serious consideration. It is from a past and present conviction of Mr. Chambers's ability to produce something more durable that you incline to quarrel with him, to demand that he shall sublimate sport, Bridge and motoring, giving them less directly, more in essence, leaving himself greater elbow room and leisure for a riper and more delicate method of development for his well-conceived situations and characters.

Mary Moss.

II

The Leader.*

Any good Democratic campaign manager, with the returns of recent Presidential elections before him, should be able to demonstrate mathematically that *The Leader* will be the book of the year in point of sales at least. It is on record that in two Presidential elections some millions of good men and true cast their ballots for the peerless statesman whose completion of the grand tour has recently been celebrated in speech and print. Those same men would have cast those

*The Leader. By Mary Dillon. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

same ballots in the last election but for the machinations of wicked Capital, which conspired to deprive them of the opportunity. They stand ready, with no one knows how many recruits, to cast them again a few months hence. No one can question the loyalty of the followers of the Sage of Nebraska, whose counterfeit presentment, with its broad, serene brow and statesmanlike necktie, adorns so many of the hamlets and palaces of the land. What more natural than to suppose these followers eager for a memorial of their idol which shall preserve his moral lineaments for ages among the imperishable treasures of literature? Surely at least half this army of voters may be counted on as purchasers of a book thus dedicated to their hero; whereby is assured a sale of perhaps two or three millions, in comparison with which *David Harum* must hide his diminished frontispiece.

Not that any book dealing with a political hero is assured of such gigantic success; far from it. Ever since *The Honourable Peter Stirling* got himself identified with our distinguished ex-President there have been novels with heroes taken from the actual political arena, and more or less successfully disguised. In this process of turning fact into fiction the great Commoner has not hitherto escaped Scot free. But in *The Leader* we at last have the real Bryan—that is, if not Bryan exactly as he is, at least Bryan as he ought to be; a glorified, romanticised Bryan, freed from the hampering clogs of actuality to make a hero of fiction. It is marvellous how much of the actuality can stick without marring the romanticism of the picture. You first come on the hero of *The Leader*—for courtesy his real name is suppressed, and he is known as plain John Dalton—a boy on his way to college; you read that "the strong square jaw was set in a grim determination to hold himself quiet, and the keen grey eyes under the shock of dark brown hair occasionally emitted fiery flashes." It is like meeting an old friend; you recognise the strong square jaw and keen grey eyes, and only the shock of brown hair troubles you. But hold; he is still only a boy, and this is but a prologue. In a few pages you have the full-grown man as he faces a great audience. "There was nothing dashing in the strong, lithe figure, lean and muscular, with broad shoulders bearing with ease the leonine head. The close crop of brown curls was already darkening to grey and beginning to whiten and to thin at the temples, leaving a broad expanse of brow that had almost the effect of beetling over the keen grey eyes. The chin was square and massive and the lips well cut and firmly closed. Neither was there anything at all flashy (*sic!*) in the dress. Save for the little black tie, he might have been a country clergyman, in his easy fitting black frock and black trousers, guiltless of a crease." There you have the man unmistakably: the superb orator, the leader of the "peepul," the friend of the toiling masses. There are, it is true, certain items in the description which fairly out-Bryan Bryan. The brow that had almost the effect of beetling seems to detract something from our hero's geniality, and those trousers guiltless of a crease are a strain on our credulity. But this is perhaps one of those final touches of perfection which the novelist is privileged to add to the real model. The "leonine head" is, thank heaven, no exaggeration, and it is good to have it greet us, like a Wagnerian *motif*, at every appearance of the hero.

And so, breathless with admiration, you follow the Honorable William Jennings Dalton through the campaign of 1904. You see him on the floor of the St. Louis Convention, wrestling for the rights of the masses against the wicked encroachments of Eastern capital; you applaud as he encounters the leader of the hated moneyed interests in that memorable committee meeting and defeats him; you look on in awe as he relinquishes the nomination for the sake of a principle which his best friends declare quixotic. But above all, your heart is touched and you thrill with sympathy at the recital of his love for a beautiful, high-born lady. (Let it be confessed frankly that here fact and fiction part company, for the hero of the book is unmarried.) It is this blithe romance of the book-hero that adds the final touch of ideal perfection to the hero of real life. We must all like Mr. Bryan the better after knowing the possibilities

for love of a stalwart politician with a leonine head and creaseless trousers.

All in all, *The Leader* is a great political work—a matchless campaign document. That fact removes it somewhat from the realm of pure and disinterested literature, and renders unnecessary any extended discussion of its artistic merits. It were superfluous to dwell on the evidence that its author is as unskilled in the use of the English language as most makers of political documents; that the construction of her novel, considered merely as a novel, is as shaky as that of many a party platform; that her characters, in so far as they are fictitious, are the stock figures of a thousand generations of second-rate novelists. What, in heaven's name, has the art of the novelist to do with a political document? It is enough that this author has given us a superb presentment of a peerless statesman, decked out, as we would wish always to see him, in his shining halo and creaseless trousers.

Edward Clark Marsh.

III

Mr. Spearman's "Whispering Smith."*

Those simple-minded readers who still retain a fondness for a good story will turn with pleasure from the ethics of divorce or the mortifying exposures of our various forms of national corruption to novels like *Whispering Smith,* where no time is wasted in introspection, the characters being far more prone to action.

Ever since Bret Harte published those matchless stories of California life, which have only been approached in power by some of Kipling's earlier work, the West has been a land of conquest and adventure, though its heroes are no longer red-shirted miners or handsome gamblers, but rather construction engineers and railroad men, for, as the author points out, of all the agencies that have hastened the transformation of the Western wilderness "transportation overshadows all others. The first railroad put across those mountains cost twenty-five thousand miles of reconnoissances and fifteen thousand miles of instrument surveys."

The scene of Mr. Frank Spearman's latest story, *Whispering Smith,* is laid in the hills and valleys of the Northwest, "where the mountain chains of North America have been flung up into a continental divide." The characters are railroad men and cattle ranchers, and the action rapid and adventurous in a way that holds the attention from start to finish.

The first scene in the book strikes the keynote of the whole story and introduces most of the important characters. There has been an accident on the railroad not far from Medicine Bend, and Murray Sinclair, foreman of the bridges, has been sent to the scene of disaster with his wrecking gang to clear the track as soon as possible. At this work Sinclair is a marvel, and soon has things under way, when the division superintendent, George McCloud, arrives on the scene. McCloud is an Eastern man, who, by residence in the West, had "insensibly replaced his Eastern tissue with Western. In New England he had been carefully moulded by several generations of gentlemen, but never baked hard. The mountains put the crust on him." The West had also developed in him "the rarest of all gifts of temperament, even among men of action —the ability to handle men."

The wrecked train had been loaded with merchandise of various kinds and Sinclair has a four-horse ranch wagon filled with loot when McCloud interferes and orders it put back into a box car on the track, declaring that the freight loss and damage account of the road had increased two hunderd per cent. in the last year, and that looting must stop then and there. A dispute ensues, which ends in Sinclair's calling off his men and leaving McCloud to deal with the wreck as best he can. There are some casks of brandy in the wreckage, and McCloud gets out of his difficulty by pouring the spirit on the wreck and setting fire to it, thus clearing the way. Sinclair departs with his men. An appeal to the president of the road only confirms McCloud's sentence. Sinclair is never to work on the division again, and from that time there is war to the knife.

Not long after a bridge on the road is

* Whispering Smith. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

burned, then a cattle train is wrecked, and finally a passenger train is held up, and the safe of the express car robbed. This is too much, and the president of the road sends for Whispering Smith, a man who occupies an important position on the railroad that connects Medicine Bend with the outer world, a position incident to the state of civilisation prevalent there. "He is the man on whom the railroad relies to repress the lawlessness that breaks out in the mountains at times and interferes with the operating of the road. . . . Railroads want law and order. Robbery and murders don't make business for railroads." And Smith describes his own occupation thus: "The mountains are filled with men that don't care for God, man or the devil. Sometimes they furnish their own ammunition to fight with and don't bother the railroad for years. . . . Then comes a time when they get after us, shooting our men or robbing our agents or stopping our trains. Of course we have to get busy then."

This is the man who has been told to "get these fellows if it takes all the money in the treasury, and not to stop till he cleans them out of the Rocky Mountains." Smith is convinced that Sinclair is at the bottom of all the trouble, but the difficulty is first to convict him of it, and second to capture him, for he has many friends, much influence and is a fine shot. Things are in this condition when another train is held up, the express messenger killed and the safe robbed. Whispering Smith starts in pursuit with a *posse* of men, picks up the trail near the scene of the robbery and finally runs the fugitives to earth in Williams Cache, a narrow valley which has long been a refuge for outlaws.

The description of the final round-up of these men is very well done, and the reader holds his breath when Smith, three out of his four men having fled, the fourth badly wounded, is left to confront three desperate men at close quarters.

Sinclair is not among the Williams Cache gang; another hunt follows, and the outlaw is finally overtaken in a valley with two companions, criminals like himself, and from this interview with Whispering Smith there is no return.

Although distinctly a novel of action, the author has not neglected the romantic element, without which, we are assured, no novel has any chance of success. Dicksie Dunning, owner of a twenty thousand acre ranch, magnificent rider and warm-hearted girl, furnishes the necessary impetus for McCloud's energies, while Marion Sinclair, the outlaw's deserted wife, is Whispering Smith's inspiration. *Mary K. Ford.*

IV

Owen Johnson's "Max Fargus."*

There is something exceedingly refreshing in the very grimness of Mr. Johnson's new story. It is not a conventional tale, and it is not conventionally told. It has none of the attributes which commend a book to those who demand what is vaguely called "pleasant reading;" nor will it appeal, on the other hand, to those who like an author to wade deep into the mire to dig up material for unsavoury sensations.

Max Fargus is a story taken out of the seamy side of life, and told with directness and sincerity. It leaves a very strong impression of certain aspects of the New York of the later seventies and early eighties. It contains at least one character that will not easily be forgotten. In the days of old-fashioned story telling the book would probably have had a subtitle. It would have been *Max Fargus; or, the Story of a Vengeance.* In the tale the motives of love and jealousy play only minor parts, and after vengeance the dominant note is that of avarice.

In the telling of his story Mr. Johnson has adopted a method which is somewhat unusual in novels of modern American life, and which seems to have been borrowed from French fiction. Instead of working chronologically, he begins by flinging before the reader a striking and dramatic scene—the meeting of Sheila Fargus and the shyster lawyer, Bofinger, after the return of the latter from Mexico with the news of Max Fargus's probable death and the blasting information that the law will not allow them to inherit until seven years have elapsed. Then the author goes back and tells you in direct narrative of the events which have led up

*Max Fargus. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

to this situation. Finally, he takes you to the end of the seven years and unfolds to you the scheme of deep vengeance by which Max Fargus has brought about the ruin of the man and woman who wronged him.

It would be high praise—perhaps too high praise—to say that the characters are as well drawn as they are named. It is a long time since the present reviewer has come across a book that is so striking in this last respect. Before you are half through the book you feel that Max Fargus, "the oyster-house man," by another name would not be the same person at all. A glance at the glass front of the Tenth Street law offices of Hyman Groll and Alonzo Bofinger would give you a deep insight into their characters and the parts that they are destined to play in any drama of life. No less striking are the woman, whom we know as Sheila Vaughn, or Sheila Morrissey, and afterwards as Sheila Fargus, and the money-lender, Leopold Sammoman. If for no other reason, *Max Fargus* should be read for the extent to which it differs from the modern novel of the usual type.

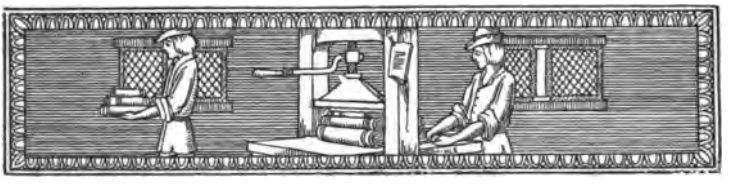
Firmin Dredd.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A live toy, gemmed with jewelled gold and green.
With ever-whirling wings unheard, unseen,
 He poises lightly at the poppy's lips,
 Into the honeysuckle blossom slips,
To drink their wines, and bathe in their perfume,
And breathe the sweet God-given dust of bloom.

Then swift as thought, quick as a lamp's death-flare,
Unseen this jewelled dagger cuts the air
 In flight; then reappears to poise again
 Before the nectar-laden flowers, and then
Where once had hung life, energy and grace.
Darts off, leaving a void—an empty space

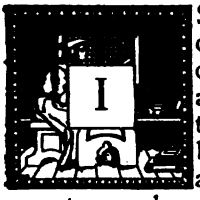
James Courtney Challiss.



CHRONICLES OF THE IMP

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

I.—TREASURE TROVE



SAT fishing. I had not caught anything, of course—I rarely do, nor am I fond of fishing in the very smallest degree, but I fished assiduously all the same, because circumstances demanded it.

It had all come about through Lady Warburton, Lisbeth's maternal aunt. Who Lisbeth is you will learn if you trouble to read these veracious narratives—suffice it for the present that she has been an orphan from her youth up, with no living relative save her married sister Julia and her Aunt (with a capital A)—the Lady Warburton aforesaid.

Lady Warburton is small and somewhat bony, with a sharp chin and a sharper nose, and invariably uses lorgnettes; also she is possessed of much worldly goods.

Precisely a week ago Lady Warburton had requested me to call upon her—had regarded me with a curious exactitude through her lorgnettes, and gently though firmly (Lady Warburton is always firm) had suggested that Elizabeth, though a dear child, was young and inclined to be a little self-willed. That she (Lady Warburton) was of opinion that Elizabeth had mistaken the friendship which had existed between us so long for something stronger. That although she (Lady Warburton) quite appreciated the fact that one who wrote books, and occasionally a play, was not necessarily immoral—still I was, of course, a terrible Bohemian, and the air of Bohemia was not calculated to conduce to that degree of matrimonial harmony which she (Lady Warburton) as Elizabeth's Aunt, standing to her in place of a mother, could wish for. That, therefore, under these circumstances my attentions were—etc., etc.

Here I would say in justice to myself that despite the torrent of her eloquence I had at first made some attempt at resistance; but who could hope to contend successfully against a woman possessed of such an indomitable nose and chin, and one moreover who could level a pair of lorgnettes with such deadly precision? Still, had Lisbeth been beside me things might have been different even then, but she had gone away into the country—so Lady Warburton had informed me. Thus alone and at her mercy, she had succeeded in wringing from me a half promise that I would cease my attentions for the space of six months, "just to give dear Elizabeth time to learn her own heart in regard to the matter."

This was last Monday. On the Wednesday following as I wandered aimlessly along Piccadilly at odds with Fortune and myself, but especially myself, my eye encountered the Duchess of Chelsea.

The Duchess is familiarly known as the "Conversational Brook" from the fact that when once she begins she goes on forever. Hence, being in my then frame of mind, it was with a feeling of rebellion that I obeyed the summons of her parasol and crossed over to the brougham.

"So she's gone away?" was her greeting as I raised my hat—"Lisbeth," she nodded, "I happened to hear something about it, you know."

It is strange, perhaps, but the Duchess generally does "happen to hear" something about everything.

"And you actually allowed yourself to be bullied into making that promise—Dick! Dick! I'm ashamed of you."

"How was I to help myself?" I began. "You see——"

"Poor boy!" said the Duchess, patting me affectionately with the handle of her parasol, "it wasn't to be expected, of course. You see I know her—many, many years ago I was at school with Agatha Warburton."

"But she probably didn't use lorgnettes then, and——"

"Her nose was just as sharp though—

'peaky' I used to call it," nodded the Duchess. "And she has actually sent Lisbeth away—dear child—and to such a horrid, quiet little place too, where she'll have nobody to talk to but that young Selwyn——"

"I beg pardon, Duchess, but——"

"Horace Selwyn of Selwyn Park—cousin to Lord Selwyn of Brankesmere. Agatha has been scheming for it a long time, under the rose, you know. Of course it would be a good match in a way—wealthy and all that, but I must say he bores me horribly—so very serious and precise!"

"Really!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to say——"

"I expect she will have them married before they know it—Agatha's dreadfully determined, her character lies in her nose and chin."

"But Lisbeth is not a child—she has a will of her own, and——"

"True," nodded the Duchess, "but is it a match for Agatha's chin? And then, too, it is rather more than possible that you are become the object of her bitterest scorn by now."

"But, my dear Duchess——"

"Oh! Agatha is a born diplomat; of course she has written before this, and without actually saying it has managed to convey the fact that you are a monster of perfidy, and Lisbeth, poor child, is probably crying her eyes out, or imagining she hates you, is ready to accept the first proposal she receives out of pure pique."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, "what on earth can I do?"

"You might go fishing," the Duchess suggested thoughtfully.

"Fishing!" I repeated, "—er, to be sure, but——"

"Riverdale is a very pretty place they tell me," pursued the Duchess in the same thoughtful tone; "there is a house there, a fine old place called Fane Court. It stands facing the river, and adjoins Selwyn Park, I believe."

"Duchess," I exclaimed, as I jotted down the address upon my cuff, "I owe you a debt of gratitude that I can never——"

"Tut, tut!" said her Grace.

"I think I'll start to-day, and——"

"You really couldn't do better," nodded the Duchess.

* * * * *

And so it befell that upon this August afternoon I sat in the shade of the alders fishing with the smoke of my pipe floating up into the sunshine.

By adroit questioning I had elicited from mine host of the Three Jolly Anglers the precise whereabouts of Fane Court, the abode of Lisbeth's sister, and guided by his directions, had chosen this sequestered spot, where by simply turning my head I could catch a glimpse of its tall chimneys above the swaying green of treetops.

It is a fair thing upon a hot summer's afternoon within some shady bower to lie upon one's back and stare up through a network of branches into the limitless blue beyond, while the air is full of the stir of leaves, and the murmur of water among the reeds. Or propped on lazy elbow, to watch perspiring wretches, short of breath and purple of visage, urge boats up stream or down, each deluding himself into the belief that he is enjoying it. Life under such conditions may seem very fair, as I say; yet I was not happy. The words of the Duchess seemed everywhere about me.

"You are become the object of her biterest scorn by now," sobbed the wind.

"You are become, etc., etc.," moaned the river. It was therefore with no little trepidation that I looked forward to my meeting with Lisbeth.

It was at this moment that the bushes parted and a boy appeared. He was a somewhat diminutive boy, clad in a velvet suit with a lace collar, both of which were plentifully bespattered with mud. He carried his shoes and stockings beneath one arm, and in the other hand swung a hazel branch. He stood with his little brown legs well apart regarding me with a critical eye, but when at length he spoke his attitude was decidedly friendly.

"Hallo, man!"

"Hallo!" I returned, "and whom may you be?"

"Well," he answered gravely, "my real name is Reginald Augustus, but they call me 'The Imp.'"

"I can well believe it," I said, eyeing his muddy person.

"If you please, what is an Imp?"

"An imp," I explained, "is a sort of an —angel."

"But," he demurred after a moment's thought, "I haven't got any wings an' things—or a trumpet."

"Your kind never do have wings, or trumpets."

"Oh! I see," he said, and sitting down began to wipe the mud from his legs with his stockings.

"Rather muddy, aren't you?" I hinted. The boy cast a furtive glance at his draggled person.

"'Fraid I'm a teeny bit wet, too," he said hesitatingly. "You see I've been playing at 'Romans,' an' I had to wade, you know, 'cause I was the standard-bearer who jumped into the sea waving his sword an' crying, 'Follow me!' You remember him, don't you? he's in the history book."

"To be sure," I nodded, "a truly heroic character. But if you were the Romans, where were the Ancient Britons?"

"Oh, they were the reeds, you know; you ought to have seen me slay them. It was fine, they went down like—like——"

"Corn before the sickle," I suggested.

"Yes, just!" he cried; "the battle raged for hours."

"You must be rather tired."

"'Course not," he answered with an indignant look. "I'm not a girl—an' I'm nearly nine, too."

"I gather from your tone that you are not partial to the sex—you don't like girls, eh, Imp?"

"Should think not," he returned, "silly things girls are. There's Dorothy, you know; we were playing at executions the other day—she was Mary Queen of Scots an' I was the headsman. I made a lovely axe with wood and silver paper, you know; an' when I cut her head off she cried awfully, an' I only gave her the weeniest little tap—an' they sent me to bed at six o'clock for it. I believe she cried on purpose—awfully caddish, wasn't it?"

"My dear Imp," said I, "the older you grow, the more the depravity of the sex will become apparent to you."

"Do you know, I like you?" he said, regarding me thoughtfully. "I think you are fine."

"Now that's very nice of you, Imp; in common with my kind I have a weakness for flattery—please go on."

"I mean, I think you are jolly."

"As to that," I said, shaking my head and sighing, "appearances are often very deceptive; at the heart of many a fair blossom there is a canker worm."

"I'm awfull' fond of worms, too!" said the Imp.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I got a pocketful yesterday, only Auntie found out, an' made me let them all go again."

"Ah—yes," I said sympathetically, "that was the woman of it."

"I've only got one left now," continued the Imp, and thrusting a hand into the pocket of his knickerbockers, he drew forth six inches or so of slimy worm and held it out to me upon his small, grimy palm.

"He's nice and fat!" I said.

"Yes," nodded the Imp; "I caught him under the gooseberry bushes," and dropping it back into his pocket he proceeded to don his shoes and stockings.

"'Fraid I'm a bit muddy," he said suddenly.

"Oh, you might be worse," I answered reassuringly.

"Do you think they'll notice it?" he inquired, contorting himself horribly in order to view the small of his back.

"Well," I hesitated, "it all depends, you know."

"I don't mind Dorothy, or Betty the cook, or the governess—it's Auntie Lisbeth I'm thinking about."

"Auntie—who?" I exclaimed, regardless of grammar.

"Auntie Lisbeth," repeated the Imp.

"What is she like?"

"Oh, she's grown up big, only she's nice. She came to take care of Dorothy an' me while mother goes away to get nice an' strong—oh, Auntie Lisbeth's jolly, you know."

"With black hair and blue eyes?" The Imp nodded.

"And a dimple at the corner of her mouth?" I went on dreamily, "a dimple that would lead a man to the—Old Gentleman himself."

"What old gentleman?"

"Oh, a rather disreputable old gentleman," I answered evasively.

"An' do you know my Auntie Lisbeth?"

"I think it extremely probable—in fact, I'm sure of it."

"Then you might lend me your handkerchief, please; I tied mine to a bush for a flag, you know, an' it blew away."

"You'd better come here and I'll give you a rub down, my Imp." He obeyed with many profuse expressions of gratitude.

"Have you got any Aunties?" he inquired, as I laboured upon his miry person.

"No," I answered, shaking my head; "unfortunately mine are all Aunts, and that is vastly different."

"Oh," said the Imp, regarding me with a puzzled expression, "are they nice—I mean do they ever read to you out of the history book, an' help you to sail boats, an' paddle?"

"Paddle?" I repeated.

"Yes. My Auntie Lisbeth does. The other day we got up awfull' early an' went for a walk, an' we came to the river, so we took off our shoes an' stockings an' we paddled; it was ever so jolly, you know. An' when Auntie wasn't looking I found a frog an' put it in her stocking."

"Highly strategic, my Imp! Well?"

"It was awful funny," he said, smiling dreamily. "When she went to put it on she gave a little high-up scream, like Dorothy does when I pinch her a bit—an' then she throwed them both away, 'cause she was afraid there was frogs in both of them. Then she put on her shoes without any stockings at all, so I hid them."

"Where?" I cried eagerly.

"Reggie!" called a voice some distance away, a voice I recognised with a thrill. "Reggie!"

"Imp, would you like half a crown?"

"'Course I would, but you might clean my back, please," and he began rubbing himself feverishly with his cap, after the fashion of a scrubbing brush.

"Look here," I said, pulling out the coin, "tell me where you hid them—quick, and I'll give you this." The Imp held out his hand, but even as he did so the bushes parted and Lisbeth stood before us. She gave a little, low cry of surprise at sight of me, and then frowned.

"You?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," I answered, raising my cap. And there I stopped, trying frantically to remember the speech I had so carefully prepared—the greeting which was to have explained my conduct and disarmed her resentment at the very outset. But rack my brain as I would, I could think of nothing but the reproach in her eyes—her disdainful mouth and chin—and that one haunting phrase:

"'I suppose I am become the object of your bitterest scorn by now?'" I found myself saying.

"My aunt informed me of—of everything, and naturally——"

"Let me explain," I began.

"Really, it is not at all necessary."

"But, Lisbeth, I must—I insist——"

"Reginald," she said, turning toward the Imp, who was still busy with his cap, "it's nearly tea-time, and—why, whatever have you been doing to yourself?"

"For the last half hour," I interposed, "we have been exchanging our opinions on the sex."

"An' talking 'bout worms," added the Imp. "This man is fond of worms, too, Auntie Lisbeth—I like him."

"Thanks," I said, "but let me beg of you to drop your very distant mode of address—call me Uncle Dick."

"But you're not my Uncle Dick, you know," he demurred.

"Not yet, perhaps, but there's no knowing what may happen some day if your Auntie thinks us worthy—so take time by the forelock, my Imp, and call me Uncle Dick."

Whatever Lisbeth might or might not have said was checked by the patter of footsteps, and a little girl tripped into view with a small, fluffy kitten cuddled in her arms.

"Oh, Auntie Lisbeth!" she began, but stopped to stare at me over the back of the fluffy kitten.

"Hallo, Dorothy!" cried the Imp; "this is Uncle Dick; you can come an' shake hands with him if you like."

"I didn't know I had an Uncle Dick," said Dorothy, hesitating.

"Oh, yes; it's all right," answered the Imp, reassuringly. "I found him, you

know, an' he likes worms, too!" Dorothy gave me her hand demurely.

"How do you do, Uncle Dick?" she said in a quaint, old-fashioned way. "Reginald is always finding things, you know; he found this kitten the other day—I call her Louise."

From somewhere near by there came the silvery chime of a bell.

"Why, there's the tea bell!" exclaimed Lisbeth; "and, Reginald, you have to change those muddy clothes. Say good-bye to Mr. Brent, children, and come along."

"Imp," I whispered as the others turned away, "where did you hide those stockings?" And I slipped the half crown into his ready palm.

"Along the river there's a tree—very big an' awfull' fat, you know, with a lot of stickie-out branches, an' a hole in the stump—they're in there."

"Reginald!" called Lisbeth.

"Up stream or down?"

"That way," he answered, pointing vaguely downstream; and with a nod that brought the yellow curls over his eyes, he scampered off.

"Along the river," I repeated, "in a big, fat tree with a lot of stickie-out branches!" It sounded a trifle indefinite, I thought—still I could but try. So having packed up my rod I set out upon the search.

It was strange, perhaps, but nearly every tree I saw seemed to be either "big" or "fat"—and all of them had "stickie-out" branches.

Thus the sun was already low in the west, and I was lighting my fifth pipe when I at length observed the tree in question.

A great pollard oak, it was, standing upon the very edge of the stream, easily distinguishable by its unusual size and the fact that at some time or another it had been riven by lightning. After all the Imp's description had been in the main correct, it was "fat," immensely fat, and I hurried joyfully forward.

I was still some distance away when I saw the distant flutter of a white skirt, and, yes, sure enough, there was Lisbeth, walking quickly, too, and she was a great deal nearer the tree than I.

Prompted by a sudden conviction, I dropped my rod and began to run. Immediately Lisbeth began running too. I threw away my creel and sprinted for all I was worth. I had earned some small fame at this sort of thing in my university days, yet I arrived at the tree with only a very few yards to spare. Throwing myself upon my knees, I commenced a feverish search, and presently—more by good fortune than anything else—my random fingers encountered a soft, silken bundle. When Lisbeth came up, flushed and panting, I held them in my hands.

"Give them to me!" she cried.

"I'm sorry——"

"Please," she begged.

"I'm very sorry——"

"Mr. Brent," said Lisbeth, drawing herself up, "I'll trouble you for my—them."

"Pardon me, Lisbeth," I answered, "but if I remember anything of the law of 'treasure-trove' one of these should go to the Crown, and one belongs to me."

Lisbeth grew quite angry—one of her few bad traits.

"You will give them up at once—immediately."

"On the contrary," I said very gently, "seeing the Crown can have no use for one, I shall keep them both to dream over when the nights are long and lonely."

Lisbeth actually stamped her foot at me, and I tucked "them" into my pocket.

"How did you know they—they were here?" she inquired after a pause.

"I was directed to a tree with stickie-out branches," I answered.

"Oh, that Imp!" she exclaimed, and stamped her foot again.

"Do you know, I've grown quite attached to that nephew of mine already?" I said.

"He's not a nephew of yours," cried Lisbeth quite hotly.

"Not legally, perhaps; that is where you might be of such assistance to us, Lisbeth. A boy with only an aunt here and there is unbalanced, so to speak; he requires the stronger influence of an uncle. Not," I continued hastily, "that I would depreciate aunts—by the way, he has but one, I believe?" Lisbeth nodded coldly.

"Of course," I nodded, "and very lucky in that one—extremely fortunate. Now, years ago, when I was a boy, I had three,

and all of them blanks, so to speak. I mean none of them ever read to me out of the history book, or helped me to sail boats, or paddled and lost their— No, mine used to lecture me about my hair and nails, I remember, and glare at me over the big tea urn until I choked into my teacup. A truly desolate childhood mine. I had no big-fisted uncle to thump me persuasively when I needed it; had fortune granted me one I might have been a very different man, Lisbeth. You behold in me a horrible example of what one may become whose boyhood has been denuded of uncles."

"If you will be so very obliging as to return my—my property."

"My dear Lisbeth," I sighed, "be reasonable; suppose we talk of something else," and I attempted, though quite vainly, to direct her attention to the glories of the sunset.

A fallen tree lay near by, upon which Lisbeth seated herself with a certain determined set of her little, round chin that I knew well.

"And how long do you intend keeping me here?" she asked in a resigned tone.

"Always, if I had my way."

"Really?" she said, and whole volumes could never describe all the scorn she managed to put into that single word. "You see," she continued, "after what Aunt Agatha wrote and told me——"

"Lisbeth," I broke in, "if you'll only——"

"I naturally supposed——"

"If you'll only let me explain——"

"That you would abide by the promise you made her and wait——"

"Until you knew your own heart," I put in. "The question is, how long will it take you? Probably, if you would allow me to teach you——"

"Your presence here now stamps you as—as horribly deceitful!"

"Undoubtedly," I nodded, "but you see when I was foolish enough to give that promise your very excellent Aunt made no reference to her intentions regarding a certain Mr. Selwyn."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lisbeth. And feeling that I had made a point, I continued with redoubled ardour.

"She gave me to understand that she merely wished you to have time to know your own heart in the matter. Now, as I said before, how long will it take you to find out, Lisbeth?"

She sat chin in hand staring straight before her, and her black brows were still drawn together in a frown. But I watched her mouth—just where the scarlet underlip curved up to meet its fellow.

Lisbeth's mouth is a trifle wide, perhaps, and rather full-lipped, and somewhere at one corner, I can never be quite certain of its exact location, because its appearance is, as a rule, so very meteoric—but somewhere there is a dimple. Now if ever there was an arrant traitor in this world it is that dimple, for let her expression be ever so guileless, let her wistful eyes be raised with a look of tears in their blue depths, despite herself that dimple will spring into life and undo it all in a moment. So it was now, even as I watched it quivered round her lips and feeling herself betrayed, the frown vanished altogether and she smiled.

"And now, Dick, suppose you give me my—my——"

"Conditionally," I said, sitting down beside her.

The sun had set, and from somewhere among the purple shadows of the wood the rich, deep notes of a blackbird came to us, with pauses now and then, filled in with the rustle of leaves and the distant lowing of cows.

"Not far from the village of Down in Kent," I began dreamily, "there stands an old house with quaint high-gabled roofs and twisted Tudor chimneys. Many years ago it was the home of fair ladies and gallant gentlemen, but its glory is long past. And yet, Lisbeth, when I think of it at such an hour as this and with you beside me, I begin to wonder if we could not manage between us to bring back the old order of things."

Lisbeth was silent.

"It has a wonderful old-fashioned rose garden, and you are fond of roses, Lisbeth."

"Yes," she murmured, "I'm very fond of roses."

"They would be in full bloom now," I suggested.

There was another pause, during which the black bird performed three or four difficult arias with astonishing ease and precision.

"Aunt Agatha is fond of roses, too!" said Lisbeth at last very gravely. "Poor dear Aunt, I wonder what she would say if she could see us now?"

"Such things are better left to the imagination," I answered.

"I ought to write and tell her," murmured Lisbeth.

"But you won't do that, of course?"

"No, I won't do that if——"

"Well?"

"If you will give me—them."

"One," I demurred.

"Both!"

"On one condition then—just once, Lisbeth?"

Her lips were very near, her lashes drooped, and for one delicious moment she hesitated. Then I felt a little tug at my coat pocket, and springing to her feet she was away with "them" clutched in her hand.

"Trickery!" I cried, and started in pursuit.

There is a path through the woods leading to the Shrubbery at Fane Court. Down this she fled, and her laughter came to me on the wind. I was close upon her when she reached the gate, and darting through, turned, flushed but triumphant.

"I've won!" she mocked, nodding her head at me.

"Who can cope with the duplicity of a woman?" I retorted. "But, Lisbeth, you will give me one—just one?"

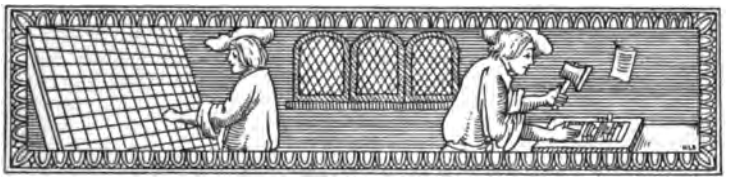
"It would spoil the pair."

"Oh, very well," I sighed, "good-night, Lisbeth," and lifting my cap I turned away.

There came a ripple of laughter behind me, something struck me softly upon the cheek, and stooping, I picked up that which lay half unrolled at my feet, but when I looked round Lisbeth was gone.

So I presently thrust "them" into my pocket and walked back slowly along the river path toward the hospitable shelter of the Three Jolly Anglers.

(*To be continued.*)



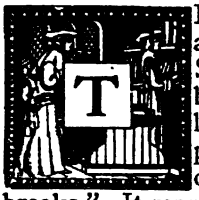


LONDON PUNCH SPEAKS FOR ENGLAND ON SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

FATHER TIME (*closely examining small incision in tree trunk*). "Who's been trying to cut this tree down?"

"TEDDY" ROOSEVELT (*in manner of young George Washington*). "Father! I kannot tel a li. I did it with my litl ax.

FONETIK REFAWRM BY EDICT



HE President's official adoption of Simplified Spelling must, we fear, be added to the rather lengthy list of what some persons disrespectfully describe as "Teddy's breaks." It represents his temperamental tendency to meddle with anything and everything that comes his way, and also his conviction that a stroke of the Presidential pen can do the work of centuries in a moment. Probably a good luncheon with Professor Brander Matthews, a hasty glance at the Simplified Spelling literature, and a guilty consciousness that he had not done anything spectacular in a whole week, may serve to explain the genesis of his order that hereafter the Public Printer shall use the Simplified Spelling in such official documents as the Executive controls. Perhaps, too, the President felt that he was still somewhat in arrears when compared with his great and good friend and quasi-model, the German Kaiser. He had, to be sure, assisted in regulating college football. He had preached sermons. He had discussed questions of tokology in reference to Race Suicide. He had shot bears and has written a book about it. He was having a profoundly important change made in the trousers worn in the American army. But he had not yet, like his imperial brother, painted a picture or composed a hymn, or dry-nursed a new school of sculpture. And so we don't blame him if, under the influence of the Matthewsian *blandiloquentia*, the President saw a brilliant opportunity for fresh fame, and fairly grabbed it with both hands. No one will very seriously object, as no serious harm will have been done.

For we may commend to the President that well-worn but always instructive story of the Emperor Sigismund. His Sacred Majesty was haranguing (quite after the fashion of our own liege lord) a gathering of eminent men; and in doing so he saw fit to employ the Latin language. But he had scarcely opened his mouth before he sought to make the feminine form of an adjective agree with the neuter noun *schisma*. Whereupon a very tactless scholar (probably a Democrat) who was present, arose and said:

"Your majesty will pardon me, but *schisma* is of the neuter gender."

The Emperor glared at the audacious meddler.

"Who says so?" he demanded thunderously.

"Alexander Gallus, the grammarian."

"And who, pray, is Alexander Gallus?" snorted the Emperor.

"Alexander Gallus is a learned monk."

"A monk, is he?" said the Emperor in supreme disdain. "Well, he is a monk, but *I*—*I* am the Holy Roman Emperor!"

Doubtless the applause was great. The courtiers all laughed and cheered at the mingled wit and overwhelming completeness of their master's answer. It was a signal triumph for Simplified Grammar. Yet the various chroniclers who preserve the story slyly add the significant remark that, somehow or other, the noun *schisma* still remains a noun of the neuter gender.

And that which an absolute monarch could not accomplish with a single noun, the temporary ruler of a free Republic must assuredly fail to bring to pass with a whole section of our native language. The great Half-Baked, who constitute the majority of Professor Matthews's constituency will chortle merrily, and will imagine a vain thing. But nothing will really happen. The documents which for a time may issue from the Public Printer's office will have about as much influence upon genuine usage as though they were issued in the moon. Few persons ever see governmental documents at all. No one sits around the fireside in the winter reading the statistics of hog cholera in Southern Illinois. Young girls in hammocks under the spreading greenwood tree seldom hold in their slender hands a big black volume of consular reports on our trade in artificial fertilisers. The man of letters at his desk, the man of leisure in his club, the traveller in a Pullman, the members of innumerable reading circles, the lovers of literature—none of these know or care anything about the flood of dreary office verbiage which

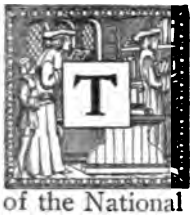
passes out from the Governmental Printing Bureau in Washington and is franked by Congressmen to their constituents, so that the honest farmer may have material in plenty wherewith to light his fires of a winter morning.

And the newspapers will not use this freakish spelling, for the reason that their readers would not tolerate it. The publishers will not use it, because if they did they could not hope to sell in England the duplicate plates of their important books. The vast majority of private individuals will not use it, because they dislike it, and because they find it easier to spell as they have always been accustomed to. It is, indeed, quite possible that this attempt of a political personage to employ his official power to force an offensive mode of spelling into use may do more to squelch the whole Simplified Spelling movement than any other single cause. Anglo-Saxons resent dictation as to how they shall dress, or what they shall eat, or at what hour they shall go to bed. They are not going to take very kindly to anybody's dictum as to how they shall spell. Hence, on the whole, we are rather glad that the President has undertaken to make himself a sort of national pedagogue. Beyond putting an end to the vague talk of placing him hereafter at the head of Harvard University, he will have effected nothing of much moment. Whenever he shall go out of office, a phonetically safe and sane successor will rescind his thoughtless order. Then, years hence, the student of history, in pursuing his researches, will occasionally come upon a layer of documents characterised by a grotesque misspelling; and, like a geologist, he will know that he has reached a peculiar stratum, belonging to the Later Rooseveltian Cacographic Age. And he will smile, and think of certain other things that happened in that striated period of tumefaction, and then he will dump the documents once more into the dust whence they were dragged—a proper resting place for the carcases of outworn fads and follies.

Harry Thurston Peck.



NEWS FROM WASHINGTON



HE BOOKMAN has received what purport to be advance copies of three important Executive Orders, soon to be issued to several departments under the control of the National Government. We do not vouch for their authenticity and they are published with all due reserve; but on their face they do not seem to be inherently improbable.

I.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

To the Scientific Bureaus and the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution:

Having given some thought to the subject in the intervals of my other occupations, and having talkt with Professor Phake of the Cowboy University, I have decided to direct you hereafter to maintain that it is possible to square the circle, and that perpetual motion is feasible. The Government in these matters must keep abreast of public opinion; for scientific theories ultimately rest upon the verdict of a majority of our countrymen. If, however, it should turn out that public opinion is unfavorable to this order, the thing will be dropt, and that is all there is about it.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

II.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

To the Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory.

MY DEAR SIR: I have been much imprest by reading some powerful sermons of the late Rev. John Jasper, D.D., of Richmond, Virginia, who was during his lifetime an intimate of my friend, Professor Booker T. Washington. Dr. Jasper's arguments have convinced me that your views of astronomy are utterly absurd and contrary to common sense. You will please, hereafter, see that all computations and calculations made by yourself and your assistants are based upon Dr. Jasper's dictum that "the sun do move." We must keep abreast of public sentiment in astronomy, though if it should turn out that I have made a mistake, the matter may be dropt.

Yours very truly,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

III.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

To all Chaplains in the Army and Navy:

Owing to the effect produced upon me by reading the works of Professor Crookes of London and Professor Hyslop of Columbia University, I hereby request that you will hereafter substitute sermons on Spiritualism for such doctrinal discourses as you have previously been preaching. Should Congress create a new Cabinet office in accordance with a recommendation which I am about to make, I shall appoint Mrs. Piper of Boston, Massachusetts, to be Secretary of Spooks. We must strive to keep fully abreast of public sentiment. If I shall find out later that public sentiment does not cordially endorse Spiritualism, the matter can be dropt, and that is all there is about it.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



HERE AND THERE

I.

The Word of a Gentleman

We have received a letter from a reader who has before, at times, found occasion to dissent from our opinions. It runs as follows:

"In your August number, speaking of President Roosevelt's possible renomination in 1908, you say that the fact that he has disclaimed any desire or even willingness to be a candidate, 'has no weight at all.'

"Now President Roosevelt made his declaration even stronger than you intimate. He said that *under no circumstances* would he be a candidate. Those words constituted a distinct and definite pledge, a promise, an engagement. How can you say that it 'has no weight at all'? Is the word of a gentleman to have no weight? May it be broken at will? Does honour go for nothing? Or do you not consider the President a gentleman?

"R. V. M."

Most certainly we consider the President a gentleman, and most certainly we believe that the pledge, the promise, the word of a gentleman should be kept inviolate. But our correspondent ought to make a distinction which he seems not to have remembered. He must not think us sophistical if we remind him of it; for it is really very plain and clear and consonant with right reason and a sense of honour. There is a vast difference between a promise and a mere expression of intention. In the first, he who speaks does so for the benefit and in behalf of some one else, and what he says is for the interest of some one else, and therefore there is a distinct obligation resting on the giver of the promise. But when a gentleman only expresses an intention of doing or not doing a particular thing—speaking quite of his own accord and at a time when his utterance is a purely personal affair—then he is in nowise bound to carry out the intention which he has expressed. It is not a promise, it is not a pledge, it is not an engagement made with any one. Thus, for example, let us suppose that the President, after his unlucky bear-hunt in Alabama, had said in a moment of vexation: "Under no circumstances will I ever go on a bear-hunt again!" But suppose that later, having heard that bears were very numerous in some particular range of the Rockies, Mr. Roosevelt should decide that, after all, he would like another try at the big game, and should proceed to take it, would any human being say that he had violated a promise or forgotten the sacredness of his plighted word? Surely not; for when he has merely declared a present purpose, a gentleman may freely change his mind and alter his intentions.

To apply all this more strictly to the case in point, we must ask R. V. M. to remember that Mr. Roosevelt made his disclaimer *after* he had been elected and not before. Had he stated during the campaign of 1904 that, if elected then, he would under no circumstances be again a candidate, such a declaration at that time would indeed have been a promise which he could never have ignored without dishonour. It would conceivably have affected many votes and might well have induced some citizens to support him who would otherwise have refrained from doing so. Hence, Mr. Roosevelt would have been bound in the strongest possible way to stick to the very letter of his declaration. But so long as such a statement could have influenced a single vote, he said no word upon the subject. He waited until the ballots were all in, until the verdict of his countrymen had been recorded, and until the whole world knew that he had been chosen President by a majority unequalled in American political history. And *then*, and only then, did he express his firm intention of being no more a candidate for the great office to which he had been called. Here was no promise; here was no pledge. He spoke frankly and as he felt at the moment; but he spoke when his words imposed no obligation and at a time when they left him free as ever to change his purpose in the future should he choose to do so. Therefore, we said that his disclaimer in 1904 has no weight when

quoted now or two years hence; and we hope that R. V. M., on thinking over carefully this very obvious view of the whole subject, will agree that we are right.

II.

L'Affaire Esterhazy

We have been interested in a very curious phase of the Dreyfus case—a phase to which no one appears to have called attention. The general verdict of the world runs somewhat in this fashion: "Of course, the French as a people lost their heads completely over the supposed treason of Captain Dreyfus; and of course, in their frenzy, they allowed him to be treated with terrible injustice. But the persons really responsible were only a few plotters in the War Office. The French were deceived and not to blame. What more natural than their wild explosion of rage when they were led to believe that a wearer of their uniform, a soldier of France, should have betrayed his country's military secrets to the hated Germans? Their frenzy was really creditable to their patriotism; and when the injustice was made clear to them, they did all within their power to repair it. On the whole, then, the French people have acted nobly and with all their old-time ardour—impulsive, mercurial, but fundamentally right-minded, logical and sane."

This is all very well, but it leaves entirely out of view the extraordinary episode of Major Esterhazy. That the French should seek to crucify a traitor to *la patrie* was natural enough, but why one traitor more than another? The alleged treason of Dreyfus was always doubtful. The treason of Esterhazy was as clear as day. He was an officer in the French army. His rank was higher than that of Dreyfus. He was of noble blood. Yet he was proved to have written the famous *bordereau* upon which the case against Dreyfus largely rested. He admitted this himself after his flight to England. He was proved also to have been engaged in treasonable correspondence with German officers. Letters of his were found filled with expressions of hatred toward France. "I should like to see the Uhlans lash the French with dog-whips," he wrote in one of them. All these things were published to the world. Yet the French people heard and read them with an indifference that made much more remarkable the fierce blood fury with which they cursed the very name of Dreyfus and his friends. *Conspuez Dreyfus!* and *Conspuez Zola!* and *Conspuez Reinach!* were cries that were yelled along the boulevards all day and night. But no one felt moved to cry *Conspuez Esterhazy!* How is this strange inconsistency to be explained? Was it because Dreyfus was a Jew? Hardly that; for many Jews rejoiced when he was degraded and sent to the horrors of Devil's Island. Race prejudice will not account for it. The episode offers a mysterious problem in the psychology of an entire nation.

H. T. P.



THE BOOK AND THE MAKING



S an appropriate article under this head it is believed that the average reader will be interested in a detailed account of the methods employed in the mechanical production of a book from the time the manuscript is accepted by the publisher.

While the details of manufacturing vary in some respects in the different classes of books, the procedure in general is practically the same, and for the present purpose the average novel has been selected as being the most familiar volume to describe. The average manuscript contains about eighty thousand words, and is usually furnished by the author in typewritten form. Upon its acceptance it is placed in the hands of the "manufacturing man," so called because it is in his department that the mechanical production of the book takes place. Usually the first step is to secure a proper cover design, and for this purpose the manuscript is given to the designer, in order that some important phase of the story may be symbolically or decoratively treated in the design, the manuscript is then carefully estimated for its length, and the type page is designed with the idea of bringing the book out to a required number of pages and at the same time keeping it within "even forms," if possible, for printing. It should be explained here that thirty-two pages constitute a printer's "form," and this number is printed on one side of the sheet, the dimensions of which are about 30½ by 41 inches; so that when both sides of the sheet are printed it contains sixty-four pages. The manuscript is now given to the typesetter. Of recent years this work has invariably been done on the typesetting machines, which automatically casts each line (called a slug) as fast as it is set. It is an interesting fact that one man can set in this way a book of eighty thousand words in seven days. To set a book by hand would require about twenty-six days for one man. The book is now complete in a continuous column of slugs, which column is divided into shorter ones, about 20 inches in length, and these short lengths are called "galleys." From these the "galley proofs" are "pulled," one set being sent to the author for correction and the other to the illustrator, if the book is to have illustrations. On the return of the corrected proofs from the author the book is "made up" into pages, and the heads and folios are then inserted. In some instances these page proofs are again revised by the author, after which they are cast into "plates" by the electrotyping process, which can be briefly described as follows: The page of type is pressed hydraulically into a sheet of wax, which sheet is hung in a magnetic battery for two or three hours, where it becomes coated with a "shell" of copper. This shell, when removed from the battery, is the exact form of the type page. The shell is then backed or filled with a hard white metal, which makes it a printing plate with a thickness of about 3-16 of an inch.

While this work is in progress, the "manufacturing man" has planned a title-page for the book, which is by no means the easiest part of his task; in fact, if he is a student of typography, he will give the greater part of his attention in the typographical "make-up" of the book to this adjunct. His effort will be to produce in the simplest way the most effective and legible result, which means much.

At the time the title-page is planned all the other pages constituting the "front matter" are designed typographically. These pages, of course, precede the text of the book, and appear in the following order: The half title, usually consisting of simply the title of the book, in a single line; the title-page the copyright notice, the dedication, the introduction, the table of contents, and the list of illustrations. With these plates and those of the text completed, the book is now ready for the press. The operation of this will be described in another instalment.

Recent Examples of Fine Book Making.

A new book in the special editions of Houghton, Mifflin and Company that sustains the well-earned reputation of these volumes is a reprint of the first separate edition of *Paul et Virginie*,* by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. The volume is a small quarto, printed with wide margins on a very pleasant and flexible hand-made paper. A French style of format has been well carried out. The title-page is drawn with a strong French feeling. The type was imported from Paris, and is of the same cut as was the Didot's and contemporary printers of their class, such as Bodoni of Parma. It is a letter whose beauty always appeals to the student of typography, while it represents the most definite and satisfactory advance that these printers made toward the establishment of what is known as the "Modern Roman" letter. If these men had done nothing else, the introduction of this model of type should have made them famous. The foreword of the present volume is set in 18-point, and shows the peculiar charm of the type. The text is in 12-point, well leaded, with 8-point caps for the running head, and the folio at the bottom. The illustrations are woodcuts, copied from the copperplates in the edition of 1789. These are delicately handled, and have a touch which suggests the primitive period of the story. They are printed on thin Japan paper, and mounted. Finally, the binding is uniquely attractive and perfectly in keeping, being full French paper boards of a grey-green tint in a streaked effect. A neat paper label on the shelf back completes a volume which will hold a high place among those editions that have made such a strong appeal to the discriminating collector.

The Literary Collector Press has just added to its list of publications a book on "Old-Time Wall Papers,"† which should make a strong appeal to collectors of antiques as well as those interested in primitive house decoration. The book is a large quarto, set in Caslon type, with liberal margins. The author, Miss Kate Sanborn, is peculiarly fitted for such a task, since she has long been gathering material and making a thorough study of the subject. The interest and study in the selection of wall papers have been increasing for many years. Their history has been strangely neglected, and the present volume represents the first exhaustive account that has ever been undertaken. To the interested individual Miss Sanborn's book has a particular fascination, and it should have the effect of making the subject interesting to those who have heretofore been indifferent. The book is profusely illustrated with reproductions and plates of old papers, and it is a revelation to learn that so many old homesteads still contain rooms papered in these quaint designs and perfectly preserved. A novel idea has been introduced in the end papers of the book, which reproduce the "Devil Paper" in the Gore Mansion in Waltham, Massachusetts. An artistic effect has been gotten by reproducing portions of old wall papers as headbands and tailpieces throughout the book. That the book is a valuable and unique one on the subject it covers is manifest to any one who gives it proper consideration, and further evidence we find in the introductory note, in which Miss Sanborn begins by saying: "If a book has ever been written on this subject, it has been impossible to discover." The binding is in brown paper boards with paper labels. In this particular it would seem that an opportunity had been lost in not having an appropriate binding of quaint and old-style design.

*Paul et Virginie. Par Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, in the original French text. Riverside Press. Edition limited to 280 numbered copies. $15.00, net. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

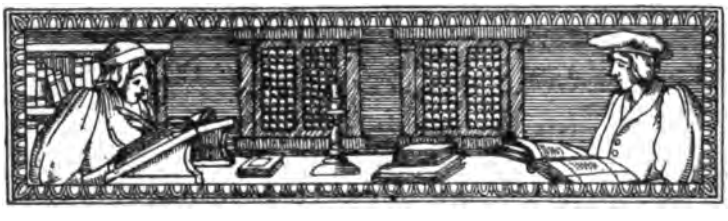
†Old-Time Wall Papers. By Kate Sanborn. Regular edition, 975 copies at $5.00; Collector's edition, 75 signed and numbered copies, $15.00. Literary-Collector Press: Greenwich, Connecticut.

Important Developments in Printing.

As a result of the recent Exhibition of the Development of Printing as an Art in the Boston Public Library, requests

have been received from twenty-one libraries for a travelling exhibit of this character. This exhibition was held under the auspices of the Society of Printers, and a committee is now in charge of the proposed travelling exhibit. It is to be shown in many public and university libraries during the present year.

While there have heretofore been many local and national organisations of printers, these have been entirely for trade purposes. The distinct purpose of this new form of organisation, under the title of the Society of Printers, is "the Study and Advancemennt of the Art of Printing." Plans for the formation of branches of this organisation are already under consideration in New York and Chicago. It is believed that printing can be placed on a more professional basis, and one of the features of the movement is to increase the appreciation of the art of printing by displays in public libraries, by lectures and by printing schools. There have been for many years elementary schools in printing, but none in which theory has had any part. It is now proposed that more advanced facilities be provided, to include the study of historic ornament, design and colour, as applied to printing. The wealth of illustration in modern periodicals and the important commercial uses of illustrated literature constitute a new phase of printing, requiring a training far beyond that of the mere typesetter or pressman. Among the institutions to take up this new phase are the Carnegie Technical Schools, Pittsburg, and the Winona Technical Institute, Indianapolis.



NOVEL NOTES

THE FORTUNE SEEKER. By David Graham Phillips. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

It is a pity that Mr. Phillips did not take a little more time to round out this story and do full justice to the capital material which he has employed in making it. He cannot be uninteresting even if he tries; and no haste or superficiality of treatment ever avails to make a book of his unreadable. He has the art of catching your attention in the very first paragraph; and having caught it, he holds it with a sure grasp. This tale of Feuerstein, a cheap actor in the German Theatre, a "dead beat," a sponger on his chance acquaintances, is a most diverting little romance of the East Side among those whom the author rightly styles "the real New Yorkers," and who at least belong to the New York of reality. Feuerstein, with his tossing blond locks, his low collar, his impressive swagger, his sonorous voice, his almost insane vanity and his loathing for honest work, goes out to win the hand of an heiress among the maidens whose fathers keep delicatessen shops and invest their savings in "flat houses," until they can retire to a neat little *lusthaus* in the Bronx.

It is a very novel and curious microcosm that Mr. Phillips has here sketched for us—alas, only sketched! The people who throng Tompkins Square, who make honest, frank, plebeian love on the public benches, the heart-burnings of the upholsterer's daughter, the dawn of romantic passion in a delicatessen girl, the wiles of a divorce lawyer, the Olympian rage of a rich brewer, Feuerstein's carefully devised schemes for raising a few dollars to pay his landlady, the glories of the Café Boulevard and the domestic delights of a Sunday afternoon in an East Side back parlour—Mr. Phillips tantalises us with the richness of his material and provokes us by the comparatively meagre use that he has made of it. Here is the real essence of a genuine New York novel. To what marvelous ends Balzac would have employed it all! For that matter, what a delightful and satisfying performance Mr. Phillips could have achieved had he cared to do it! However, let us not grumble. *The Fortune Seeker* is good, very good; and it is not so much criticism as it is commendation to wish that the author had made it twice as long and several times as carefully constructed.

H. T. P.

ANTHONY OVERMAN. By Miriam Michelson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Miss Michelson's first novel, *In the Bishop's Carriage*, gained a distinct success and one that was well deserved; for in that book she showed qualities that are invaluable to the story-teller—invention, humour, and a touch-and-go briskness of manner that kept the reader excited or amused from first to last. In *The Madigans* she tried a somewhat different vein and failed, for she was obviously self-conscious and was forcing the note all through. *The Madigans* might well have been entitled *The Book of Brats*, and the brats were very unattractive ones. Now, in *Anthony Overman* she has given us what is really a companion piece to her first novel—a companion piece in intention, though not in merit. Ostensibly Anthony Overman himself is meant to have the prominence due to a title rôle; actually, one's attention is riveted upon Jessie Incell, a woman reporter, for she inevitably invites comparison with Nancy Olden, the somewhat raffish heroine of *In the Bishop's Carriage*. The comparison is instructive, since it shows how far short of her former work Miss Michelson has fallen.

Nancy Olden was pretty nearly everything that she should not have been—a thief and the mistress of a thief—yet none the less one's sympathies go out to her from the first, and this is the test of the author's skill in the delineation of the character. Everything was against Nancy Olden—her birth, her training in a charity school, her evil environment, and her incessant temptations—but this is precisely why one makes allowances for her and admires her courage and innate honesty as she makes her plucky fight up to something better and more decent. But Jessie Incell, with her "cultivated voice," her education and superficial refinement, is a little horror. Nancy Olden is never vulgar, while the "lady reporter" is seldom anything else. Miss Michelson evidently admires the type, but it is essentially a cheap one, and Jessie Incell is a cheap girl. There is slight spontaneity in the telling of the story; the fun is feeble; the slang is dreary. Miss Michelson has done better work and we trust that she will do so once again. But meanwhile, in *Anthony Overman* she is only marking time.

EDUCATION

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE HIGH SCHOOLS



HE problem before the high school is to give to the boys and girls from fourteen on who most deserve education beyond a common school course such a training as will make them contribute most to the true happiness of the world. The high school should consider the natures of these boys and girls, what they are, what they can do, and what their share of the world's work is to be; it should consider the demands which the world will make upon them, the particular needs which the high school pupil is to supply; and in the light of the human nature it has to work with and the human wants it has to supply should choose its course of study, devise its methods and plan its scheme of administration. No high school is successful which does not use an intelligent sympathy with, and a sympathetic insight into, the life of boys and girls. The high school was made for them, not they for the high school. No high school is successful which does not have in mind definitely the work in life its students will have to perform, and try to fit them for it.

The present situation with respect to high school education may be briefly described as follows: The high schools offer to pupils from about fifteen to about nineteen, who have made satisfactory progress in school up to then, the opportunity to study Latin and one or more other languages, algebra and geometry, the English language and literature, English composition, the history of America and of Europe, and the elementary parts of the several sciences. Many of them offer also courses in bookkeeping, business arithmetic, and the like, in so-called commercial courses. A few of them offer courses in manual training and the technical arts, including domestic art and science for the girls and scientific agriculture. But these business and technical courses are usually considered not so respectable as the course comprising languages and mathematics, and are often used as a refuge for pupils who do not seem able to do the latter. The high school accepts also the task of preparing students for the tests required for entrance to college.

We so take it for granted that the customary and respectable thing is thoroughly good, in fact nearly the best possible, that our natural attitude toward the high school, unless it becomes aggressively annoying, which it rarely does, is one of peaceful, careless satisfaction. It is, we say, the "People's College," where all can go and receive the education proper to their ages and needs. But if we re-read the programme outlined above, thinking meanwhile of the boys or girls in the late teens that we know intimately, thinking also of the three-fourths of high school pupils who drop out before they finish its course, we shall be ready to consider the possibility that in many and important ways the high school has not mastered its problems or even fully appreciated it. It can, and should be, better fitted to boys and girls; it can and should fit them better for what they have to do.

It makes little difference what features of youth are taken; nearly all will furnish illustrations of the chance for progress.

For instance, we can do more to fit the high schools to the poor. If a gifted boy lives in a town where there is no high school, that town should pay the expense he incurs in going to the nearest. If a gifted boy must earn money to help the family, the best thing a school system can do is to get him a job out of school hours. It is a far more important work for schools to keep the best boys and girls in school than to weed out the dull. An employment bureau is more needed than promotion-examinations. If the boy can't be helped to earn enough outside of school hours, the school hours should be shortened in his case. It is far more important to have him in school

two hours a day or two days a week than to save some one a little trouble in assigning lessons.

By the present arrangements of high schools, there is no choice between all school and no school. The boy or girl in whose case a high school education will be an investment, bringing a return to the State of a hundred per cent. or more, may be debarred from it by the brute fact that his father is dead or that there are eight children in the family to be supported.

In the second place, we can do more to fit the high school to that class of boys and girls, the majority, by the way, who are not primarily interested in or efficient at dealing with *ideas,* but whose talent is for the manipulation of *things,* for using tools and machines rather than books, for cooking for a party rather than writing compositions about it, for performing experiments and making collections rather than learning rules.

Of the boys and girls who ought to enter the high schools of the country next fall, three times as many are fit to study agriculture or household sanitation as are fit to study Latin and algebra.

It is a foolish arrangement by which systematic school training from fourteen to eighteen is restricted so largely to the class who can and will do well as scholars, who are idea—rather than thing—thinkers. Systematic education is as necessary and as profitable for the future dentist, engineer, architect, builder, plumber, electrician, or housekeeper, as for the future teacher, lawyer or writer. The time has passed when the rule of thumb was enough for the building trades; when science was a luxury to the farmer, when old wives' lore passed on from mother to daughter was the best available education for housewifery and motherhood. The time is in fact at hand when the technical and the industrial occupations and the work of the housekeeper will be actually more dependent for success upon expert knowledge than the work of the clergyman or literary man. The progress of science in the nineteenth century, continuing at an increasing rate, has put the "hewer of wood" in possession of a solid course of study in forestry, equal in dignity to that of priest or lawyer and make it possible for the "drawer of water" (*alias* the engineer in hydraulics and irrigation) who really knows his work to study a lifetime.

The present arrangement is the result not of a rational adaptation of the high school to the interests of society, but of a more or less fortuitous historical development. Modern high school education is a growth from the training of priests and of "gentlemen" in the sense of a hundred years ago. The linguistic training and superficial knowledge of the "humanities" in which it abounds was quite appropriate in the case of the generation of future ministers and "gentlemen" who needed to talk agreeably about things in general and not appear at a loss in the company of others trained in the same manner. But the training that was efficient in enabling one to make a good impression among the educated class of a hundred years ago is about the last thing one would rationally choose for the 600,000 children in our high schools to-day. Heaven forbid that we should try to turn out a quarter of a million agreeable talkers as the product of the high school. Let the most ardent advocate of the traditional curriculum choose at random fifty names from the entering class of his local high school; let him find out what each of them has done, what they like to do and can do well, what their older brothers and sisters are doing; and if he has the germs of open-mindedness he will admit that not one in three of them should give, as nearly all now do, a fifth of their time to the study of the traditional algebra and geometry, and that not one in five should study Latin. If, instead of taking the fifty who do enter, he could with omniscience choose the fifty or five hundred who ought to be the ones to continue with systematic education,—the future leaders in trades, business, industries and professions,—he would find a still larger majority of those whose own development and social usefulness demand a training in connection with the real world of nature and the constructive arts.

At this point some reader who has been brought up to a superstitious reverence for that potent word "culture" and

to an association of "utilitarianism" with idiocy, the devil and the plague, will need enlightenment. If culture means knowledge of and participation in the best that has been taught and felt and done, studying chemistry, physics and physiology, or practising forestry, sanitation and nursing, are as truly cultural as reading poems or learning the events of history, and much more so than reading forty lines daily of Cæsar's *Gallic War* or contemplating the mysteries of mood and tense. If culture means a knowledge of the sort of thing they say Matthew Arnold knew to perfection, its pursuit is itself a trade, the trade of literary man and moralist, a trade that, like any other, may be pursued nobly or ignobly, from true zeal for excellence or from sordid selfishness, a trade which has an *éclat* and gives its adept a fame which science, invention and the industrial arts lack, but which intrinsically is no more honourable than its less showy rivals.

The use of the word utilitarian as a term of reproach and despite is due to a pardonable but none the less unfortunate lack of knowledge. Since the nobler souls have been willing to seek truth and beauty and honour, regardless of whether or not there happened to result any increase to their own individual happiness thereby, it is argued that we ought diligently to search for and use in schools those particular subjects of instruction and means of training which would give little or no increase to the happiness of the world at large. As if one could make anybody unselfish by making him useless, or a disinterested lover of truth and beauty by teaching him things of no practical interest to anybody! As if being good for nothing was the most exalted variety of goodness! The most pitiable feature of this fallacy is the frequency with which opponents of utilitarianism make their own greedy profit out of preaching against it.

To illustrate the improvement which we may hope to make in high schools by making them fit their pupils for life, let us consider three of the commonest duties and privileges of life: (1) The franchise, (2) self-support, and (3) maternity.

The exercise of the franchise is no longer chiefly a matter of honesty and good-will and wisdom in choosing between two clear lines of party policy or between two sets of officials. It is a matter of more or less expert knowledge.

A future voter ought to know that for a city to give to a traction company the use of its streets is identical with giving a neighbour the use of part of your house, wise or unwise, according to who the neighbour is and what he pays you; he ought to know that laws can do more against consumption than medicine can; he ought to believe that one man's gain need not be others' loss, as surely as he believes that two and two are not five; he ought to understand as clearly as he understands addition that a man's contribution to the world is to be measured by the number and worth of the wants he satisfies, and that a man's cost to the world is to be measured by the deprivations he causes. Is it not silly to let the youth of the land spend twelve years in school and at its close be unable, even though he wishes, to protect common property as well as his own, ignorant of the simplest rudiments of public hygiene, possessed by the fallacy that what others have has been taken from him, and burdened with the superstition that a man gives to the world what he spends in it and takes from it the wealth he acquires. Is it not a calamity that although eight out of ten of our high school graduates will live in cities or city suburbs, there is apparently in no high school a course on municipal problems?

The absorption of facts concerning the wars of nations or the development of a governmental system is a thoroughly worthy pursuit for many high school pupils, but it is a poor substitute for actual insight into the facts upon which the efficient conduct of the public affairs today must rest. The moral value of a view of human nature broadened by acquaintance with the great view of antiquity is indubitable, but the high school must do more for the moral success of the leaders of the next fifty years than to provide inspiriting but remote examples; it must answer the moral problems which an industrial and urban civilisation has made pre-eminent. "The art proper to human reason is life," and the demands

of modern life on reason must not be shirked by the high school.

Responsibility for supplying the wants of one's self and others is the chief feature of adult life, of women as well as of men, for the management of a household is as efficient to this end as is the provision of supplies. In the more primitive life of farm and village industry, this responsibility was shared even by the young. New England boys and girls fifty years ago probably earned more than their own living from fifteen on, and had a full quota of tasks with which they had been entrusted and for which they expected to be held to account. In the modern scheme of life among the urban populations the home too rarely supplies any adequate training in leadership, executive ability or responsibility for tasks assigned. The high school demands five hours a day of lesson-getting within its walls, and from two to five outside; there is not much in connection with a city home that a boy at least can do; it is often easier to get on without his aid than to find work that he can do. In what would be called the home with the best educational opportunities, a boy does little but get lessons even till he is twenty-seven years old, that is, till he is through a professional school.

It is in many cases as unwise thus to debar the child of parents of a sufficient income from partial self-support because he is in school as it is to debar the child of poor parents from school because he must support himself. Luckily, original nature, due to heredity, counts more in the fundamentals of intellect and character than does the training we give, so that the habits of reliance upon others for twenty years need not prevent the boy from assuming cheerfully and bearing successfully the burdens of productive labour. But the fact that nature works well in spite of our mistakes is no reason why we should continue to make them. It is unfair to the boy to exclude from the formative years those ideals and habits of service, responsibility and initiative which will be demanded of him daily from the moment his schooling is done. The high school should be in part a workshop and an employment bureau; it should co-operate with manufacturers, business houses, professional men and the parents of its pupils to contrive that mixture of productive labour, apprenticeship and academic training which is the safe, healthy and moral life for boys and girls. If the decision between ceasing to help the mother, the cares of a household, and dropping a part of the school work is left to the school, it should in three cases out of four decide for the latter. If a mechanically gifted boy can spend three hours a day in a steel works in place of studying *Ivanhoe* as if it were the Bible, or writing essays on the characters in *The House of Seven Gables,* he had better do so in four cases out of five. The world of industry and business is not Mammon, and the high school curriculum God.

The most perverse failure of high school education to fit gifted youth to their proper task, the improvement of life—is the omission of any specific training for bearing or rearing children. No one disputes the supreme value of intelligent motherhood. The only objections which can intelligently be made to the provision by the schools of training therefor are: (1) That training of sufficient value cannot be given, that consequently maternity had better be altogether an art directed by natural instincts; (2) that the disadvantages of nourishing an undesirable curiosity outweigh the advantages of knowledge; (3) that the intelligent direction of the sex and maternal instincts is impossible at so early an age as that of the high school pupil, and before the interest in their problems is aroused by marriage, and finally (4) that although the training should be given and at this age, it should be given by the home or the church or some agency other than the school.

These objections are all to some extent sound, and deserve most respectful examination. And in the present condition of popular sentiment, the study of reproduction, heredity, the hygiene of childhood, the psychology of instinct and habit, household economics and the like, by pupils in the last two years of high school, would be very likely to fail of securing the desired end. But the

advantages possibly far outweigh the disadvantages; and the high schools ought to lead more often than follow popular sentiments. It would take too long to analyse these objections into their true and their imaginary features, and to show that the latter need not prevent the success in high schools of a solid scientific course in the sciences relating to the creation, maintenance and education of the family. I may only ask attention to a few specially relevant facts.

First, there is knowledge enough which needs only organisation and adaptation to the high school pupil. Second, we cannot leave the matter to natural instincts; our neglect of it in formal education means that we entrust it to verbal traditions of the ignorant, to the chatter of servants, and the woman's column of the newspapers. Third, the experience of medical education, the professional training of nurses, and the teaching of biology in high schools and colleges shows that teaching the facts of science concerning embryos goes on in much the same way as teaching the facts about bacteria or the liver, and warrants the expectation that the small fraction of such a course devoted to a matter-of-fact scientific acquaintance with the development of the human embryo would reduce rather than stimulate undesirable curiosity. Fourth, it is true that girls from sixteen to nineteen are more interested in romance, coquetry, and other activities preliminary to family life than they are in family life itself, and no one should expect such a course to have great popularity; but the course will be supported by those general intellectual interests which support a course in chemistry, biology or hand work. Finally, parents do not know enough to give the training and the churches or other philanthropic agencies would spoil it by inefficient teaching and futile moralising.

It is high time to turn back from these illustrations to the text itself, fitting the school to boys and girls and fitting them for life.

It may be claimed that the traditional training in the languages and mathematics, and the teaching in other subjects patterned on that training, does precisely fit for life by affording a general discipline for the intellectual powers, and that the work of lesson getting in the traditional curricula is the most economical preparative for future efficient work and unselfish recreation of whatever sort. But it is very hard to find any basis in facts for this claim, and it is easy to find abundant evidence against it. The claim itself appears in educational theory usually as an excuse, as a defensive argument. Only when Latin lost its high place as a utility in commerce and the professions, and began to lose its eminence as the key to the world's knowledge and supposedly best literature, was its disciplinary value discovered. Only when problems about four men working fourteen days at a fourth of a stone wall ceased to apply to every-day practices on the farm did they begin to give universal accuracy and logic. Wherever education is put to a competitive test to produce efficiency in life, for instance in professional schools, it is forced to rely on special training in the special things that are to be done efficiently. We do not give our lawyers more Latin or our physicians more mathematics to make them logical and accurate. But apart from these suspicious facts, definite experiments have shown the high degree of specialisation of the intellect and the inability of training in one study to mysteriously transform the whole intellectual outfit. Moreover, the time has utterly passed when the languages and mathematics could boast any superiority in respect to the power, small for any school study, to improve the mind as a whole. Right methods of thinking can be inculcated as well in forestry, electrical engineering, nursing or the sciences concerned with agriculture, and the chances of transfer of these methods to the general activities of life is greatest where the subject is most like, not most abstracted from, the general activities of life. The high school should give mental discipline and give as much of it as possible, and just for that reason it should, to discipline best for life, discipline in those problems which are most like those of life.

Edward L. Thorndike.

REVIEWS

A NEW BOOK ON THE WRITING OF LATIN.*

Nam castram profecitur was the attempt of a graduate of one of our fitting schools, desirous of entering a great American university, to turn into Latin the sentence "he sets out for the camp," encountered in an examination paper. While it would unquestionably be an exaggeration to say that this effort represents the general level of attainment, the fact remains that the work in the writing of Latin is the worst which is offered in that subject by candidates for college, and the annual crop of papers submitted to any institution would furnish a choice collection of what our English cousins call "howlers."

This is surely not due to want of attention to the subject in the schools or to the lack of good text-books. The number of the latter is very large, both of those which follow the old-fashioned method of giving an orderly presentation of the forms and syntax in the sequence in which they are discussed by the grammars, and of those which are based in one way or another on a limited portion of the texts of some one of the prose writers required for admission to college. The advocates of these two methods are inclined to regard each as the only correct one, and the champions of the former in particular attribute the poor work in the subject to the introduction of the latter. But in reality the difficulty is not one of method, but is due to the lack of interest of students in the subject and to their conviction that the study is a useless one. This belief is, of course, true in a sense, since the necessity for using Latin in that way no longer exists, but on the other hand nothing gives so exact and thorough a knowledge of the grammar as the writing of Latin, and when the grammatical principles are acquired in this way there is the less excuse for using Cæsar, Cicero and Vergil exclusively for that purpose. An additional factor in the case is the circumstance that in many schools the last year is devoted to Vergil, and the writing of Latin is either wholly suspended or made an intermittent and perfunctory exercise.

The books of Mr. Barss—it is to his credit that he does not assume the title of Professor instead of the equally honourable and more appropriate one of Latin Master—are evidently made with unusual care and with a careful study of the conditions of the problem. Thev ought to prove very effective in the hands of a competent teacher. The entire work is designed to cover the last three years of the preparatory course, but the second part may be used independently of the first. The plan is in a way a combination of the two methods mentioned above. The forms and syntax are in general given in accordance with the former, but with some important modifications. Such constructions, for example, as the Possessive Dative and the Possessive Genitive, which would be separated if the orders of the grammars were strictly followed, are brought together and contrasted in the same lesson, and the Indicative is carefully studied before the Subjunctive is introduced at all. A number of valuable "hints" on the differences between English and Latin idiom are given in connection with each exercise. The essential feature of the second method is introduced in the form of supplementary exercises based on Cæsar's Gallic War, i. 1-13 and ii. 1-11. A novel feature is the introduction of so-called "constructive sentences," that is, the student is asked to form sentences containing certain words, of which the English alone is given, and certain constructions. In addition to the general vocabulary there are special word lists, containing the most important new words of each lesson, which the pupil is expected to memorise, and review lessons, summarising the vocabularies and constructions of several exercises, are introduced at frequent intervals.

All of these features seem to the reviewer excellent and calculated both to interest the pupil and to render instruction effective. The only criticism which he has to offer may perhaps seem an unreasonable one. It is that the "hints," good as they are, are not numerous enough. There are many things for which the student must look to his grammar which might profitably be explained in the same full and enlightening way as, for example, the uses of conditional sentences and of casual conjunctions. With reference to the needs of the average student and the average teacher it is hardly possible to go too far in this respect.

John C. Rolfe.

*Writing Latin. Book One—Second Year Work. Book Two—Third and Fourth Year Work. By John Edmund Barss, Latin Master in the Hotchkiss School. The Gildersleeve-Lodge Latin Series. University Publishing Co., New York, Boston, New Orleans, 1906.

A NEW SERIES OF TRANSLATIONS OF THE CLASSIC WRITERS*

The use of translations has already been discussed in these pages in connection with reviews of various versions of the classic writers. That the subject is one that is exciting general interest is shown by a recent editorial in the *New York Evening Post*, apropos of an edict of Eton College excluding such works from circulation in its general library. In the opinion of the reviewer it is better for students not to use translations at all during the first six years, at least, of their Latin course, and the same thing applies *mutatis mutandis* to the Greek course. Not that all this time should be given to so-called "gerund grinding," or to the minute analysis

*Euripides' Alcestis, translated by H. Kynaston, D D., Canon Residentiary of Durham, Professor of Greek and Classical Literature in Durham University With Introduction and Notes by J. Churton Collins, Litt. D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Birmingham. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1906.

Matthew Arnold's Merope, to which is appended the Electra of Sophocles, translated by Robert Whitelaw. Edited by J. Churton Collins. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1906.

from any point of view of small portions of a text, but the ability to read Latin in large amounts depends on the acquirement of a vocabulary and of a knowledge of the language, which cannot as a rule be gained through the use of translations. After that ability has been acquired the student may be trusted to use translations, if he needs them, to extend his reading, and only then can such books be used intelligently and with any real profit.

But the purpose of the series to which the two books under consideration belong is not the usual one. It is rather to make young people acquainted with the masterpieces of classical literature before they have studied Latin or Greek at all, or at least before they would be able to read such works as a whole or with any rapidity in the original. The idea seems a good one. Such reading will serve to interest prospective students of the classical languages in the work to which they are looking forward, as well as to give those whose curriculum is not to include Latin and Greek some slight familiarity with the works which have had so important an influence on the literatures of their own tongue. They should also prove interesting and profitable to that important personage, the General Reader.

The translation of the *Alcestis* is preceded by a life of Euripides and an account of the circumstances attending the production of the tragedy, with an outline of the story of the play and of its structure. The translation, which is a good one, is followed by brief notes. The plan of the second book is in general the same, except that along with the Electra of Sophocles is given the Merope of Matthew Arnold. The introduction gives a general account of the Attic tragedy and of the previous attempts to reproduce it in English dress, none of which are, like the Merope, an exact counterpart of the original. Extracts from Arnold's own preface are given, in which he explains his aim and purpose. The introduction also contains the story of Merope and some account of the metres to be found in the play.

The Electra after a brief preliminary note giving the outline of the story, is presented in the translation of Robert Whitelaw (the Macmillan Company), revised by the author. The Merope is provided with notes, which are preceded by a map of surprisingly poor execution, and a little over a page of notes are given on the Electra. The latter might well be much fuller, and in general the notes in both books might be amplified to advantage.

It is to be hoped that these translations may have the effect designed of arousing an interest in the Attic tragedy and a desire to become acquainted with the original.

John C. Rolfe.

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

ENGLISH TEXTS.*

The edition is from the Trinity College, Cambridge, manuscript, and is an older version than any in print, being more accurate even than the first edition of 1553. The differences in the versions are indicated in footnotes. No comment need be made upon any critical work from the pen of the editor. Sufficient to say the little volume is a model of minute and exact and at the same time illuminating scholarly textual criticism and exegesis. It should be studied as a companion piece to the *Vision of Piers Ploughman,* of which there is a version edited also by Professor Skeat.

Crowell and Company issue Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* in their first folio edition prepared by Charlotte Porter and Helen M. Clarke. This is the first edition, either English or American, of the complete works that is entirely a reproduction of the text of the first folio of 1623, and this volume is fully deserving the very general commendation which the series has previously received. This text with its extensive annotations will be an essential for the student and will probably be the best upon which to base the work of the teacher.

*The Oxford Press issues *Pierce the Ploughman's Creed*, edited by Professor W. W. Skeat.

A NEW SERIES OF READERS.*

This series, like the two or three other series of readers recently issued, possesses distinctive merits of its own. But in the very nature of the case one series cannot possess all the merits, for some are mutually exclusive. This is clearly seen in the present instance. The great merit of the series, and it is claimed as the distinctive one, is the very wide range of literature from which the selections are made. In this respect probably no other series can compete. But since the volumes are of very modest size, but a very brief extract can be given in most cases. In the fifth volume, for example, one hundred and eleven authors are represented in three hundred and seventy-five pages. Consequently many selections are grievously mutilated. Some of these might well have been given in full, some omitted altogether. This deliberate choice on the part of the editors seems to be in direct violation of the opinion now very commonly held by educators, that the selections read should be complete where possible, and where not, should be extensive enough to arouse a permanent inter-

**The New Century Series of Readers*, Volumes 1 to 5, is edited by Miss Ella M. Powers and Professor T. M. Balliet of New York University.

est. With this exception the judgment and taste shown by the editors is commendable; the interests of the child appealed to are very numerous; but despite the biographical notes and pedagogical aids, the larger volumes appear rather as a series of exercises than as an introduction to literature, which they claim to be. The earlier volumes embody approved principles of teaching, in the gradual expansion of the vocabulary, the training in the use of language, the gradual increase in the breadth of interests and of experiences to which appeal is made. In mechanical execution the series is most excellent and will commend itself to teacher and pupil.

SCHOOL PHYSIOLOGIES.*

These volumes are exceedingly practical and possess many commendable features. In emphasising the care of the body, the choice of food, the need of exercise, the valuable characteristics of play, proper postures and habits of cleanliness, methods of assistance in injuries in a form which the child can readily understand, they offer a valuable addition to the impersonal, scientific study of the subject as formerly pursued. But there is one feature, the most prominent one by far, upon judgment of which this series will stand or fall. That is its treatment of the subjects of the effects of the use of alcohol and tobacco upon the body. The full-page endorsement of the officials of the W. C. T. U. facing Silver, Burdett and Company, the preface and the somewhat apologetic announcement of the publisher to the press to the effect that these volumes were prepared to meet various State laws requiring such instruction, would remove doubt concerning their purpose if any existed after an examination. In truth, this series is much less intemperate in its statements, and not at all offensive and disgusting in its illustrations, as are many texts designed for this same purpose and possessing this same official approval. But even with such moderate texts the evil resulting must be beyond calculation. In the text for children from six to nine years of age, eleven of the twenty chapters contain some discussion of the effect of alcohol upon the body. Three entire chapters are given to alcohol and two to tobacco. Certainly the average child of this age would know nothing of these things; very rarely, indeed, would the school contain a child who would know of these evils from personal experience; yet from the use of these texts he certainly would derive the opinion that one great essential of life was to derive some knowledge of alcohol and tobacco. By the time this impression is re-enforced through a second and a third volume on the subject, similarly proportioned, many a boy would be driven to cigarettes out of desperation—or rather from mere suggestion. In this respect these volumes are pedagogically most unsound. It would seem to be against common sense, also, to put such texts, dealing to quite half their extent with the pathological in some form, into the hands of children. Then every one knows that the boy begins to smoke not because he has a natural liking for it, but because it is forbidden; because it shocks the sensibilities of their elders, especially of good women like those responsible for these volumes, and because of suggestion. If the suggestion received from their elders is not sufficient, that received from the continued reiteration of these texts would complete the downfall of the youth. There are reasons other than the pedagogical for the criticism of such texts. They are not quite honest. For example, the first volume of this series must treat, as usual, of the effect of alcohol on the bones. While it does not say so, it is so worded that it leaves the impression with the child that alcohol prevents the growth of the bones. Another example of its disingenuousness that the small boy will readily see through is a chapter on smoking in the same volume. In a concluding paragraph the pupil is counselled to count the black-faced headings, and read them over again, as each one gives a good reason why a boy should not smoke; and yet blackberry jam could be substituted for tobacco and each charge be just as true and each caution just as efficacious to the child to which it is addressed. Thus: (1) "Blackberry jam takes away the appetite. One of the first things we notice about a boy who eats blackberry jam is that when meal time comes he is not very hungry." (2) "He is troubled with horrible dreams and wakes in the morning with a dull, heavy headache." (3) "It is a filthy habit. His teeth are dark colored." (4) "It makes boys deceitful." They will hide to eat blackberry jam. (5) "It leads to drinking." Such "moral suasion" would be just as effective in the one case as in the other. The time will come when more temperate as well as better pedagogical views and practices will prevail; then such texts will not be in demand.

*_The New Health Series_ consists of three volumes: _The Primer of Health_, for the primary grades; _A Healthy Body_, for the intermediate grades, and _The Essentials of Health_, for the higher grades.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW YORK.

Alden Brothers:

Panama Songs. By Michael Delevante.

About half of this book is devoted to Panama songs; the other half contains poems on various subjects. A picture of the author's home is the frontispiece.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Ancient Miracle. By Jane Grosvenor Cooke.

In the wood country of Canada are laid the scenes of this double romance, one of which is happy and one hopeless. The chief character is a young schoolmistress, who goes to board in a home where there are four eligible sons. Of course, it is one of these sons who falls in love with her. The minor romance concerns a wilful young woman and a dissipated youth.

The Upper Hand. By Emerson Gifford Taylor.

The power which a person has over another whom he alone knows to be a criminal is the basis upon which this story turns. There are rumours of strikes, narrow escapes from death, and other exciting incidents. A love story in which a girl and two young men are the principal figures runs through the book.

The Rainy Day Railroad War. By Holman F. Day.

A story for young readers, although older ones will find it interesting. The hero is Rodney Parker, a youthful engineer, who wins in a brave fight against a strong opponent to build the P. K. & R. Railroad. Lumbermen, with whom the author is familiar, are vividly portrayed in the tale. There are several illustrations in the book.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Fantassie. By J. Willis Perkins.

A dreamy, mythical tale. There are three full-page illustrations.

The Land of Schuyli Jing. By De Keller Stamey.

A collection of stories and poems. The first tale gives the book its title. There are several illustrations in the volume.

The Century Company:

Local Government in Counties, Towns, and Villages. By John A. Fairlie.

An additional volume to the "American State" series. The book deals mainly with local institutions of the present time. It attempts to show the process of development more clearly as a continuous movement. The first of the four parts into which the work is divided is a short historical discussion; then follow several chapters each on the County, Minor Divisions, and State Supervision.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Step by Step. By Mrs. George Sheldon Downs.

Louis Arnold, the hero of this tale, rises "step by step" from an almshouse to an influential citizen. The difficulties and adventures which he experiences are both pathetic and interesting. A romance runs through the story, the heroine being the small daughter of the good samaritan who once befriended him. There is also a thread of mystery.

The Lion and the Mouse. By Arthur Hornblow.

Thousands of theatregoers are familiar with the play from which this novel has been written. The plot is based on the heroic fight which the daughter of a Judge of the Supreme Court makes to save her father from the ruin with which an unscrupulous financier threatens him. The illustrations are by Stuart Travis.

The Bottom of the Well. By Frederick Upham Adams.

A tale which involves love, an automobile, a trust, a strike, a riot, anarchists, a dynamite plot, and a much-talked-of trial for murder. The tale takes its title from "The Well," a meeting place for anarchists and agitators in a hotel.

Tonio, Son of the Sierras. By General Charles King.

A tale of army life on the frontier. The hero is an Apache Indian; the heroine an army girl who has two lovers, both officers in the service, and classmates. General King has endeavoured to prove that there are some Indians who can exhibit a noble character, be loyal to their friends, and have a strong regard for a friend.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Treasure of Heaven. By Marie Corelli.

"A romance of riches." The hero of Miss Corelli's latest book is a man seventy years of age, a widower much sought after by young women and their maternal parents on account of his great wealth. But his first marriage was an unhappy one, and nothing could induce him to consider a second wife. Becoming disgusted with his riches, he leaves his splendid home and lives the life of a tramp. Finally, he becomes ill at the home of Mary Deane. She nurses him back to health, and supposing him to be only a tramp, teaches him how to make a living by weaving baskets. He leaves his millions to Mary Deane, who marries a poor Scotch novelist. A special feature of the book is the frontispiece, which is the only authorised portrait of Miss Corelli.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Mystery of the Shadow. By Fergus Hume.

One is sure to find crime, mystery, detection, and other similar qualities in a book by Fergus Hume. *The Mystery of the Shadow* is no exception. The strangling of a nice, old lady who has married a young fortune-hunter is the murder mystery which is to be solved. There are twin brothers, ghost stories, etc., and fifteen full-page illustrations.

Dodge Publishing Company:

The Philosophy of Rest. By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

The four essays included in this volume are: The Unrest of Our Day, The Cultivation of Soul-Force, The Ministrations of Nature and Silence, and To Conserve Force.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Letters and Recollections of George Washington.

"Being letters to Tobias Lear and others between 1790 and 1799, showing the First American in the management of his estate and domestic affairs. With a diary of Washington's last days, kept by Mr. Lear." This sub-title explains just what the book is. Tobias Lear entered the home of George Washington in 1783, as tutor to the stepchildren of Washington. For the sixteen years prior to the death of Washington, however, Lear held the position of private secretary. There are eight illustrations in the volume.

Man, the Social Creator. By Henry Demarest Lloyd.

This posthumous work is said to contain Mr. Lloyd's deepest thought on religion. "It embodies his conception of man as a creator and potential god, and represents the matured work of his last years." The editors, Jane Addams and Anne Withington, have secured the material for the work from various notebooks. A good idea of the general character of the book may be had from a glance at the chapter headings: The Discovery of Social Love, Social Progress Always Religious, Mere Contact Making for Spiritual Union, Social Love Creating New Forms of Social Life, The New Conscience, New Conscience in Industry, New Conscience Transforming Politics—Killing the Party Spirit, The New Conscience Manifesting Itself in Educational Methods and Aims, A New Political Economy Predicting a New Wealth, The Church of the Deed, and The Religion of Labour.

Duffield and Company:

The Masters of Fate. By Sophia P. Shaler.

This is a brief study of the "achievements of noted persons who, under the stress of grave difficulties, have shown skill in marshalling their physical and spiritual forces to play the part of men." The themes of some of the fourteen chapters are: Invalidism and Intellectual Development, The Invalid's Attitude Toward Life, Unpromising Children, Management of Body and Mind, Family and Social Relations of Invalids, etc. The power of the will is the point which is especially emphasised.

Eaton and Mains:

In the Shadow of the Pines. By John Hamilton Howard.

Love, crime, mystery and a religious conviction are the themes of this story. The tale takes its title from the place where the murder was committed. It is a story of Tidewater, Virginia. The love interest concerns a young man who is turned from his father's door as a result of his loyalty to the heroine.

The Editor Publishing Company:

Rhymes and Meters. By Horatio Winslow.

A practical manual for versifiers. The object of this book is "to arrange in a convenient and inexpensive form the fundamentals of verse. . . . The plan has been to suggest rather than to explain in detail, and as far as possible to help the reader to help himself."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Czar's Gift. By William Ordway Partridge.

An addition to the "Hour Glass" series. Here is told the story of a

Polish boy who carved a statue of the Czar's dead daughter so skilfully as to win the freedom of his brother from Siberia. Line drawings by Victor Perard illustrate the book.

Grafton Historical Press:

In Olde Connecticut. By Charles Burr Todd.

The story of Connecticut's history and traditions is told in this volume, which is included in the "Grafton Historical" series. It is said to be "a record of certain quaint, curious and romantic happenings there in Colonie times and later."

Harper and Brothers:

R. Holmes and Company. By John Kendrick Bangs.

Raffles Holmes, the son of Sherlock Holmes and the grandson of Raffles, is represented as possessing the traits of both. Acting under one impulse, he robs the rich of their jewels, and the other impulse leads him to locate and restore the stolen articles. The extravaganza is written in a humorous vein and is illustrated.

The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard. By Anatole France. Translation and Introduction by Lafcadio Hearn.

The story of the bachelor scholar who finds himself in the embarrassing position of guardian-angel in a love affair is here issued in a new edition. This tale of French life has no terrible crime attached to it, as the title would suggest; it is, on the contrary, said to be a charming romance.

Eve's Diary. By Mark Twain.

A companion volume to *Extracts from Adam's Diary*, giving Eve's experiences in the Garden of Eden and afterwards. The full-page illustrations are by Lester Ralph.

Cord and Creese. By James De Mille.

The reprint of this novel, which was at the height of its popularity over thirty years ago, will be welcomed by a number of readers. The title is taken from a strangely constructed cord of Eastern manufacture, and a creese, or Malay dagger—the two chief clues in the search for a villain.

The Undefiled. By Frances Aymar Mathews.

Four persons are the principals in this story. The plot turns on the neglect of a gifted wife by her young husband, who is a successful novelist. He flirts with a young artist to such an extent that his wife decides to leave him. In order to save his career she does not carry her resolution into effect. She does, however, accept a position as secretary to a very wealthy Western young man. Unforeseen events arise and many exciting adventures are experienced, but the deserving receive their reward at last.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Election of Senators. By George H. Haynes.

An addition to the "American Public Problem" series. The reasons which guided the Convention of 1787 in its choice of the method of electing Senators by State legislatures, and those which led to the Law of 1866, are told in the first chapters. Then the author tells what the results of this system of election have been on the Senate as a political institution, on State and local government, and on the personnel of the Senate.

The Principles of English Verse. By Charlton M. Lewis.

For the general reader, who enjoys poetry, but who would enjoy it more if the metrical structure was found to be less bewildering, this book is designed. There are chapters on Rhyme and Metre, The Pentameter Line, Blank Verse. Rhymed Pentameters, Miscellaneous Metres, and Embellishments of Verse.

John Lane Company:

Points of View. By L. F. Austin.

This volume is composed of a selection from the writings of the late London essayist, edited by Clarence Rook. The first paper is on Sir Henry Irving. Others are: Cheap Food, A Famine in Books, America at Oxford, Men and Modes, Logic for Women, Motor Cars and Nervous Systems, Bridge, Dreams, A Race-Meeting, The White Hat, etc., etc. A photogravure portrait of the author appears as the frontispiece.

The Newell Fortune. By Mansfield Brooks.

The anti-slave trade discussion in England is said to be portrayed in this story. The Newell fortune, acquired by two New Englanders through the sale of slaves, is inherited by John Newell, the son of one of them. John's most intimate friends are workers in behalf of the Freedman's Colony in Africa. The result of their influence is that one-half of the fortune goes to the colony, the other half being used to found a society to abolish the slave trade. A love story runs through the book.

The Rosary. By Robert Cameron Rogers.

The first poem in this collection, which

gives the book its title, is probably the best known among them. This is due not only to the sentiment expressed in the words, but also to the general favour of the music to which the words have been set. The other selections include verses on many themes.

Many Moods and Many Minds. By Louis James Block.

A book of verse. The first selection, "The Celestial Maiden," is the longest poem in the volume.

The Master-Man.

A country doctor is the "master man" in this novel. He plays his principal part when he averts a tragedy near a lonely cabin in the foothills. The love interest is supplied by the doctor's niece and her two suitors, one of whom is the minister's son, who studies medicine with the doctor. The story is laid in the South.

Longmans, Green and Company:

A Discrepant World.

An essay in fiction. In a small town in Scotland are laid the scenes of this story. Two women, one a sewing girl and the other an Earl's daughter, are rivals for the heroine's part; while a very young man is the hero. Although the end may not be satisfactory to the sentimental reader, one must remember that it is a discrepant world with which the tale has to do.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Life of a Star. By Clara Morris.

The story of Miss Morris's life includes many anecdotes and records her acquaintance with a large number of prominent persons. Among her intimate friends on the stage were Augustin Daly, Charlotte Cushman, Sir Henry Irving, Dion Boucicault, Alessandro Salvini, and Charles Coghlan; while her other friends included Garfield, McKinley, L. C. Q. Lamar, Henry Bergh, etc.

The Religion of Nature. By E. Kay Robinson.

The object of this small book "is not to preach, but to prove on logical and scientific grounds, and in language which all can understand, that man has inherited the spirit of God and will return to God."

The Far Country. By Florence Wilkinson.

A collection of verse divided into four parts: The Unattainable, Fugitives, The Far Country, and You and I. At the end there is a dramatic interlude, "The Pure in Heart."

Red Saunders' Pets and Other Critters. By Henry Wallace Phillips.

The ten animal stories in this volume originally made their appearance in well-known periodicals. They are: The Pets, Billy the Buck, Where the Horse is Fate, Agamemnon and the Fall of Troy, The Little Bear Who Grew, and five others. Fifteen characteristic illustrations add to the interest of the book.

Letters to a Chinese Official. By William Jennings Bryan.

"Being a Western View of Eastern Civilisation." Mr. Bryan's little book is written in reply to a small volume, published about three years ago, entitled *Letters from a Chinese Official, Being an Eastern View of Western Civilisation*. The work is one of the results of his recent travels in the Orient. The subjects discussed are: Chinese Civilisation Overrated, Western Civilisation Underrated, The Folly of Isolation, Labour-saving Machinery, Government, The Home, Without a Mission, and Christianity Versus Confucianism.

The Macmillan Company:

Socialism. By John Spargo.

The purpose of this volume is "to state in popular language what Socialism really means and what it does not mean. It is intended to be an introduction merely to a great and profoundly impressive subject of growing international interest and importance. During many years spent in the propaganda of Socialism in two continents, the need of such a volume has been deeply impressed upon my mind; hence this attempt to meet the necessity." Some of the chapter titles are: Robert Owen and the Utopian Spirit, The Materialistic Conception of History, Capitalism and the Law of Concentration, The Class Struggle, Outlines of the Economics of Socialism, etc.

The Vine of Sibmah. By Andrew Macphail.

The reign of Charles II. is the period during which this romance occurred. The hero, former captain of Cromwell's army, tells the story. The scenes, which are at first laid in Old England, are changed to the New England colonies, and Puritan life in both countries is portrayed by the author of *Essays in Puritanism*. The pursuit of Beatrix by the hero furnishes the love plot to the story.

Magdala Company:

Miriam of Magdala. By Katherine F. Mullany.

This story is said to be a character study of Magdalen, and a pen picture of

Martha and of Lazarus. Judas, Pontius Pilate, Annas and Caiphas are also prominent figures. Among the scenes described are: The Cleansing of the Temple, The Suppers at Naum and Bethany, The Raising of Lazarus, Christ Before Pilate, The Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

In Vanity Fair. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd.

"A tale of frocks and femininity." While the origin of the fashions is the theme of this book, it should not be understood as a mere dissertation of fashion, but as "a pen picture of the atmosphere and environment out of which the fashions spring." It is "the whirlpool of vanity, frivolity and mad extravagance centring in Paris, that Mrs. Brainerd paints."

Richard the Brazen. By Cyrus Townsend Brady and Edward Peple.

Richard Williams, known as "Richard the Brazen," rescues from death the daughter of a family enemy. He falls in love with her at once, and determines to win her. Knowing the bitter hatred which exists between her father and his own, he impersonates another man and wooes her under a false personality, only disclosing his identity when the story is nearing completion. Full-page coloured pictures illustrate the book.

Scarlett of the Mounted. By Marguerite Merington.

The author, who has written a number of stories for magazines, has, in her first novel, pictured the life of gold hunters and other characters of the Canadian Northwest. The hero is a sergeant of the Canadian mounted police and the heroine is the daughter of a man who has lost his wealth in the Klondike.

Sandy of the Sierras. By Richard Barry.

Sandy of the Sierras records the struggle of a boy from the mountains who climbs the ladder of success, step by step. The scenes are laid in San Francisco. A love story runs through the book.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Meda's Heritage. By Maia Pettus.

Love and religion are interwoven into this story of Southern life. The heritage which fell to the heroine was her mission to preach the gospel and to take up the work laid down when death claimed her father. She wins success only after having trodden a path beset by obstacles and drawbacks.

Yellowstone Letters. By Rube Shuffle, Valet.

A trip which a valet takes through Yellowstone Park is described in the series of letters which he writes to his sweetheart. There are six illustrations by A. G. Heaton.

The Life of General Hugh Mercer. By John T. Goolrick.

In addition to the story of General Hugh Mercer's life, there are brief sketches of Washington, John Paul Jones, General George Weedon, James Monroe, and Mrs. Mary Ball Washington; "also a sketch of Lodge No. 4, A. F. and A. M., of which Generals Washington and Mercer were members; and a genealogical table of the Mercer family."

Sundays in London. By Luther Hess Waring.

A new London is pictured by Mr. Waring—the London that opens its churches and closes its shops. He says: "During the hours of church service no underground railway trains were run. From midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday no work whatever was done by the city post-office, either in receiving or distributing mail, whether for the city or for the rest of the world." The author describes some of the famous churches and discusses the equally famous men who are preaching or have preached in them.

The Olivia Letters. By Emily Edson Briggs.

"Being some history of Washington City for forty years as told by the letters of a newspaper correspondent." Mrs. Briggs has recorded more particularly a history of the social life of Washington—the receptions, dinners, balls, and various other functions. Her work is said to be the social complement to the political history of the years between 1866 and 1886. A portrait of the author is the frontispiece.

Morgan's Cavalry. By General Basil W. Duke.

This story of General Morgan's life is said to be a romance rather than a record of bare historical facts. The narrative is written by Morgan's brother-in-law. The man described in the book took part in both the Mexican and Civil Wars, concerning which many incidents and adventures are included in the story. There are several illustrations.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

Uncle Charlie's Poems. By Charles Noel Douglas.

The entire contents of this volume were written by the author during the past ten

years, all of which time he has spent in bed. The work is made up of verse, both bright and humorous, and sound no note of the hardships through which the writer has passed. The publishers state that "almost the entire profits resulting from the sales" will be given to Mr. Douglas.

The Photographic Times Publishing Association:

Photographic Amusements. By Walter E. Woodbury.

The object of this book is "to describe a number of novel and curious effects that can be obtained by the aid of the camera, together with some instructive and interesting photographic experiments." The book is bound within heavy paper covers.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

George Washington. By James A. Harrison.

The author, who is a Virginian, has presented a sympathetic biography of George Washington—patriot, soldier, statesman, first President of the United States. The volume is well illustrated, and is one of the "Heroes of the Nations" series.

From Bull Run to Chancellorsville. By Newton Martin Curtis.

The story of the part taken by the Sixteenth New York Infantry in the campaigns from Bull Run to Chancellorsville is here told. In addition to war tales there are many personal reminiscences and stories of men and events woven into the work. There are four portraits in the volume, that of the author appearing as the frontispiece.

The Idyllic Avon. By John Henry Garrett.

"Being a simple description of the Avon from Tewksbury to above Stratford-on-Avon, with songs and pictures of the river and its neighbourhood." This volume is the result of a rowing trip which the author made one summer. Shakespeare's connection with Stratford occupies one chapter, which is illustrated with eighty-seven full-page pictures.

The Shock of Battle. By Patrick Vaux.

This is the story of an imaginary war, which takes place soon after the opening of the Panama Canal, between Great Britain and Germany. It is told by a newspaper reporter who is an unwilling though courageous eye-witness to the many exciting battles. All the horrors of modern warfare are vividly portrayed in the tale.

In Thamesland. By Henry Wellington Wack.

"Being the gossiping record of rambles through England from the source of the Thames to the sea, with casual studies of the English people, their historic, literary and romantic shrines. The whole forming a complete guide to the Thames Valley." This handsome work is supplied with a map and one hundred illustrations.

A Son of the People. By Baroness Orczy.

Peasant life and character in Hungary is sketched in Baroness Orczy's latest story. A nobleman is saved from financial ruin by the hero, a man of low birth, who, in return, asks the daughter's hand in marriage. Ignorant of the facts in the case, the bride scorns her husband, and he leaves her on their wedding day with a vow that he will never return to her until she takes back her cruel words. It is two years before the breach is healed. A prominent character in the book is a Jew agent.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

A Practical Programme for Working Men.

The object of this imported volume is to seek those principles, and endeavour to state them, that should animate political progress. The six fields affected are: Science, economics, politics, philanthropy, philosophy, and religion. The book is an argument for socialism.

The Travels of Mungo Park.

The latest addition to the handsome "Caxton Thin Paper Classics," imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, is *The Travels of Mungo Park.* There is a frontispiece portrait of Dr. Park and a map of his last mission into Africa. The travels recorded were made in 1795, 1796, 1797, and 1805.

Chevalier Bayard. Translated by Sara Coleridge.

The Right Joyous and Pleasant History of the Feats, Gests, and Prowesses of the Chevalier Bayard has been translated by Sara Coleridge, and included in the "Newnes Pocket Classics"—an imported series. A portrait of the Knight appears as the frontispiece.

George Farquhar. Edited by William Archer.

An imported volume in the "Mermaid" series. The editor has added a biographical and critical introduction and some notes. The four comedies included are: "The Constant Couple," "The Twin Rivals," "The Recruiting Officer," and "The Beaux' Stratagem."

The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith. By George Macaulay Trevelyan.

In the belief that the poems of Mr. Meredith have not been so generally recognised as his novels, and that the religion, philosophy and ethics which inspire and illuminate his novels "are expressed more fully and in more exact terms in his poems," the author has written this book. Style is emphasised in the first two chapters, and content in the last two.

The Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn, F.R.S. Edited by William Bray, with Life by H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. 4 vols.

This imported work of four good-sized volumes contains the diary of John Evelyn, a selection from his familiar letters, and the private correspondence between King Charles I. and Sir Edward Nicholas, and between Sir Edward Hyde and Sir Richard Browne. This new edition contains a biographical sketch of the author and a new preface. There are many illustrations in the volumes.

F. A. Stokes and Company:

Huntington, Jr. By Edward Clary Root.

"A romance of to-day." Finding his father in trouble, both politically and financially, the hero drops his course in college and hurries to the rescue. He encounters many difficulties, some of which are serious, but by sheer will power wins out in the end. A double romance runs through the book.

Teachers College, Columbia University:

The History of American Poetry. By Curtis Hidden Page.

This pamphlet is a syllabus of a course of twelve lectures on the History of American Poetry.

Thomas Whittaker:

The Man and the Master. By James E. Freeman.

Certain phases or aspects of the Life of Christ are dealt with in this volume, and emphasis is laid upon the cardinal characteristics of that life.

William Wood and Company:

The Charaka Club. Vol. II.

The proceedings of this organisation of medical men interested in the literary, artistic and historical aspects of medicine comprise the second volume issued by the Charaka Club. There are twelve articles by as many of the various members. There are also a number of illustrations.

BOSTON, MASS.

Richard G. Badger:

Alterations and Adaptations of Shakespeare. By Frederick W. Kilbourne.

An account of the alterations and adaptations of Shakespeare from the Restoration through the eighteenth century is here given by Mr. Kilbourne. Cibber's *Richard III.* is the only one which has lasted until the present day, and many original passages in that have been substituted for Cibber's scenes.

The Silver Trail. By Evelyn Gunne.

A Modern Alchemist. By Lee Wilson Dodd.

The Electric Spirit. By Marion Couthouy Smith.

The themes of these three collections of poetry cover a wide range of subjects.

The Passion Stroke. By Mary Fairweather.

The principal characters in this tale are Pythia, the sibyl of Delphi, and Hiereros, the high priest—subsequently the emperor priest. A malicious Faun takes a prominent part in the story.

H. M. Caldwell Company:

Recollections of a Gold Cure Graduate. By Newton Newkirk.

A volume of humorous epigrams. The patient is an inmate in an institution where there are courses given in alcoholism, morphine, opium, cocaine, tobacco, breakfast food habits, automania, and balloonatics. He is treated for alcoholism. Characteristic drawings and marginal decorations illustrate the book.

Ginn and Company:

Patriotism and the New Internationalism. By Lucia Ames Mead.

This pamphlet has been arranged for the purpose of assisting teachers to prepare for the commemoration of the anniversary of the Hague Conference in 1899, which the school authorities of every State have requested the schools to celebrate on May 18 of each year.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Economy of Happiness. By James Mackaye.

The main purpose of this book is that it shall analyse the true principles of common sense, as concerned first "with the *nature of intelligibility*, second, with the *nature of truth*, and, third, with the *nature of utility*." Book I. is devoted to finding out what common sense is; Books II. and III. seek to apply it.

Susan Clegg and Her Neighbors' Affairs. By Anne Warner.

The latest adventures of Susan Clegg, a well-known humorous character in fiction, are recorded in this volume. They include "Mrs. Lathrop's Love Affair," "Old Man Ely's Proposal," "The Wolf at Susan's Door," "A Very Superior Man," "Hat," "Speculations," "Wedding" and "Gran'ma."

The Pilgrim Press:

Biblical Dramas. Arranged by Harris G. Hale and Newton M. Hall.

The three dramas are "Moses the Liberator," "The Story of Jacob" and "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren." The object of these pamphlets is that vividness of impression may be restored to the Bible. The dramas are intended to be read by the various characters.

Waite and Staley:

A Souvenir Picture Book of Coney Island.

A pictorial review of the many places of attraction and note in the well-known resort. In addition to the numerous illustrations there is a short history of Coney Island.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The D. D. Publishing Company:

The Philosophy of Life. By Charles Gilbert Davis.

The Philosophy of Life is said to depict the action of cosmic force acting according to the law of evolution till man has made his appearance. . . . He points to man as a real manifestation of the cosmic mind—God."

Laird and Lee:

Webster's New Standard Dictionary. Compiled by E. T. Roe.

The International School Edition of Webster's New Standard Dictionary has been prepared "with a view of furnishing the schools with a compact, concise and comprehensive lexicon that will meet the needs of all Intermediate grades." There are 30,000 vocabulary words with pronunciations, definitions, synonyms, illustrations, etc.

"By the Eternal." By Opie Read.

Andrew Jackson and his times are the chief pictures which this novel portrays. Other characters in the story are a jolly Irishman, a widow and a very pretty girl. While there may be some points which are not according to history, the tale is said to be an interesting love story.

Library Bureau:

Bookbinding for Libraries. By John Cotton Dana.

"These notes have been compiled in the hope that they may be of assistance to librarians in caring for the binding and rebinding of library books."

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Edouard Remenyi. By Gwendolyn Dunlevy Kelley and George P. Upton.

The editor calls this work "a collection of biographical documents," rather than a biography. It is "An Appreciation, with sketches of his life and artistic career, by friends and contemporaries, to which are added critical reviews of his playing and selections from his literary papers and correspondence." The first part of the book is devoted to biographical and appreciative matter, by the editors and others; in the second part are "anecdotes and sketches of Remenyi by his famous friends"; Part III. contains his own letters and sketches gathered while travelling; and in the last part are the press tributes and list of Remenyi's compositions. There are several illustrations in the volume.

Success in Letter Writing. By Sherwin Cody.

The purpose of this book is expressed in its title. The work is divided into two sections—business and social. In the first there are given the essentials of success in business letters, forms and customs, proper style, model letters, etc.; the second part contains chapters on Forms and Customs in Social Correspondence, How to be Agreeable in a Social Letter, How to Decline Without Offence, How to Make and Keep Friends, Women's Love Letters, Men's Love Letters, etc.

The Frank M. Morris Company:

Edgar Allan Poe. By Oliver Leigh.

This small book discusses the character portraits of Poe. The frontispiece is a transposable portrait of the subject. There is, also, The Wedding Year Portrait, The Profile Study, The Widower Year Portrait, and His Monument. There are notes on the portraits of Poe and on the faces, chapters which deal with the "Lavante" Satire; Poe's biographers, censors and champions; the sketch and rhymes on his monument, etc.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

American Baptist Publication Society:

The Ministry of the Eternal Life. By William C. Bitting.

A sermon preached before the National Baptist Societies at their Anniversaries at Dayton, Ohio, May 20, 1906. Issued in pamphlet form.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:

A Specimen Spinster. By Kate Westlake Yeigh.

Without any tendency toward bragging, a maiden lady who has more money than she actually needs for her personal wants tells how she lives her life for others and the enjoyment it brings them and her. A pretty love story runs through the book.

George W. Jacobs Company:

The Girl Out There. By Karl Edwin Harriman.

A simple romance of country life in New England. The hero is a newspaper man who has been sent by his physician to a quiet hamlet to recuperate from an attack of typhoid fever. Naturally he meets the "girl out there," and although complications arise, the end is satisfactory.

The Yarn of Old Harbour Town. By W. Clark Russell.

Walter Lawrence, the hero of this tale and the son of a retired admiral, kidnaps the girl he loves and carries her off on a vessel, where he holds her as prisoner with the hope of winning her love. She feigns madness and is at length rescued by her father. Lawrence, overcome by his defeat, attempts suicide but is eventually nursed back to health by the girl, who had feigned hatred as well as madness.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Vanity Square. By Edgar Saltus.

A story of social life in New York City. The pivot upon which the plot turns is the strange disappearance from his home of the wife and child of a wealthy young clubman. Their marital relations being very happy and no clew being discovered as to their whereabouts, a mystery surrounds them. The unravelling of this mystery is the story.

Breakers Ahead. By A. Maynard Barbour.

The principal figure in this story is a very selfish man. His sins find him out and in the end cause his ruin. While distinctly a novel, the tale is said to be a character sketch and to teach the merits of self-control and patience. A full-page coloured illustration by James L. Woods appears as the frontispiece.

L. C. Page and Company:

Pipes of Pan. By Bliss Carman.

"Songs of the Sea Children," "Songs from a Northern Garden," "From the Book of Valentines," "From the Book of Myths" and "From the Green Book of the Bards"—five recent collections of poetry by Bliss Carman are here published in a single volume in the "Definitive Edition." A portrait of the poet appears as the frontispiece.

The Heart that Knows. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

In the Tantramar Marsh region, at the head of the Bay of Fundy, are laid the scenes of this tale. The trickery of another causes Jim Calder to desert the woman he loves. When his son grows to manhood he determines to avenge the wrong and starts in search of his father. Although they meet, neither knows the other, as Jim now goes under another name, and it is not until they owe their lives to each other that they discover the relation they bear to one another. The son then discovers that his father has never ceased to love his mother and a reunion takes place.

Dream Verses. By Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.

A collection of seventy-four poems.

AKRON, O.

Saalfield Publishing Company:

The Rose Croix. By David Tod Gilliam.

This mystical and mythical tale is written especially for Masons. The scenes are laid in several parts of the world and deal with the war between Texas and Mexico.

CLEVELAND, O.

"Immanuel's Witness" Postal Mission:

Knights Templar Procession. By J. B. Corey.

A pamphlet containing a controversy with two lawyers over Freemasonry.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN,

Second List.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
6. The Scholar's Daughter. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Wire Tappers. Stringer. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. An Incomplete Amorist. Nesbit. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. In Cure of Her Soul. Stimson. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
6. "Pigs Is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50c.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Pretty Ways o' Providence. Pearse. (Jennings and Graham.) $1.00.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Throwback. Lewis. (Outing.) $1.50.
3. A Tracer of Lost Persons. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Huntington, Jr. Root. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Eve's Diary. Twain. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Scarlet Empire. Parry. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
5. The Patriots. Brady. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. In Our Town. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Clammer. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Breakers Ahead. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
2. Songs and Stories of Tennessee. Moore. (Winston.) $1.25.
3. Summer Hymnal. Moore. (Winston.) $1.25.
4. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Eediotic Etiquette. Wurdz. (Stokes.) 75c.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Nicanor, Teller of Tales. Taylor. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Sphinx's Lawyer. Danby. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Weight of a Crown. White. (Fenno.) $1.50.
4. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
5. The Fortune Hunter. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
6. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Garden, You and I. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Pratt. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
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					POINTS
A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
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"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

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1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50 334
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50..... 228
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50..... 109
4. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd. Mead & Co.) $1.50..... 91
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50 87
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50 81

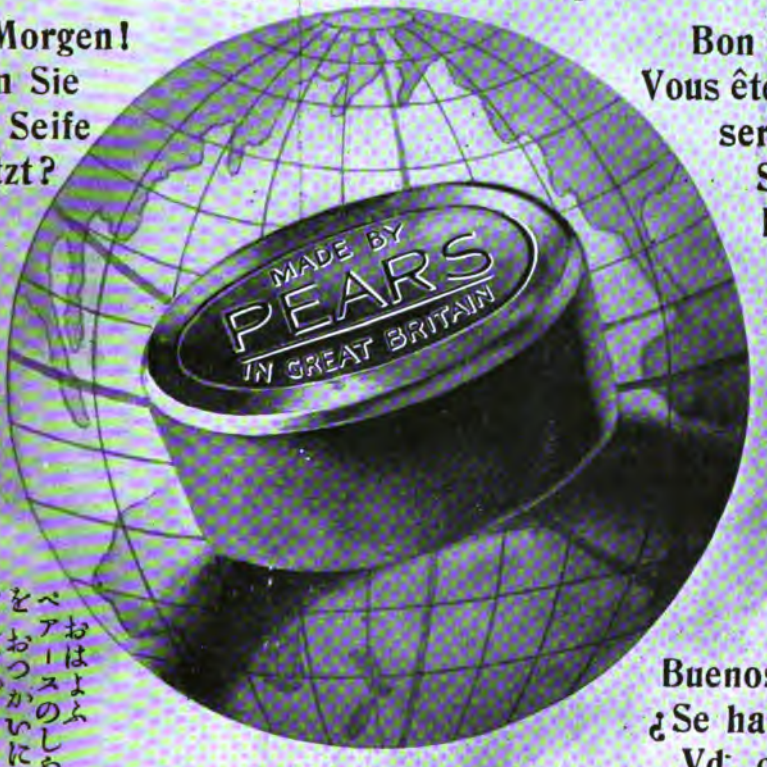
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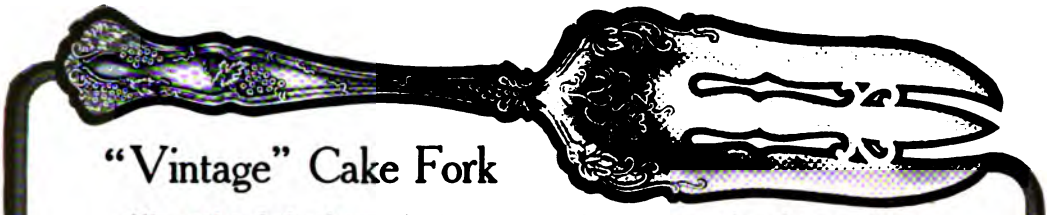


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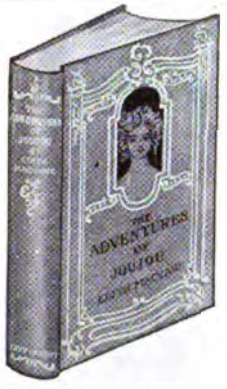
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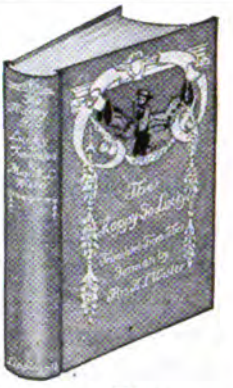
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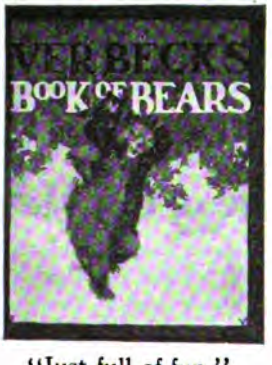
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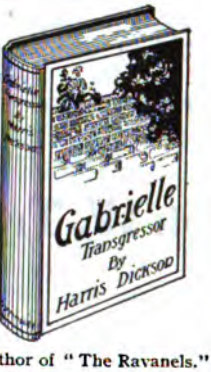
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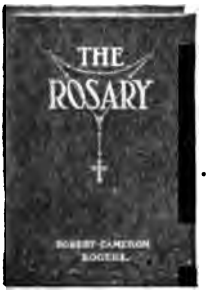
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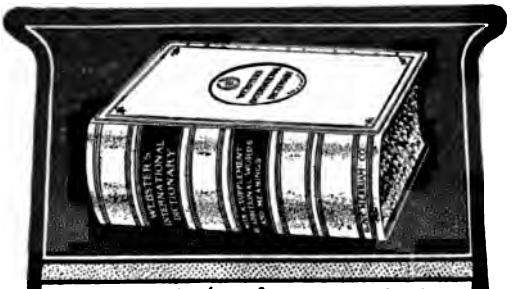
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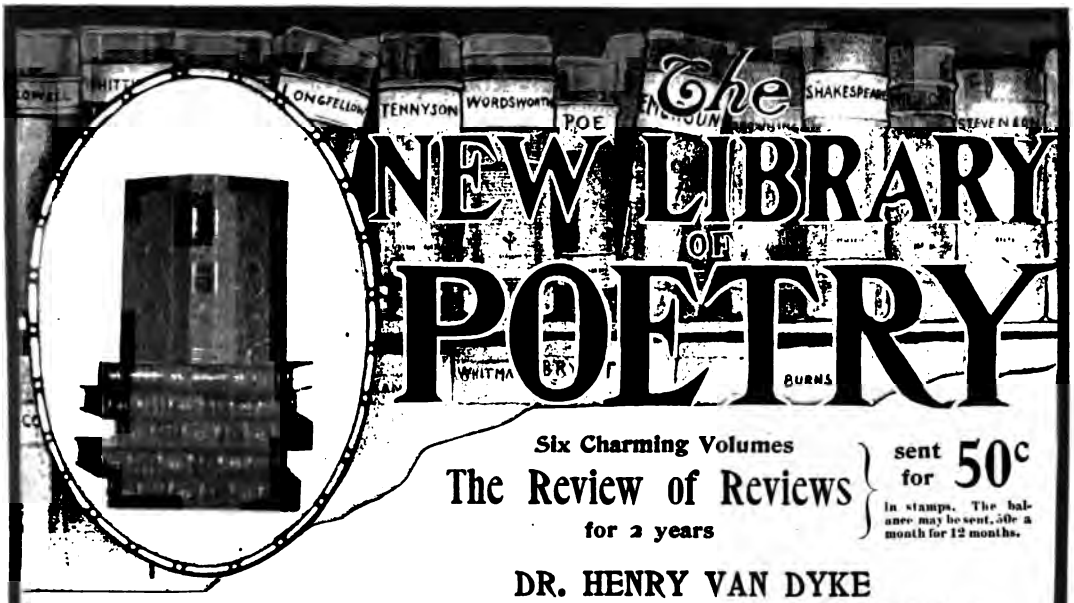
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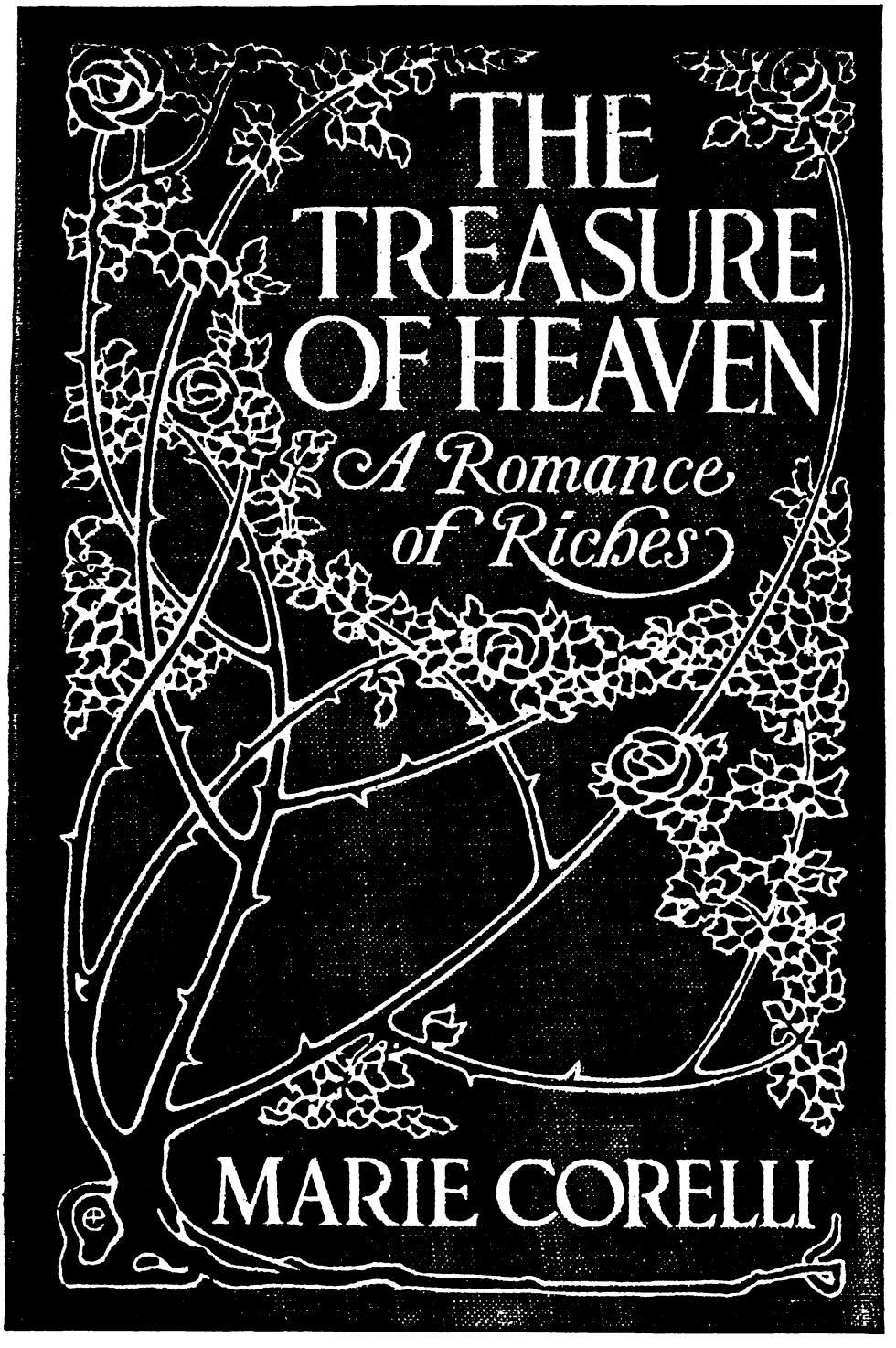
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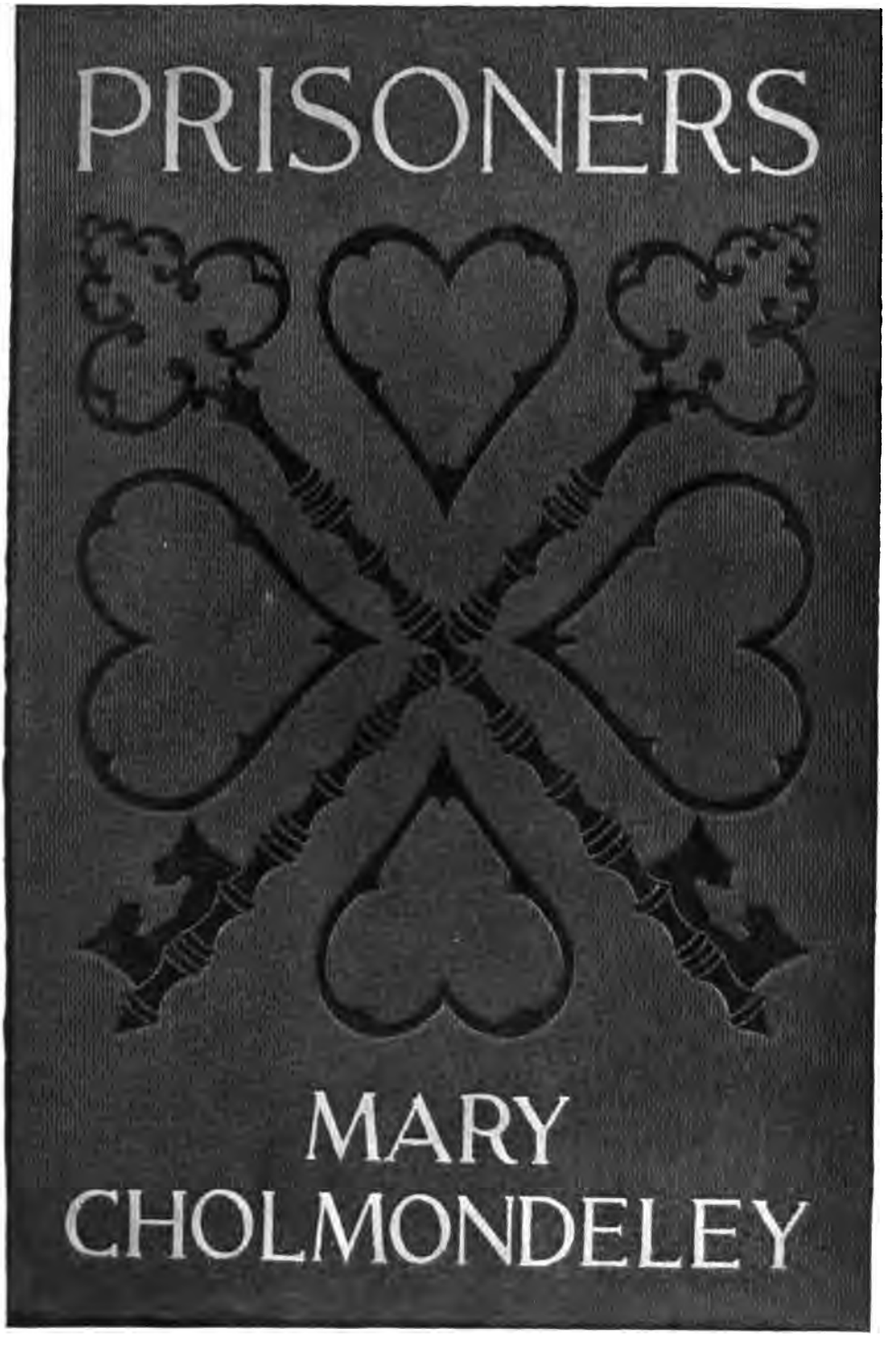
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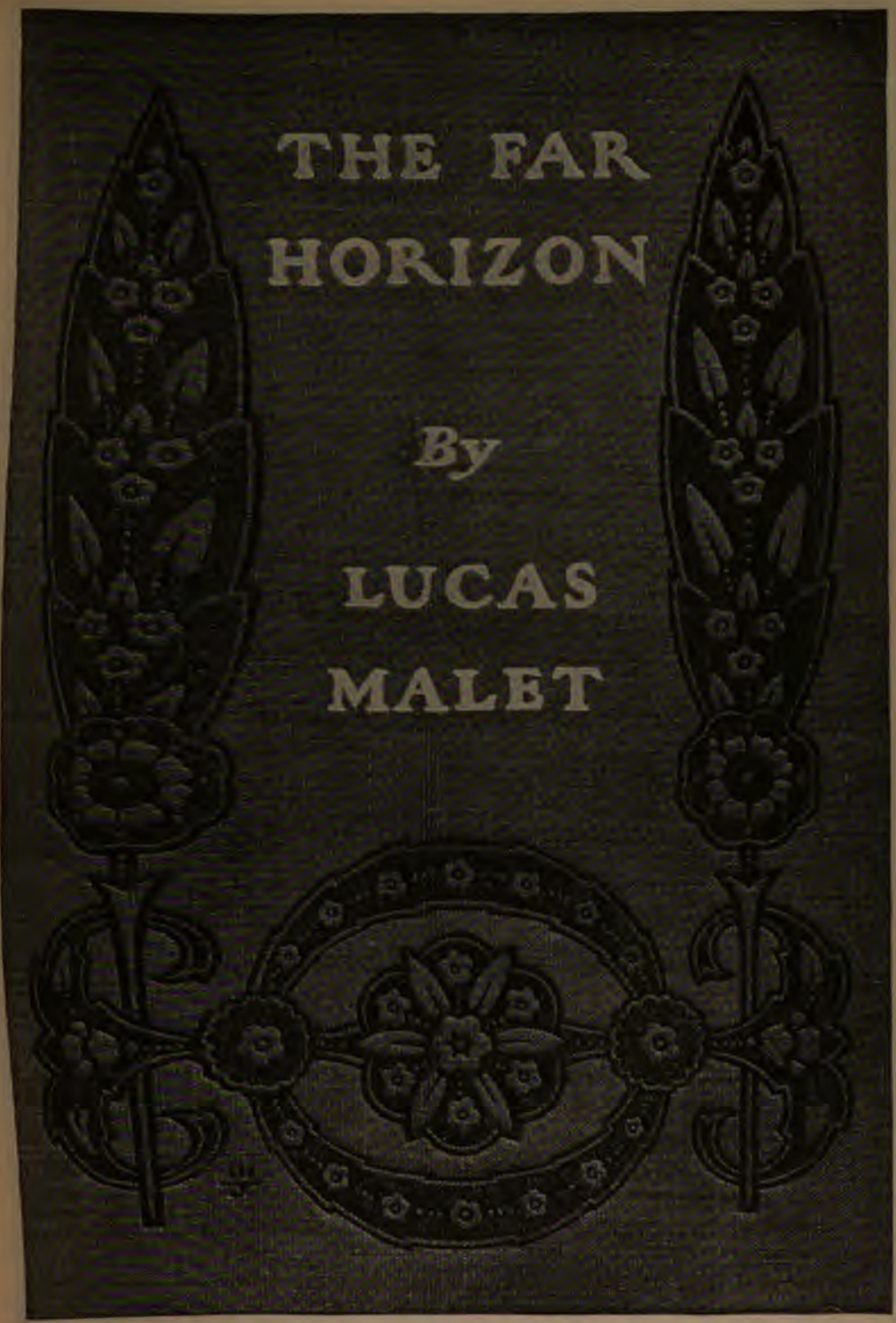
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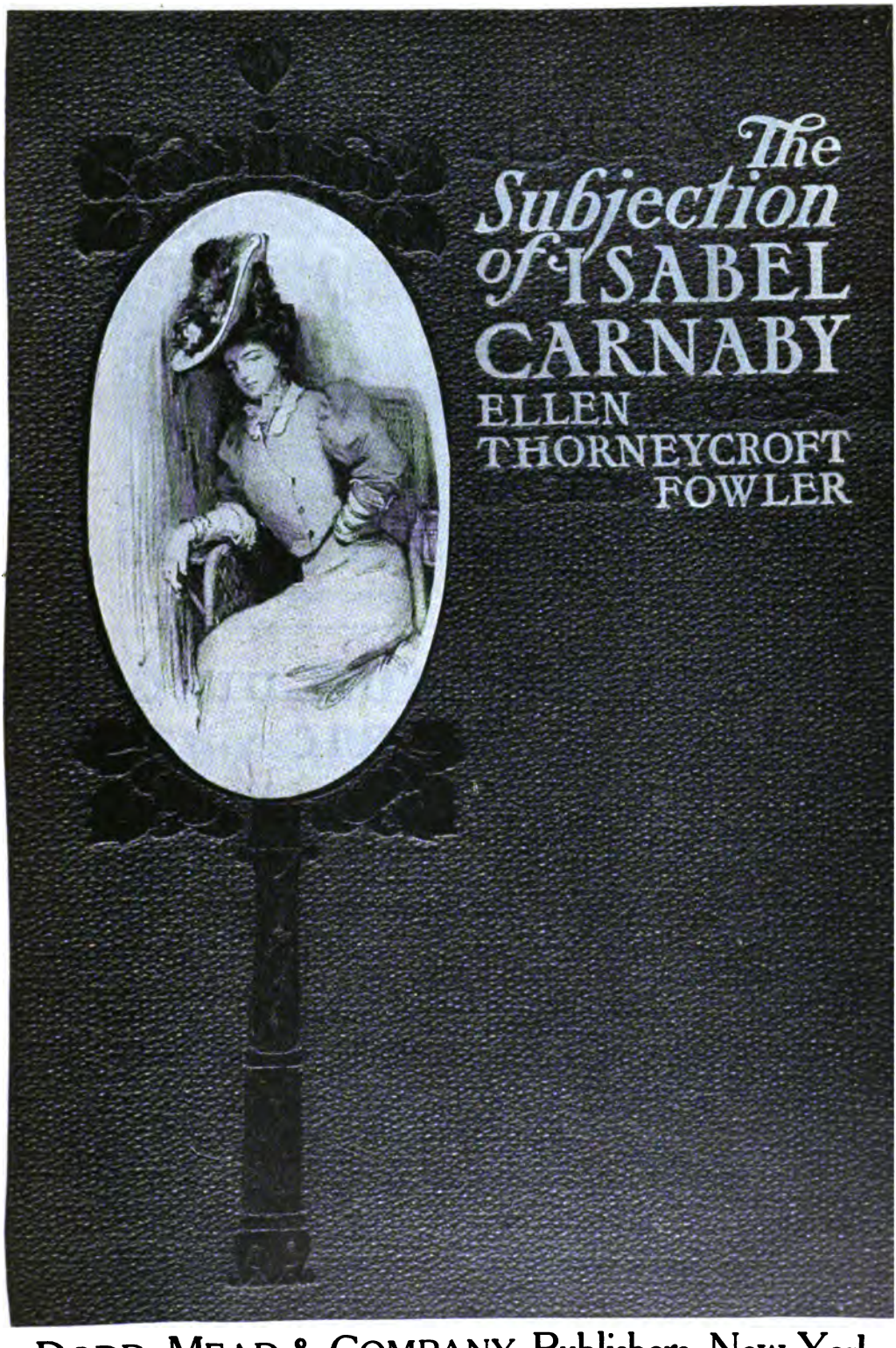
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RUDYARD KIPLING

This portrait is the first which Mr. Kipling has had taken in a number of years.

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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

NOVEMBER, 1906

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Humours of Translation

A month or two ago we called attention to the very startling title under which the French publishers had presented Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle.* A recent issue of *T. P.'s Weekly* calls attention to a number of similar humours of translation. For instance, Victor Hugo always translated the Firth of Forth as "the First of the Fourth," and swore that he was right, too; while Disraeli noted with amusement the French rendering of the adjective "woebegone" as "Douleur va-t'-en." An early translator of Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* had it as *La Bride de Lammermoor,"* the second word meaning "bridle"; and the same man rendered "Welsh rabbit" by "Lapin du Pays de Galles." The case of *La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour* for *Love's Last Shift* is classic, and when the farce *Hit or Miss* was done into French it almost was billed as *Frappé ou Mademoiselle.* That delightful piece, in which Toole was at his funniest, *Walker, London,* was referred to in a French newspaper as *Londres qui se Promène;* the best that the translator could do for the *Stickit Minister* was *Le Ministre Assassiné.* Surprising, but none the less true, is the version of that line of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village,* "As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away," which appeared as "Comme la mer détruit les travaux de la taupe," the last word signifying the small, burrowing creature we all know. Some time ago a French writer addressed, or wrote of, the Bishop of Sodor and Man as "Monseigneur l'Evêque de Syphon d'Homme."

Kipling and the Camera

For several years his American publishers have been trying to get from Mr. Kipling a new portrait, but the author, having registered a vow that he had done for all time with facing the camera, their efforts were of no avail. A few weeks ago Mrs. Kipling caught her husband strolling about the garden, in an unguarded moment, and the accompanying picture is the result.

The Latest British Atrocity

We shall leave to Colonel Henry Watterson of Louisville, Kentucky, the task of dealing with *The London Sketch.* Soft words and self-restraint are out of the question and our own powers of vituperation are inadequate to the occasion. Our indignation is such that it cannot be expressed, and yet mingled with it there is a certain admiring wonder, for we candidly confess that while we have grown accustomed to the Jefferson Bricks, the Elijah Pograms, and the Wilton Sargents, of British novelists, and have learned to accept with perfect complacency and amusement all that our critics from Dickens to Kipling have had to say, we did not before credit the British mind with the diabolical subtlety which *The Sketch* showed on page 284 of its issue of September 12th last. And what makes



THE KENTUCKY PEACHES

the atrocity worse is that the tone of *The Sketch* is not one of outspoken enmity. On the contrary, it is oily and unctuous. It is Uriah Heepish. It is Pecksniffian.

Most of our readers will remember the space given in the American newspapers to the trip made by a number of Kentucky women to Europe during the past summer. These travellers were rather flippantly spoken of as "The Kentucky Peaches." When they reached London it appears that a serpent in the employ of the infamous *Sketch* insidiously induced some of them to pose for his camera. The result was the obnoxious page in question. The page bears the heading, "Americans of Whom the Beautiful



BEN M'CUTCHEON

The third brother in a talented family

Parisiennes were Afraid; 'The Kentucky Peaches': The Most Popular Women in America who Recently Visited England and France." At the bottom of the page there was some reading matter telling how "a number of American ladies, winners in a competition in which the readers of an American journal were asked to name their most popular countrywomen, recently visited England and France. Fair Parisiennes, hearing of their arrival, began to fear for their supremacy, for they had heard that their visitors were the most beautiful women in the United States." Without other comment we reproduce from *The Sketch*.



MRS. TRYPHOSA BATCHELLER

The author of "Glimpses of Italian Court Life"

Lost Thackerayana

Thackerayana sustained a very serious loss last summer when the collection of Major Lambert of Philadelphia was almost entirely destroyed by fire. This collection was unquestionably the greatest and most interesting one on the subject in existence, and to it its owner had given the best years of his life. It contained the most personal series of letters which Thackeray probably ever wrote—those which he sent to Mrs. Brookfield, for whom he cherished so deep an attachment. While the existence of these letters has long been known to all lovers of Thackerayana, their contents have never been made public. Of all the Lambert collection there were saved only some things of minor importance—the manuscript of the *Rose and the Ring* and several stray letters.



MARY M'NEILL FENOLLOSA (SIDNEY M'CALL)

Sidney McCall

A pseudonym which caused an unusual amount of conjecture a few years ago was Sidney McCall, the name that appeared upon the title pages of *Truth Dexter* and *The Breath of the Gods.* At the time we ventured the opinion that Sidney McCall was a woman. The publishers of these books, in announcing a new novel from the same pen, *The Dragon Painter,* reveal Sidney McCall as Mary McNeil Fenollosa, the wife of Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa, the well-known critic and writer on Japanese art. The theory that Mr. Fenollosa collaborated in any of his wife's stories is strenuously denied.

A Curious Edition of "Romola"

Before very long Messrs. McClurg and Company of Chicago are to publish an edition of *Romola,* which will give precision to our knowledge of George Eliot's historical researches and serve, also, to impart an atmosphere of still greater authenticity to her descriptions of Romola's Florence. The value of this edition will be twofold. In the first place, it will contain one hundred and sixty or more photographs, by Alinari and others, of the parts of the Florence that George Eliot chose to mention or describe in her novel. Upon these scenes nothing conspicuously modern has been allowed to intrude. "English spoken" will not glare from shopkeepers' windows; no group of twentieth century cabmen will mar a square where imagination awaits the approach of Savonarola; no automobile, rolling through the dark Via de' Bardi, will dispel all hopes of a glimpse at Romola, as she gazes from her upper casement in search of Tito Melema. Clumsily handled, illustrations of this kind might easily make Florence seem as dead as Pompeii; but as to this we shall know more later. At all events these pictures will unquestionably give sharpness and fixity to our notions of fifteenth century Florence, however they may compare in an artistic sense with the illustrations that Sir Frederick Leighton supplied for the first edition. The second reason why the forthcoming edition of *Romola* will be valuable is this: So far as we are aware, George Eliot left no record of the literary sources from which she derived the erudition displayed in her novel; but now the secret is known, and this is how it came to be discovered: Commendatore Guido Biagi, head of the Biblioteca Mediceo-Laurenziana at Florence, who not long ago found in the sanitary archives an official report of the burning of Shelley's body, has now come, with an ingenious simplicity which not all scholars possess, upon the very books that George Eliot studied or perused when she was in Florence, whither she had gone in order to gather material for a novel concerning the time of Savonarola.



MRS. HUGH FRASER

The author of "In the Shadow of the Lord"

It had occurred to Signor Biagi that George Eliot must have gone to the Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale rather than to any other library in Florence. Knowing precisely the dates and duration of her visits, he wrote to the library and searched the archives for the slips, then more than fifty years old, upon which he assumed that George Eliot had written her application and her name. Among thousands of slips not one bore the signature that he was seeking. Then, guided by a sudden inspiration, he looked under "Lewes." The surmise was right. Whether on diplomatic grounds, or to save his wife from needless drudgery, Lewes had signed the slips, and thus Signor Biagi discovered the most important literary sources of *Romola*—all, at any rate, that George Eliot consulted while she was in Florence. As for the Commendatore's method, nothing could be more ingenious. Yet how admirably simple! This discovery has something of the charm which one feels for the first time on learning that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points."



ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS (MRS. H. D. WARD)

The author of "The Man in the Case"



G. K. CHESTERTON

Miss Mary Moss contributes the following:

STUDIES IN STYLE
(G. K. CHESTERTON)

I was going up Fifth Avenue at dinner time; or rather, Fifth Avenue was going up me, the aura of it mounting swiftly, hilariously abundantly into my consciousness with a copious suggestion of shortly breaking out into Blue Points, as the Bronx breaks out in Bear Pits; or rather, as Bear Pits break into the Bronx.

It wasn't that I wanted the Blue Points. It was that the Blue Points wanted me. They wanted me wildly, sanely, courageously as a refuge from the cheap pes-

simism which refuses Sanctuary to the Oyster too long opened.

Yet who cares whether the waiter serve the Oyster which is dead, since he so perfectly couples it with the Tabasco which cannot die? We know that the Oyster is not clever; but we are not inclined to quarrel with the Oyster because it is not clever. We are more likely to quarrel with cleverness because it is not an Oyster.

The Real Pecksniff

Mr. Chesterton's *Charles Dickens*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, has been responsible for a great revival of interest in Dickensiana in England. A great many writers have disagreed with Mr. Chesterton, but no one has ventured to find him uninteresting. One of the most striking of the papers which the book has brought out appeared in the *Independent Review*. It is written by Mr. C. C. Osborne, and deals with the subject "Mr. Pecksniff and His Prototype." According to this article, it has been well known that the original of Dickens's arch humbug was S. C. Hall, for a long time the editor of the *Art Journal*. Mr. Hall was an art critic who knew nothing about art, and who was suspected of taking great advantage of artists. *Punch* used to refer to the *Art Union*, of which Hall was the founder, as "the Pecksniffery." When Hall was involved in a libel action in 1879 several London papers referred to him as Pecksniff. Mr. Osborne, who knew Hall, quotes him as using the following words:

"My dear boy, they say I am Pecksniff! What is there of Pecksniff about me? Do I resemble him in any way? Can any man say I have ever wronged him? Thank God, thank God, I have a clear conscience! The best of all possessions, my dear boy, the best of all possessions; believe me! I will not," continued the venerable speaker, drawing out a huge coloured pocket-handerkchief, and winking with both eyes at once, as it were against his will—"I will not defend myself against such a charge. Every one who knows me knows that I have lived a life of usefulness; that I have tried to do good to my fellow-men; that I have been a good husband, a true friend, an industrious author—I have written and edited over four hundred volumes, and no line has ever come from my pen which as an old man I wish to blot out, no, not one."

At the conclusion of this speech Mr. Hall is pictured as being overcome by emotion, burying his face in the vast folds of his red pocket handkerchief and going through an elaborate attempt to get rid of the superfluous amount of snuff which choked his nose, caked the corners of his mouth, smeared his cheeks and distributed itself over his velvet jacket. Mr. Osborne further, in the following quotations from Dickens, puts phrases that Hall used occasionally into italics: "I think that Mr. Pinch might have done better than choose for his companion one who, at the close of a long intercourse, had endeavoured, as he knew, *to wound my feelings. I am not sure that this was delicate* in Mr. Pinch. *I am not sure that this was kind* in Mr. Pinch. *I will go further and say,* I am not quite sure that this was *even ordinarily grateful* in Mr. Pinch."

"Prisoners"

While the Chesterton *Dickens* has been the book most written about in the English press, there are two novels which are having an unusual amount of attention. These are Miss Mary Cholmondeley's *Prisoners* and William de Morgan's *Joseph Vance*. The tribute to Miss Cholmondeley's book is the more surprising, because it had been anticipated in a pessimistic spirit. Reviewers remembered the big scene in *Red Pottage*, and felt sure that the author could never again approach that in dramatic effect. *Prisoners* has forced them reluctantly to concede that she has introduced a situation which not only equals but surpasses the one in the former novel. But, above all, the English reviewers dwell on Miss Cholmondeley's advance in art. The most conservative journals in their estimates of the book are superlatively outspoken in admiration. Perhaps a typical verdict is that of the London *Academy*, which is never inclined to slop over:

The people who pass over these pages are the ordinary men and women that one meets



A. B. PAINE. R. W. GILDER. J. LUTHER LONG

in the world. Not one is particularly gifted, not one approaches being anything like a genius, yet they have the passions, ambitions and foibles common to all humanity, and it is in their humanity that the merit of the writer lies. We have seldom read a book that is more suggestive, in the best sense of the word, and conveys to us more of the romance and pain of life which the old minstrels wove into their ballads, and which gives value to the great epics of the past.

The previous work of Miss Cholmondeley was full of promise, but this is more than promise: it is performance. In no modern novel has the female mind been analysed with a more delicate sense. The history of Fay is one to make us wonder that men should ever have sacrificed their lives for a reward so little to be desired as the love of a woman of this kind. Yet it has been so in the past, and we suppose will continue to be so until the end of the world.

There is one line in the *Academy's* criticism which is the keynote of England's opinion of the book. That is that *Prisoners* is more than promise: it is performance.

✖

Mark Twain's Official Biographer

In addition to the autobiographical chapters by Mark Twain which have been appearing in the *North American Review* there is to be an official *Life*. This is to be written by Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, whose volume on Thomas Nast was so well received two years ago. Mr. Paine began work on the Mark Twain *Life* last January, and has been with Mr. Clemens a part of almost every day since. Before finishing his task Mr. Paine expects to visit all the principal scenes of Mark Twain's life in this country, and to trace his footsteps in Europe. The accompanying post-card photograph was made in Atlantic City at the time of the Convention of the American Publishers' Association last spring. In the middle is Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, on his left is Mr. John Luther Long, and on his right Mr. Paine.



FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT IN HER ENGLISH GARDEN

The Author of "Joseph Vance"

William de Morgan, the author of *Joseph Vance,* reviewed elsewhere in this issue, in answer to a number of inquiries, has made a few statements regarding that "Ill-written Autobiography." He says that he wrote the first chapter to try if he could write fiction, and having decided that he could not, put it away in a drawer for a year. His wife found it and made him go ahead with it. He continued it while abed with an attack of influenza, and when he got to "Lossie" got interested. He says: "I wrote all the rest because I was interested with a nascent sense of publication." In regard to its length he tells how his English pub-

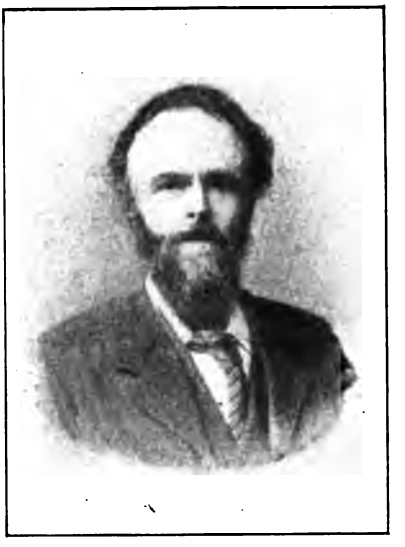


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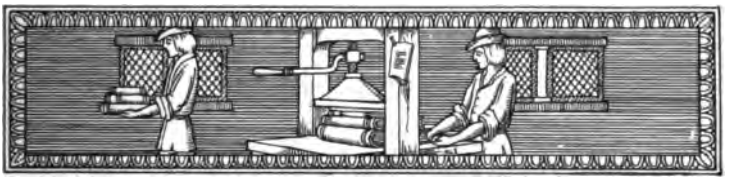
"The Awakening of Helena Richie"

lisher said, "Don't *spoil* the book by cutting it on any account, but do what you can." "I did what I could," writes Mr. de Morgan, "cancelled as many pages as I could wrench out, and sent the rest back again—not the six hundred!" He says that he is quite unable to state what his dominant idea was, and says it "may be the chord of the Waldstein, or the problem of how to dedicate a lifetime of devotion—of sane and human love—to two women at once." Apparently Peter Gunn is the only real person. Of him Mr. de Morgan writes: "His original—poor fellow!—killed a policeman many years ago, and it took eighteen powerful men to convey him to the station." . . . "He is absolutely the only real person in the book." He further adds: "There is not a trace of my own life in the story, except perhaps the pages about engineering patents." "I wish I could convince my lady friends that they are not Lossie and Janey. I could sympathise with my male friends' natural desire to be thought the originals of Beppino."

Mr. de Morgan is over seventy years of age. He is a man of very high education, being closely related to De Morgan the great mathematician. He himself was identified with the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, and is an artist of taste and merit. Among other things, he experimented in a certain glaze for tiles, which obtained a great success among architects and decorators. He designed the tiles himself, and they are all very beautiful in design, and the glaze he invented has a lustre which no one else ever approached. De Morgan tiles are a household word among architects and decorators, and as he has now for some years given up this branch of his work, and as apparently no one else knows the secret, they fetch rather high prices.



WILLIAM DE MORGAN



WHAT IS TRUTH?

(Being two letters written from England to America by Semper Felix and his brother-in-law, John Grumpeigh.)

LETTER FROM FELIX TO HIS SISTER, MARY GRUMPEIGH

LIMEHURST, BULSTRODE HILL,
IPSLEY-BARFORD, OXFORDSHIRE,
ENGLAND, August 7, 1906.

DEAR SISTER MARY: I wish that you had been able to come here with us. How you would like this free outdoor life. And how you would like England!—the country of Dickens and Hardy and Thackeray and Blackmore. To any one who has read as much as you have it is like coming home.

The Nellerbys are ideal hosts. Open air from morning to night. Nellerby is a great outdoor man.

I have an appetite like a horse. And nothing disagrees with me. John would be getting fat if he didn't exercise so much. He grumbles a great deal in private, but I needn't tell his wife that. I think, though, that he is enjoying himself. Nellerby likes him very much, because he is so individual and uncompromising. Won't like anything English if he can help it.

Nellerby says he's a good Englishman if he only knew it. Says he can't imagine him becoming a British citizen like Astor (who is not popular). Nellerby says *he'd* never become an American citizen, no matter how long he might live in America, and he likes John's obstinacy, which he says is thoroughly British. He means it for a compliment, but poor John takes it as an insult, and yet can't resent it because he is a guest.

Yesterday we took an idyllic ride through English lanes, past hawthorne hedges, with glimpses of thatched cottages and farmyards that looked as if they were copies of a steel engraving in an old-fashioned birthday book. And coming home, we met four ploughmen coming home from work, all of them sitting sideways on their heavy horses, exactly as if they were on horse-hair sofas. When we said good evening they all saluted us, bringing their hands to their foreheads very stiffly and solemnly.

We all rode English wheels that, while heavier than ours, seem to run more easily. Probably it's the ideal roads. Such roads!

We climbed an ascent too steep to ride and passed near an old house where Charles II. passed happy hours with Nell Gwynne. You can't imagine what a thrill passed through me as I saw the venerable and picturesque dwelling. Think that his kingly feet trod the very paths over which we were riding on inventions that would have filled him with astonishment.

The "free wheels" are a dream. "Coaster brakes" we call them at home, you know, but I like the English name better. And it's so easy turning to the left (the rule of the road). It seems more logical than our way, as one can better see what he's doing.

Such a glorious view of miles and miles of English country as rewarded our climb. I might write a sonnet upon it, but I can't describe it. I've bought some English photographs that will give you some idea of it. The English certainly know what to photograph. At home we always take the wrong picture, but here they have an inborn sense of the picturesque.

We had tea on a wide old common. A flock of sheep were feeding near us and the shepherd boy lay face down, sound asleep, like Little Boy Blue.

What a sensible idea their afternoon tea is. Quietness and communion with one's own thoughts and perhaps a lark in ether trilling and the fragrant brew so conducive to simple thoughts. We were all superlatively happy—Nellerby, his nephew and niece and John and myself. John didn't say much, but he drank his tea, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he asked for tea every afternoon when he returns.

We "free wheeled" (coasted) almost all the way home, seven miles through scenery that brings tears to one's eyes.

Poor John had a little accident, taking a header into the gorse through his forgetting the sort of machine he was on

and back pedalling, but only his clothes were torn.

Next Wednesday, alas! we sail. I could live here forever, and yet I think I'm a good American.

Your affectionate brother,

FELIX.

LETTER FROM JOHN TO HIS WIFE, MARY GRUMPEIGH.

LIMEHURST, BULSTRODE HILL,
IPSLEY-BARFORD, OXFORDSHIRE,
(Wouldn't that make you tired?)
ENGLAND, August 7, 1906.

DEAR MARY: What a precious idiot I was ever to leave America to come to a country that my ancestors were glad to leave nearly three centuries ago. You ought to be glad you stayed at home.

Here I am nearly forty, and I'm giving myself over to kids' sport and exercise that keeps me thin and makes me eat so confounded much that it's a wonder I haven't dyspepsia—am expecting it every day. Would have had it long ago in any normal country.

Yesterday nothing would do but a bicycle ride to a place as like this as two peas. Trees, green grass and blue sky there, and that's what it is here. And all as English as Billy Bedam.

Nellerby was indefatigable in his preparations for the seven-mile ride. Put up cake and fruit and bread and butter and milk and a spirit lamp for their everlasting tea, and strapped and tied it to his wheel as if he'd expected to travel six months.

Mary, these English tire me by their confounded thoroughness. Saw a scaffolding in Oxford for some little picayune building, and instead of using scantling and trusting to luck, as they would have done in New York, they used stout young saplings and bound them together so securely that it will be the devil's own job to take them apart when the building is finished.

Nellerby and his niece and nephew and that tomfool brother of yours (who is as happy all the while as if he were in America) and myself made up the party, although if I could have gotten hold of a New York paper and gone up for a read and a snooze in my bedroom I'd have been better content.

Nellerby provided a wheel for me, and I believe it was strong enough to have held a horse instead of my moderate ten stone (that's one hundred and forty pounds, my dear. They don't know what our pounds mean here—think you're talking about money).

And it had a "free wheel"—what that son of ours would call a coaster brake. They must have their own names for everything. Nellerby says why not, since the English are the originals and we're only offshoots. Some of our offshots told. But let those be bygones. I must say the Britishers are a friendly lot, even if they do irritate me by being so different from me.

If I hadn't had an extra brake on that wheel of mine you'd probably be collecting insurance money in a week or so. Free wheel, indeed! When I came to our first hill it was the freeest (that the way to spell it?) wheel I ever saw—regular insubordinate wheel I'd call it. I put on the brake just in time to save myself from plunging into a wagon that *would* turn to the left. I'm too old to learn new tricks, and the senseless custom of turning to the left makes it mighty dangerous for all sensible people who have turned to the right for generations.

Felix hasn't any backbone. He turned to the left at once and tried to forget that he'd ever done anything else. Told me so. Idiotic compliance. This doing as the Romans do just because the Romans occupied this land nineteen hundred years ago strikes me as foolish.

Pretty soon we came to a high hill, and then we all dismounted and Nellerby began to make remarks about the roughness of the road, although I'll admit to you that if we came to a road like that in Connecticut we'd feel like giving thanks. Give the devil his due, and I must say that the English roads are wonders.

Pushing a heavy machine up hill isn't what I'd call sport, but I followed the crowd and at last we came to something of a view. I know it was, because Felix went into ecstasies over it. If he'd let his hair grow he'd be good for nothing but a poet. Rhapsodies! Of course it tickled Nellerby, but I've seen views in

Connecticut that were higher up and a blamed sight bigger.

Met a lot of yokels sitting sideways on their heavy (thoroughly made) horses. Too lazy to straddle 'em. I thought how different from our cowboys.

After about an hour and a half of walking and riding we came to a place they call Russell Water Common. Idiotic name! Not a drop of water, or anything else, and the common can't hold a candle to Boston Common, but Felix let off a few more verbal fireworks.

We passed a house on the way up where old Charles the Second provided lodging for his Nell Gwynne. People point it out with pride instead of trying to forget they had a king who couldn't behave himself. They also show you a church at Ewelme, near by, where that vicious old reprobate, Henry the Eighth, was in the habit of saying his creed when he wasn't looking up more wives to conquer. Thank Heaven we've never had a wicked President!

After we'd reached the common we had tea on the grass. And I'm nearly forty years old.

Nellerby brewed it, or stewed it, or did whatever you call it, and then the children undid the napkins and brought out a lot of dinky slices of bread already buttered—the way we've tried to teach Bob not to do—and we sat on the grass and made believe we were happy, and looked foolish, and ate bread and drank tea. And Felix said he wished they did it in America. Felix ought to have been born here.

Then we loafed around some and at last started for home on our "free" wheels.

No more for me, if you please. My heart was in my mouth all the way down. If it had been my own American wheel I'd have been as good as the rest of 'em, but as it was I took a header and landed in some gorse.

I never knew what gorse was before.

Now I know "jolly well," as they say here. It's the same as "damn well."

It's a sort of thistle, only built on the substantial English plan. One of them would last an ordinary man a lifetime. Iron spears. And I landed on my back in it. Nellerby says it saved my life. It didn't save my clothes. And they weren't insured.

We sail on Wednesday, and I'll be glad to see you, Mary. I may be one of a derided type, but I say America is good enough for me.

Didn't break the confounded free wheel, but I would have liked to take away its freedom for awhile.

When I get home I'm going to sign the pledge. No more tea.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN.

Charles Battell Loomis.



CHRONICLES OF THE IMP

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

II.—"THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM"



TO sit beside a river on a golden afternoon listening to its whispered melody, while the air about one is fragrant with summer, and heavy with the drone of unseen wings!—What ordinary mortal could wish for more?

And yet, though conscious of this fair world about me, I was still uncontent, for my world was incomplete—nay, lacked its most essential charm, and I sat with my ears on the stretch, waiting for Lisbeth's chance footstep on the path and the soft whisper of her skirts.

The French are indeed a great people, for among many other things they alone have caught that magic sound a woman's garments make as she walks, and given it to the world in the one word "frou-frou."

O wondrous word! O word sublime! How full art thou of delicate suggestion! Truly, there can be no sweeter sound to ears masculine upon a golden summer afternoon—or any other time, for that matter—than the soft "frou-frou" that tells him *She* is coming.

At this point my thoughts were interrupted by something which hurtled through the air and splashed into the water at my feet. Glancing at this object, I recognised the loud-toned cricket cap affected by the Imp, and reaching for it, I fished it out on the end of my rod. It was a hideous thing of red, white, blue and green—a really horrible affair, and therefore much prized by its owner, as I knew.

Behind me the bank rose some four or five feet, crowned with willows and underbrush, from the other side of which there now came a prodigious rustling and panting. Rising to my feet, therefore, I parted the leaves with extreme care and beheld the Imp himself.

He was armed to the teeth—that is to say, a wooden sword swung at his thigh, a tin bugle depended from his belt and he carried a bow and arrow. Opposite him was another boy, particularly ragged at knee and elbow, who stood with hands thrust into his pockets and grinned.

"Base caitiff, hold!" cried the Imp, fitting an arrow to the string; "stand an' deliver. Give me my cap, thou varlet, thou!" The boy's grin expanded.

"Give me my cap, base slave, or I'll shoot you—by my troth!" As he spoke the Imp aimed his arrow, whereupon the boy ducked promptly.

"I ain't got yer cap," he grinned from the shelter of his arm. "It's been an' gone an' throwed itself into the river!" The Imp let fly his arrow, which was answered by a yell from the Base Varlet.

"Yah!" he cried derisively as the Imp drew his sword with a melodramatic flourish. "Yah! put down that stick an' I'll fight yer."

The Imp indignantly repudiated his trusty weapon being called "a stick"—"an' I don't think," he went on, "that Robin Hood ever fought without his sword. Let's see what the book says," and he drew a very crumpled paper-covered volume from his pocket, which he consulted with knitted brows, while the Base Varlet watched him, open-mouthed.

"Oh, yes," nodded the Imp; "it's all right. Listen to this!" and he read as follows in a stern, deep voice:

"'Then Robin tossed aside his trusty blade, an' laying bare his knotted arm, approached the dastardly ruffian with many a merry quip and jest, prepared for the fierce death-grip.'"

Hereupon the Imp laid aside his book and weapons and proceeded to roll up his sleeve, having done which to his satisfaction, he faced round upon the Base Varlet.

"Have at ye, dastardly ruffian!" he

cried, and therewith ensued a battle, fierce and fell.

If his antagonist had it in height, the Imp made up for it in weight—he is a particularly solid Imp—and thus the struggle had lasted for some five minutes without any appreciable advantage to either, when, in eluding one of the enemy's desperate rushes, the Imp stumbled, lost his balance, and next moment I had caught him in my arms. For a space "the enemy" remained panting on the bank above, and then with another yell turned and darted off among the bushes.

"Hallo, Imp!" I said.

"Hallo, Uncle Dick!" he returned.

"Hurt?" I inquired.

"Wounded a bit in the nose, you know," he answered, mopping that organ with his handkerchief; "but did you see me punch 'yon varlet' in the eye?"

"Did you, Imp?"

"I think so, Uncle Dick; only I do wish I'd made him surrender. The book says that Robin Hood always made his enemies 'surrender an' beg their life on trembling knee!' Oh, it must be fine to see your enemies on their knee!"

"Especially if they tremble," I added.

"Do you s'pose that boy—I mean 'yon base varlet' would have surrendered?"

"Not a doubt of it—if he hadn't happened to push you over the bank first."

"Oh!" murmured the Imp rather dubiously.

"By the way," I said as I filled my pipe, "where is your Auntie Lisbeth?"

"Well, I chased her up the big apple-tree with my bow an' arrow."

"Of course," I nodded. "Very right and proper!"

"You see," he explained, "I wanted her to be a wild elephant an' she wouldn't!"

"Extremely disobliging of her!"

"Yes, wasn't it? So when she was right up I took away the ladder an' hid it."

"Highly strategic, my Imp!"

"So then I turned into Robin Hood. "I hung my cap on a bush to shoot at, you know, an' 'the Base Varlet' came up an' ran off with it."

"And there it is," I said, pointing to where it lay. The Imp received it with profuse thanks, and having wrung out the water, clapped it upon his curls and sat down beside me.

"I found another man who wants to be my uncle," he began.

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yes, but I don't want any more, you know."

"Of course not. One like me suffices for your every-day needs—eh, my Imp?"

The Imp nodded. "It was yesterday," he continued. "He came to see Auntie Lisbeth, an' I found them in the summer-house in the orchard. An' I heard him say, 'Miss Elizabeth, you're prettier than ever!' "

"Did he though, confound him!"

"Yes, an' then Auntie Lisbeth looked silly, an' then he saw me behind a tree an' he looked silly, too. Then he said, 'Come here, little man!' An' I went, you know, though I do hate to be called 'little man.' Then he said he'd give me a shilling if I'd call him Uncle Frank."

"And what did you answer?"

" 'Fraid I'm awfull' wicked," sighed the Imp, shaking his head, " 'cause I told him a great big lie."

"Did you, Imp?"

"Yes. I said I didn't want his shilling, an' I do, you know, most awfully, to buy a spring pistol with."

"Oh, well, we'll see what can be done about the spring pistol," I answered. "And so you don't like him, eh?"

"Should think not," returned the Imp promptly. "He's always so—so awfull' clean, an' wears a little moustache with teeny sharp points on it."

"Any one who does that deserves all he gets," I said, shaking my head. "And what is his name?"

"The Honourable Frank Selwyn, an' he lives at Selwyn Park—the next house to ours."

"Oho!" I exclaimed, and whistled.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp, breaking in upon a somewhat unpleasant train of thought conjured up by this intelligence, "will you come an' be 'Little-John under the merry greenwood tree'? Do."

"Why, what do you know about 'the merry greenwood,' Imp?"

"Oh, lots!" he answered, hastily pulling out the tattered book. "This is all about Robin Hood an' Little-John.

Ben, the gardener's boy, lent it to me. Robin Hood was a fine chap, an' so was Little-John, an' they used to set ambushes an' capture the sheriff of Nottingham an' all sorts of caddish barons, an' tie them to trees."

"My Imp," I said, shaking my head, "the times are sadly changed. One cannot tie barons—caddish or otherwise—to trees in these degenerate days."

"No, I s'pose not," sighed the Imp dolefully, "but I do wish you would be Little-John, Uncle Dick."

"Oh, certainly, Imp, if it will make you any happier; though of a truth, bold Robin," I continued after the manner of the story books, "Little-John hath a mind to bide awhile and commune with himself here; yet give but one blast upon thy bugle horn and thou shalt find my arm and quarter-staff ready and willing enough, I'll warrant you!"

"That sounds awfull' fine, Uncle Dick, only—you haven't got a quarter-staff, you know."

"Yea, 'tis here!" I answered, and detached the lower joint of my fishing rod. The Imp rose, and folding his arms, surveyed me as Robin Hood himself might have done—that is to say, with an 'eye of fire.'

"So be it, my faithful Little-John," quoth he, "meet me at the Blasted Oak at midnight. An' if I shout for help—I mean blow my bugle—you'll come an' rescue me, won't you, Uncle Dick?"

"Aye; trust me for that," I answered, all unsuspecting.

"'Tis well!" nodded the Imp, and with a wave of his hand he turned and scrambling up the bank disappeared.

Of the existence of Mr. Selwyn I was already aware, having been notified in this particular by the Duchess, as I have told in the foregoing narrative.

Now, a rival in air—in the abstract, so to speak—is one thing, but a rival who was on a sufficiently intimate footing to deal in personal compliments, and above all, one who was already approved of and encouraged by the powers that be, in the person of Lady Warburton—Lisbeth's formidable aunt—was another consideration altogether.

"Miss Elizabeth, you're prettier than ever!"

Somehow the expression rankled.

What right had he to tell her such things?—and in a summer-house, too;—the insufferable audacity of the fellow!

A pipe being indispensable to the occasion, I took out my matchbox only to find that it contained but a solitary vesta.

The afternoon had been hot and still hitherto, with never so much as a breath of wind stirring; but no sooner did I prepare to strike that match than from somewhere—Heaven knows where—there came a sudden flaw of wind that ruffled the glassy waters of the river and set every leaf whispering. Waiting until what I took to be a favourable opportunity, with infinite precaution I struck a light. It flickered in a sickly fashion for a moment between my sheltering palms, and immediately expired.

This is but one example of that "Spirit of the Perverse" pervading all things mundane, which we poor mortals are called upon to bear as best we may. Therefore I tossed aside the charred match, and having searched fruitlessly through my pockets for another, waited philosophically for some "good Samaritan" to come along. The bank I have mentioned sloped away gently on my left, thus affording an uninterrupted view of the path.

Now as my eyes followed this winding path I beheld an individual some distance away who crawled upon his hands and knees, evidently searching for something. As I watched, he succeeded in raking a panama hat from beneath a bush, and having dusted it carefully with his handkerchief, replaced it upon his head and continued his advance.

With some faint hope that there might be a loose match hiding away in some corner of my pockets I went through them again more carefully, but alas! with no better success; whereupon I gave it up and turned to glance at the approaching figure.

My astonishment may be readily imagined when I beheld him in precisely the same attitude as before—that is to say, upon his hands and knees.

I was yet puzzling over this phenomenon when he again raked out the panama on the end of the hunting-crop he car-

ried, dusted it as before, looking about him the while with a bewildered air, and setting it firmly upon his head, came down the path.

He was a tall young fellow, scrupulously neat and well groomed from the polish of his brown riding boots to his small, sleek moustache, which was parted with elaborate care and twisted into two fine points. There was about his whole person an indefinable air of self-complacent satisfaction, but he carried his personality in his moustache, so to speak, which, though small, as I say, and precise to a hair, yet obtruded itself upon one in a vaguely unpleasant way. Noticing all this, I thought I might make a good guess as to his identity if need were.

All at once, as I watched him—like a bird rising from her nest—the devoted panama rose in the air, turned over once or twice and fluttered (I use the word figuratively) into a bramble bush. Bad language was writ large in every line of his body as he stood looking about him, the hunting crop quivering in his grasp.

It was at this precise juncture that his eye encountered me, and pausing only to recover his unfortunate headgear, he strode toward where I sat.

"Do you know anything about this?" he inquired in a somewhat aggressive manner, holding up a length of black thread.

"A piece of ordinary pack-thread," I answered, affecting to examine it with a critical eye.

"Do you know anything about it?" he said again, evidently in a very bad temper.

"Sir," I answered, "I do not."

"Because if I thought you did——"

"Sir," I broke in, "you'll excuse me, but that seems a very remarkable hat of yours."

"I repeat if I thought you did——"

"Of course," I went on, "each to his taste, but personally I prefer one with less 'gymnastic' and more 'stay at home' qualities."

The hunting crop was raised threateningly.

"Mr. Selwyn?" I inquired in a conversational tone.

The hunting crop hesitated and was lowered.

"Well?"

"Ah, I thought so," I said, bowing, "permit me to trespass upon your generosity to the extent of a match—or, say, a couple."

Mr. Selwyn remained staring down at me for a moment, and I saw the points of his moustache positively curling with indignation. Then, without deigning a reply, he turned on his heel and strode away. He had not gone more than thirty or forty paces, however, when I heard him stop and swear savagely—I did not need to look to learn the reason—I admit I chuckled. But my merriment was short-lived, for a moment later came the feeble squeak of a horn followed by a shout and the Imp's voice upraised in dire distress.

"Little-John! Little-John! to the rescue!" it called.

I hesitated, for I will freely confess that when I had made that promise to the Imp it was with small expectation that I should be called upon to fulfil it. Still, a promise is a promise: so I sighed, and picking up the joint of my fishing rod, clambered up the bank. Glancing in the direction of the cries, I beheld Robin Hood struggling in the foe's indignant grasp.

Now, there were but two methods of procedure open to me as I could see—the serious or the frankly grotesque. Naturally I chose the latter, and quarter-staff on shoulder, I swaggered down the path with an air that Little-John himself might well have envied.

"Beshrew me!" I cried, confronting the amazed Mr. Selwyn, "who dares lay hands on bold Robin Hood?—away, base rogue, hie thee hence or I am like to fetch thee a dour ding on that pate o' thine!"

Mr. Selwyn loosed the Imp and stared at me in speechless astonishment, as well he might.

"Look ye, master," I continued, entering into the spirit of the thing, "no man lays hand on Robin Hood whiles Little-John can twirl a staff or draw a bow-string—no, by St. Cuthbert!"

The Imp, retired to a safe distance, stood hearkening in a transport till, bethinking him of his part, he fished out the tattered book and began surrep-

titiously turning over the pages; as for Mr. Selwyn, he only fumbled at his moustache and stared.

"Aye, but I know thee," I went on again, "by thy sly and crafty look, by thy scallopped cape and chain of office, I know thee for that same Sheriff of Nottingham that hath sworn to our undoing. Go to! didst' think to take Robin—in the greenwood? Out upon thee! Thy years should have taught thee better wisdom. Out upon thee!"

"Now will I feed,"—began the Imp, with the book carefully held behind him, "now will I feed fat mine vengeance—to thy knees for a scurvy rascal!"

"Aye, by St. Benedict!" I nodded, "'twere well he should do penance on his marrow-bones from hither to Nottingham Town, but as thou art strong—be merciful, Robin."

Mr. Selwyn still curled the point of his moustache.

"Are you mad," he inquired, "or only drunk?"

"As to that, good master Sheriff, it doth concern thee nothing—but mark you! 'tis an ill thing to venture within the greenwood whiles Robin Hood and Little-John be abroad."

Mr. Selwyn shrugged his shoulders and turned to the Imp.

"I am on my way to see your Aunt Elizabeth, and shall make it my particular care to inform her of your conduct, and to see that you are properly punished. As for you, sir," he continued, addressing me, "I shall inform the police that there is a madman at large."

At this double-barrelled threat the Imp was plainly much dismayed, and coming up beside me, slipped his hand into mine, and I promptly pocketed it.

"Sweet master Sheriff," I said, sweeping off my cap in true outlaw fashion, "the way is long and something lonely; methinks,—we will therefore e'en accompany you, and may perchance lighten the tedium with quip and quirk and a merry stave or so."

Seeing the angry rejoinder upon Mr. Selwyn's lips, I burst forth incontinent into the following ditty, the words extemporised to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee":

There lived a sheriff in Nottinghamshire,
With a hey derry down and a down;
He was fond of good beef, but was fonder of beer,
With a hey derry down and a down.

By the time we reached the Shrubbery gate the Imp was in an ecstasy and Mr. Selwyn once more reduced to speechless indignation and astonishment. Here our ways diverged, Mr. Selwyn turning toward the house, while the Imp and I made our way to the orchard at the rear.

"Uncle Dick," he said, halting suddenly, "do you think he will tell—really?"

"My dear Imp," I answered, "a man who wears 'points on his moustache' is capable of anything."

"Then I shall be sent to bed for it, I know I shall!"

"To run into a thread tied across the path must have been very annoying," I said, shaking my head thoughtfully, "especially with a brand-new hat!"

"They were only 'ambushes,' you know, Uncle Dick."

"To be sure," I nodded. "Now, observe, my Imp, here is a shilling; go and buy that spring-pistol you were speaking of, and take your time about it; I'll see what can be done in the meanwhile."

The Imp was reduced to incoherent thanks.

"That's all right," I said, "but you'd better hurry off."

He obeyed with alacrity, disappearing in the direction of the village, while I went on toward the orchard to find Lisbeth. And presently, sure enough, I did find her—that is to say, part of her, for the foliage of that particular tree happened to be very thick and I could see nothing of her but a foot.

A positively delicious foot it was, too, small and shapely, that swung audaciously to and fro; a foot in a ridiculously out-of-place little patent-leather shoe, with a sheen of slender silken ankle above.

I approached softly, with the soul of me in my eyes, so to speak, yet, despite my caution, she seemed to become aware of my presence in some way—the foot faltered in its swing and vanished as the

leaves were parted and Lisbeth looked down at me.

"Oh, it's you?" she said, and I fancied she seemed quite pleased. "You'll find a step-ladder somewhere about—it can't be very far."

"Thanks," I answered, "but I don't want one."

"No; but *I* do; I want to get down. That little wretched Imp hid the ladder, and I've been here all the afternoon," she wailed.

"But then you refused to be an elephant, you know," I reminded her.

"He shall go to bed for it—directly after tea!" she said.

"Lisbeth," I returned, "I firmly believe your nature to be altogether too sweet and forgiving——"

"I want to come down!"

"Certainly," I said; "put your left foot in my right hand, take firm hold of the branch above and let yourself sink gently into my arms."

"Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, "here's Mr. Selwyn coming," and following her glance, I saw a distant panama approaching.

"Lisbeth," said I, "are you anxious to see him?"

"In this ridiculous situation—of course not!"

"Very well then, hide—just sit there and leave matters to me and——"

"Hush," she whispered, and at that moment Selwyn emerged into full view. Catching sight of me he stopped in evident surprise.

"I was told I should find Miss Elizabeth here," he said stiffly.

"It would almost appear that you had been misinformed," I answered. For a moment he seemed undecided what to do. Would he go away? I wondered. Evidently not, for after glancing about him he sat himself down upon a rustic seat near-by with a certain resolute air that I did not like. I must get rid of him at all hazards.

"Sir," said I, "can I trespass on your generosity to the extent of a match—or say a couple?" After a brief hesitation he drew out a very neat silver match-box, which he handed to me.

"A fine day, sir?" I said, puffing at my pipe.

Mr. Selwyn made no reply.

"I hear that the crops are looking particularly healthy this year," I went on.

Mr. Selwyn appeared to be utterly lost in the contemplation of an adjacent tree.

"To my mind an old apple tree is singularly picturesque," I began again, "nice nobbly branches, don't you know."

Mr. Selwyn began to fidget.

"And then," I pursued, "they tell me that apples are so good for the blood."

Mr. Selwyn shifted his gaze to the toe of his riding boot, and for a space there was silence, so much so, indeed, that an inquisitive rabbit crept up and sat down to watch us with much interest, until—evidently remembering some pressing engagement—he disappeared with a flash of his white tail.

"Talking of rabbits," said I, "they are quite a pest in Australia, I believe, and are exterminated by the thousand; I have often wondered if a syndicate could not be formed to acquire the skins—this idea, so far as I know, is original, but you are quite welcome to it if——"

Mr. Selwyn rose abruptly to his feet.

"I once in my boyhood possessed a rabbit—of the lop-eared variety," I continued, "which overate itself and died. I remember I attempted to skin it with dire results——"

"Sir," said Mr. Selwyn, "I beg to inform you that I am not interested in rabbits, lop-eared or otherwise, nor do I propose to become so; furthermore——"

But at this moment of my triumph, even as he turned to depart, something small and white fluttered down from the branches above, and the next moment Selwyn had stooped and picked up a lace handkerchief. Then, while he stared at it and I at him, there came a ripple of laughter and Lisbeth peered down at us through the leaves.

"My handkerchief—thank you," she said, as Selwyn stood somewhat taken aback by her sudden appearance.

"The trees hereabouts certainly bear very remarkable, not to say delightful fruit," he said.

"And as you will remember I was always particularly fond of apple trees," I interpolated.

"Mr. Selwyn," smiled Lisbeth, "let me introduce you to Mr. Brent."

"Sir," said I, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance; have heard Her Grace of Chelsea speak of you—her friends are mine, I trust?"

Mr. Selwyn's bow was rather more than distant.

"I have already had the pleasure of meeting this—this very original gentleman before, and under rather peculiar circumstances, Miss Elizabeth," he said, and forthwith plunged into an account of the whole affair of the "ambushes," while Lisbeth, perched upon her lofty throne, surveyed us with an ever-growing astonishment.

"Whatever does it all mean?" she inquired as Mr. Selwyn made an end.

"You must know, then," I explained, leaning upon my quarter-staff, "the Imp took it into his head to become Robin Hood; I was Little-John, and Mr. Selwyn here was so very obliging as to enact the rôle of Sheriff of Nottingham——"

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Mr. Selwyn indignantly, turning upon me with a fiery eye.

"Every one recollects the immortal exploits of Robin and his 'merrie men,'" I continued, "and you will, of course, remember that they had a habit of capturing the Sheriff and tying him up to trees and things. Naturally the Imp did not proceed to that extreme. He contented himself with merely capturing the Sheriff's hat—I think that you will agree that those 'ambushes' worked like a charm, Mr. Selwyn?"

"Miss Elizabeth," he said, disdaining any reply, "I am aware of the affection you lavish upon your nephew; I hope that you will take measures to restrain him from such pranks—such very disgraceful pranks—in the future. I myself should suggest a change of companionship [here he glanced at me] as the most salutary method. Good-afternoon, Miss Elizabeth." So saying, Mr. Selwyn raised his hat, bowed stiffly to me, and turning upon an indignant heel, strode haughtily away.

"Well!" exclaimed Lisbeth, with a look of very real concern.

"Very well, indeed!" I nodded, "we are alone at last."

"Oh, Dick! but to have offended him like this!"

"A highly estimable young gentleman," I said, "though deplorably lacking in that saving sense of humour which——"

"Aunt Agatha seems to think a great deal of him."

"So I understand," I nodded.

"Only this morning I received a letter from her, in which, among other things, she pointed out what a very excellent match he would be."

"And what do you think?"

"Oh, I agree with her, of course; his family dates back ages and ages before the Conqueror, and he has two or three estates besides Selwyn Park, and one in Scotland."

"Do you know, Lisbeth, that reminds me of another house—not at all big or splendid, but of great age; a house which stands not far from the village of Down, in Kent; a house which is going to rack and ruin for want of a mistress. Sometimes, just as evening comes on, I think it must dream of the light feet and gentle hands it has known so many years ago, and feels its loneliness more than ever."

"Poor old house!" said Lisbeth softly.

"Yes, a house is very human, Lisbeth, especially an old one, and feels the need of that loving care which only a woman can bestow, just as we do ourselves."

"Dear old house!" said Lisbeth, more softly than before.

"How much longer must it wait—when will you come and care for it, Lisbeth?"

She started, and I thought her cheeks seemed a trifle pinker than usual as her eyes met mine.

"Dick," she said wistfully, "I do wish you would get the ladder, it's horribly uncomfortable to sit in a tree for hours and——"

"First of all, Lisbeth, you will forgive the Imp—full and freely, won't you?"

"He shall go to bed without any tea whatever."

"That will be rank cruelty, Lisbeth; remember he is a growing boy."

"And I have been perched up here—between heaven and earth—all the afternoon."

"Then why not come down?" I inquired.

"If you will only get the ladder——"

"If you will just put your right foot in my——"

"I won't!" said Lisbeth.

"As you please," I nodded, and sitting down, mechanically took out my pipe and began to fill it, while she opened her book, frowning. And after she had read very studiously for perhaps two minutes, she drew out and consulted her watch; I did the same.

"A quarter to five!" I said.

Lisbeth glanced down at me with the air of one who is deliberating upon two courses of action, and when at length she spoke, every trace of irritation had vanished completely.

"Dick, I'm awfully hungry."

"So am I," I nodded.

"It *would* be nice to have tea here under the trees, wouldn't it?"

"It would be positively idyllic!" I said.

"Then if you will please find that ladder——"

"If you will promise to forgive the Imp——"

"Certainly not!" she retorted.

"So be it!" I sighed, and sat down again. As I did so she launched her book at me.

"Beast!" she exclaimed.

"Which means that you are ready to descend?" I inquired, rising and depositing the mal-treated volume side by side with my pipe on a rustic table near-by; "very good. Place your right foot in——"

"Oh, all right," she said quite pettishly, and next moment I had her in my arms.

"Dick! put me down—at once!"

"One moment, Lisbeth; that boy is a growing boy——"

"And shall go to bed without any tea!" she broke in.

"Very well, then," I said, and reading the purpose in my eyes, she attempted, quite vainly, to turn her head aside.

"You will find it quite useless to struggle, Lisbeth," I warned. "Your only course is to remember that he is a growing boy."

"And you are a brute!" she cried.

"Undoubtedly," I answered, bending my head nearer her petulant lips. "But think of the Imp in bed, lying there, sleepless, tealess, and growing all the while as fast as he can."

Lisbeth surrendered, of course, but my triumph was greatly tempered with disappointment.

"You will then forgive him for the 'ambushes' and cherish him with much tea?" I stipulated, winking away a tress of hair that tickled most provokingly.

"Yes," said Lisbeth.

"And no bed until the usual hour?"

"No," she answered, quite subdued; "and now please do put me down." So I sighed and perforce obeyed.

She stood for a moment patting her rebellious hair into order with deft, white fingers, looking up at me meanwhile with a laugh in her eyes that seemed almost a challenge. I took a hasty step toward her, but as I did so the Imp hove into view, and the opportunity was lost.

"Hallo, Auntie Lisbeth!" he exclaimed, eyeing her wonderingly; then his glance wandered round as if in quest of something.

"How did she do it, Uncle Dick?" he inquired.

"Do what, my Imp?"

"Why, get out of the tree?" I smiled and looked at Lisbeth.

"Did she climb down?"

"No," said I, shaking my head.

"Did she—jump down?"

"No, she didn't jump down, my Imp."

"Well, did she—did she fly down?"

"No, nor fly down—she just came down."

"Yes, but how did she——"

"Reginald," said Lisbeth, "run and tell the maids to bring tea out here—for three."

"Three?" echoed the Imp. "But Dorothy has gone out to tea, you know—is Uncle Dick going to——"

"To be sure, Imp," I nodded.

"Oh, that is fine—hurrah, Little-John!" he cried, and darted off toward the house.

"And you, Lisbeth?" I said, imprisoning her hands, "are you glad also?"

Lisbeth did not speak, yet I was satisfied nevertheless.

(To be continued.)

HERE AND THERE

The Word of a Gentleman

The question raised by R. V. M. last month and answered by us has brought two more letters which we shall publish here. The first and longer of the two is as follows:

"Your answer to R. V. M. last month seems to me a little sophistical. Whether the President should go bear hunting is not a vital question, even (in the light of his Alabama experience) to the bears. But whether he should run for what would be practically a third term is. That Mr. Roosevelt's declaration was made after and not before the election, and so did not influence any votes, is true; but the word of a gentleman is so much more than any material considerations, and it certainly inspired confidence. He had put behind him all hope of reward. He could be quite uninfluenced—as the seeker for office never can be—by purely personal ambitions, and so he would be free to work solely for the good of the people as he conceived it.

"He gave his word with the blare of trumpets; he got the sensation of a very widespread popular approval; and people believed that he meant what he said, and began to talk of his successor. He cannot, therefore, 'change his mind' without exposing himself to the charge of being a frivolous and, in a sublimated and unpractical sense (considerations of honour usually are sublimated and unpractical), a dishonourable person. There are still some of us who believe that the 'good man' is one who 'sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.'

"H. B."

The second letter is from R. V. M., who wrote us last month. He says:

"After reading your defence of the President, I am convinced to a certain extent. He certainly, after putting forth a mere 'expression of intention,' was entitled to change his mind. But should he not do so immediately, if at all? Every one is now beginning to look to the next presidential election. The President's 'expressed intention' keeps him out of the running. Plans are made and ambitions are formed for and by various Republican aspirants, on the theory that Mr. Roosevelt meant what he said in 1904. Is there not a time limit beyond which an expression of intention becomes converted by circumstances into a definite pledge and promise? If the President should say no word until the eve of the next National Convention, and should then change his mind, would you not then consider that he had broken his word in every sense?

"R. V. M."

It seems to us that both these letters contain substantially the same general thought, and we should find it very hard to answer the last question put to us by R. V. M. except in the affirmative. Circumstances would indeed have converted an expressed intention into a pledge of honour. The President's defenders in that case would have to fall back upon some of the explanations which have lately been put forth and which we think can hardly be agreeable to the President himself. Thus, the New York *Sun* argues that genius is superior to all rules and obligations which bind the ordinary man. A writer in the *North American Review* who signs himself "Q" advances the extraordinary plea that, as princes and persons of royal rank are traditionally and by common consent released from the restraints of morality, so the President, as the peer of monarchs, may claim a like exemption. Comment upon such arguments as this would seem to be superfluous; and so we shall close the discussion at this point and shall not reopen it, unless perhaps it should be necessary to do so in 1908.

The Rise of Mr. Hearst

Whatever one may think of the politics or the personality of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, his extraordinary leap to so conspicuous a place among the public men of to-day is a remarkable phenomenon.

If any one, four years ago, had predicted that in 1906 Mr. Hearst would be seriously and even timorously thought of as a possible Governor of the State of New York, with the presidency looming up before him, such a person would have been regarded as a madman. In the early months of 1904, the newspapers

were all agreed in keeping the name of Mr. Hearst out of their columns. When he began to gather delegates for the National Democratic Convention of that year, no mention of the fact was made even in the news columns for a while. But when he secured the delegations of Illinois, Iowa, California and Rhode Island, the conspiracy of silence had to be broken through, and since that time his name has been printed almost as often as that of the President himself. Last year, on a third ticket, he came within three thousand votes of an election to be Mayor of New York City. Now he has made himself the master of the Democratic party in New York State, while his lieutenants have wrought a political upheaval in commonwealths as widely separated as California and Massachusetts. He has, for the moment at least, sent Mr. Bryan into an eclipse. Whether one admires him or whether one loathes him, he has become a potent factor in American politics.

The Democratic Convention at Buffalo which nominated him for the governorship afforded a most nauseating spectacle. Cowardice, imbecility and greed swayed it from first to last. Not one episode of the whole affair was other than repulsive. But Mr. Hearst himself was by far the most respectable figure in that maze of intrigue and treachery. To be sure, he showed himself quite insincere in accepting a nomination at the hands of a man whom he had himself denounced as worthy of a convict's stripes. But after all, it was not Mr. Hearst who came to Murphy. It was rather Murphy who cringed and cowered at the feet of Mr. Hearst. The latter was the master; the former became the menial.

As to the result of the impending election, only this much can be said. If the Republicans shall lose, they will lose because of two mistakes—first, their tardiness at the beginning of the campaign; and second, their tendency to underrate the formidable forces that for the moment are working on behalf of their opponent. The first mistake was quite unpardonable. Mr. Hearst himself lost not a moment in getting down to work. He did not squander any valuable time over the formality of being notified. At the very first instant he was, as his admirers would express it, "on the job." The Republicans, on the other hand, by sitting around in dignified attitudes until the machinery was all in order, lost ten days, when every day was precious. Perhaps it was because they underrated Mr. Hearst that they moved with such deliberation. If so, they were terribly mistaken. For Mr. Hearst commands two sources of support which must be reckoned with most seriously. Two very large classes of voters will cast their ballots for him in spite of previous party ties.

First, there are those intelligent citizens who are under no illusion as to Mr. Hearst himself. They question his sincerity. They like him neither as a man nor as a politician. In fact, the worse they think him, the more eagerly they intend to vote for him. And their reason is obvious enough. They have been sickened and disheartened by the shameful revelations which the past two years have brought about in American public life and especially in that State of which Mr. Hearst desires to be Governor. The insurance scandals, the bank scandals, the subway scandal, the rapacity of the Gas Trust, the wrecking of banks, the brutality of railway inspectors and employés in Brooklyn, and the monstrous fact that no one has been punished for any of these things, have roused in the minds of thousands an almost insane desire to smash and crush and shatter and trample under foot every vestige of a régime that has made it possible for such things to be. As the brutal Attila was called "the scourge of God," so to the imagination of many outraged citizens Mr. Hearst appears to be a scourge put into the hands of an indignant people to lash their tyrants and despoilers. To call Mr. Hearst a socialist, a destroyer of society, or an anarchist, is merely to commend him to those who feel that a society which has become rotten ought to be destroyed and that there is no anarchism so deadly as that which stifles law and justice by ill-gotten wealth. Therefore, there will be given to Mr. Hearst thousands of ballots cast by men of character and education in the hope that as Governor and because he wishes to be President he may be com-

pelled to carry out at least a number of his promises.

In the second place, there is a very large and irresponsible class who are attracted to Mr. Hearst's candidacy by its very picturesqueness. Whenever a public man is violently assailed; whenever it is said of him that if elected to high office he will do dreadful and unutterable things, this class of voters is at first appalled, but in the end is inspired with a tremendous curiosity to see just what these dreadful things may be. This is the spirit of the reckless American, who loves a sensation, who has himself little to lose, and who is prepared to plunge into the unknown out of a sheer love of the spectacular. Perhaps the best illustration of this feeling is afforded by the story of the persistent candidacy of General B. F. Butler for the governorship of Massachusetts. By the Brahmin class, Butler was hated almost as intensely as he had been by the people of the South. They held him to be vulgar, unscrupulous, a demagogue, and little better than a common thief. His very name inspired them with horror. So they defeated him in 1871, and again in 1878, and in 1879. It was said that if he were elected Governor, he would bring shame upon the State and would subvert its old and honourable traditions. The result was that in 1882 he was actually elected, and mainly by the votes of those who said, "Let's see just what the old man will do." As a matter of fact, he did nothing in particular, and the people were proportionately disappointed. But it is this feeling, this recklessness, this craving for excitement, that will work very powerfully for Mr. Hearst upon election day.

If these two sets of voters shall be ignored or their number underestimated by the Republican managers, Mr. Hearst's election is not improbable. The Republican Convention, however, must in itself have had a salutary effect upon those who had been groping in the darkness. That Convention afforded not only a refreshing contrast to the weltering mob at Buffalo, but also a very striking transformation scene. In a few hours the party which had seemed to represent only the weakness of Mr. Higgins and the political brutality of Mr. Odell, had set its house in order, cast out the professional politicians, and accepted the inspiring leadership of a man whose character is so high and whose achievements are so conspicuous as to have earned not long ago the praise even of Mr. Hearst himself. Here is, indeed, an explanation why for nearly fifty years the Republican Party has remained almost continuously in power. It has had its periods of misrule; but somehow, when a crisis really comes, it sends forth from its ranks strong leaders, clear-headed, right-minded and efficient. It rises to the occasion. On the other hand, the Democrats seem always, in some mysterious way, to miss their opportunities. Whenever the path is made clear to them, instead of following it with confidence and courage, they seem to grow demoralised, and fall to wrangling among themselves, commencing faction fights, refusing to be led, and finally revealing such astonishing incapacity and folly as to repel the sane and sensible, and drive them back to Republican leadership as being after all the safest and the best. It is an infinite pity; since a strong and able Opposition is essential to political health. Yet as things have gone and as they now seem to be going, the Democratic party is nothing but an object lesson—a terrible example of all that is undesirable and unintelligent.

H. T. P.

THE STORY OF GRAY'S "ELEGY"



PRICED originally at twelve cents, a modest pamphlet of a few leaves was sold recently in London for the record price of five hundred dollars. It was a copy of the first edition of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

Whether Byron, on that morning when he awoke and found himself famous, was astonished is not on record; but that Thomas Gray was utterly bewildered by the success which attended the publication of his "Elegy" is as certainly true as that the fact is generally forgotten. Published in the shape of a slim pamphlet, it ran through four editions in two months; and six other editions speedily followed. Ere the poem was ten years old it had been reprinted in several collections of verse, in numerous magazines, and twice translated into Latin. All this amazed the author beyond measure; and when the Scottish poet Beattie sought his permission to prepare an edition for the northern kingdom he, in giving his consent, warned his admirer of the risk the publisher would take, for a London bookseller had "glutted the town" with two editions of fifteen hundred and seven hundred and fifty copies. Beattie and the Scottish publisher went their way, however, and the edition sold so quickly that Gray was embarrassed by an offer of a present of books in recompense for his consent. "I cannot figure to myself," he wrote, "how it can be worth his while to offer me such a present." He never accepted any cash payment for his poems. He held it was beneath his dignity as a gentleman to barter his writings for money; and of course the publishers were glad to oblige him by respecting such a convenient scruple. To one of those publishers, Dodsley, this meant a comfortable profit of five thousand dollars from the "Elegy" alone.

Gray's modest opinion of the "Elegy" was not affectation; it was the consistent result of his sensitive, reclusive nature. As a matter of fact, he was not even responsible for the publication of the poem. Eight years elapsed between its inception and its completion, and yet even that protracted travail did not create a just conception of its merits on the author's part. When the last verse was written he sent a copy to Horace Walpole, with the remark that he had "put an end" to "a thing" of which his correspondent had long ago seen the beginning; adding: "You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it, a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want."

Walpole instantly recognised the genius of the "Elegy." And, gossip as he was, the fame of the poem was by him soon spread in the refined circles of the mid-eighteenth century. It spread too fast for Gray. One result was that a few months later he was startled by receiving a letter from the editor of a magazine asking his permission to publish "an ingenious poem, called Reflections in a Country Churchyard," of which he understood Mr. Gray was the author. As Walpole was evidently responsible for getting him into this scrape, the poet promptly saddled him with the task of getting him out of it with as much credit as possible. He wrote off at once to implore his friend to "make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time) from your copy, but without my name, in what form is most convenient to him, but on his best paper and character. . . . If he would add a line or two to say that it came into his hands by accident, I should like it better."

Gray's urgent letter was written on February 11th, and five days later the first edition of the "Elegy" was given to the world. For all the haste with which Walpole executed his friend's commission, he did not fail to write a neat little preface, duly recording that the poem came into his hands "by accident, if the general approbation with which this little piece has been spread may be called by so slight a term as accident." Gray was profoundly grateful for the parturient services of his friend in conducting his "little misfortune" with so much decency;

the only cause he had for regret was that "nurse Dodsley has given it a pinch or two in the cradle, that (I doubt) it will bear the marks of as long as it lives." The poet had little conception of the long line of succeeding editorial nurses who were to effectually remove the "pinch or two" which Mr. Dodsley's printing-press had given to his poetic offspring.

Having been obliged to commit the "Elegy" to the press, the author seems thenceforward to have almost forgotten its existence. When, some ten months after publication, he sent a copy to a friend, it was with a half apology for the gift. The verses had had the "misfortune" to be made exceedingly public, "for which they certainly were never meant. . . . I should have been glad that you and two or three more people had liked them, which would have satisfied my ambition on this head amply." Nor did Gray restrict this low appraisement of his verse to the "Elegy"; he was equally modest concerning the entire bulk of his poems. When he consented to the publication of his Odes, he insisted that the title of the little volume was to make it clear that his lines were "only subordinate and explanatory" to some drawings by Mr. Bentley. That there might be no mistake, he wrote to the publisher: "I will again put down the title: 'Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for six poems of Mr. T. Gray.'" Walpole warmly contested this decision; such a title was "wrong"; nor would he allow that there was any "affectation" in leaving out, as he urged, the "Mr." before the author's and artist's names. For all this expostulation, the poet had his way. Still, Walpole could not help writing: "I am partial to you and yours, when you can write as you do and yet feel so little vanity."

Vanity, indeed, was quite foreign to the nature of the poet. Had it been otherwise, the product of his Muse would have been different. Rarely in the history of literature has poetry so faithfully and consistently reflected the essential nature of its author as in the case of Gray. He was himself the pensive youth of the "Elegy"; from his earliest years "Melancholy mark'd him for her own." Now and then a delicate touch of humour, but more akin to tears than laughter, brightens his letters to his friends; but in the main the twilight of an unbanishable sadness prevails. Low spirits, he confessed, were his true and faithful companions; they rose with him in the morning and kept him company in his bed at night; they went with him on his visits, and even affected a melancholy merriment at times; "but most commonly we sit alone together." Listen to these confessions uttered at widely severed intervals: "I converse as usual with none but the dead; they are my old friends, and almost make me long to be with them." "I have nothing but my own thoughts to feed upon, and you know they are of a gloomy cast." "The days and nights pass, and I am never nearer to anything but that one to which we are all tending."

Something of this settled melancholy was doubtless due to the poet's temperament; but any tendency in that direction was greatly accentuated by his youthful environment. Gray's childhood was far from happy. It was not from his own experience that he transcribed his picture of affectionate children eager to climb their father's knee, "the envied kiss to share." For Philip Gray seems to have been all that a parent should not be—violent in temper, cruel to his wife, extravagant in his habits, and wholly indifferent to the welfare of his son. Nor was this unattractive home life relieved for the poet by the companionship of brothers and sisters; for although he was one of a family of twelve, he was the only member of that family who lived to adult age. Such, then, was the environment of his youth, unbrightened save by the tender care of his devoted mother.

By far the happiest years of his life were those he spent at Eton, to which school his mother's industry in business as a milliner enabled him to be sent. While yet in early manhood, when the hope of the future should have been surety against any regret for his boyhood days, his thoughts of his school time were already tinged with sorrow.

> Ah, happy hills! Ah, pleasing shade!
> Ah, fields beloved in vain!
> Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
> A stranger yet to pain!

As he saw in imagination the youthful forms of those who had succeeded him on the playing fields of Eton, his mind dwelt not on the happiness which might be in store for those careless lads, not on the high achievements it was possible for them to place to their credit, but on the miseries of anger, and shame, and envy, and care, and sorrow, to which they would surely fall a prey.

Possessing but a moderate income, Gray, for the sake of economy, spent many years of his life at Cambridge, occupying rooms at first in one college and then in another. Notwithstanding that fact, and also that one of those colleges could claim him among her sons, there is no memorial to the poet in that university town. Tradition has preserved the identity of and still points out the locality of the rooms which were once his, but otherwise it is not at Cambridge that Gray's presence is most in evidence.

Far otherwise is it with the Buckinghamshire village of Stoke Poges, where the scene of the "Elegy" must be sought. Although born in London, this rural district, only some twenty miles distant from the great metropolis, was the poet's real home. His mother was a native of the place, and in the immediate neighbourhood all her brothers and sisters lived. She herself quite early in life gave up her business in the capital and retired to this peaceful spot. As a boy Gray spent many vacations with his uncles or aunts at Stoke, and until the last years of his life he generally passed his summers there. For the age in which he lived he was a great traveller. Long ere Wordsworth's day he had discovered the beauties of the English lake district, and in some respects he anticipated Scott in extolling the nature attractions of the northern kingdom; yet those who would seek Gray at home, who would gaze upon the originals of the pictures they have seen through the medium of his verse, and breathe the atmosphere which is still redolent of his presence, can only do so at Stoke Poges.

While on a visit to one of his uncles at Stoke in the fall of 1737, Gray made a discovery. In his younger years that worthy relative had been a keen huntsman, but as gout now chained him to his chair, he could only continue his sporting exploits in his imagination, aided therein by the "comfortable noise and stink" of the countless dogs, who monopolised the chairs so completely that the poetic nephew had nothing to sit upon. Having to rely upon his own resources for his vacation amusement, Gray characteristically addressed himself to exploring the countryside, and in the course of his rambles he discovered that umbrageous tract of forest land now known to fame as Burnham Beeches. "I have," he said in announcing his discovery, "at a distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own; at least, as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff, but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both hill and vale are covered with venerable beeches and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds.

> And as they bow their hoary tops relate,
> In murm'ring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;
> While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
> Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats *Me* (*il penseroso*), and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there." It is not difficult to recognise in one of those sentences the original inception of the thought which eventually took shape in the verse of the "Elegy":

> There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
> That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
> His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
> And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Sixteen years later Gray wrote: "Stoke has revived in me the memory of many a



THE CHURCHYARD



IN BURNHAM BEECHES



"THE YEW TREE'S SHADE"



MEMORIAL TO GRAY AT STOKE POGES



GRAY'S TOMB IN STOKE POGES CHURCHYARD



GRAY'S SUMMER HOUSE AT STOKE COURT



MANOR HOUSE

GRAY'S BEDROOM

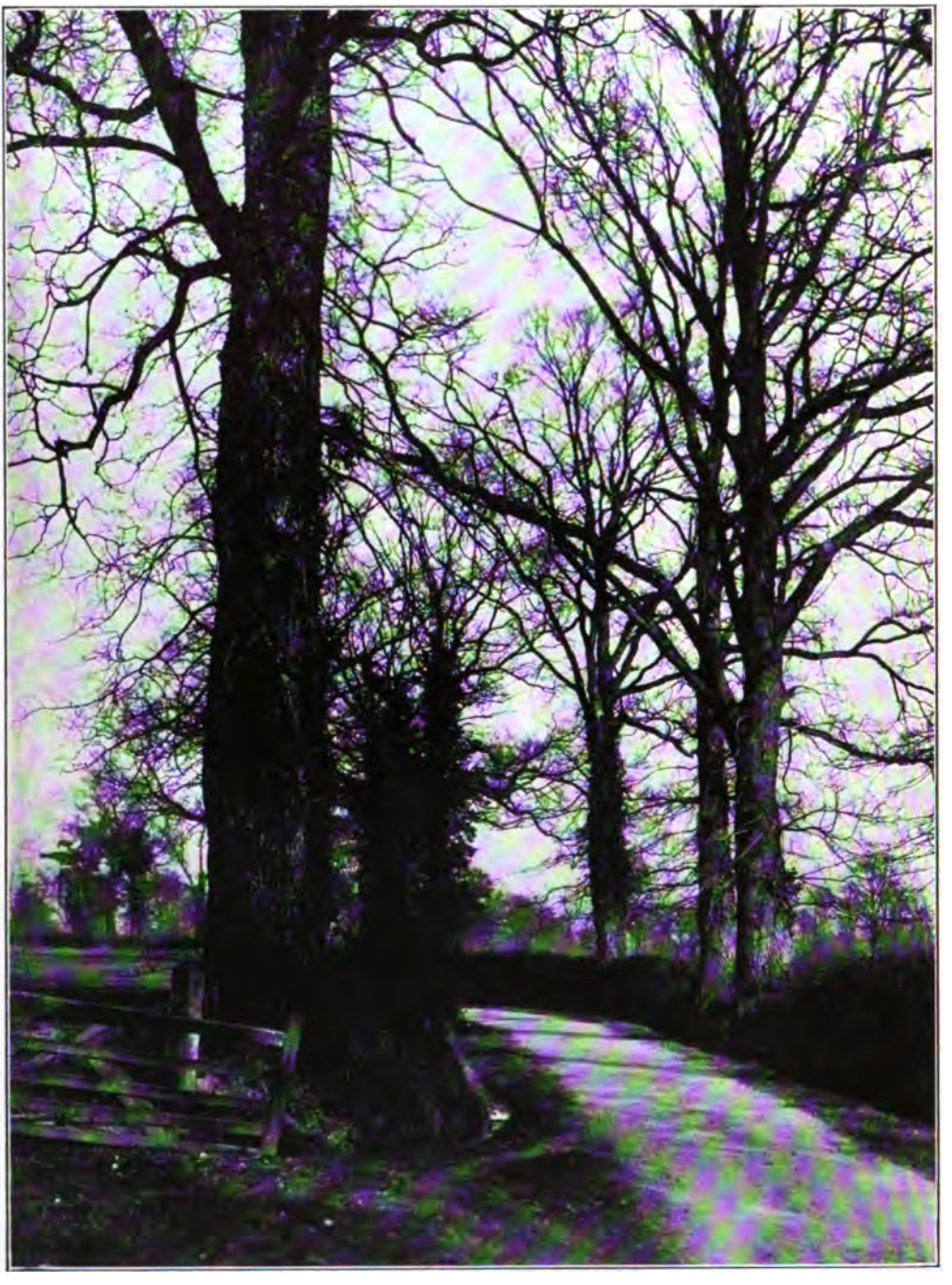
GRAY'S STUDY



STOKE COURT, SHOWING THE ROOM OF GRAY'S OLD HOME



THE BICYCLE WINDOW IN STOKE POGES CHURCH



THE ROAD TO BURNHAM BEECHES

melancholy hour I have passed in it." From the travail of those melancholy hours the "Elegy" was born. Strangely enough, while this picturesque countryside was associated with some of the rare happy hours of his childhood, and with peaceful holidays spent in the companionship of his affectionate aunts and greatly loving mother, it was at Stoke also he was called upon to endure those bereavements which left the greatest gaps in his life. The first blow fell when he was spending a vacation in the village in the autumn of 1742. At Eton he had formed a friendship with three lads of about his own age, and for one of those youths, Richard West, he entertained an unusually warm affection. As the years passed that boyish friendship deepened in intensity. West, he said, had "a first row in the front box" of his little heart, and he added: "I believe you are not in danger of being crowded there." In West, then, the poet had "gain'd from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend." But he was not to have him for long. Though he knew West was delicate in health, Gray was utterly unprepared for the news, which reached him at Stoke, that his beloved companion had suddenly passed away. This startling sorrow cast a deep gloom over all the glories of that golden summer-time.

The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain;
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

Ere the fall of that year merged into winter the grim figure of death again crossed the path of the poet, the victim this time being one of those uncles in whose home he had spent some of his holidays as a boy. Altogether, then, this was a sorrowful season for Gray, and it was in those days of quiet meditation on the transitoriness of life that he began to write his most famous poem.

How much of his task he accomplished during that mournful autumn of 1742 is unknown, but at intervals for eight years onward it slowly grew under his patient hands. It only needed, it seems, the return of death, touching him most nearly in the person of one he loved, to provide the inspiration which should enable him to perfect his labours. That inspiration came when his mother's sister, Mary Antrobus, who had loved the poet as a child of her own, was called away. From Cambridge, where the news reached him, he wrote his mother a letter of tender sympathy. He had lost, he said, one he loved very much; "but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself." The next summer, when he returned to Stoke, and realised afresh the keenness of his loss by those thousand and one reminders of the dead which are so vividly suggested by the scenes in which they once played a part; and, above all, when he stood by the resting-place of his aunt in that peaceful churchyard which had already appealed so powerfully to his Muse, it was not surprising that he was moved to complete the stanzas of that poem which, so long as the tender images of fading day and unavailing memories of the dead have power to move the spirit, will never lose its charm for the sons and daughters of mortality.

Although Gray probably stands alone among the bards in having taken eight years to complete a poem comprising only a hundred and twenty-eight lines, who, in view of the result, can complain that the "Elegy" was so long in the writing? There are few, even among the greatest masters of the Muse, to whom similar protracted labour for a kindred result would be begrudged. But Gray was naturally a slow craftsman. In inviting the criticism of his friend West, he urged him to have no fears about unravelling his web: "I am a sort of a spider," he said, "and have little else to do but spin it over again, or creep to some other place and spin there." Nor, no matter how earnestly his friends might urge him to write, could he ever be prevailed upon to put pen to paper unless the spirit of poetry moved him. With his usual modesty, he did not "pretend to inspiration," yet he was obliged to confess that the impulse to verse was "by no means voluntary," adding, with a touch of sadness in the admission: "You are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life."

Some critics have noted almost grudg-

ingly that no poet has ever been enthroned on the heights of Parnassus with so slim a volume under his arm. The criticism was anticipated by Gray. No one could make more exquisite fun at the paucity of his labours than he did himself. He tried to pad out his little volumes as much as possible, lest his *"works* should be mistaken for the works of a flea," and when all was done he owned that he was "but a shrimp of an author." This was not his fault, or by his will. He promised his friends faithfully that until he was fourscore and upward he would write whenever the humour took him. He liked writing, and was in better conceit with himself whenever he was able to write. But he added, and herein is the inner secret of Gray's sterility, "If I do not write much, *it is because I cannot."*

When all the poet's confessions are surveyed as a connected whole, we see why the "Elegy" is what we know it to be. Its pensive tone, the keynote of which is so deftly struck by the opening echo of the curfew bell, was the reflection of a spirit which conversed habitually with the dead; "they are my old friends, and almost make me long to be with them." Its exquisite workmanship, every line bespeaking the hand of a consummate master, autographed its authorship as the product of one who only wrote when he could not help it.

Although, of course, the full title of the "Elegy," setting forth that it was *"written* in a country churchyard," is not to be read literally, no one who has visited the churchyard at Stoke can fail to realise that even if the verses were not actually written on the spot, they are photographically faithful to the objects they describe. If the curfew bell is silent, in obedience to that spirit of modern liberty which would resent being sent to bed by the parish clock, the "ivy-mantled tower" still provides a secret bower for the "moping owl," and the "rugged elms" and the "yew-tree's shade" yet keep ward over those moulding heaps which mark the resting-place of the rude forefathers of this quiet hamlet.

Apart, however, from the churchyard at Stoke Poges, there are other objects in this famous village which recall the memory of the poet. Perhaps the pilgrim may be grateful for one warning. The sexton of the church seems to be prouder by far of that building's curiosity in the shape of what he calls the "Bicycle Window" than of Gray's tomb, and if he is allowed to have his will, precious time, which might be more profitably employed, will be spent in hearing that loquacious guide tell how the figure in this patchwork of stained glass is the most ancient representation of the now ever-present bicycle. Escaping from this enthusiastic custodian, the visitor should make his way to the rear of the church, where, through the thickly clustering trees, he will espy the quaint chimneys of Stoke Manor House, where Gray laid the scene of his gently humorous "Long Story." Another reminder of the poet will be seen in a massive cenotaph, which stands in the midst of a field adjacent to the churchyard. This memorial, which cannot honestly be admired, however praiseworthy the intention which prompted its erection, was the gift of Mr. John Penn, a grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania. Three of its sides are inscribed with quotations from the poet's verse.

About a mile distant, embedded in the mansion now known as Stoke Court, may be found all that is left of the West End House, which was the home of Gray's mother in her declining years, and the building in which he spent many of his summer vacations. In the poet's time, West End House was a simple farmstead, several rooms of which were some years ago built into the more stately structure of Stoke Court. These include Gray's bedroom and his study. Less altered, and hence of greater interest, is the poet's summer-house, a substantial stone-built structure in the grounds of Stoke Court, and ideally situated for the needs of one who loved to be so often alone with his thoughts.

There was only one burial-place for Gray. In the churchyard upon which he had conferred an imperishable fame the two women to whom he was most attached had been laid to their rest. One of these was that kindly aunt whom he had loved from his infancy, the other was that self-sacrificing mother, whose affectionate care he repaid with a lifelong

devotion. "Here sleep the remains," he wrote on her tomb, "of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." In this grave, by his own emphatic request, Gray was buried. It stands close beside the walls of the church and under the shadow of his ivy-mantled tower; yet as it bears no inscription relating to Gray, no one who overlooked the tablet on the wall of the church would otherwise be able to identify the resting-place of the poet. But his best and most enduring memorial lies around the spot where his dust reposes. This country churchyard, notable still for its frail memorials, "with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd," seems, for all its quiet dead, animated by the pensive spirit of that poet for whose sake it has become the most loved of all God's acres.

Assuredly, Gray did not live his melancholy life in vain. Among the lonely steppes of Mexico, in the shelter of the age-worn crevices of primeval rocks, what time the face of the earth is turned from the sun, there unfolds the rare beauty of that flower which has been so aptly christened "The Queen of the Night." The dark masses of the rocks and solemn background of the midnight sky accentuate with startling effect the rare beauty of the blended white and yellow of that flower of darkness. Its charms are never unveiled in the garish light of the sun; only under the immeasurable spaces of the silent sky of night will its exquisite petals unfold. In the garden of poesy the "Elegy" of Gray is another "Queen of the Night," exhaling its most delicate odours and revealing its most matchless beauty in fullest perfection to those whose pathway winds through the valley of the shadow of death.

H. C. Shelley.



THE NOTE OF UNTRUTH AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



HERE is a certain promising young novelist who has an ingenuous way of dropping in every now and then with the manuscript of a chapter or episode and proffering the laconic request, "Please read this and tell me whether I lie!" There is a chastening and salutary influence in such a mood of self-distrust; and many an older and stronger writer might profitably cultivate it. They would thereby avoid striking those occasional false notes which affect us like sharp discord in otherwise admirable books, and which our young friend frankly stigmatises as lies. Yet when one comes to study the technique of fiction making, the wonder is that the average novelist does not deviate a great deal further from the truth in his attempt to make his men and women act up to the characters with which he has endowed them. And in this connection it may be said that it matters not at all to what particular school of fiction an author owns allegiance; we demand that a Sindbad the Sailor shall live up to his part as scrupulously as a son or daughter of the Rougon-Macquarts.

Of course, in theory, the making of a novel is a simple and intelligible process: take a number of characters, study and elaborate them until you know not only what they will do and say in the different situations of your story, but a great deal more than that—their politics, their religion, their favourite sport; how the women dress their hair, and what brand of tobacco the men smoke. All this has been told us an infinite number of times, and undoubtedly we have often passed it on to others. And without doubt it is very good advice, so far as it goes. The trouble is that it is advice infinitely difficult to put into practice. It clashes badly with another and equally vital principle of fiction construction: that you must have a definite central theme, a carefully worked out plot leading up to a logical climax, so that the words and actions of your chief actors are to a certain degree all foreordained for them before you set pen to paper to write "Chapter First." It is all very well to say in theory, "Bring together these characters whom you have created and let them live their own lives," but the trouble is that in nine cases out of ten, right in the crisis of the story, some of these characters develop so strong a personality that they refuse to let you do the driving; they simply take the bit in their teeth and insist upon going their own gait. And all that is left for you, the author, to do is either to change your plot or to alter your characters—that is, if you wish to avoid an obvious note of untruth.

Now, before considering further the source of this note of untruth, the phrase itself needs a word of definition. We are not speaking now of a fidelity to the types of men and women whom we meet in real life, for that would limit the discussion to a question of realism, and the present issue is far broader than that. Suppose, for instance, an author gives us some purely imaginary personages, creatures as fantastic and impossible as the race of intellectual devil-fish in Mr. H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds*. Mr. Wells projects you at once into the realm of the grotesque and the uncanny, and his power lies in the fact that he can hold you there; he makes his devil-fish consistently live up to their part. But suppose that for an instant he had made the mistake of endowing one of his weird, uncouth monsters with a gleam of human tenderness or sympathy, then he would have been guilty of an unpardonable note of untruth.

But other things being equal, the writer of fantastic, extravagant, romantic fiction finds the task of making his puppets live up to their parts much easier than the conscientious realist or the probing psychologist does. And naturally so, because it is always easier to paint in flaring, primary colours than in vague half-

tones; to picture the red coat of a soldier than the distant haze of battle smoke; to portray a primitive man of one idea, an incarnation of courage or jealousy or hate than the infinite, baffling complexity of the highly developed modern woman. In your swash-buckler romance, your Graustark story, there are certain easily followed conventions, certain stereotyped situations to be met in a particular way, certain established gallantries from the hero, certain obligatory concessions from the heroine, one and all a part of the tradition of this type of fiction. But if you do not understand these conventions, if you venture to make your Zendaland men and women now and then behave like rational, complex human beings, then the public will have none of you—for you have broken with tradition, you have struck a discordant note of untruth. In other words, while you have a right to create an impossible type of man or woman, you have not the right, in the middle of the story, to transform them into something less than the demigods with which you started, letting them drop from their exalted level down to the common plane of every-day life. Nor is it often possible, even in a frankly supernatural story, to make a radical change of character seem convincing. Take, for instance, Charles Dickens's universally read and widely beloved *Christmas Carol.* Now, the circumstance of the change of heart experienced by old Scrooge, by which he is converted from a malignant spirit of selfishness into a joyous, irrepressible incarnation of benevolence, forms the very cornerstone of this most famous of Christmas books. Yet most thoughtful readers will agree with a recent dictum of Mr. Chesterton, in which he implies that old Scrooge's change of heart is the loudest note of untruth that Dickens ever struck. For his own part, Mr. Chesterton declares it to be his settled conviction that old Scrooge never in all his life had known a selfish hour, and that it had been his cherished custom every year to give away an unlimited number of Christmas turkeys.

A realist, with his scrupulous observations of life, a Zola, with his documents and notebooks, flatters himself that he at least is in no danger of stumbling into the pitfall of unconscious lies. How can he, when every event is based upon actual occurrences in the world at large, when every character is a carefully worked assemblage of inherited traits, a sort of human machine guaranteed to obey the accurately calculated impulse of the hidden cogwheels? But there are times when a man or woman, face to face with a great crisis, will suddenly break away from all inherited instincts and bravely, defiantly strike out a new line of conduct that is as profound a surprise to themselves as to their friends. It is this class of actions which the realist does not dare to permit himself to depict, because the key to them lies hidden in the individual brain. It is just here that the psychological novelist seizes his great advantage. He can probe deep down into the secret recesses of men's hearts; he can show why actions, outwardly most irrational, are the logical sequence of obvious causes; and why the same piece of music will make one hearer laugh and another weep; and why the same stroke of fate will decide one man to live and another man to die.

But even the psychological school has its limits. The most skilful analyst can do no more than to imagine himself in the character and the position of each of his personages in turn. No matter how closely by an effort of imagination he succeeds in identifying himself with the different men and women he is portraying, he can never be really sure of the truth of what he writes. He knows only that under the given conditions he would himself have said and felt and done certain things. Consequently, his safety lies in picturing people who approach him very closely in character, education and environment. For the more remote they are from his own sympathies and understanding, the more likely he is to strike a frequent note of untruth. That sombre French novelist, Edouard Rod, has attempted, with some reason, to draw a distinction between the psychological writer who probes his own heart in order to interpret the hearts of others, and the writer who, recognising the gulf between his own temperament and that of his characters, nevertheless tries to arrive at an interpretation of them by an intellectual effort, a sort of *tour de force,* for which

he coined the clumsy name *intuitivism.* The distinction scarcely is worth the trouble of making. The psychological novelist who has not a highly developed intuition, a subtle comprehension of how other heartstrings than his own are made to vibrate, will never advance far enough in his profession to make people ask whether he touches the chord of truth or not. It is, after all, the sudden, unexpected flashes of genuine intuition that make the greatness of certain scenes in novels which we never forget; rare and marvellous little touches, like that in *Vanity Fair,* where Rawdon has struck Lord Steyn twice in the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground, and Thackeray tells us that Becky, standing there trembling before him, "admired her husband, strong, brave and victorious." Thackeray was well entitled to the self-elation he confessed to feeling over the stroke of genius in that one line.

"Caybigan"

There is a newcomer in the field of the short story, to whom it is a privilege and a pleasure to give a special prominence this month; for unless all the ordinary signs and tests utterly fail, he is destined shortly to command a widespread attention. The name of this new writer is James Hopper, and his first volume of collected stories is *Caybigan.* The first thing that one notes about Mr. Hopper's work is the sureness of his touch. No one could imagine him under the necessity of asking some critical friend, "Please read this and tell me whether I lie." There is a strange, exotic, almost morbid strength in these stories. In vividness and tensity they are on a par with the shorter stories of Joseph Conrad, whose style his own often suggests; a few of them have almost the quality of some of Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills.* It is true that to an author with a powerful and gloomy imagination it is easier to write stories of the type of *Caybigan* with unfaltering touch, stories full of a haunting exoticism, the mystery of the unfamiliar life in the Philippines, than it would be to write a simple, every-day story of commonplace young men and young women in a sleepy New England village. The complex triviality of average people needs a Jane Austen's unerring instinct for the truth. Mr. Hopper's men and women stand out from his canvas in sure, strong brush-strokes. They are for the most part under the sway of some powerful, primitive emotion; and he holds them steadily, relentlessly in its tragic grip. Take, for instance, that grim, haunting story called "The Failure," the story of a human derelict, whom alcohol and the physical and moral miasma of the tropics have done their best to destroy. Jerry Burke is at a very low ebb, indeed, when a quarantine doctor, who has known him in better days, discovers him on board a cholera-infected vessel, swarming with squalid, rancid natives. The doctor looks him over "with a long, sweeping glance that takes in the bloated face, the bloodshot eyes, the twisted mouth, the trembling, clutching hands, the corkscrewed trousers, the heelless shoes—the whole abject picture of human degradation," and decides to give Jerry Burke a last chance to pull himself together. Some one must stay on board the stricken ship. Someone must administer medicines, scour and cleanse and disinfect; some one must stand guard over these filthy, ignorant, panic-driven natives and keep them from escaping; some one must be on hand to signal for aid, as one victim after another is seized by the fatal scourge. The doctor offers to Jerry the chance to be that some one, the chance to take a great responsibility and show himself worthy of the trust. The story is a grim, merciless picture of the physical horrors of a fever ship; and the greater mental tortures of a man fighting a battle with himself that slowly but surely goes against him. Mr. Hopper may do other things equally original, but nothing that is more relentless as a picture of human degradation.

There are, however, two other stories that must be briefly touched upon before laying *Caybigan* aside, "A Jest of the Gods" and "The Call." The first of these is a theme in which Joseph Conrad would have revelled; the story of a man who, in the height of his promise, the floodtide of his strength and physical charm, is the victim of a strange disease, which leaves him bald, absolutely hairless, with even

his brows and lashes all gone. It was something appalling. It was as if God's lightning had struck his pate and blasted it clean." The misery of his affliction has driven the luckless victim to resign a cherished professorship in a Western college, sever his engagement to the woman he loved and bury himself alive in Manila, finding his only comfort in unwise indulgence in "small glasses of cloudy green liquid." And the reason it is called "A Jest of the Gods" is that the sequel shows that he need not have despaired of love after all. But to know why you must read the story. "The Call" is a bold, haunting essay in pure, unadulterated uncanniness. All that a reviewer can do is simply to give a hint of its possibilities. A white man, who had first accepted a position as teacher in one of the more inaccessible districts in the southern part of Negros, and then committed the further folly of taking his wife there with him, does not realise that she is dying of homesickness until she is actually stricken down and it is too late to give her the extra tenderness which earlier might have saved her. Well, the woman is practically dying; it is the height of the rainy season; there are no doctors, no medicines, no civilised aids of any sort. The story is a picture of the desperate husband taking this dying wife along sodden, boggy roads, through fever-haunted districts, madly racing against death. And when, on the second day, she dies, he still drives on, sitting beside her, persistently, desperately, insanely calling her to come back. "She was dead," he tells his friend long afterward, "she was dead, I tell you. But I called her, called her. And I tell you I *called* her back. You see, it was impossible; I couldn't let her go like that. I called her back to me, *called* her back, I tell you!"

"Moon-Face"

There is a cold-bloodedness about Jack London which would make it impossible for him to write such a story as the one just under consideration. In his men and women the physical life lords it insolently over the spiritual and moral life. It is well for a novelist to keep in mind that even in the most cultured men and women the primitive human animal is, after all, not so very far below the surface. But it is also worth while to remember that there are few so degraded who are not sometimes swayed by influences that have no kinship with the physical passions. Mr. London, when he errs, does so on the side of the flesh; there are moments, even in his most powerful work, when one is prompted to say, "That is a false note; human nature is nobler than that!" It is only when he is writing frankly of man, the human animal, the primitive Klondike Indian, the prize-fighter in the lust of battle, the dangerous victim of a fixed idea, that he is really at his best. *Moon-Face,* the tale that gives its name to his new volume of stories, is an admirable example of the last-named class of subjects, a man swayed by an unreasoning hatred until murder, wanton, callous murder, becomes an obsession. John Claverhouse is the name of the hated man; he is described as a cheery, optimistic, moon-faced man, "whose great 'Ha! Ha!' and 'Ho! Ho!' rose up to the sky and challenged the sun." The other man hates him because he is happy, because he is moon-faced, because, in short, he is John Claverhouse, and not some one radically different. And so, under the working of this obsession the other man plans a means of killing him, so strange, so diabolically crafty, that no one can ever trace it to him, no one will even have suspicions—except the victim himself, and he only in the last agonising moments of his life. There are just two stories which inevitably come to mind in connection with *Moon-Face,* Poe's *Cask of Amontillado* is one, with which it suggests comparison for its general spirit of insane hatred; and the other is one of Maupassant's stories, the name of which does not for the moment come to mind, but which forms a close parallel in method—the story in which a feeble peasant woman trains a giant hound to perform for her the vengeance which her own hands are too frail to carry out.

It would be difficult to find among present-day writers a greater contrast than that between Jack London and the delicate, almost sentimental methods of Roy Rolfe Gilson, the author of *Katrina.* Mr. Gilson is most at home among people with tender hearts and gentle impulses.

He combines a sympathetic understanding of the young child's point of view with an equally rare understanding of the sorrows and disillusions of age. His new volume, *Katrina,* is one of very genuine charm. Katrina, when we first meet her, is a little girl of ten with a rooted antipathy to newspaper reporters, because they have written some unkind and untrue things about her widowed father's *magnum opus,* a local history of the town they live in. But when she meets Mr. "Larry"—for so she calls him to the end of their acquaintance—she is forced to change her mind about newspaper men. Neither Katrina nor the gentle natured professor, her father, know that years before Mr. Larry has known and loved Katrina's mother, and for her sake has remained a lonely bachelor without aims or ambitions; indeed, the reader himself is a little slow in finding it out. But when you do grasp the situation, then you recognise the fine art with which Mr. Gilson makes you see this lonely, disappointed man finding a tardy solace by the other man's fireside, a belated happiness in the affection of the little girl with hair and eyes like the little girl he had once hoped to have, and with the name he had once hoped she would bear. In the form of its ending the story at first sight strikes one as being gratuitously cruel, until one realises that it was inevitable, and that any other ending would have marred the fine art of it. The pervading note of the book is a wistful tenderness, yet it has its frivolous moments. As, for example, in the following passage, in which Professor June is relating to his daughter Katrina a conversation he has had with "Mr. Larry" McRae:

"Katrina"

"'My dear MacRae,' I said, 'I have given up thinking evil of my fellow-men.'

"'Good Lord!' he cried. 'When did you *ever* think evil of your fellow-men?'

"'Oh, I have,' I said. 'I used to, Mac, but it made me miserable, and it did no good; so I gave it up.'

"'June,' said he, and the weather was clearing. I knew, by the way he said it: 'June, you're the damndest, cheeriest soul I ever knew!'"

"Father!"

"Well, he did; he did, I tell you. I'm only telling you what he said. 'June,' said he, 'you're the damndest, cheeriest——'"

"Why, *father!*"

The professor was shaking with delight.

"That's what he said. I'm only telling you. Yes, sir; he said I was the——"

"Father!" cried the little girl peremptorily, and the professor paused and wiped his eyes.

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon stands for a certain type of story very definitely. He belongs to the school already alluded to as picturing types of men and women who do things quite differently from the mere normal, every-day human beings who walk this earth in real flesh and blood. Individually, we may differ very widely in our opinions of Mr. McCutcheon's books; but there is certainly one thing very much to his credit, one thing which goes a long way toward explaining his steady and growing vogue with the public, and that is that he consistently makes his personages play up to their parts. There is never a moment when the Young Person who likes thrills is forced to admit with a sense of disillusion, "why, these are not real heroes and heroines, but just ordinary, every-day people, after all!" This is really no small thing to do, because while the rewards awaiting those who can do it successfully are large and many have tried for them, Mr. McCutcheon stands upon an enviable height, with few to keep him company. When his new volume, *Jane Cable,* first came under the reviewer's eye it awoke misgivings as to his ability to maintain his self-imposed standards in a purely American story in a conventional setting of Chicago and New York life. Hitherto, we remembered, his American stories have had to yield precedence to his more fantastic *Graustark* annals. But the opening chapters were quickly reassuring. In *Jane Cable* Mr. McCutcheon has been generously prodigal of sensation. For the benefit of the curious it may be added that Jane is not the real daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cable, but a foundling from an asylum; a secret which is known only to Mrs. Cable and to the villain of

"Jane Cable"

the story, a shyster lawyer and blackmailer, who happens to be the father of the man Jane loves. When we discover, further, that the action at a critical moment shifts to the Philippines, and introduces a sharp engagement with the Filipinos, a siege in an old monastery, a jealous Spanish girl, and a scene in a military hospital, it becomes evident that Mr. McCutcheon has, as usual, not done things by halves. In conclusion, it is interesting to record, from personal observation, that readers of *Jane Cable* seem to evince the same absorption, the same oblivion of time and space which a few years ago marked the readers of *Beverly of Graustark*.

"The Balance of Power"

The form in which *The Balance of Power*, by Arthur Goodrich, has been put forth contains an element of unkindness. It has a forbidding look in its dull, maroon cover. It is very, very heavy, in pounds avoirdupois, and its thickness suggests an appalling number of pages. One takes it up with abundant misgivings, only to discover that they are quite unfounded. Mr. Goodrich's book is very far from being the great American novel; nor does it make any pretence of being. Nevertheless, it is a good, readable story, and an interesting contribution to that modern type of American fiction which depicts our keen, progressive industrial life, alongside of the life of society and of the home. Mr. Goodrich lays his scene in a manufacturing village, and gives a graphic picture of a fight to the death between two rival capitalists, one of whom tries to get control of the other's mills by buying up all the stock he can get and bribing the stockholders who will not sell. There is a clever young machinist, foreman in the mills, who realises the scheme on foot and heads an opposition movement to get possession of enough proxies to protect the aged president of the mill in spite of his obstinate refusal to believe he is in danger. In spite of their efforts, neither his friends nor his enemies obtain a majority of the proxies; and when the stockholders meet the old man still holds the balance of power, which he uses in an unexpected and most exasperating way. It is a story of a good fight, and since the obstinate old president has a daughter whom the young foreman wants to marry, it is a passably good love story as well.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

WOMEN AND BUSINESS

To the Editors of The Bookman.

Dear Sirs: Mrs. Wharton's *The House of Mirth* is a splendid study of social conditions; but, as the reviewers have pointed out, it leaves us somewhat cold as to the fortunes of Lily Bart (very largely, I conceive, owing to the extreme unpleasantness of her name), and hence we shall not be shocking its readers too much if we discuss in cold blood certain financial matters which come up near the end of the book.

It will be remembered that Lily Bart's troubles are largely due to a phenomenal ignorance of money matters—so profound that she thinks that once a man is a member of the Stock Exchange he can take possession of the modest capital of any one of his acquaintances and with no trouble at all cause it to produce a delightfully large income. What I wish to call attention to here is that Lily Bart's creator (though, as an extremely successful author, if nothing more, she must have had wide financial experiences) is herself apparently less familiar with money matters than one might have a right to expect.

The day before her tragic end Lily Bart receives a cheque for ten thousand dollars as her share of her aunt's estate, and after a good deal of hesitation she

decides to use the greater part of this money in relieving herself of her indebtedness to her over-generous speculating friend. At the moment when this resolution was finally arrived at we are told that she "reached out suddenly, and drawing the cheque from her writing desk, enclosed it in an envelope, which she addressed to her bank. She then wrote out a cheque for Trenor, and placing it, without an accompanying word, in an envelope inscribed with his name, laid the two letters side by side on her desk." Now, Lily Bart has here overlooked the fact that in order to make this a valid transaction it was necessary that the cheque should have been first endorsed to the bank; and as her creator does not call attention to this oversight, the inference is plain that to her also the situation had failed to present itself with sufficient vividness.

There is another element of the scene which goes to show financial inadvertence on the part of the writer. At this same time we are told that "a careful examination of her cheque-book, *and of the unpaid bills in her desk,* showed that when the latter had been settled she would have barely enough," etc. The next morning, after the tragic death of Lily Bart, it falls to Lawrence Selden to be the first to look through the contents of her desk. "He opened the cheque-book and saw that the very night before a cheque of ten thousand dollars . . . had been entered in it. . . . But turning another page or two, he discovered with astonishment that in spite of this recent accession of funds the balance had already declined to a few dollars. A rapid glance at the stubs of the last cheques, all of which bore the date of the previous day, showed that between four and five hundred dollars of the legacy had been spent in the settlement of bills, while the remaining thousands were comprehended in one cheque, made out at the same time to Charles Augustus Trenor." We have just been told, also, that, "to his surprise, he found that all the bills were receipted; there was not an unpaid account among them." Now, this happened at nine o'clock in the morning, and it must have been already very late in the preceding evening when the cheque for the ten thousand dollars, contained in a belated letter, had been delivered to Lily; for it was "long after seven o'clock" when she returned home, and since then she had dressed for dinner, dined, "examined systematically the contents of her drawers and cupboard," drawn out her remaining fine dresses from a trunk, allowed them to revive recollections of happier days, and then "put them back one by one." The question that troubles me here is this: How did these bills, unpaid late the night before, come to be receipted early the next morning? Through the simple writing of the cheques? The ordinary way of securing receipted bills is to enclose the bills with the cheques by which they are to be paid, and to receive them back receipted, at best by return of mail. Can it be that Lily Bart, in a moment of inadvertence, receipted her bills herself instead of sending them to her creditors for their signatures?

Most readers, I take it, must have thought that Lily Bart's ignorance of business matters, on the part of so astute a person, accustomed to shifting for herself from her earliest years, is much overdrawn in the book; but if her creator, one of the acutest minds of the time in the construction of a story and in the psychological development of a character, can make mistakes like these in the plainest of every-day business transactions, it is possible that the situation among women in general is worse than one had thought. Certain it is that fathers who do not see to it that their daughters are thoroughly trained in the proper conduct of ordinary matters of business are preparing for them the possibility—as in the case of Lily Bart—of ruined lives, or at least of a very dangerous helplessness.

C. L. Franklin.

THE FOURTH WATCH

I.

But the boat was now in the midst of the sea, distressed by the waves; for the wind was contrary.



IN Elizabeth's old garret play room there were still traces of that positive and conscientious little person who had held Romy Biznet the worst boy in town, praying for him under that head, tearfully or vindictively, according to the standing of their permanent quarrel; tearfully when he smoked cigarettes secretly, vindictively when he snowballed her all the way home from school, kissed her at the gate while she cried, and departed with shrill yells.

The faded pink roses of the wall paper belonged to that time, and so did a row of fashion-plate ladies pasted in a dim corner, each with her name laboriously written above her head. There were a small blue rocking chair and a doll's trunk; no more than this of Bessie Heathway. The stratum of another personality overlay everything, for of late years her husband had taken it for his den during the summers, and all was as he had turned the key upon it six months before; a table with orderly pile of music paper, accurately placed blotter, ink and pens; a few torn pages of neatly written manuscript in the waste basket; a divan glowing with a Navajo blanket; a tray of coffee things on a tabourette. Everything bore witness to his methodical habits, without trace of wakeful nights and disordered dreams, of despair that had seen the sunset in the asylum windows on Pasture Hill, and watched the slow progress of the stars until the Adirondacks flushed with sunrise.

This, then, was the room in which poor Elizabeth sought sanctuary, bringing there an armful of old college text-books, because she had heard that study was a remedy. One must in some sort try for direction in a sea of trouble, and if Euclid had any method for keeping one away from the red house on the hill, it would be well to understand it. Or one might translate a tragedy—the Œdipus, for example—with the Furies.

The window-sill was level with the floor, the roof meeting the low casing so that one could not stand upright. Here she had sat and made doll's clothes, singing school songs and telling stories to herself about the mountains. There had been palaces and fairies, she remembered, but nothing at all resembling that red house crouched high on the hill, seeming hung like a blotched spider above the tree tops of French Hollow. Its windows blinked in the afternoon sun. His was at the left; the one at the end, on the second floor.

She laid aside Euclid and the tragedies and wandered about the room, sighing and stealthy, removing the half year's bloom of dust, trying to decipher the torn manuscript, filling the samovar. She opened the doll's trunk: red cheeks, blue glass eyes, ineffaceable smile, half a dozen ill-made garments of a bygone pattern, and on the sawdust bosom ashes of a sentimental rose placed there by little Bessie Heathway. Mask, sawdust, and illusion—emphasis and symbolism of all other cheat and futility. She found in herself no tenderness for dead childhood and the happiness that could thrive on these slight things—only a heavy wonder at its having been possible.

She relocked the trunk and lay down upon the window seat with its gay Navajo blanket, her head propped upon her arm, steadily watching his distant window while it reddened with sunset, darkened and shone out again through the dusk.

Pasture Hill goes well enough in the landscape when you get the blueness of distance in front of it, but to walk upon it up Pleasant Street is to perceive how it is barren beyond all hope—dry sand that ages have vainly tried to cover decently, out at elbows forever, no matter how strongly its coat of coarse grass is woven.

They called it "Pleasant Street" out of their hopes and good intentions, planting young trees at intervals in the shifting

sand to indicate how a road was to wind gently under arching elms, but the years add nothing to the stature of these trees, and the most they can do year by year is to put forth a sickly show of green—"I'm not dead yet."

All the rest of the hill is smooth, so that when you look up from Cosmos it is as if Pleasant Street were a yellow river charted on a green map, the asylum a red mark to show a city.

Elizabeth thought that by walking up Pleasant Street she might tire out the nervous thrill in her wrists, but she had forgotten her umbrella, and so must journey between a glare overhead and a glare underfoot until her eyes were dazzled and her head hot and confused.

One seemed forever climbing through dust and heat, both actually and allegorically, and at the end of the journey—well, not exactly a "House Beautiful."

For one followed the straight and narrow way so far as one could perceive it, and turned aside into no inviting pasture in order to find the Doubting Castle of Giant Despair. Square across the road lies Doubting Castle, with the skulls about it of former wayfarers, which who runs may read.

Through the quiet intensity of the sunlight a light breeze sent gliding white pillars of dust toward her. *Were* they pillars of dust? For the world was strange, and changed so that one hardly knew which was allegory and which was real. Or did she see pillars of dust for the first time truthfully, how there was terror in them and meaning: "We are ghosts of dead eternities going from one nothingness to another."

A sudden animal fright caused her to start aside from a light eddy whirling past her harmlessly, gracefully: "From nothing to nothing. Come with us!"

The matron asked, like a gardener with choice roses of his own raising in a nearby greenhouse: "Wouldn't you like to go through the women's ward while they are getting him ready?"

She was a broad-shouldered person, the matron—tall and strong. No weakness had ever touched that splendid physique. She had a low forehead and a heavy chin, sleek, fair hair and narrow, grey eyes that saw, without appearing to, everything in the corridor the moment she entered.

There were rocking chairs all along the sides of the hall, rubber plants, artificial palms at intervals, imitation Persian rugs set at careful angles on the shiny floor, and an odor of iodoform and peppermint throughout.

"You see we make it homelike," said the matron proudly. "Stop biting your finger nails, Mrs. Jackson. Do you want me to tie on those mittens again?"—this to a lank and drooping figure in blue calico and a starchless bonnet. A colourless face looked up dimly and drooped again, but the distorted fingers obediently clasped themselves in her lap and there twisted about and about aimlessly, patiently.

"Farmer's wife," said the matron. "You'd be surprised how many farmers' wives go insane. Loneliness and hard work."

Another farmer's wife was knitting (with wooden needles), counting aloud monotonously like the ticking of a clock.

Then there was a stout, red-faced woman with bloodshot eyes, who smiled foolishly, showing a wide gap where her front teeth had been. Nightmares smile so, when something huge and hideous is portending, something that you think at first is funny.

"We aim to make it homelike," chanted the matron, the floor creaking under her tread as she passed between the rows of chairs. Elizabeth followed, slim and black robed, peering fearfully from face to face. Suddenly a bluish, bony hand shot out and clenched into a fold of her skirt. It belonged to a tiny, somnolent creature who sat, toad-like, with her feet tucked under her. In the face now upturned there was, as Elizabeth noticed among many of the others, a curious twitching of the mouth corners, a constant flicker of the tongue along the lips. The eyes seemed looking at her from a great distance, and when the voice came it was fine and remote: "You're Alice, aren't you?"

"No," said Elizabeth. She put her warm hand on the hooked fingers gently. It was like touching something dead. After the first quiver, however, she gathered the poor alive and dead thing into

her palms and sat down in an empty chair, drawing it close. The far-away eyes brightened, though ever so faintly.

"I'm glad you've come, Alice."

The matron turned, missing her follower.

"Oh, come, come, Mrs. Bradley. This won't do, you know. It does credit to your kind heart, Mrs. Biznet, but really, you can't do any good. She's better off by herself. She sits that way for hours. She always thinks visitors are some of her folks."

"I'll wait here," said Elizabeth simply. The vague face staring through dreams grew more intent. Elizabeth smiled encouragingly at it, and stroked the inert hands again and again.

"I get very despondent," murmured the voice. "There was some one coming for me."

The forehead contracted painfully.

"Is the baby well?"

Elizabeth knew of but one baby. She forced a white-lipped smile.

"The baby is well." For so one may speak of such as need never reckon with the world's perplexities.

One of the dead hands, loosening from her clasp, patted her cheek. Alice's baby, of course—but the question had come very strangely.

"There, there!" soothed the creature. "There, there."

Elizabeth sat quite still, with a great horror knocking at her breast, and the cry that of late had grown habitual sounding in her brain. If she became like *these*, she reflected, the cry would become audible. She saw herself seated among these women of the rocking chairs, moaning with mechanical regularity: "O God, the pain of the world! O God, the pain of the world!"

"If you are ready, Mrs. Biznet"—the matron was smiling down at them, showing her strong white teeth genially. "Mustn't annoy visitors, Mrs. Bradley—I'll take you down to the reception room. You'll be surprised to see how well he is looking and as good as a baby. This way, please."

"O God, the pain of the world!" The words sighed through the bright varnished room as though Elizabeth had at last spoken them. She kissed the alive and dead face, which grew vague again, and withdrew within its veils as she went away.

"O God, the pain of the world!"

The doctor's office was clean and bright. There was the glisten of much varnish; the rugs on the shining floor were laid at æsthetic angles.

Directly opposite Elizabeth hung an engraving of Doré's "Christ Leaving the Prætorium." She remembered reading that a latter-day philosopher had diagnosed the case of the Master of the World Himself as megalomania, calling Him the king of such madmen as claim divinity. She did not quarrel with the idea or accept it, but studied attentively, as one under a mental strain observes the pattern of wall paper, the tragic figure descending the steps, the centurions keeping back the people with their spears, the outcropping here and there in the crowd of a disciple's scared and despairing face. These and the moulded pattern of the cheap gilt frame were stamped into her brain before she heard the double tread in the hall of Biznet and his attendant.

She knew his step as she knew his face, but realised for the first time its strangeness, how it was singularly without weight, irregular, hesitating, unlike the rhythmic stride of a man who knows where he is going and why.

She shut her eyes for an instant, dreading to see him altered, dreading still more that he should be the same as ever.

"Well, Bess." His harsh voice was good natured enough. He came forward and kissed her in a dutiful way.

The attendant was a huge, bull-necked German, sleepy-eyed, with very clean and muscular hands. He stood clumsily behind Biznet's small, withered figure for an instant, towering like an exaggerated shadow, then slouched over to the window, yawned comfortably, and began to manicure his nails. Biznet watched him out of the sides of his eyes.

"He won't lend *me* his knife," he muttered. The attendant heard, and grinned, as at a witty saying.

"Are you comfortable here?" she asked. There was little to say, after all. The situation had no precedent. It seemed to demand some new code of eti-

quette with which she was unfamiliar. She felt irritably self-conscious, dreading the opinion of that sleepy-eyed monster so carefully putting his hands in order.

"Comfortable! Oh, I suppose so. You didn't send me here to be comfortable, did you?"

It was the familiar, accusing tone. Elizabeth put her hand to her throat.

The attendant's knife snapped shut; his narrow eyes waked up ever so slightly, seeking her face with a warning expression.

"But for your notions I could still be in the world doing my work. I had planned so much——"

The attendant hitched his chair forward a little.

"You haf worked a lot already since you came here," he said encouragingly.

"Will you mind your own business!" snapped Biznet. "I guess I can talk to my wife without you putting in your oar. It's quite true, however, that I have been working. I write all day. If I could write faster——"

He fell into a revery.

"I should like to see what you've done," she said at length.

"You! You couldn't understand."

"Is it a symphony?"

He looked up with flaming eyes, but his voice was soft and monotonous:

"A symphony! It is all the symphonies that can be written. I have thought them all out. It is only the writing of them now. When I have finished there will be no more music to write. As long as the world lasts they will have to play my music and mine only. There have been hours at a time when my mind has been so clear that I could hear and understand it all at once—clear to the end of the permutations and combinations of all the scales and all the instruments. . . .

"I'll tell you who I *would* like to see, though. *She* doesn't think I have delusions. Tell *her* that I am writing all the music of the world. I'd like to hear her sing. Not that I can't remember, or that it was anything extraordinary in a way—only something about it always gave me ideas. There was in it what one hears just as one wakes up—the voices that talk inside one's ears and rustle away over the pillow. There was something in her face, too—she was so young—it made one almost crazy to think of its ever fading. Now, you always scowled. She never did—but once her eyes were wet. I think it was because she was sorry for *us*."

He stopped, came close to her and touched her face with the air of one who tests a thing to see whether it is shadow or substance.

"You are pale and old—my fault—but not altogether. It was the little wearing details of every-day life—as disembodied spirits, Paolo and Francesca, 'blown about the world,' we should have done very well——"

Then he began suddenly to curse the world and all its customs, flinging his arms about, raging like a man caught by inexorable machinery. His voice grew shrill and inarticulate. The attendant sprang forward, and Doctor Nevannion, quiet, impersonal, sane, softly entered and briefly took charge. . . .

"That's a remarkable woman," he thought, observing Elizabeth. With lowered eyes she methodically drew on her gloves, while the clamour receded down the long hall.

"You regard this as a hopeless case, do you not?"

"There is always *hope*," said the doctor gravely.

"Is there?" She looked at Dr. Trevannion long and searchingly; then, absent-mindedly, as one looks at a wall-paper pattern, at the impotent figure with the conventional blur of light and the sharp points of thorns about its head.

"Hope—" she shook her head with a slight smile, said good-bye formally, and went out again into the sunlight.

II.

And in the fourth watch of the night He came unto them, walking upon the sea.

The blue and wooded shoulder of Mount Phelim rises back of Pasture Hill. A scar of red sandstone, too abrupt to afford roothold to any green thing, can be easily seen from the village, and is pointed out with some pride as "Deer's Leap," a real precipice and of tragic history.

When Pleasant Street leaves the asylum it turns off at an angle, descends through the sand of the other side of the hill, crosses the doubtful bridge of a mucky little brook and then clambers up Mount Phelim hand over hand, becoming more wild, jagged and overgrown at every step until it joins at right angles a wood road that runs horizontally about the mountain, and following this eastward, one goes warily, because at one point where the forest opens out and shows you the world and the kingdoms thereof, from Cosmos clear across the St. Lawrence to Montreal and the sunset, Deer's Leap is at your feet, and pine needles are slippery footing.

Here Elizabeth had often come in quest of sunsets. She and her husband had sat there in the days of their youth and somewhat fitful happiness, dreaming great things out of the colour and the quiet and the small voices of birds.

On this evening, also, she had the sunset in mind, but only as an incident of the journey, the real purpose of which lay much farther on. As far, in fact, as the rocks at the foot of Deer's Leap. Whether they also would prove to be but an incident of the journey she wondered a little, but did not much care.

If there was no other road to take, why—there was no other, and the incident was closed to further argument.

By the time she reached the pine needles and confronted the elfin beauty of that great picture—all things seemed infinitely little and dainty, except the sky—the glamour of the sunset was upon it, and she seated herself in the warm hollow of a pine-tree's roots. One would not intrude one's death upon a world so entirely lovely at such a moment. It would be a discourtesy, like talking and laughing during music. And so she waited until the stars came out together with a small, new moon.

How huge the trees were! As it grew darker they were terrible. "Intolerable mystery!" they whispered when the wind went through them, then would hold their breath, and again "Intolerable mystery!" Somewhere a hermit thrush was late at his prayers, using other words, but as twilight darkened into night he lost the thread of his argument, without having reached any conclusion, and the stars, growing thick and bright, agreed with the tree-tops—"Intolerable mystery!"—while Elizabeth stared up at them in the manner of all sorrowful and puzzled people these many thousand years.

And so staring she fell into that unhappy sleep familiar to those in great physical or mental distress; a sleep not altogether sleep, which leaves one hesitating in two worlds at once. She knew that she was not awake, because she could not move. Grim dreams would presently come out of the forest behind and swarm up from the rocks below Deer's Leap, but the day's reality had been so grim that she was hardly afraid of phantoms, and she was so near to becoming a phantom herself. No, there was nothing now to be afraid of.

A little sound began, whether far away or within her ear she could not be sure, but there was no doubt about its being her husband's 'cello. It increased dreadfully, and the tree trunks—as if they had been so many organ pipes—took up the theme, making of it thunder and the scream of living things in pain; yet through the confusion was an insistent rhythm, as of hammer and anvil, or the beating of a heart—hammer and anvil, shaping some huge tool with which to carry on whatever work it is that the universe is about. Then *he* stalked by, seeming to know very well what he was about, waving his baton as she had seen him wave it scores of times on the conductor's stand. "He has really done it, then," she thought—"all the music of the world."

She tried to call to him for help, but could make no sound, and by degrees the trees were silent again, the tumult of all the world's music died down to a whisper, then to nothing, and she was awake in the rustling silence of the real forest and the real night. It was a waking, however, to thought so vivid that the things she thought about were almost as plainly seen as those of which she had dreamed. Visions rose as if up from the disordered rocks below the Leap and spread in clear outlines against the sky, for in this manner a weary brain may at times think and yet, recognising its pic-

tured thoughts as illusion, remain upon the hither side of insanity.

She saw her husband as she had seen him scores of times, his sleek black head and thin shoulders silhouetted by the light of the conductor's stand—then shrivelled and raving, as he had been that afternoon. She saw her dead child——

"Why is it?" she said, meaning suffering, and repeated the question over and over in a whisper. The figure with the thorns and the blur of light stood out against the sky as she had seen it in the picture. Did it have any bearing?

Then she saw the women in the rocking chairs and felt the dead-alive hand dragging against her skirt.

"O God, the pain of the world!"

Somewhere there was singing. She was tired of music. It had been music, music these ten years; great sounds, incomprehensible technical jargon; and he had been so impatient with her ignorance—that impatience which in the end had become violence.

Erbarmen, erbarmen,
Allerbarmen, ach! erbarmen—

The sick king, Amfortas, is "symbolic of the world," Biznet had explained in his bored way—"of the world begging to be helped out of the scrape it's got into——"

Durch Mitleid wissend——

The voices came dreamily from the top of the dome. Then it was poor Kundry, with her "dienen, dienen——"

But these things led nowhere, thought Elizabeth, and remembering why she had come to that place, rose and walked slowly down the gentle slope of shifting pine needles. One laid aside life when done with it. There was neither wisdom nor courage in the long, dull wait for death to come of itself. She stood quite on the edge. A soft grey mist hid the rocks.

He had been of an age to creep about after her, catch her skirts, get underfoot and make himself a nuisance generally—and that was what he did now—or it may have been only a dead branch that caught at her skirt. She stepped backward to free herself, and then——

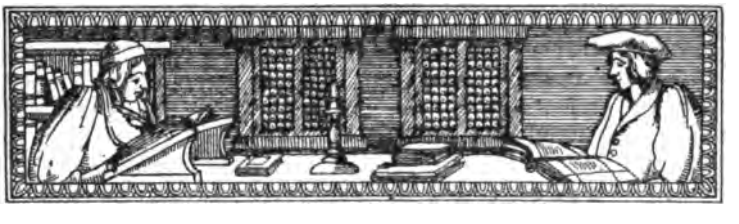
No, it was not *he* who was crying. The sound was in her brain and in her heart, strong and commanding—the cry of all children who have not mothers: "Come back; we are so many."

She drew away, slowly and with difficulty, from the edge, regained her seat upon the pine-tree's roots and sat long with her face buried in her hands, while a plan of living unfolded before her—stretching through many years, gentle, self-forgetful, dealing with one problem only, the fashioning of one infinitely small fragment of the answer to that eternal question about suffering.

With the sunrise her purpose took on definite shape. While the early colour was veiling the stars, she rose to her feet, arranged her disordered hair, straightened her dress and set her face calmly upon that road that led back into the world.

Everywhere the birds were wild with the joy of living, but her ears were deaf to all sounds but the call of the children that awaited her.

Georgia Wood Pangborn.





MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD

This year Mr. Mansfield is to present Ibsen's fantastic poem "Peer Gynt"

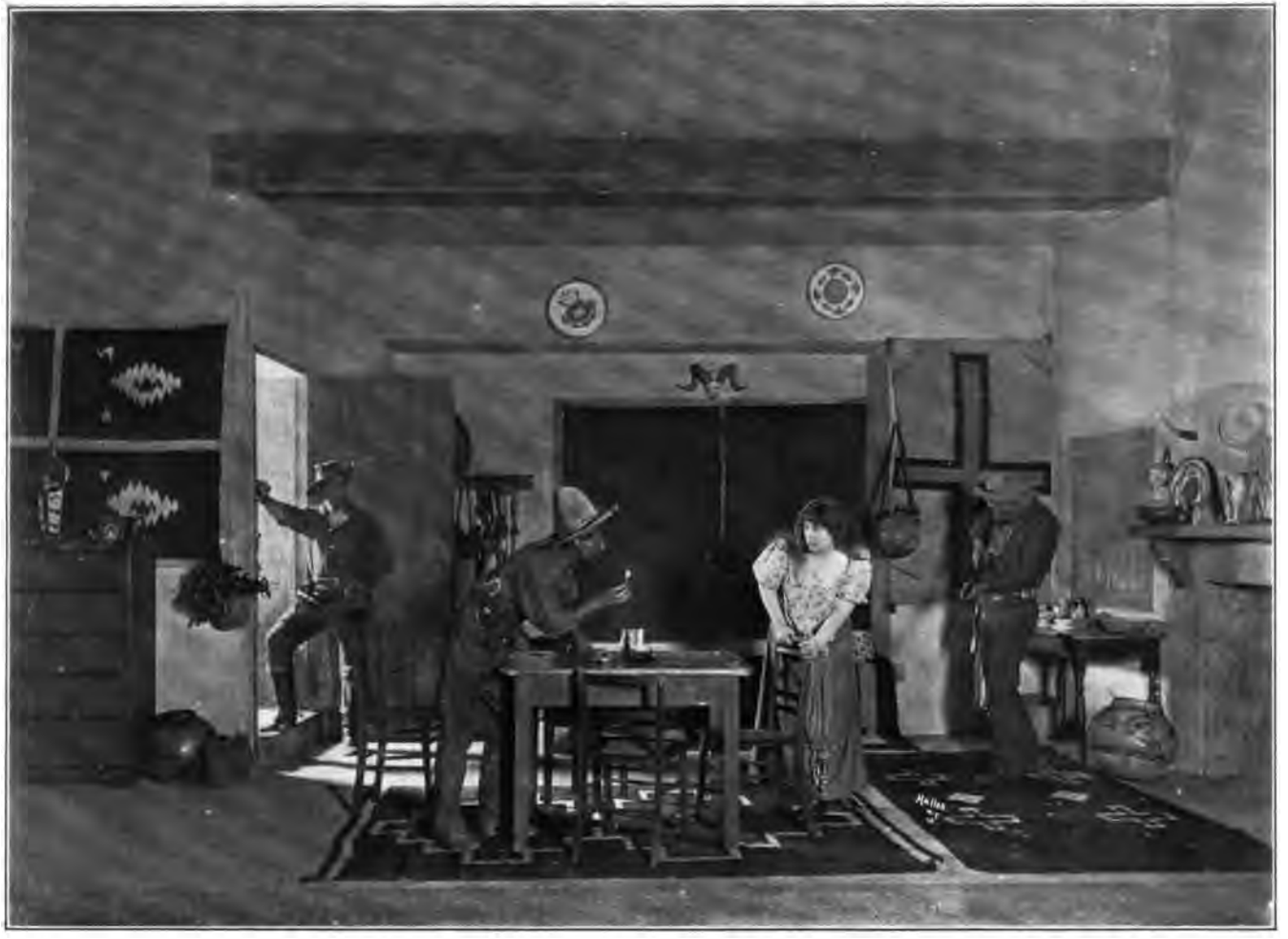


ALBERT CHEVALIER AND YVETTE GUILBERT

Now on tour in this country



CLYDE FITCH'S "THE GIRL WHO HAS EVERYTHING"
Eleanor Robson as Sylvia Lang. Ada Dwyer as Mrs. Waring



THE GREAT DIVIDE. ACT I.

With this play, which originally bore the title "The Sabine Woman," Mr. William Vaughn Moody stepped immediately into the front rank of American playwrights

ELEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Fogazzaro's "The Saint."*

If any one familiar with contemporary letters in Italy were asked to name the three greatest living Italian novelists, there is little doubt that the answer would include two names of international note: Giovanni Verga and Gabriele d'Annunzio. It is equally certain that the third would be a name scarcely ever heard in this country until the Papal advisers condemned his latest volume as heretical: Antonio Fogazzaro, the author of *The Saint.* By the critics of their own race, the three writers are frankly recognised as the three significant forces which, in varying degrees, will ultimately decide the form and the spirit of the Italian novel of to-morrow. Yet it would be difficult in any age or country to pick out a trio of similar prominence whose creeds and methods and ideals are so radically divergent. Verga is the uncompromising exponent of realism, a minute, impersonal, pitiless fidelity to life; d'Anunzio stands for the literature of egotism, the sensuous, selfish cult of beauty; Fogazzaro is a mystic, an idealist, an enthusiastic dreamer, who takes fiction as he has taken everything else in life, with a tremendous seriousness, waiting until his fortieth year before giving his first novel to the public, and ardently striving to make his books not only pictures of life, but vehicles of philosophical teaching.

What place will be ultimately assigned to Signor Fogazzaro by his own countrymen, it would be very rash to predict. The speculative, philosophical trend of his mind would seem to be far less in accord with the impressionable, volatile, emotional Latin temperament than the poignant simplicity of Verga, the brilliant paganism of d'Annunzio. Of the three, he would seem to have the best chance of winning appreciation from an Anglo-Saxon public, because while he does not ignore the sex element in his stories, he does avoid those open transgressions which underlie so many of the tragedies of real life, and to which English novelists deliberately shut their eyes. *Daniele Cortis,* for instance, one of Fogazzaro's earliest novels, shows admirably how much nearer he comes to English than Italian standards in handling a sex problem. It treats of the intense love between Daniele and his cousin, Elena, who is already married to a man utterly unworthy of her. If they were to yield to their passion, the lax morals of the society they live in would not be shocked; even their religion would easily condone their conduct. Yet Fogazzaro keeps this unhappy couple hovering on the brink of transgression through days and months of moral anguish, only at the last moment to give them the strength to bid a final good-bye to each other. It may be set down to the credit of Giovanni Verga that he once pronounced *Daniele Cortis* "a most immoral book"; and he reinforces his opinion by quoting the dictum of Zola, *"rien n'est plus malsain pour les cœurs et pour les intelligences que le jésuitisme des passions continues par les convenances.*

Fogazzaro's latest book, however, which has held so prominent a place for the past year in the political and intellectual world of Italy, awaking echoes in France, where it ran in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* and in Germany, where it was published in the *Hochland,* is not a sex novel—indeed, judging it by the strictest rules of technique, one sometimes doubts whether it comes near enough to the conventions of construction to be called a novel at all. At best, it is only a fragment of an organic whole, like the majestic torso of some heroic statue, whose merits it seems somewhat unfair to judge until we have the missing parts before us. *Il Santo,* as a foreword to the English translation very frankly tells, is the third volume in a trilogy, which began with *Piccolo Mondo Antico,* and was continued in *Piccolo Mondo Moderno.* The first of these three books, and from a purely artistic standpoint the best work that Fogazzaro has ever produced, pictures the "Little Ancient World" of Valsolda, with its exquisite scenery of

*The Saint. By Antonio Fogazzaro. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

lakes and mountains, in the troubled period of 1848-49, "when the spirit of patriotism murned its fiercest." The great merit of this book was its wonderful portrayal of the social life of that period, its creation of inimitable and unforgettable types. Its connection with the subsequent volumes is comparatively slight, the Don Franco Maironi, who, in the *Little Ancient World,* gives his life for freedom, being the son of Piero Maironi, the central figure in the *Little Modern World* and in *The Saint.* These last volumes, however, cannot satisfactorily be separated; and it seems to have been a mistake of judgment on the part of the translator to have done so. *The Saint,* as it stands, pretends to have a twofold interest, like that of *Robert Elsmere,* with which it has been frequently compared: the love of woman pulling in one direction, the obligations of religion drawing in the other. But in *The Saint,* the love element has become attenuated to a mere shadow. One feels that the struggle has been decided adversely to the woman, before the curtain goes up for the opening scene. Piero



Maironi is a dreamy, artistic soul, whose fate it is to be bound to an insane wife. He falls in love with a beautiful woman, Jeanne Desalle, who is separated from her husband; and it is not until his unfortunate wife, who recovers her senses at the last hour, summons him to her deathbed, that he realises the extent of his sin, and is overwhelmed with an exaggerated and morbid remorse. Forthwith he vanished from the sight and the knowledge of his friends. Even Jeanne, the woman he has loved so passionately, has not the slightest suspicion of his whereabouts, nor even the comforting assurance that he is still alive. And here *Piccolo Mondo Moderno* closes, and *Il Santo* begins.

It would be a misnomer to call *The Saint* a novel with a purpose. It is rather a Purpose, with a novel incidentally appended to it. Signor Fogazzaro, it must be understood, is a leader among the liberal Catholics, a "Catholic socialist by conviction," as he prefers to define himself. He holds devoutly to the fundamental tenets of the Roman Church, but would be glad to see it stripped of many of the trammels of rigid clericalism, from which it suffers, he thinks, more in Italy than elsewhere. "There are priests in America," he once said, "who venture to give utterance to doctrines which we could not imagine possible from the lips of our Italian clergy." . . . and he added, "We are very feeble; our eyes are weak, our minds are narrow. But Catholicism is strong and holy and eternal." *The Saint*, then, is an attempt to sum up, under the masque of fiction, the shortcomings of the Church of Rome to-day; to show how any zealous disciple of the Church, no matter how humble, who should attempt to revive the old, primitive, simple faith, to preach the literal teachings of the early fathers, to put into practice the Christianity embodied in the Sermon on the Mount, would meet with a powerful organised, fanatical resistance amounting to persecution. Such is the purpose of *The Saint*. And the resulting volume is an exceptional, remarkable, profoundly interesting work; of this there could scarcely be two opinions. It is eloquent with intense earnestness, with a deep-rooted sense of a duty to perform, a fervent message to deliver. You lay it aside with an abiding sense of having read something eminently worth while, something very genuine and sincere, and yet, nevertheless, something when tried



VALSOLDA, THE SCENE OF "PICCOLO MONDO ANTICO"
The villa behind the cypress trees is Fogazzaro's home for certain summer months.



SUBIACO

"That pointed pile of houses, large and small, which culminates in the Rocca del Cardinale." The scene of a large portion of "Il Santo."

by the simple touchstone of real life, looms up suddenly fantastic, visionary, impossible.

Here, briefly, is the essence of *Il Santo*. Some years after his disappearance, Piero Maironi is discovered by Jeanne, who is now a widow and free to marry him, living in retreat in a Benedictine Monastery at Subiaco—a humble lay brother atoning for his past sins by incredible fastings and penance. So far as the love interest of the story is concerned, Jeanne and her whole relation to Piero might be left out of this closing volume of the trilogy. From the opening page there is no more likelihood of her recapturing his love than of a child overtaking the ball which has rolled from his hand down the side of a steep mountain. No, the interest of *Il Santo* centres wholly in the attitude of Piero and the Church toward each other. He does not stay long at Subiaco, for the abbot scents even in his humble prayers a disquieting taint of heresy. Instead he is driven out to a lonely hermit's life in a secluded valley. But even here the fame of his piety spreads abroad. Superstitious peasants flock to him, praying him to heal their diseases; many of them believe that he does cure them, and go away to spread the tidings that he is a Saint. The picture of the devout throngs who come to seek aid from him does not fall much below the famous pilgrimage scene in d'Annunzio's *Triumph of Death*. But the highest point of audacity in the book is the scene of Maironi's audience with the Pope, in which he tells him, in an inspired burst of eloquence, of the evil spirits which have entered the Church—tells it with such drastic power that the Pope himself is perturbed, shaken, convinced. It is no small tribute to the author to acknowledge that one does not realise the impossibility of the whole scene until after the book is closed. Wonder has been expressed at the action of "the myopic Papal advisers in placing *Il Santo* on the *Index;* but, frankly, it is difficult to see what other attitude they could have consistently taken; indeed, the splendid audacity of it seems to have deliberately invited such action. In a way, such a condemnation is the strongest proof, the frankest recognition, of Signor Fogazzaro's triumphant presentment of his doctrine.

In conclusion, however, one feels compelled to protest against any confusion of the greatness of *Il Santo* as a piece of brilliant polemics, a powerful theological brief, with its worth as a novel. Frankly, it is not a great novel; it is too defective in technique. It lacks on the one hand the rugged simplicity of Verga, on the other the melodious rhythm and artistic proportions of d'Annunzio. Nevertheless, it remains one of the most interesting human documents that have come from Italy in the last quarter century.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

II

Dr. du Bois's "Stress Accent in Latin Poetry."*

Everyone who is not now in the early years of his academic life remembers the good old sing-song, hammer-and-tongs fashion in which Arms and the Man were droned out in the crowded school-room. We call it a good old fashion, for, after all, it did drive into the thickest head some rudimentary understanding of the fact that there existed a difference between Latin prose and Latin verse, even though in Latin verse there were no necessary rhymes. By coming down hard upon the first syllable of every foot, a certain rhythmical effect was achieved; and, at least to English-speaking students, the dactylic hexameter appeared as a sonorous, though somewhat monotonous, accentual measure, objectionable only because the teacher unfeelingly insisted on a knowledge of quantity and of a maze of rules regarding it. The average youth found this a mighty grievance after he had learned to "scan by ear."

Somewhat later the exceptional student occasionally wondered that the Romans should, in composing verse, have made it necessary for the reader to accent syllables which in prose were not accented; but he set this peculiarity down to "the artificial character of Roman poetry," and

* Stress Accent in Latin Poetry. By Elizabeth Hickman du Bois, Ph.D. New York: The Columbia University Press, Macmillan and Company, $1.25.

to the fact that its classical measures were derived from those of an exotic literature. This is what his college teachers sometimes told him, and it seemed fairly reasonable. To be sure, if it were so, then Latin poetry was unlike any other poetry known to man; and the young investigator felt about it as Tennyson did when he composed, on the accepted Latin model, his burlesque pentameter:

"All men alike hate slops || *particularly* gru*el!*"

Scientific students of metric were, of course, aware that the clickety-clack school of reading Latin hexameters committed its barbarisms for the reason that its followers wholly identified the Latin accent with the strong stress-accent of the Teutonic languages. Yet even granting that the stress upon the accented syllable was in Latin but a slight one, it still remained anomalous, for still it was necessary to read the words of a line of poetry with an accentuation which was not always the normal one. The French, naturally enough, found it easy to accept the theory that the Latin accent in prose as well as in verse was a musical, and therefore a shifting, accent; and this was ably urged by M. Gaston Paris in an interesting treatise written as far back as 1862. In 1899, Professor Charles E. Bennett of Cornell University went so far as to assent that there was no accentual ictus in Latin poetry at all; and for the alleged reason that in the Latin language, of the classical period at least, the stress-accent was unknown. Professor Bennett is the Albiciades of American classical philologists; for he is always ready to cut off the tail even of his own pet theories in order to give his fellow Athenians something to talk about. Hence, one is never wholly certain whether Professor Bennett is himself convinced of every opinion for which at any given time he seems to be so earnestly contending. In his well-known paper on "Ictus in Latin Prosody," he does, in fact, disclaim an absolute belief in the conclusions which he thinks that he has reached. Nevertheless, on the basis of these conclusions he worked out a method of reading Latin poetry which eliminated accent altogether and made quantity the sole feature of the purely classical verse. The lines of Vergil are to be read, according to him, with a "level stress"—that is, with no stress at all, but with a "quantitative monotony," the so-called ictus having nothing to do with the stress-accent. Professor Bennett's arguments were rather badly damaged by Professor W. G. Hale and Professor Hendrickson, and his paper contained some statements which one can hardly believe to have been seriously made. Such, for example, is his remark about the Romance languages, as to which he says: "So far as my information and observation go, no one of these languages is strongly stressed." One can only assume in reading this, that when he wrote it, Professor Bennett had never heard Spanish spoken—a language in which the stress-accent is quite as marked as in our English speech. One feels, too, that Professor Bennett must also have ignored the views of Meyer-Lübke and of the modern French philologists.

His theory, however, explained away the apparent clash in Latin poetry between verse-accent and word-accent; but unfortunately, it explained away some other things as well. It eliminated, for instance, that variety and that harmonious cadence which are so necessary in the poetry that really sings. It imposed a monotony which one would hesitate to accept as inherent in the Latin, unless conviction of the fact were borne to him by weightier arguments than any that had hitherto been offered. So the dilemma still remained: Are we to read Latin poetry without the slightest stress, or are we so to read it as to violate the well-known laws which govern the accent of words in Latin prose?

It is this problem which Dr. du Bois has set herself to solve, and we think with a very large measure of success. Certain it is that no explanation of how the Vergilian hexameters should be read is so plausible as hers. It reconciles the conflict between the two views that have hitherto prevailed, accepting in part Professor Bennett's theory of level stress, yet without abandoning the opinion that the stress-accent played an important part in Latin prosody. First of all, she summarises with admirable lucidity the facts which bear upon the nature of the Latin accent. She has mastered the literature

of the subject and has compressed the essential doctrine into the space of twenty-three pages, which contain also much suggestive comment of her own. In the second place, she has taken up the native Latin rhythms, in particular the Saturnian, and has examined them with a view to ascertaining the norm of their metre and the part which accent plays in it. In this she has carefully avoided the practice of such scholars as Havet, for example, who first lays down a metrical scheme and then emends the existing Saturnians to make them fit an *a priori* theory. Her result is far more satisfactory than that attained by other students of the subject, and it gives us a method of reading these rude verses which makes them accentual in character and which, as the author says, is both in harmony with the Italic principle of word-accent and "brings the Saturnian into line with what we know of the earlier and later popular poetry."

Dr. du Bois then goes on to examine the hexameter, in which she finds the so-called "Law of the Last Half" to be "a part of the heritage of the hexameter from the native accentual Saturnian metre." "Helped out," she writes, "by alliteration and by assonance from the same source [it] accounts for the immediate popularity of the *Annales* of Ennius. It was the echo of the older stressed verse in the second half of the quantitative hexameter that made it at once intelligible to the people." In other words, there is a definite relationship between the hexameters of Vergil and the Saturnians of Nævius.

"In form, therefore, as well as in matter, Vergil is a thoroughly Latin poet. And just as he made the Trojan Æneas an essential part of Roman tradition, the founder of the state, Quiris of the Quirites, so he naturalised the Greek hexameter, subordinating, but not obliterating, stress, the fundamental principle of the native poetry."

Finally, as an example, the first thirty-three lines of the *Æneid* are printed with a careful indication of how they should be read in order to avoid the clash between the natural word-accent and the apparent requirements of the metre. This part of the book will be read with great interest by all students and teachers of Latin. It shows why the Romans of the classical period attached so much importance to what the French call *diction*. Read as Dr. du Bois would have us read it, the *Æneid* would neither alter the word-accent which we find in prose, nor, on the other hand, would it impose long stretches of somniferous monotony upon the listener. The exigencies of space forbid us to describe the system here; but we commend a perusal of the book to all who would like to find in the hexameter a new grace and a new variety of harmonies.

We have said nothing of the thoroughness and breadth of the author's scholarship, to which, however, each page of this monograph bears abundant witness. She has taken nothing at second hand, but has traced to their sources many passages which from generation to generation have been quoted apart from their context and often to the perpetuation of gross error. Schoell in particular fares rather badly in this respect at the hands of Dr. du Bois; and some often repeated statements of the *Grammatici Latini* are seen in an entirely new light through her investigations. A word should be said also in commendation of the style in which this book is written. It shows that the results of scholarship may be presented in an attractive manner, with lucidity of language and felicity of phrase. It is in such a book as this and not in the crabbed German and still more crabbed Latin of the Teutonic classical philologists, that our younger scholars ought to find a model.

Harry Thurston Peck.

III

G. K. Chesterton's Dickens.*

Granted that intimate knowledge of the events of Dickens's life and of the stories and characters of Dickens's novels which we are in the habit of ascribing without question to every normal English reading man and woman, and, in addition, a certain acquaintance with the moods and

* Charles Dickens. A Critical Study. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

contradictions of Mr. Chesterton, this book should be read with pleasure and re-read with positive delight. Without this knowledge it will be found entertaining, but at times unquestionably baffling. For Mr. Chesterton, as was to be expected, has aimed primarily at a new note and a fresh interpretation. He takes it as a matter of course that you have dipped into Forster's *Life,* and retained at least a vague memory of it, and that, without the slightest hesitation, you will identify Micawber, or the Marchioness, or Major Bagstock, or Harold Skimpole, place each in his or her proper place, and be ready with a brief description of these persons' careers and peculiarities. Nor, in his opinion, is it absolutely necessary to have opened Dickens's books to have attained this knowledge. Fragments of the Dickens fashion remain in our daily language; in the talk of every trade or public question are imbedded the wrecks of that enormous Dickens religion. "The man in the street has more memories of Dickens, whom he has not read, than of Marie Corelli, whom he has." For in Mr. Chesterton's opinion, even if we are not interested in Dickens as a great event in English literature, we must still be interested in him as a great event in English history. If he had not his place with Fielding and Thackeray, he would still have his place with Wat Tyler and Wilkes; for the man led a mob.

Throughout the chapters which deal with the "Boyhood of Dickens" and the "Youth of Dickens," Mr. Chesterton insists upon the novelist's sensitiveness and his restless nature. His sensitiveness, he concedes, was not always of the loftiest kind. It was a compound of vanity and revolt. His experience in the blacking factory, to which he was sent at an early age, always remained in his mind as a sort of bestial nightmare. There was attached to the memory of those unhappy days a certain shame which even the long years of full fame could not entirely obliterate. When he became a journalist his incurably restless nature found more pleasure in the wandering side of the profession. He went about wildly in post-chaises to report political meetings for the *Morning Chronicle.* Mr. Chesterton recalls Dickens's own description of this life:

> And what gentlemen they were to serve in such things at the old *Morning Chronicle.* Great or small, it did not matter. I have had to charge for half a dozen breakdowns in half a dozen times as many miles. I have had to charge for the damage of a great-coat from the drippings of a blazing wax candle, in writing through the smallest hours of the night in a swift-flying carriage and pair.

And again:

> I have often transcribed for the printer from my shorthand notes important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising, writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chaise and four, galloping through a wild country and through the dead of the night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour.

To Mr. Chesterton the whole of Dickens's life seems to go with the throb of that nocturnal gallop. All its real wildness shot through with an imaginative wickedness he afterward uttered in the drive of Jonas Chuzzlewit through the storm.

Mr. Chesterton's estimate of Dickens as a novelist is fiercely negative. Dickens's work is not to be reckoned in novels at all. It is to be reckoned always by characters, sometimes by groups, oftener by episodes, but never by novels. You cannot discuss, he contends, whether *Nicholas Nickleby* is a good novel, or whether *Our Mutual Friend* is a bad novel; for strictly, there is no such novel as *Nicholas Nickleby,* and there is no such novel as *Our Mutual Friend.*

> They are simply lengths cut from the flowing and mixed substance called Dickens—a substance of which any given length will be certain to contain a given proportion of brilliant and of bad stuff. You can say, according to your opinions, "the Crummles part is perfect," or "the Boffins are a mistake," just as a man watching a river go by him could count here a floating flower and there a streak of scum. But you cannot artistically divide the output into books. The best of his work can be found

in the worst of his works. *The Tale of Two Cities* is a good novel; *Little Dorrit* is not a good novel. But the description of "The Circumlocution Office" in *Little Dorrit* is quite as good as the description of "Tellson's Bank" in *The Tale of Two Cities*. *The Old Curiosity Shop* is not so good as *David Copperfield*, but Swiveller is quite as good as Micawber. Nor is there any reason why these superb creatures, as a general rule, should be in one novel any more than another. There is no reason why Sam Weller, in the course of his wanderings, should not wander into *Nicholas Nickleby*. There is no reason why Major Bagstock, in his brisk way, should not walk straight out of *Dombey and Son* and straight into *Martin Chuzzlewit*. To this generalisation some modification should be added. *Pickwick* stands by itself and has even a sort of unity in not pretending to unity. *David Copperfield*, in a less degree, stands by itself, as being the only book in which Dickens wrote of himself; and *The Tale of Two Cities* stands by itself as being the only book in which Dickens slightly altered himself. But as a whole this should be firmly grasped, that the units of Dickens, the primary elements, are not the stories, but the characters who affect the stories—or, more often still, the characters who do not affect the stories.

To an American, at least, the memory of *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* makes Mr. Chesterton's statement that Dickens really liked America seem at first in the nature of a paradox, Mr. Chesterton thinks that Dickens came to this country prepared to be pleased, quite ready to believe that all Americans were free men, and that he would have believed it if they had not all told him so. His admiration did not change because America changed. "It changed because America did not change. The Yankees enraged him at last, not by saying different things, but by saying the same thing."

They were a republic; they were a new and vigorous nation; it seemed natural that they should say so to a famous foreigner first stepping on to their shore. But it seemed maddening that they should say so to each other in every car and drinking saloon from morning till night. It was not that the Americans in any way ceased from praising him. It was rather that they went on praising him. It was not merely that their praises of him sounded beautiful when he first heard them. Their praises of themselves sounded beautiful when he first heard them. That democracy was grand, and that Charles Dickens was a remarkable person, were two truths that he certainly never doubted to his dying day. But, as I say, it was a soulless repetition that stung his sense of humour out of sleep; it woke like a wild beast for hunting, the lion of his laughter. He had heard the truth once too often. He had heard the truth for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, and he suddenly saw that it was falsehood.

A book like Mr. Chesterton's does not merely invite quotation—it compels it. Any sort of epitome is impossible. The reviewer is forced to emphasise every estimate with the blunt advice: "Read for yourself." Especially is this so with the chapters treating of "Dickens and Christmas," "The Time of Transition," "The Alleged Optimism of Dickens," and "The Great Dickens Characters." In *The Christmas Carol*, the first and most typical of all Dickens's Christmas tales, Mr. Chesterton finds the Christmas atmosphere more important then Scrooge, or the ghosts either; in a sense the background is more important than the figures. The story is a kind of philanthropic dream. The beginning is about a winter day and a miser; yet the beginning is in no way bleak.

The author starts with a kind of happy howl; he bangs on our door like a drunken carol singer; his style is festive and popular; he compares the snow and hail to philanthropists who "come down handsomely"; he compares the fog to unlimited beer. Scrooge is not really inhuman at the beginning any more than he is at the end. There is a heartiness in his inhospitable sentiments that is akin to humour and therefore to humanity; he is only a crusty old bachelor, and had (I strongly suspect) given away turkeys secretly all his life. The beauty and the real blessing of the story do not lie in the mechanical plot of it, the repentance of Scrooge, probable or improbable; they lie in the great furnace of real happiness that glows through Scrooge and everything round him; that great furnace, the heart of Dickens. Whether the Christmas visions would or would not convert Scrooge, they convert us. The story sings from end

to end like a happy man going home; and, like a happy and good man, when it cannot sing it yells.

To emphasise the time of transition in Dickens as a novelist Mr. Chesterton picks out three novels: *Dombey and Son* as the book before the transition; *David Copperfield* as typical of the transition itself, and *Bleak House* as the book after the transition. In *Dombey and Son,* if compared with his first fantasies, such as *Nicholas Nickleby* and *The Old Curiosity Shop,* the faint coming of a change. The story is still melodrama, but it is more effective and tactful melodrama. The sting and realism of *David Copperfield,* Mr. Chesterton believes, lie in the fact that it was so largely founded on fact. *David Copperfield* is the great answer of a great romancer to the realists. David says in effect: "What! you say that the Dickens tales are too purple really to have happened! Why, this is what happened to me, and it seemed the most purple of all. You say that the Dickens heroes are too handsome and triumphant! Why, no prince or paladin in Ariosto was ever so handsome and triumphant as the Head Boy seemed to me walking before me in the sun. You say the Dickens villains are too black! Why, there was no ink in the devil's inkstand black enough for my own stepfather when I had to live in the same house with him. The facts are quite the other way to what you suppose. This life of grey studies and half tones, the absence of which you regret in Dickens, is only life as it is looked at. This life of heroes and villains is life as it is lived. The life a man knows best is exactly the life he finds most full of fierce certainties and battles between good and ill—his own." Passing on, the third book, *Bleak House,* has every characteristic of Dickens's new realistic culture. He no longer revels in the parts he likes and scamps the parts he does not like. He no longer, for instance, when he wishes to denounce a dark institution, sandwiches it in as a mere episode in a rambling story of adventure, as the debtor's prison is embedded in *Pickwick Papers* or Dotheboy's Hall in *Nicholas Nickleby.* In short, in *Bleak House,* for the first time we can see the traces of a wider social experience and a greater knowledge of the world.

"All criticism," says Mr. Chesterton in his introduction to the chapter on "The Great Dickens Characters," "tends too much to become criticism of criticism; and the reason is very evident. It is that criticism of creation is so very staggering a thing. We can destroy Mrs. Gamp in our wrath, but we could not have made her in our joy." The key of the great characters of Dickens is that they are all great fools. The great fool is a being who is above wisdom rather than below it. Bottom the Weaver is great because he is foolish; Mr. Toots is great because he is foolish. Toots is a type we all know as we know chimney pots. He is the blockhead who hangs on at a private school, overgrown and undeveloped. He is always backward in his lessons, but forward in certain cheap ways of the world; he can smoke before he can spell. The very parasites that live on him despise him. But Dickens does not despise him. He does not deny one of the dreary details of the wretched youth's existence, and yet he makes him a man whom we long to meet. Without altering one fact he manages to alter the whole atmosphere, the whole universe of Toots, and we end by liking, even loving and reverencing the little dunce and cad. And the very point of the matter is that he does not alter Toots in the least. The thing he does alter is us.

Says Mr. Chesterton in conclusion:

The hour of absinthe is over. We shall not be much further troubled with the little artists who found Dickens too sane for their sorrows and too clean for their delights. But we have a long way to travel before we get back to what Dickens meant, and the passage is along a rambling English road, a twisting road such as Mr. Pickwick travelled. But this at least is part of what he meant; that comradeship and serious joy are not interludes in our travel; but that rather our travels are interludes in comradeship and joy, which through God shall endure for ever. The inn does not point to the road; the road points to the inn. And all roads point at last to an ultimate inn, where we shall meet Dickens and all his characters;

and when we drink again it shall be from the great flagons in the tavern at the end of the world.

Mr. Chesterton's book is one which no one who loves Dickens or who admires brilliant writing can afford to ignore.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

IV

W. J. Henderson's "The Art of the Singer."*

Among the musical books to make their appearance this autumn is the usual quota of volumes calculated to satisfy the popular thirst for knowledge on the subject. *The Art of the Singer*, by the able reviewer of the New York *Sun*, is probably not of these. For the public do not care for that particular phase of musical learning. Your star-worshipper is anything but critical; nor does he generally evince the slightest interest in the technique of the singing art. Nevertheless, Mr. Henderson's little treatise deserves the attention of a far wider circle of readers than those for whom it is primarily intended. As its subtitle indicates, it contains practical hints about vocal technics and style which are of value to the auditor as well as to the singer.

The singers' art to-day is wrapped in the mystery and obscurity of pretended abstruseness, and it is safe to assert that in no other branch of music is ignorance of the subject so complete—ignorance of teachers and singers, as well as of the public, be it understood. As the author indicates, the very rudiments of singing are the subject of controversy among leaders in the profession. Under such conditions an honest and dignified attempt to set forth in simple and concise fashion the principles which are the basis of the art of singing—and such is Mr. Henderson's book—is heartily to be welcomed. The first sentence sounds the keynote: "Singing is the interpretation of text by means of musical tones produced by the human voice." The interpretation of text is an essential part of the definition, and, as the writer points out, it is the part most generally ignored. "Nine-tenths of the songs we hear are songs without words," he writes; and those who attend the concerts and operas must perforce agree. He then points out that the great singers of two and three centuries ago, Farinelli, Senesino, Ruff, Caffarelli and their compeers, reached their goals only after long and arduous years of apprenticeship and that we have living proof now, in Jean de Reszke and Mme. Sembrich, that the art is not a lost art and that "the acquisition of a beautiful vocal style is in the power of any one who will take the trouble to go through the necessary study." Insistence upon such facts as these is necessary, and an authoritative writer like Mr. Henderson can only benefit the cause of art by taking this stand. He demonstrates clearly that Wagner singing demands the same quality as Italian opera, and that Wagner's own theories of dramatic song were perfectly consistent with this and indeed were based upon it as a fundamental fact.

The chapters on style are especially good, and that on "The Singer's Musicianship" should be taken to heart by every singer. Mr. Henderson's vocation as a musical critic has brought him in close personal contact with the greatest singers of the age, and this with his exceptional opportunities for a practical study of the subject gives his usually thoughtful writings additional weight, and makes the present volume a real acquisition to the library. The fact that the several chapters were originally printed in the Sunday columns of the *Sun* does not detract from the value of the collection. It is fittingly inscribed "To Jean de Reszke, Mastersinger."

*The Art of the Singer. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Scribner, 1906.

V

R. A. Streatfield's "Modern Music and Musicians."*

There is much to stimulate thought in Mr. Streatfield's book, whose *raison d'être* is an attempt to give a continuous view of the development of musical expression as exemplified in the works of the great composers of modern times. The author himself calls it an attempt to trace the growth of the idea of a poetic basis in

*Modern Music and Musicians. By R. A. Streatfield. New York: Macmillan, 1906. Price, $2.75.

music. But this is an abstraction that is unnecessary, as it is unavailing. It was one of Wagner's favourite aphorisms that music is the expression of a preconceived poetical idea—thus at once limiting the art to the function of a mere translation from one idiom of speech into another. Walter Pater has called attention to this error in his essay on the Giorgioni School of Painting: "It is the mistake of much popular criticism to regard poetry, music and painting—all the various products of art—as but translations into different language of one and the same fixed quantity of imaginative thought, supplemented by certain technical qualities of colour in painting, of sound in music, of the rhythmical word in poetry." And he insists that "the opposite principle—that the sensuous material of each art brings with it a special phase of beauty, untranslatable into the forms of any other, an order of impressions distinct in kind"—is the true one. Wagner succeeded but when he forgot his theory and gave himself up to pure musical inspiration without any preconceptions. And so it must ever be. Music is an art which stands on its own bottom, without the adventitious aid of poetry or painting. It has a musical, not a poetic basis. The development of musical expression has made this only the clearer; and Mr. Streatfield's book is interesting chiefly in its emphasis of the same point.

He takes up the great names in musical history from Palestrina to Strauss, dealing with them in turn and explaining their several contributions to musical development. On the whole, his criticisms are temperate and judicial, albeit at times the bias of an English point of view is discoverable. As might have been expected from an Englishman, Purcell and Handel are most satisfactorily treated. Of the former in particular he speaks with authority, pointing out suggestively the effect of lack of established musical standards and an artistic environment on a genius of highest rank. The writer's warm enthusiasm for Handel appears the plainer in its contrast with his respectful but by no means as sympathetic feeling for Bach. He says: "To pass from Bach to Handel is like passing from a cathedral into the open air." And he calls Bach the Milton of music and Handel the Shakespeare, adding, "We admire Bach and Milton, Shakespeare and Handel we love." Such a comparison shows the man who knows not Bach, whom to know is to love with the deepest and most enduring affection that ever musician inspired.

Again, the author assigns to Chopin a lower place in music than the weight of contemporary criticism justifies. He evidently sees little in his works of what Mr. Huneker calls "The Greater Chopin." He finds over all his music "the deadly trail of disease" and "the fatal iridescence of decay." There is too much of what may be called the conventional emphasis upon the morbid character of Chopin's works, without a fair reference to the virility and masculinity of music like the C minor Étude, the F minor Fantasie and many others. In Brahms, Mr. Streatfield finds little to praise except in his songs. Here, it is true, contemporary critics do still radically differ. But Mr. Streatfield's theory of the case—that Brahms felt too strongly the belief that he was Beethoven's successor, and so forced himself into a pompous and magniloquent style of writing—while original is scarcely convincing. As an exponent of abstract music, the value of which as compared with programme music, it is our author's thesis to decry, Brahms is naturally not held in highest estimation. But it is strange that so emotional a piece of writing as the first movement of his second symphony does not make an eloquent appeal to Mr. Streatfield's judgment.

He has a weakness for the word "infinitely," which he uses infinitely too often through the book, but his style, though not polished, is generally easy, flowing and serviceable. The portraits interpersed through the pages are quite inadequate; the typography and general get-up, however, are excellent.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

VI

Mr. Snaith's "Henry Northcote."*

You finish *Henry Northcote* with a suspicion that the author of *Broke of*

* Henry Northcote. By John Collis Snaith. Boston: Herbert B. Turner and Company, 1906.

Covenden may have cast upon you a spell of precisely the same occult nature as that with which his hero demoralised a British Law Court, a spell of personal force, ardour and conviction. Nevertheless, having recovered from the first tingling effect produced by this powerful and sinister rhapsody, you wake up—as from a terrifying dream—with a wish to reassure yourself by affirming that it is nothing but the same old problem, the literary value of which was fully established by the time the twenty-second chapter of Genesis was written.

From Esau all along the line to Mrs. Wharton's poor professor in *The Descent of Man*, in fiction, drama, history and verse, there has been no more fruitful theme than the temptation to barter the soul for ease, whether of body or spirit. Whether it deals with a gross, obvious bargain of honour for gold, or with labyrinthine subtleties of the artistic conscience, in life and in romance, the problem is ever cropping up. Whether it be Amyas Leigh's brother Frank going to the stake rather than change his faith, or Balzac's little painter who sees the true path but cannot bring himself to tell the rich *épicier*—"Sir, not being a painter of vegetables I cannot make a portrait of your daughter"—the theme of temptation has always been one of the great fundamental subjects of fiction.

Mr. Snaith's variant in framework contains nothing out of the usual, but the treatment is entirely his own. Henry Northcote, briefless barrister, sits starving in a garret, consumed not only by cold and hunger, but by tantalising conviction of power to conquer—granted opportunity.

A nebulous figure of an equally starving tramp looms out of the darkness of Northcote's miserable room, holds ominous speech with him on the abuse of genius. The tramp has listened to Northcote addressing the Sunday afternoon crowd in Hyde Park.

Northcote confesses that he only does this for practice in public speaking. The stranger exalts the mob: "Jesus was able to invent a religion by preaching to a mob."

"There are some who think," said the young man, "that for one who was ambitious the career of Jesus was a partial failure."

The visitor once more exhorts him and vanishes down the squalid staircase. Left to his despair, Northcote wrestles with the pangs of soul and body, conscious of possessing ability, like an evil genie, which will put victory in his hands if he can bring himself to summon it.

The Peau de Chagrin shortly mounts his stairs in the person of a prosperous attorney bearing a brief, a case decided in advance—a sordid murder with a complete chain of evidence—but one verdict is possible. An accident has disabled the counsel chosen to brief it for the defence, and at the eleventh hour Mr. Whitcomb brings it to Northcote. Warmed and fed at a restaurant, Northcote decides to take the case, drives the attorney almost distraught by refusing to carry out instructions, talks like Coleridge at his wildest, and succeeds in establishing a sense of quite mad inspiration. He pays a very queer visit with his new friend, bewilders policemen, discourses philosophy with his charwoman in a way that recalls Lavengro's most perverse experiments upon Jasper Petulengro. Almost a third of the book is taken up with the experiences of one night; then comes a visit to the Old Bailey and a strange talk with the prisoner, a woman of the streets, who has poisoned "her man." Then the trial, during which Northcote's evil genie has full sway, enabling him to hypnotise judge and jury into a verdict of "not guilty." Following this triumph comes the reaction, the young man's sense of debasement at having sacrificed justice to personal ambition, and after this a terrible retribution in the shape of poisonous gratitude from the creature he has rescued.

Here the story fairly passes into the borderland of allegory. The woman follows him to his garret, claims and conquers him, only to be murdered by him in self-defence, just as in his hopeless vigil two nights since he had destroyed an intolerable rat. The horror of this is unmitigated, but the whole is without a shadow of coarseness. There is abundance of painful incident throughout—the arrival of his country-bred mother and betrothed venturing upon the extravagance of a trip

to London in honour of his sensational success—the advent of briefs, victory in every form crowding about him, and all the while the consciousness of that squalid corpse behind his ragged bed curtain!

In the end, he deliberately sets his room on fire and goes into the street to await results. The fire is rapid, and in answer to a question as to its origin he tells the truth with such composure that his confession passes for a gruesome pleasantry.

The conclusion leaves you a little in doubt as to whether his prophecy of being one day made a judge be the last proof of full fledged madness, or a sort of "maintenant, Paris, à nous deux" of a man whose conquest is now secure.

Since reading *Henry Northcote* I have been told on good authority that its underlying meaning is—"Individualism divorced from Faith is likely to lead to chaos." No doubt this is a true interpretation, at the same time the world-old but ever new idea of personal bargains with the devil seems broader and more generally satisfying. The bare outline, however, does no justice to the book. With all its strangeness it is filled with power, motion and a kind of hurrying passion which carries you, breathless, shuddering and remonstrating to the very end. The lurid picture stays in your mind. The speeches, no matter how long and tiresome, never bore you. If you stopped to think, the whole might appear unconvincing, but then you could as easily stop midway down a toboggan slide.

At times the manner is inconceivably careless. Even a docile reader fails to believe that a face could be "excessively pale and flushed with wine and conversation." You rebel against lips which are at the same moment "thin" and "full," and against Northcote's sending out to borrow coal on the day after buying a ton for his solitary grate; and you wish that when heavy stress has been laid upon a thick soup, it were not on the next page called consommé.

After making these trivial objections, you suddenly feel small. You have a vision of Northcote himself scorching you with his scorn, berating you with "Don't you see! this is the story of a soul in travail, written at a sitting, reeled off in a delirium of excitement, with tears, with blood. It's alive, it's vibrating with the touch of a real personality, expressed in allegory, in crapulous frenzy if you will, but this is a moment's peep into the seething crater of eternity, and what do a few contradictory expressions more or less signify? Any miserable penny a liner can make his adjectives tally, but how many of them could write *Henry Northcote?*" And the point is that you would then stand abashed, convicted of a meticulous philistinism, of a defective sense of proportion and an academic adherence to rules in the face of unreasoning but overwhelming force—rather as if in the midst of a shattering earthquake you had intelligently protested that by every seismic law the turmoil was technically incorrect.

Compared to *Broke of Covenden, Henry Northcote* is more of a piece in general execution, more uniform, more confined to one violent minor key. There are no such breathing spaces as the description of the little Broke sisters with their dogs and horses; but even more than Broke it possesses the quality of sincerity, of conviction on the author's part that *so* it must be, and in no other fashion. It has also the capacity, for the time being, absolutely to sway the reader.

Nevertheless, after finishing it, say the next day, you may possibly find yourself remembering the phrase which once imperilled the friendship of Monsieur Coquelin and Monsieur Francisque Sarcey.

"Tout de même," Monsieur Sarcey was heard to murmur in the coulisses, after lavishing appreciation upon the actor's conception of Tartuffe. "Tout de même—"

Charlotte Caxton.

VII

Miss Cholmondeley's "Prisoners"*

If good novels were a matter of syndicate production, it would be easy to assign to Miss Cholmondeley a place in a partnership arrangement that would be sure to produce superb results. Certain

* Prisoners. By Mary Cholmondeley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

qualities she brings to the making of fiction which are not only of the highest desirability, but are also sufficiently rare to be worthy of remark. Certain other abilities, also ideally desirable, she either does not possess or is indifferent to exhibiting. Consequently those counsellors of perfection who, when they condescend to read a novel, wish to find no glaring extremes either of excellence or defect, who worship the sane, golden mean of mediocrity, will never be content with her work. Nor, for that matter, will any reader worth naming be quite content with such a book as *Prisoners*. Faults it has in abundance—big, obtrusive, exasperating faults. The great point is that they are positive, courageous faults, not mean little evasions of the truth. The whole book, good and bad alike, is an individual creation; there are plenty of better books of which not half so much can be said.

It is unnecessary to proclaim the cleverness of the woman who wrote *Red Pottage;* whatever the hackneyed and abused word denotes, the quality was easily recognisable in that book. It is still plentifully in evidence in *Prisoners*. Yet here is a clever author, then, telling a story which, reduced to a bare statement of its "plot," betrays its close consanguinity with the creations of our old friend Nick Carter. The story is mainly a single incident and its consequences, as marked by its effect on two people; and this incident is an ingenious creation of melodramatic impossibility. Coincidence is strained to the point of miracle, and the entire potentiality of the narrative is based on a pseudo-legal supposition that will not for a moment hold water. The idea is not commonplace; it is strained to a point of fantastic originality. Had Miss Cholmondeley nothing more to offer, her story would not be a mere ordinary shocker, but an excessively bad one.

But the significance of the book reaches further than the question of the coherence and plausibility of the outward action. The artificial tissue of events has the exalted merit for Miss Cholmondeley's purpose of throwing two human beings into situations which subject their characters to poignant and searching tests. And this is where the real story begins. On the one hand, we have a chivalrous, Quixotic young man, betrayed by an absurd chain of circumstances into confessing a murder he did not commit, and acquiescing in a sentence of long imprisonment to save the reputation of the woman he loves. On the other hand, there is the woman, a weak, loving, clinging creature, accepting the horrible sacrifice when a single courageous word from her would have saved the man she thinks she loves. The title of the book hits both ways: the woman is no less the prisoner of her degrading secret than the man is in actual physical durance. The differing effects of the two modes of bondage are finely, truthfully denoted. There is nothing better in the book than the chapter that depicts the man's final breakdown when the realisation comes to him that the woman he adores has no intention of releasing him—that her weakness was not momentary, but fatally temperamental. Nevertheless, it is the woman's character that is more fully and consistently set forth. The study of her miserable weakness is inexorable; her poor, petty soul is probed to its bottom, her feeble excuses and barren anguish are followed to their last manifestations. There is no doubt that the prisoner of her own puny conscience suffers a sadder degradation than the man who wore his chains for the sake of an ideal of conduct. Yet the study of the effect of spiritual bondage gains immensely from the immediate contrast with the concrete physical condition which symbolises it. The development of the two side by side is a subtle and ingenious stroke of irony.

There are, of course, other characters in the book, and they are no less authentically portrayed, save for an occasional ultra-clever touch that borders on caricature. Perhaps they are, indeed, too well drawn for the best effect of the story. It is impossible not to acquire an interest in them, and when their affairs lead us apart from the main thread of the narrative the unity of impression is sadly disturbed. It is here, again, that Miss Cholmondeley's gravest weakness asserts itself. In point of construction *Prisoners* is a quite hopeless work. The story of Michael and Fay is dropped when it has almost reached its

climax, while the author disposes of Fay's elder sister and her errant lover. The episode is in itself admirably done, but what is it doing in the very midst of a story with which it has no organic connection?

It is easy, however, to grant a multitude of defects in a book so positively stimulating and original as *Prisoners*. It is clearly the product of one who does her own observing and her own thinking. With the commonplace Miss Cholmondeley has no affinity. She uses words with a sense of their significance, going straight to the meaning of the trite phrase, often with the happiest results. "Fay had come into the world anxious to please. She had never shown any particular wish to give pleasure." There is a world of character in the epigrammatic antithesis. Such cleverness is bound to appear forced at times. "A beautiful woman, with high spirits, but not high-spirited"—the point is a trifle attenuated. And it is painful to find an author usually careful of her diction permitting herself such a gross blunder as, "It was her I went to see." But I am willing on the slightest excuse to attribute this saddening locution to the proofreader. And if even this pretext fails, I shall still assert, in defiance of the grammarians, that it is a book well worth reading.

Edward Clark Marsh.

VIII

Richard Whiteing's "Ring in The New"*

It would be easy to classify Richard Whiteing's *Ring in the New* as a purpose novel. It might have been that, perhaps, were it a better novel and less a living book. In the earlier pages one sniffs suspiciously the accustomed atmosphere of any novel; but, as a conventional character or two are left behind, and real people begin to have life, the air is cleared. Such an attainment cannot have been difficult to a writer of Richard Whiteing's gift and expertness, because he is so earnestly, even angrily, intense with the sincerity of his motive. And his motive, the noblest of all, is the brotherhood of man.

The suggestion of anything like a tract dismays novel readers who have pored over *Robinson Crusoe* with no inkling of Defoe's main purpose. Denying all comparison between the classic and the book of to-day, average novel readers may yet be assured that the purpose of *Ring in the New* will not bother them, unless they have arrived at the period when the greatest problem of all has been made known to them.

The story is of the loosest weave. In truth it is a close-knit series of London life-pictures, showing the idle rich, the contented middle class and the discontented, and most startling of all, the muzzled under-crowd. There are adventures into the city at the beginning of the long day, and delightful hauntings of the garden-spots still remaining in that jungle of existence. We are shown the town house of a lady of fashion, where the sublimation of luxury overpowers, to be led later into a music hall of the proletariat and feel a shiver at sight of the human brute at play. We attend socialist meetings, impressive and rapturous as the founding of a new religion. We follow the fortunes of a little troupe of players, who go through the country districts in a van, producing in halls, in barns, in the open, a mystery play called *The Pearl*. The chapter in which the play and the rustic auditors are described is one of the most beautiful in the book; and Mary Lane, the eerie Celt, who "set Yeats's poems to music" and who planned the play tour, is one of its most fascinating characters.

In sharp contrast to her stand George Leonard, founder and proprietor of *The Branding Iron; A Journal of the Back Streets*, a most readable paper, if we are to judge from excerpts; and, then, Sarah Ruskill, the piece-work servant of monosyllabic utterance. How grim and kind is Sarah, treating every one as an equal, never shirking a job, and thus contriving to get equal treatment from all, save the unspeakable Barker, with whom, against her life-long principle, she fell in love in the weak day of her success and pride.

All these adventures and more, these

*Ring in the New. By Richard Whiteing. New York: The Century Company.

people and more, cluster about Prue Meryon, the nice, sensitive high-school girl, suddenly thrown into the world on her own resources. The steps of her progress from mere parasitism in the social order to the dignity, not alone of self-maintenance, but of real kinship with the race, constitute the backbone of the book. While there is bitterness and tears in her path, there is peace and the surest kind of triumph less than midway of her journey, for she has found the truth that each seeks in his own stumbling way, which was the law of happiness before the word socialism was coined, and will be still, when a newer shibboleth is cried to ring in the new.

Richard Duffy.

IX

William de Morgan's "Joseph Vance."*

Joseph Vance is full of snares for the impartial reviewer, because of a quality which in fiction, as in life, notoriously disturbs the balance of strict justice. By no human possibility can you reach a prompt and trustworthy decision as to the ultimate merit of any man or woman who possesses the indefinable gift of charm, and the same rule holds good with books.

In my personal opinion this "ill-written autobiography" is wise, witty, gentle and of unflagging interest, but then, I have been frightfully prejudiced in its favour —by reading it!

Briefly, in his fifties, out of old letters and old memories, Joseph Vance constructs a history of his life, beginning with a little boy whose father—a competent version of Wilkins Micawber—becomes a successful contractor by the curious method of first buying a second-hand signboard, then getting a "job," and then employing experts to do his work.

Little Joey Vance trots at his father's heels, is made a pet of by the first patron's daughter, Miss Lossie. While Vance senior is looking wise over a defective drain, old Dr. Thorpe finds in the child a promise of mathematical ability, undertakes to see to his education, and from that time on Joey's life is entirely coloured by his intimacy with the whole Thorpe circle. He does *not* marry Miss Lossie, neither does he win all the prizes in life, but he so contrives to tell of everyday things that you read delightedly, for a while less interested in what happens than in seeing what Joey Vance will find to say about it. Finally he inspires affection for himself, for Miss Lossie, for his inimitable father. It is all so easy, so apparently unstudied that you have moments of panic, lest the author may not be able to keep it up. But no! the story glides on, going forward, backward, digressing, stopping to read letters, carrying on conversations within conversations, indirect narrative within quotation—very quietly breaking every rule of clearness and construction, constantly reminding you of Joey's own mother, whose "way of putting things may have been inconsequent; but, then, one never had the slightest doubt of what she meant." The only difference being that Mrs. Vance's style was unconscious, while in the writer's case only a high degree of art could give such an air of naturalness, while never really losing sight of genuine literary expression.

Although the scene opens with a pot-house row over a sweep who "crocks a hinseck" found in the beer with which Mr. Vance celebrates the dismissal, following his reference to his employer as "an old herring-gut," the story is unblemished by a trace of commonness or vulgarity. It is likewise free from snobbishness, although Joseph's social progress is steadily upward; and although the author constantly shows a complete knowledge of civilised usage, he is never knowing about it. There is recognition of the world's wickedness, there is sorrow, humiliation, tragedy and disappointment, yet the whole book leaves a pleasant flavour, a sense that, after all, the good moments of life are bound to outnumber the bad, so softened is it with a tender, unforced humour.

Wild horses could not compel me to hint at the course of events, because, although it is the last kind of novel in which you look for a plot, at the end you suddenly realise that Joseph Vance happens to possess a vertebrate and workmanlike

*Joseph Vance. By William de Morgan. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1906.

sub-structure. Each incident is so carefully prepared that you enjoy being in the author's confidence, so to speak, yet as a matter of fact, you do not see the next move ahead till he is entirely willing for you to do so.

That, however, is a minor point of excellence, as is also the consistency of Joey Vance's character, since many dry books have been well built and quantities of tiresome characters are perfectly consistent (can any one pick a flaw in Daniel Deronda?) The important matter is that you pass through a series of impressions to a really important discovery. The first paragraph suggests Sterne. The pot-house, the battle, the hospital, savour of Dickens. But no! Miss Lossie with baby Joey Thorpe, and Mr. Vance's little boy and the stewing pears, and old Dr. Thorpe in his library have the air of a charming Du Maurier picture. But then comes something of an intimate personal flavour—what person? Why, the author, no one else under the sun, and what a nice (using the word in high good faith) person, too! Cultivated without showing off, unpretentious, gentle, but not mawkish; witty, but not clever. It is a great deal better than clever to see that "Youth is unsympathetic in all matters, but especially in its feelings toward its predecessors' youth. It looks on it as not having been quite the genuine article, although it may have seemed so at the time to previous persons, betrayed into misapprehension by surrounding circumstances," or to explain a rich lady's belief about incomes, that "people have a thousand a year by nature, less by accident, and more by expectations which fructify."

Money is one of the subjects which always strike a spark out of Joseph Vance. "For no sooner is it clear that you are a Man without Capital," he observes, "than it is nearly equally clear that the Captital you haven't got is somewhere else and may drift your way. Of course it is uninvested and lying idle, because nobody in his senses would disturb an investment. But it is in the air, and if you make it distinctly understood that you are only going to handle it and not use it for any specific object, you may capture some of it. Don't say what you mean to do with it! I know a lady who sold all her shares in a gold mine because she heard that the company had spent £2000 on one stamping machine. 'It may have been my £2000,' said she, indignantly."

Throughout the manner is so casual as almost to deceive you as to the real weight of what is being said, so free from didacticism that you merely feel as if the author were plagiarising a few of your own best (unformulated) ideas, as when he classes an old gentleman as "an example of a Christian who had endeavoured to strain off the teachings of Jesus the Nazarene from the scum and dregs of the World and the Churches, and had never been able to decide upon the mesh of his strainer. . . . He always seemed to me to be endeavouring to find a sieve that would let Christ through and keep the Miracles out." And again, in speaking of the soul, "There are two distinct classes of people in the world: those that feel that they themselves are *in* a body; and those that feel that they themselves *are* a body with something working in it."

He is equally happy in superficial description, whether of the choice orchid which looked like "a lobster claw hooked by its point to a gangrene," or in hitting off a minor character with "I could tell how tall and how broad Frau Schmidt was, by resorting to a yard measure, but I don't think my resources in language equal to describing how ugly or how rude."

But, after all, it is not by excerpts that a whole like Joseph Vance can be appreciated. Moreover, it is actually conconceivable that impatient people or those much in the movement of to-morrow (how one misses the obsolete expression *fin du siècle!*) might set it down as prolix, slow, old-fashioned even, and to a certain extent this is true. An old man whom time has only sweetened and mellowed, from an old man's point of view, in form of fiction, gives a picture of stable decorous English life during the past half century, not a specialised picture, but broad and kindly. Never did artist talk less of his shop. De Morgan, the pre-Raphaelite, is never allowed to oust Joseph Vance, engineer; in fact, Joseph's attitude toward Beppino's pre-

ciousness is rather that of a humorous outsider. You begin his adventures, making allowances, prepared to relish his story bit by bit, yet hardly accepting its classification as fiction. But in some curious way, by the time that the many threads have been gathered into one by a skilful hand, you suddenly wake up to the fact that you have been reading a delightful novel.

Mary Moss.

X

Conan Doyle's "Sir Nigel."*

It is often held that when an author has once so drenched himself in the atmosphere of a certain period of the history of his own land that he absorbs its very moods and adapts himself to its language, he can never entirely recover his own natural style and mode of expression. In a great way this was true of Thackeray after *Esmond;* it was true in a measure of Dickens after *A Tale of Two Cities;* it was true of Blackmore after *Lorna Doone;* it has been true of a score of lesser men. That Conan Doyle is a marked exception to this rule is perhaps due to the fact that vigorous and graphic as his style always is, he is not, in any sense, a stylist: that his ability to find the *mot juste* is entirely a matter of natural gift.

Superficially, *Sir Nigel* is so excellent that the reviewer lays it aside with a feeling of astonishment at his own lack of enthusiasm. Its flaws are few. That it is an admirable picture of the fourteenth century is not to be questioned. It is full of pageantry and colour; it catches the cadence of the speech of the age with which it deals; there is no incident in the text for which good warrant may not be found in Froissart, or Brantôme, or De la Borderie, or some other of the sources to which the author makes acknowledgment; it is fantastic just so far as the institution of Chivalry is fantastic in modern eyes; it is the very essence of romance squeezed from the great chronicles which have come down to us as embodying the temper of that splendid age, and yet somehow fundamentally it seems totally lacking in the romantic spirit. And this deficiency is not easy of explanation.

If we were to confine ourselves to its atmosphere and to the variety of its incidents the book with which Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away" would be pure romance. It is the ludicrous figure of the crack-brained Knight de la Mancha which blinds us to the element of adventure. Somewhat in the same way Conan Doyle's habit of introducing grotesque effects in his romances of chivalry prevents us from accepting his own estimates of his heroes. By way of illustration recall the passage at arms in the lists of Ashby de la Zouche, and the entrance of the Disinherited Knight after the challenged had overthrown all previous comers. Suppose instead of the pathetic and mysterious motto "desdichado" on his armour, Wilfred of Ivanhoe had worn as his emblem a green patch over his eye as Sir Nigel Loring did in *The White Company.* We might perhaps have acclaimed it as a touch interpreting the fantastic mood of a fantastic age, but would it not at once have killed Ivanhoe as a great serious romantic figure?

As a narrative pure and simple, *Sir Nigel* deserves unstinted praise. While there is probably in it no chapter which carries with it the thrill that does the chapter in *The White Company,* where the men in the beleaguered castle under Sir Nigel Loring and Bertrand du Guesclin hear borne to their ears by the wind the song,

> "What of the bow,
> The bow was made in England."

that heralds the coming of the Archers, this later story in finish and in workmanship is vastly better than the tale of sixteen years earlier. What Conan Doyle attempted to do he has done well. *Sir Nigel* is a distinct and dignified addition to the books which bear his name, and yet like every other novel which has come from his pen during the last seven or eight years, it tends first of all to strengthen the conviction that *Rodney Stone* is so far and away the best of his works that there is no second.

Beverly Stark.

*Sir Nigel. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

XI

Mr. McCutcheon's "Jane Cable."*

The first chapter of Mr. McCutcheon's *Jane Cable* is the only chapter which serves as a sop to those who love fripperies of the teacup type. Thereafter, the attention is held by more vigorous stuff. Intricate and tense, the story moves from climax to climax, around corners face to face with ingenious surprises, into occasional byways of pleasant lovemaking, but always back again to the highway of the main theme which leads steadily on to the logical *dénouement.*

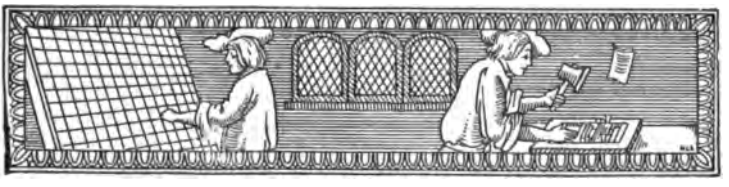
The dramatic quality in a story is George Barr McCutcheon's strongest asset. He seems to repudiate mere virtuosity of style, contenting himself with a vigorous rush of honest colloquialism. On its own plane his language has much of the impersonal quality. He discloses only the actions of his characters, and when he suggests their motives and inspirations they always lead back to other actions. It is as if he said, "Let me but tell what people do and I care not who analyses all they feel and all they think."

By reason of this dramatic instinct Mr. McCutcheon's first consideration is his plot. His people are rarely chosen for themselves, for the ethical problems they generate or the generic types they illustrate. They are chosen for their contribution to the story. Sometimes he writes romantic drama, sometimes comedy, sometimes melodrama. *Jane Cable,* in spite of the suggestion of flowers and frocks and frills in the title, is a melodrama. It starts early with a cunningly devised complication which holds a pair of young lovers in its grasp. The familiar figures and the familiar "props" of melodrama are all present. As a good melodrama should, the story takes hold in the first pages with a grip that releases the interest only when the problems are all solved.

On the word of the author, who surely ought to be in an authoritative position in regard to his heroine, Jane is early established as a beautiful and fascinating woman. Mr. Harrison Fisher has conspired charmingly to maintain this impression. She is, however, a large part of the time off the stage, though the play is all about her. Her reappearance is always natural and welcome, and Jane Cable, the heroine, would be missed more if *Jane Cable*, the story, were not quite up to the best precedent which Mr. McCutcheon has set himself.

Paul Wilstach.

*Jane Cable. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.



M. ANATOLE FRANCE



NE would not presume to add to the already overflowing stream of literary criticism were it not for the fact that a really fine piece of prose in the French language rarely is brought to the notice of the American reading public. That kind of literature which caused a semi-comic writer not long ago to say that he knew nothing more bestial than the attitude of a French novel toward adultery is unfortunately accepted too often in this country as the unvarying model. It is certainly not the fault of those publishing houses which maintain skilled anonymous translators to *"do into English"* the most apt book of the season that this idea is being to some extent corrected. Since, however, American opinion of French books of to-day is formed very largely from the reading of these translations, it may not be amiss to say a word about an author whose work defies reproduction in English, and who stands acclaimedly the leader of living masters of prose.

The latest book of M. Anatole France to attract wide attention was *Histoire Comique.* That is not a grim title, yet if you knew the author you would take up the book with the certain knowledge that its name promised you hours spent in that land where you dream you laugh, and wake to find you have wept. The word *comique* is the keynote of the author's philosophy of life, and to know its meaning as he uses the word is to look a long way into the spirit of men's actions.

To speak about this book, however, without considering more than passingly those which have gone before, and also somewhat the man apart from his work, would be neglecting the stages in a development which places, in some respects, this book at the head of his artistic achievements. It is particularly interesting, and marks a point from which his previous work is appropriately reviewed, not because it is written with a finer grace or more remarkable lightness of touch and nicety of expression, for in reading many of his earlier stories you wonder how these qualities could be heightened, but because it contains new points of view, which seem to show that the mental state of M. Anatole France has become positive.

A little more than thirty years ago, when M. Anatole France was twenty-nine years old, there appeared his first original writing, poems—as most modern French prose writers have begun—*Les Poèmes Dorés;* graceful verse, but covered now by another layer of verse and by the splendid pile of glittering prose which is his honour. Later, in 1881, came the book which made his name known throughout France, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard.** Already in this a master's hand and touch are seen, and the trend of thought and attitude to life there manifest have been ever present in succeeding books. Here we can distinguish certain elements which with others are later to make up the full meaning of the word *comique* as applied by M. Anatole France to the world: a certain scepticism toward man's belief in the immediate attainment of ideals, an indifference to life other than that of thought, and a consequent scorn of man's fruitless toiling. In this book the story is simple enough, or rather the stories are, for there are two distinct parts contained within the covers. That which gives its name to the whole contains the crime, has for argument the act of an irresponsibly idealistic philosopher, M. Bonnard, who, finding that the daughter of a sweetheart of his youth is unhappy in the school where her guardian has placed her, naïvely unconscious of the social crime he is committing, steals her away to live with him and gives her in marriage to a young scientist, his pupil. The other part has no plot at all, for it is simply the story of the philosopher's heart and mind as they unfold in the midst of his books. His mind—that is what is of value in both his ideas. For

* The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard. Translation and Introduction by Lafcadio Hearn. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1906.



Anatole France these are all that are of value in the world, and it is a strange sight to see men give their time and energy, their souls, to other things, mere phantoms, unreal and unworthy. He loves to show them striving for their hollow delights, unmindful of the reason of their own unhappiness. A comic sight indeed! Is it not tragic, too? For there is a place where the two words meet. That situation in life which, crushing his energies and halting his advance, is caused by agencies utterly beyond the control of man, is tragic; caused by the imbecility and stupid ignorance of man, is comic. M. Anatole France suggests that all such situations are tragic, since man is the plaything of circumstance. He declares them, too, all comic, since man is blind enough to believe himself the arbiter of his fate. The two horns of this distinction bear the two chief principles of his life philosophy, unbelief in certainty of knowledge, a tendency to belief in the preordination of fate; bear, too, the fundamental qualities of his mind, scorn for the self-deceiver, pity and mute sympathy for the fate-oppressed.

This double, or it were better to say multiple, way of regarding the world is the natural result of his early training, just as it is also the result of his almost exclusive dwelling in the realm of ideas. If we are in the habit of looking upon phenomena, material things, as having a real or worthy existence, we soon and necessarily come to look upon them in some fixed way, exclusive of all other possible ways which other men may have

adopted. We lose the power of taking other points of view, and also the faculty of receiving varying impressions and suggestions from the things themselves. We take them too seriously, and slight our ideas, if any, which result from them. We live too much in the material world, too often the petty world, that which stultifies our senses—perhaps beneficently, since it dulls us to the painful realisation of our spiritual loss! and our mental plot grows full of weeds. If, on the other hand, we live to cultivate our thoughts, choose them as the realities, we are free to look upon things from all sides and in all ways which may suggest a new idea.

Now, Anatole France looks at the world exclusively as a succession of phenomena capable of exciting in the brain an accompanying series of thoughts, which for him are the only realities. His mind has a consequent penetration and breadth of view, a comprehension of detail which besides assuring clearness of treatment, constitute what is not the greatest of his artistic qualities, suggestibility. Since *Sylvestre Bonnard* it would be difficult to find in his works a dull passage, one which did not make the mind alert, give it some new food for reflection, present some unsuspected hidden meaning in an every-day event. Since that book it would be impossible to find a passage not put together with consummate skill, touching sometimes with words of fire the most common occurrences of life, passing them as through a crucible, and turning them into crystals of perfect art. This is because the author looks upon all events with an eye equally curious to find the thought in each, not discriminating from prepossession, not rejecting from knowledge of the world's standards, not scorning from regard to society's condemnations. There is in one of his stories the picture of a little child picking thrown-away lettuce leaves from a kitchen pail, gazing at them and finding them beautiful. I might almost say that in his attitude to the world M. Anatole France is that child, only the child's ignorance of the fact that the world had rejected lettuce leaves from the category of the beautiful, and its consequent moral freedom to find beauty there where mature minds find only decay, in him is replaced by an over-profound acquaintance with the world's choice, and a resulting scorn and conscious disregard of its usually accepted tenets. Thus, not being bound to hold the world's point of view, he shows us constantly new heights from which to regard our life and see ourselves. His criticisms of society are more penetrating and universal than those of any other writer since Voltaire; but bitter and uncompromisingly true as they always are, they are clothed in such grace that the satirist is shielded by the artist, while giving him life. Does he paint some often-painted picture? It looks new beneath his hand, which directs a hitherto unnoticed light upon details, and makes some never seen stand out. Does he discuss some question of religion or of life? He turns some new side to us, and makes us think that what we have known before may not be true.

That is what he believes.

Untrammelled by any dogmas, undimmed by any unreasoning passions, the mind of M. Anatole France does not stop at, is not satisfied with, the usual interpretation of things, and penetrating beyond, finds there is no explanation which is final. What explanation can there be of events about the nature of which men cannot agree? If all men looked upon any question alike, if any object made the same impression upon all men, there might be some approximately certain decision to be arrived at in regard to its nature. But as no object appears the same to everybody, indeed, as nothing appears the same twice to any person, it is evident no sure knowledge of its meaning can be had. "At break of dawn the pyramids of Memphis seem like cones of rosy light; at sunset they look like black triangles against the flaming sky. But who shall penetrate their substance?" Things, acts, all appearances, mean in themselves nothing, and their real sense is forever hidden from us. How, then, shall there be made judgment upon them, since each person judges as he sees, seeing only appearances? Evidently there can be none, absolute, and judgment becomes but the expression of personality. It is somewhat futile under such conditions to pass judgment upon things or

events which remain unchanged whether bearing or not the mark of opinion. In fact, opinions themselves are but momentary, cannot be of lasting nature, since they are but the reflection in us of our environment, the world seen through each man's personality. They must be as changing, or nearly so, and as vain as the events which caused them. Two thousand years ago a great man, a great deed, was looked upon differently from the way in which it is regarded to-day; four thousand years in the future deed and man alike may be thought of but little moment. For a mind freed from the prejudice of personality it must be a diverting spectacle, that of men spending life in the vain endeavour to stop the ceaseless flow of appearances by casting floating judgments into the tide.

This vanity of mankind is one of the causes of his cynicism; but cynic as he is, he does not always laugh bitterly, but sometimes with a gentleness which seems to come from a deeper knowledge of things than men generally possess. His is not the cynicism which excludes sympathy; he has a deep vein of tenderness, which makes itself felt at moments when feelings find stronger expression than reason. He does not scorn men because they are wicked. Wickedness in man is but the inevitable result of a resistless impulse to act coupled with dense ignorance as to the relations of things in this deceptive world. It is a necessary appendage to goodness, and men in their blindness inadvertently and unfailingly do evil in their halting attempts to do right. It would not be the part of a philosopher to condemn for doing that which he recognises is one of the conditions of existence, and in fact M. Anatole France does not condemn at all; he simply reconstructs the mosaic of life, placing each piece as nearly as possible in its true relation to the others. That the resulting picture is sometimes tragic is not his fault; that it is generally comic is his constant thought; that it is often pathetic is his inmost feeling. His laugh at humanity is purely intellectual, is nicely searching and finely impartial; it plays upon the seer as well as the seen—a clear light of absolute candour and fearlessness. But as the flash of lightning plays most over the surface of the blackest cloud, so this laugh dwells most upon that part of human nature which is the most comic, and yet the most productive of pain, man's belief in his own capacity, his tragic attitude toward life.

Of all writers that I know, M. Anatole France takes himself the least seriously, and the world least at its face value. His work is not less deep, but more, on account of this; for there is no distracted effort to show the world good or bad, of this nature or of that; no despair because it is not better, no blinding joy because it is so good. Only there is a deep interest in the world as it is; it is all good to see and think about; good or bad, as it does or does not give ideas. Things themselves are but passing shadows here, and as you stake your life to grasp them, gone; you thinking life a tragedy because your hands lie empty, M. Anatole France thinking life a farce because you grasp at such frail things, and take so tragically your failure to apprehend them. Men must, indeed, have a sublime assurance that their will is the ruling factor in the world's progress to take their individual actions with so much seriousness. Is it due to each man's will that he is what he is mostly, or even in part? Is man, indeed, free to choose his course—the old question of "free will, which is only the illusion caused in us by our ignorance of the influences determining our state"? And if he is not, how pathetically comical to see him fatuously declare himself master of conditions he struggles against in vain. He is but the product of his environment, the slave of his ancestors, the puppet on the string of a thousand years! "Humanity is composed of the dead and of the living. The dead are by far the most numerous. In their multitude, and in the extent of work accomplished, they are the most powerful. It is they who govern, we obey. . . . In them is force, consequence, duration. What is a generation of living men in comparison with the numberless generations of the dead? What is our day-long will before their will of a thousand centuries? We revolt against them? We have not even the time to disobey!" Looked at from this point of view man's actions are sometimes really absurd, were

they not forlorn. They are the cause of nearly all his pain, which he inflicts upon himself in his attempts to prove his mastery, futile even if proved, and he is constantly the dupe of the illusions this wilful disregard of the truth creates in his mind. He is not surely to be laughed at because he suffers, or that his position is one of difficulty, but because his own shortcomings, glossed in his mind to the semblance of virtues, are the cause of his state. Did he for once recognise that he is but an existence in the great mass of universal existence, that what he does is done because the world is so made that he is what he is because he could be no other and fill the place he holds, the philosopher might then regard him with simple pity, and the world would then become less a place of ugliness and more a place of grace. For it is the constant effort to self-aggrandisement, in defiance of the laws of harmony and order, that is the cause of so much commonplaceness in life. Men read too fondly their worth in the opinions of their kind.

I have tried to show, somewhat summarily, it must be owned, a few of the traits of thought of M. Anatole France, some characteristics of his attitude toward the world and toward men. These could not have failed to bring down upon him the charge of dilettanteism, and many critics have attacked him upon this score. His spirit, however, is not one of dallying with letters, but is one of profound and universal interest in all expressions of thought, in all phases of life; and these his clear grasp of principles and fund of general ideas enable him to place in their proper relation to one another. It is the result of his exceptional association of ideas, insatiable curiosity, unbelief in any permanent basis of judgment. Not long ago, in speaking of another book of M. Anatole France, one who is possibly the most penetrating and unprejudiced of French critics said: "I once spoke, as did everybody, of the dilettanteism of M. Anatole France. We were mistaken, or at least we saw only the surface. Now we see that his *irony* was only the feeling of present impotency to realise the ideal in whose name he discussed or condemned. M. Anatole France is the greatest literary artist of to-day!" There still remains the artist to speak about, the man, *épris de beauté*, who has known how to express his ideas of life in such perfect literary form that the delight of reading goes beyond the point of being analysed, and leaves in the mind a warm sense of beauty, which no examination can reason away.

Where this beauty resides can in part be shown. It is to be found in, I think, or at least it is conditioned by the author's great love of all that is beautiful. For him beauty is the principle of life; that which, with the idea, or rather, since it is the idea, should be sought and worshipped. It is sacred wherever it is found, in the meanest as well as the greatest things, in the Greek temple, the Venetian painting, or the poet's word; in the living woman, nude and glorious, as well as the marble Venus. The life of Anatole France has been passed in searching out beauty, in the books, his constant companions, which have been his intellectual masters; in Greek art, which he loves for its perfect grace of form, and also because it presents the highest ideal of a civilisation that was devoted to art as the last expression of its best effort. Finally he seeks it in man's thoughts as expressed in his actions and daily life, and his criticism becomes penetrating to the last degree, for he finds here so little of what he seeks.

In art it is as futile to imagine causes as it is to ponder results; the achievement stands, though unexplained. So it is with the greatest charm of the writings of M. Anatole France. In reading him you seem to sense the spirits of a thousand masters, long dead, hovering about his words like bees in a living hive, each contributing his small part of the beauty he has found in the world, losing his name in the perfect whole, yet sending down an aroma which haunts but does not satiate. It is like opening a chest closed long ago—five centuries ago. The curious things within, never seen before, set vibrating memories of days never lived, of passions never burned out, of hours never sweetly dreamed away. They ring and die, and ring again, far off, like the chord struck of a piano; the memory carries long after the sound has ceased. You hear the soul of a dead poet sing in his

words, that of a forgotten painter breathe his ideal of beauty he died before expressing, that of a martyred saint sigh his hope of salvation. You hold your breath to fix the spirit forever with a name; the vision, smiling, fades, and the smile has passed into your own heart. It is Anatole France you hear, but it is, too, the many voices out of the past of his artistic ancestry. He is himself the most perfect illustration of the theory of determination I have already touched upon. Only he is the master. He holds the silken cord of his ancestors' tradition of beauty, and weaves it into new forms they would recognise but could not create. He takes their words, their thoughts and makes them point to heights toward which they might follow, but could not lead. He is, in a sense, the culminating point of French art in literature, for he is the most perfect modern representative of the French tradition, and no current escapes him. He is penetrating, yet he is delicate; exact to life, yet making of it a certain idealisation which is no less gracious because it defies analysis. There are, indeed, certain writers with whom he may be more particularly compared, as Montaigne for his trend of thought, and to some of the romantic school for his sensitiveness to beauty. For Molière there seems to be in him a special adoration—adoration of the artist, of the poet; perhaps, too, of the graceful scoffer. The matchless play of words of the master finds in Anatole France's style a copy I shall not dare to say surpassing, for I have already said matchless, but surprising, and endowed with a more than fascinating grace and brilliancy. The rest is himself, as he has been formed slowly for three thousand years by the books he has read and loved, and by the works of art which have been the symbols of his religion.

Up to this point his American readers will have no hesitation in following the thought of Anatole France with pleasure. There is a field, however, whither I doubt they will allow themselves to be led with sincerity. There is a certain plot of social ground which has so long been the potter's field of morals that no one dares say the flowers that grow there may be beautiful. Any one who presumes to seek there on some mouldering headboard the letters of an untold tale of human experience is without a hearing immediately condemned as a polluted being. And yet this is the great field where our innumerable ancestors lie buried! There is no thought suggested, no deeper knowledge of the conditions of life brought into the mind by the sight of this unhallowed ground, only a concrete image of the material, physical act which caused so many to be lying there! The sense of the monument man's sensuality has raised to itself is wilfully excluded from the consciousness of most Americans, as if by shutting out the thought one were shielding himself from the opprobrium of society for having committed the deed.

Is it because the American mind runs too readily into concrete images, and does not go much beyond the actual phenomena, that this question of the relation of sex in art is debated with a tolerable degree of heat and personality? Is it felt that by condemning with great show of virtue the portraying of an act which is capable of being committed by all men equally, and which for each man is determined exclusively by fate, we are making our moral life purer and our freedom from fall more secure? It is only by dispassionate and well-informed consideration of a dangerous condition that we may free ourselves from the constant menace of its existence, or remain untainted by its presence. The moment passion of argument enters into the debate the question becomes purely personal, and one condemns most bitterly the thing he feels he has the least power to resist. It is, then, as if each wished to show himself a stranger to the fellowship to which he believes all others to belong; as if, too, by condemning in art the portrayal of a certain social condition men were denying its existence in real life, and so relieving themselves of the personal responsibility of its being. If they were not so blindly sure of their own responsibility, and so tragically keen to make it valid, they could consider with calm, and in all its bearing, the condition the immediate blame for which each man pushes upon his neighbours' shoulders.

Americans are accustomed to think

so exclusively of the utilitarian, of the material good to come, that it is to some extent difficult for them to appreciate the worth of a splendid action, the beauty of a great achievement apart from the physical or moral advancement it brings. Therefore a work of art is great nearly in proportion as it advances the moral state. They are not ready to accept the idea that an individual lost or saved from harm is of small importance in the world's economy, but that it is the sense of tumultuous well-being produced in every man of heart by the full appreciation of an act nobly done; in the man of artistic sensibility by the perception of a thought beautifully expressed, which is the great civilising on-push. Americans love Washington and admire him; love him because he gave them a political state which was to bring them a material condition of well-being and prosperity. They admire him because of his superb handling of a difficult art, of his masterly conduct of himself and his men, the implements of that art. Clear thinking men would admire him as much had he been on the other side, and therefore working for the wrong, just as they admire Lee; not for his fidelity to his cause and principles, but for his splendid art in war. Had Washington not been successful, I venture to say we should admire him more, for then the love of him because of his material achievement, the social betterment his skill made possible for the nation, would not as now dim in our eyes admiration for the general.

In the world of art, the world of literature, the purpose, the end of effort is not directly, is not consciously that the world be better, but that it be more beautiful. The free mind of the artist should seek beauty in every object, in every phase of life, prizing nothing for its material value, but for its artistic worth. Is the reason a moral one for excluding the subject of illicit love from those appropriate to the treatment of art? By refusing to admit and carefully to consider all sides of life we limit our power to see clearly the relation and importance of acts, and to determine our conduct of life. If we wilfully exclude mental experience of any nature whatever we are curtailing our ability to form ideals, to rise to a higher level of spiritual welfare. Things only half known may be unwittingly included among the acceptable occurrences of existence which a full knowledge would show to be unworthy or base. The more one naturally disposed to rise knows dispassionately of the possibilities of the world, the higher and purer must necessarily be the ideals of that person, the greater his chance of looking clearly and attaining truth. If a young man does not know and feel the ugliness of a certain act, he may give it the warm hue of pure love, or blind himself to its harm by the fire of a kind of romantic sensuality. The greatest moral harm which arises from the cause of the social problem is due to the mystery with which the act is hidden away from the thought of everybody but the one contemplating its committal. Open it to the full light of unaffected consideration, and the finger of ridicule, taking the place of the finger of scorn, will be a more effective caustic.

Anatole France finds it indeed ridiculous that men should put aside the cloak of borrowed dignity with which they clothe themselves in society, appear in the poor nakedness of their self-assumed moral responsibility, and for the least thing in the world commit acts of such pitiable imbecility that society deems itself outraged. What field more fruitful for the moralist or the historian of man's fatuity and blindness can there be than this, where at one moment he declares himself free of will to act and desirous to act well, and at the next throws himself into the arms of a creature whose charms exist only in the perverseness of his own imagination? So we shall not be surprised to find in the works of M. Anatole France clear, fearless pictures of physical gratification. But they are treated in such a manner as to leave the reader with a feeling of the ridiculousness of the situation and a keenly sharpened faculty of reason to judge sanely of similar events. It is not the sensuality itself which is of interest to him; it is the thought and the knowledge of man's nature which may be had from this, the acquaintance with life. And in the whole there is never a crudity, never a *gros mot*, never a shock to the sensibility, for all is done with the most perfect and loving

art. The artist must never be forgotten here. If he shows us a nude woman—and you shall see one, if you care to follow, in the book I have yet to speak about—it will be to dwell with an artist's love upon the gracious lines of her throat and breast, the vase-like curves of waist and hip. There is too much beauty here for lovers of beauty wantonly to hide it with a veil of shocked modesty.

In all the other books of Anatole France there has been some one who by his learning and his character has been fitted to represent the author—M. Sylvestre Bonnard, or, in *L'Histoire Contemporaine,* M. Bergeret. These two are in essentials the same. In *L'Histoire Comique* it is a doctor—Doctor Socrates, familiarly so called not for his wisdom, but for his blunt face and subtle speech. In him there is a new thread of thought mingled with the old, a slight change in the attitude toward life. That is why this book is of importance. It marks, as I have already suggested, a transition from a philosophy of indifference to active life, from an indulgent scepticism to the beginning of a belief in the positive good of existence, and in a standard of morality. In those books that have preceded *L'Histoire Comique* there has ever been present the idea that the transitoriness of human experience and the instability of ideals are so great that no permanent or satisfactory criterion of action can be found. Life is a hopelessly inextricable tangle of contradictions, in which our knowledge superior to that of animals gives us an advantage that flatters us more than it aids. We are not made to know; we are apt to suffer. M. Bergeret, in *L'Histoire Contemporaine,* finds that life is the one blot on a planet otherwise capable of beauty, and dreams of a sphere where it shall be unconscious and exist after the manner of geometric crystals. Yet even he, in a moment of amiable forgetfulness, admits that life may clothe itself sometimes in agreeable forms, while thought is always sacred. This is, however, only in a moment of surprised gratefulness, not as is the case with the doctor, the calm expression of conviction. This difference between the partial willingness to admit the beauty of existence and the fearless purpose to make this known marks the passing over into a new field of art of this greatest of modern French writers.

Out of this belief springs another no less important, a belief in a constant criterion of action, not unchanging, but ever present. In a world where our attitude to events changes with each increment of knowledge, and where in regard to a given act or state no two men have the same acquaintance with truth, it were futile to attempt to establish a law of action that should comprehend all things and every one for all time. Human life is not an exact science. It is only because of man's insane desire to believe himself endowed with a moral responsibility he immediately repudiates in his actions that he attempts to reduce it to a fixed plan. It is rather an art in which the individual's ever-present yet ever-changing sense of right can be the only guide, just as in other arts the individual's ever-deepening perception of beauty is his one path into a higher artistic state. This means that alongside of beauty, which in the artistic world is the end of thought, M. Anatole France now admits on the same personal, changing plane, truth, which in the active world is the end of effort. Thus his mind, freed from all entanglements of passion and prejudice, and possessing as its guide the two highest of human concepts, beauty and truth, may lead on boldly to a saner and broader view of existence.

I have said that Anatole France admired deeply Molière. I can do no better, to show with what fine delicacy of touch and fearlessness of treatment he handles all questions of life, than to describe a scene in which the master's verses play an important part. An actress—as Agnes, in *l'Ecole des Femmes,* in that delicious passage where she tells of her first meeting with Horace—recites the verses to her lover in their room. Can you imagine her, standing before a long glass, whimsically and gratefully watching as she plays her part every line and curve and hue of her graceful body, the only cloak to which is the lamp's soft light? She bows and courtesies to her fancied lover—the real one looking on—and each movement she takes in time to the verse she speaks casts a new fleeting

shadow into the hollows of her rounded form and makes the light play with a deeper softness on the warm flesh-tones of her gracile limbs and youthful breast. Can you imagine it? Do, for the author dwells upon the picture with the affection of a painter for his canvas, having beauty as his only love. The scene stops there, for the tragic ending of the story is with the next move.

At Antwerp there is a certain portrait which greets you from the end of a long hall. The man looks kindly at you, smiling, and when you look again you half believe he smiles because you think you know what he is smiling at. The eyes are merry, if you look not too closely at them, but the mouth is sad when you regard a second time. He seems to hold all heart-strings in his hand; feels with them each spirit, yet never drives. In some former life I love to think Anatole France was once that man.

F. H. Deke.

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO-DAY?

O the deeds we will do in the days to come
 And the words that we mean to say
Will lighten the hearts of the sin-sick souls,
 But what shall we do to-day?

O the burdens we'll lift from the hearts of men,
 O the tears we will wipe away,
And the songs we will sing to the faltering ones—
 But what shall we do to-day?

To-day is the span of our life, no more
 Can we measure or clasp or mould,
There may be no morrow for us, dear heart,
 No future to use or hold.

O let us give from our store at dawn,
 Give 'till the gloaming fades away,
All we may do for the sons of men
 Is the good we can do to-day.

Ruth Sterry.



EDUCATION

A SOCIOLOGIST'S THEORY OF EDUCATION*



EARS ago, when Professor Lester F. Ward began to reflect upon the problems of human nature and the means of human progress, he used to give a lecture on "Heredity and Opportunity," spreading the gospel of salvation by surroundings, and emphasising the possibilities of human nature under the same intelligent care that we give to the plants in our gardens.

His recent book, to which the general title of *Applied Sociology* is given, is essentially a refined, qualified and perfected treatment of the same theme, a defence of the Leibnitzian dictum that human affairs could all be set right by proper educational provisions—an optimism based upon firm trust that the evils of present society are due not to the natures of men, but to bad management of their opportunities.

The particular form which Professor Ward's optimism takes is instructive because it brings into sharp relief three most important questions of educational fact. His cure for society is "all knowledge for all men," or at least an opportunity for every man to acquire all knowledge. His justification of this prescription consists of, first, the assertion that the equalisation of knowledge will remove those forms of the ill-treatment of man by man which the equalisation of civil rights has not reached; second, that a sufficient increase of educational opportunity will multiply a hundredfold or more the number of those men whose achievements advance the sum of knowledge, and so give the human race increased control over its physical surroundings and its own nature; third, that the social value of education lies in general scientific erudition rather than in mental discipline or moral stimulus or training in the concrete arts and industries.

I quote from Professor Ward's discussion of the first assertion:

> In the world at large a few dominate society and make it . . . an oligarchy of intelligence. These false and narrow ideas, which make the mass of mankind dependent upon a few enlightened citizens and keep them in subjection, in poverty, toil and misery, are of course the result of the emptiness of their minds—in a word, to the limited amount and poor quality of the knowledge they possess. . . . The social heritage, human achievement, which, as we have seen, consists of the knowledge that has been brought into the world by the labours of the *élite* of mankind, has been bequeathed to all the members of society equally, share and share alike. But through inattention, neglect and general bad management it has got into the hands of a few privileged persons only. . . . This task (of social improvement) is nothing less than the diffusion of all knowledge among all men.

This dictum is seductive so long as one thinks abstractly and verbally. Scientific knowledge is undoubtedly the greatest power in present life in conferring benefits or injuries. Those who lack it are at the mercy of those who have it. The discoverers of radio-activity, for instance, might have with proper secrecy and charlatanry mulcted millions of dollars from the populace or headed a new religion. It seems plausible to expect that the wasteful feuds of nations and classes, and the injustices of poverty, health and esteem which revolt us might disappear if the greatest source of power in conferring benefits and injuries were equally distributed among men.

But in point of fact the possessors of scientific knowledge do not use it selfishly. They acquire it chiefly because they enjoy the game of investigation and the esteem of their fellow-workers. They are often entirely oblivious to the possibilities of using it to gain money or power, and are almost never rapacious in exchanging it. Even the inventors, the inferior class who confine their studies to the fields of knowledge where science has a close connection with a money price, give, as a rule, to people at large a hundredfold

*Applied Sociology: A Treatise on the Conscious Improvement of Society by Society. By Lester F. Ward. Ginn and Company, Boston, 1906. Pp. xviii. + 384

what they take. It is conceivable that in the future the scientist and the scholar might use their superiority in intellect and knowledge as much for personal ends as they now use it for general welfare, and become like the super-strong bully of barbarian days and the super-crafty trader or labour-leader of to-day, a force that needs the coöperative restraint of people in general through civil arrangements. It is conceivable that the Finlay and Reed and Lazear of the future who discover the cause and prevention and cure of cancer may form a cancer trust and try to extort "all the market will stand" in return for their services, but our safest present course is to trust that, like Finlay and Reed and Lazear, they will maintain the traditions of the impersonal want for truth and of the general bestowal of it upon the world, which makes the scientific man the best asset of society.

In so far as this is the case it is not the equalisation of knowledge that is the desirable blessing, but its increase. Science has been a fund acquired by a few, but utilised for all. Professor Ward would not undervalue the social blessings due to that increase, but he affirms that the increase of the fund may be trusted to take place rapidly enough as a result of the love for research inherent in those who have capacity to advance knowledge. It is to be hoped that this is true, but it is to be feared that it is not. Our social arrangements are such, for instance, that Finlay, who first devised and tested the theory that yellow fever was caused by the bite of the mosquito, was left for twenty years unaided in the investigations which with sufficient authority and money he could have easily made absolutely demonstrative, and that Lazear and Carroll were allowed in crucial tests to risk their lives instead of those of some criminals whose risk would be harmless. Little is done to secure for society the full future services in scientific investigation of Reed, whose perfect devotion and great skill fully proved their worth in the most fruitful medical discovery made in America since the discovery of anæsthesia. Is not the first step and perhaps the one of greater advantage to give added opportunities to the gifted men who have shown capacity and willingness to serve society by advancing knowledge rather than to increase opportunity haphazard for all?

Moreover, a distinction must be made between the heritage of knowledge and the heritage of the social benefits of knowledge. The benefits of knowledge might need a universal and equal distribution, but the knowledge itself be handed on to but a few. The rational scheme for the distribution of the knowledge itself would appear to be to put it into the hands of those who could use it best for the welfare of people in general.

Professor Ward's low valuation of the social advantage to be gained from giving to him that hath in education—from improvement made at the top—is not more striking than his high valuation of education for those who most lack it. "There is no other class in society whose education is half so important as this lowest and most dangerous class," he says in reference to the children of the "worthless rabble." He asserts definitely that to have ten per cent. of the world acquainted with science instead of zero per cent. is not so valuable an advance as to progress from a condition of ninety per cent. of scientifically erudite to one hundred per cent.

Knowledge will always be increasing, and nothing can prevent this. Society does not need to concern itself with this. Its duty is to see that knowledge is assimilated. Its value to society not only increases with the number possessing it, but it increases according to some law of progression. It is difficult to formulate this law. A rough idea may be conveyed by saying that the value of knowledge relatively to the number possessing it increases in about the same ratio as does the value of a diamond relatively to its size. In general it may be said that the rate of increase grows constantly more rapid as universality is approached. Its full value can never be realised until universality is actually reached. When only a few possess it, it has little value. It may even be injurious.

This semi-acceptance of the common philanthropic view of public education as the preventer of crime and crutch for the weak, as the direct helper of the many through changes in them rather than their

indirect helper through changes in the few whose increased achievements have demonstrably brought immense social returns, is the one feature of Professor Ward's book which may do real harm. Public opinion is just beginning to appreciate the possibility that the promotion of research and help given to those who have helped themselves intellectually may be in the long run the most democratic and truly philanthropic work of education. Professor Ward's dicta will retard and may to a large extent stifle this growing willingness to ask whether opportunity for the few gifted is not of equal social value with opportunity for the many mediocre, whether, for instance, fifteen research professorships in connection with a State university are not a more profitable investment for people in general than the annual schooling of fifteen hundred children.

Professor Ward, perhaps somewhat inconsistently, supports his theory of intellectual egalitarianism by the second theory, that if all knowledge is given to all men the number of men of great achievement who create the valuable social heritage will be increased a hundredfold. He pleads for not the increase, but the equalisation of knowledge, but he seems to value equalisation because it will be a means to increase.

Nothing new is added to the body of evidence concerning the relative shares of inborn nature and the circumstances of life in producing men and works of merit, and it is apart from the purpose of this review to comment generally upon the problem itself or to rehearse any of Professor Ward's brilliant comments on it. One feature of his discussion, however, is so significant as to demand mention. He throughout neglects the environment's selective activities amongst individuals. He would, for instance, say "Great thinkers have mostly had a good education; they are great thinkers because they have had a good education," forgetful of the fact that many of the records must be and all might be explainable by the alternative statement, "They got an education because they were by nature great thinkers." That cities give birth to an undue proportion of great men does not in the least prove that city life made them great; it may prove that cities attract and retain great men, whose sons are thus city-born. Logically any one who argues from the relation between achievement and any species of training to the efficacy of that training without making a proper discount for the relation necessary as a result of its selective activity, is in the position of one who should argue that being in a hospital made one sickly or that being engaged in the laundry business gave one a Chinese complexion and almond eyes. This fallacy of confusing the selection made by environments with the training which they give prevails in nine-tenths of the discussions of educational and social problems, with the common result present also in the *Applied Sociology* of over-estimating the influence of nurture. One of the real hindrances to the progress of education is the fact that its friends persist in expecting too much from it.

Professor Ward will also seem to many students of human nature unfair to the Galtonian recommendations for improvement of society through improvement of the original capacity of the human stock itself. He says of hereditary genius that "it will all come to the same thing in the end however we may shape events." Surely it will not come to the same thing if we increase the frequency of marriage or lower the age of marriage, or otherwise increase the number of offspring in the case of gifted youth. Viriculture in analogy with the methods of animal breeders may be a method of social improvement which our present conventional ideas and habits make troublesome to introduce or successfully control, but it can hardly be intrinsically a minor issue. It may not be so immediately economical as the same amount of effort to discover early the great achievers for society, give them the opportunities they need, the rewards they deserve and the conditions of life which will keep them at work for humanity, but it can hardly be less economical than Professor Ward's random offering of higher education to all men indiscriminately.

The working educator will be most interested in the third pillar for intellectual egalitarianism, the thesis that knowledge of science rather than mental discipline,

moral development or training in the arts and industries should be the aim of schools. It is cheering in these days to find that Professor Ward stands manfully to his post as a defender of the value of mere knowledge.

The sentimentalists and one class of incoherent thinkers demand that the schools shall primarily refine the soul. The scholastics and another class of incoherent thinkers demand that the schools shall primarily create intellectual capacity. The newest educational doctrine demands that the schools shall primarily teach certain constructive arts and crafts. Professor Ward has long been the most vigorous champion of the social value of scientific knowledge, and in this latest book calmly disposes of the disciplinists by such statements as: "Mathematics, too exclusively pursued, destroys both the reason and the judgment." "The phrase itself, 'development of the mind,' so constantly used, is meaningless." "The power, value and real character of mind depend upon its contents." The sentimentalists and the advocates of constructive activity he ignores.

Perhaps it is wrong to complain of the immoderation with which Professor Ward espouses one and repudiates another doctrine; for it is in part this zeal which makes his books so stimulating and so distinguished among the commonplace products of the majority of educational theorists. The slaughter of the sentimentalists at least ought to be pardoned. It is perhaps justifiable to be dogmatic against a mere dogma. The denial of the doctrine of mental discipline, though of course an exaggeration, is not so wild as the one it opposes. Still an impartial account of the experimental evidence concerning the influence of forms of special training upon the general capacities of the mind would have been a less objectionable and equally effective defence of the value of quantity and quality of knowledge. The moment we replace the rhetorical question, "Does or does not special training discipline the mind at large," by the only pertinent question of fact, "just how far and in what ways does the training of one function influence others," we lose an exciting debate, but gain a real insight.

To ignore the advocates of constructive work in education is a more serious matter. It is hardly true that the ability to do things in art and industry can be trusted by society to look after itself—to be sufficiently acquired as a result of instinctive appetites and economic rewards. But even if this were true, the fact remains that a large part of the world's population can learn particular habits of dealing with the physical environment, but cannot learn the general principles of science. If Professor Ward, instead of writing his admirable books, had begun twenty years ago to teach to a dozen six-year-old sisters of, say, the servants in his club, the principles of astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, psychology and sociology, together with the prerequisite information about reading, writing, mathematics and the like, in the order and after the plan which he recommends, he would have at least amended his general doctrine to read, "All knowledge for all men —except the sisters of Cosmos Club house-servants; for most of *them* particular habits of conduct, and particular acts of utility."

In thankfulness that Professor Ward chose to advance knowledge and to add to the opportunities of the few rather than to equalise knowledge and try to teach all the fundamentals of science to a dozen of the many, and in fear lest he should to our loss spend his next decade with such a pragmatic consequence of egalitarianism, I hasten to suggest a less costly experiment. Let Professor Ward take at random any hundred six-year-olds entering school and any teachers that he may select, and direct the teachers to try to teach all these children within six months or so nothing more than the meanings of *six, nine* and *twelve,* or of *because, although, if* and *unless,* or of *animal, vegetable* and *mineral,* or let him take at random any hundred of the picked children who have had intellectual ability and interest enough to enter high school, and as before try to have each and every one taught in a year or so nothing more than the fundamental laws of astronomy. Children will fail in the first experiment who nevertheless could at the time learn to amuse and care for a baby brother, or to set a table or to make a presentable

drawing. Boys will fail in the second experiment who could at the time learn to help grind a lens or make a telescope's tube or build the walls to support it.

We may value knowledge of the general principles of all science ever so highly for those who can get it, but there remains to justify the use of industries and arts in education the fact that there are many who cannot or will not get it, or at least an amount of it as valuable as the particular habits they could in the same time acquire.

On the whole, though the administrators of education will profit greatly from a careful consideration of Professor Ward's defence of intellectual communism, the profit will come from the realisation of problems rather than from the acceptance of the particular solutions which he offers. Life and education are so complex and individual differences in the human beings who are to be managed are so many and so great that any one single doctrine that is clear and unqualified is likely to be wrong. This seems to be the case with the doctrine that the one chief efficient means of social improvement which is susceptible of social control is the equal distribution of knowledge. Right or wrong in its main contentions, the *Applied Sociology* is, together with appropriate parts of the *Pure Sociology*, the most impressive treatment of the general principles of education since Spencer's. Those who, like the writer, are puzzled to fit the facts to its doctrines and those who heartily accept it will equally enjoy it and equally admire it as a further example of the author's great gifts as a thinker and as a writer.

Edward L. Thorndike.

REVIEWS

TWO NEW VOLUMES OF THE OXFORD TRANSLATIONS*

These two translations are sure of a cordial welcome from classical scholars as well as from those who must read the Greek and Latin writers in an English form.

Although Longinus *On the Sublime* is the current designation of the former work, both the authorship and the date of the treatise are uncertain. The weight of evidence is decidedly against the tradition that it was written by Cassius Longinus, the celebrated rhetorician and the minister of the ill-fated Zenobia, and in favour of a date some two centuries earlier. Furthermore, *On the Sublime* would not ordinarily convey to the English reader the meaning of the Greek title, and would still less suggest that the work has to do with literary style. Both these points are discussed at length in the Introduction to Mr. Prickard's translation, which closes with an apology for adding a new version to those already in existence, an apology which will readily be accepted in the case of so valuable and so interesting a work, particularly since his translation is based on a new text, that of the Oxford Classical Series.

The exceptional interest of this work, both on account of its style and content, and because of its richness in quotations from the classical writers, is too generally recognised to require more than a passing notice. A readable, and, so far as it has been tested, an accurate, translation is preceded by a helpful analysis of the contents of the work, and is illustrated by numerous footnotes. An Appendix gives: I. Specimen Passages Translated from the Greek Writers on Literary Criticism: Dionysius of Halicarnassus on the Smooth Style; Plutarch, How a Young Man should Read Poetry; Dion Chrysostom, The Defence of Phidias; Lucian, How not to Write History (taken from the translation of the Fowlers—see THE BOOKMAN, April, 1906, p. 214); Cassius Longinus on the Timæus of Plato and on Style. II. The Treatise on Sublimity and Latin Critics. III. Passages Translated from Bishop Lowth's Oxford Lectures on Hebrew Poetry. The work closes with an index, in which Alvadæ is misprinted for Aloadæ. There are some inconsistencies in the spelling of Greek names, such as Meidias in the index, Midias in the translation, and Cleitarchus beside Phidias, Heraclides and Heraclidæ. There is also a misprint in the title given in the first footnote on page 79, and in these days it seems odd to quote Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities on the walls of Messene (p. 26, footnote). The book contains in a convenient form the material necessary for an intelligent reading of this interesting treatise

*Longinus on the Sublime, translated by A. O. Prickard, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford. With Introduction, Appendix, and Index. Oxford, Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde), 1906.

Propertius, translated by J. S. Phillimore, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. *Idem.*

It is inspiring to find a professor of Greek who has not only given us an excellent translation of Propertius, but is credited as well with an Index Verborum of that author and with texts of Propertius and of the Silvæ of Statius. Professor Phillimore bases his version on his own text (Clarendon Press, 1902), but with some divergencies, which are noted at the bottom of the page. The Preface contains an admirable discussion of the general question of translation. The author's choice of a prose form is to be commended, for in spite of the possible objections which he points out, the sense of the original, especially in the case of so difficult a writer as Propertius, can better be given in prose than in metre of any sort. Equally wise is his decision not to attempt to give a poetic colouring to his rendering by introducing "quaint archaic vocables spotted about in sentences of quite modern rhythm and construction." Contrary to the usage in the other volumes of the series, no account of Propertius is given, and there are no notes except for the occasional footnotes on textual variants. There is no index, except one of the first lines of the original Latin. The only explanatory matter is found in the English titles of the elegies, which give the person to whom the poem is addressed and its subject. A commentary will not be missed by Latinists, but the non-Latinist, for whom the book is also made, will surely need some help, and will look for it in vain in the handbooks accessible to him.

Whatever may be thought of the form of the translation, it is clearly the work of one who knows the Latin language as well as that of Propertius. The force of words and of word-order, and frequently even of the syntax, is brought out with rare skill, and the rendering is always faithful to the text, although the text is occasionally not a familiar one. At the same time the version is a readable one, and is written in idiomatic English. If a criticism may be made, it is that the style is now and then too colloquial. *John C. Rolfe.*

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

CHILDREN'S SONGS.

*Songs Every Child Should Know,** edited by Dolores Bacon, in the series What Children Should Know, is certainly equal to any, if not superior to all others, in merit. More than one hundred songs with music are given. Songs of sentiment, folk song, cradle songs, nonsense songs, national hymns, war songs, patriotic songs, Shakespearian songs, all find a place. The judgment used in the selection of these songs is as good as the taste displayed is broad and catholic. Neither musical excellence nor mere popularity are taken as the sole criterion. There are many songs present that might offend musical taste, but whose popularity or genuine folk feeling demands their inclusion in such a collection. Brief introductory notes to each song add much to the educational value of the collection, while complete indexes by title, by composers, and by authors, as well as a very convenient form, add to the serviceableness of the volume.

EDUCATIONAL PHILOSOPHY.†

Dr. Davidson's book is a new interpretation of the Herbartian psychology in this sense, that it makes the systematic endeavour, with no small measure of success, to trace the groundwork of that psychology in the philosophy of Leibnitz, whereas the appeal has usually been not to Leibnitz, but Kant. The author rightly observes that Herbart's psychology, as applied to education, has the validity of an empirical rule. It has stood the test of experience, but it cannot satisfy the inquiries of the philosopher. It appears to be sound pedagogy, but we scarcely know how. Such a state of things is intolerable, and Dr. Davidson has attempted to better it by founding the Herbartian psychology upon the Leibnitzian philosophy.

There is here a curious hiatus, for it is difficult to find any reference, or any reliable indication, to show that Dr. Davidson has studied the Metaphysic of Herbart, with which it would surely be more natural to connect the Herbartian Psychology than with the Monadology of Leibnitz. The omission is, however, not vital, since Herbart's Metaphysic is most nearly related to that of Leibnitz; and it is probably intentional, since the part of Herbart's philosophy which is not Leibnitzian is Kantian, and the Kantian standpoint has been deliberately abandoned in order to arrive at a new interpretation. Let us consider for a moment the book as it is. It connects the Herbartian psychology directly with the Leibnitzian metaphysic, instead of mediately through the metaphysic of Herbart.

In so doing, it succeeds very well in explaining the Herbartian psychology, but hardly in justifying it. This distinction has not been kept clearly in mind; and the author has, of course, the advantage, if any of his positions be challenged, of being able to claim that such and such a thing is said, not in justification, but in explanation. On the other hand, the tone of the whole is so sympathetic that a general justification is clearly intended. This

* Doubleday, Page and Company.. New York.

† A New Interpretation of Herbart's Psychology and Educational Theory. By John Davidson, M. A., D. Phil. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

point is important, because while an explanation of the Herbartian psychology is merely of academic interest, its justification is fraught with the popular and practical interest that is attached to the theory of education. Unfortunately, no psychology can be justified by a metaphysic. The Leibnitzian philosophy may help us to understand the Herbartian psychology, but it cannot justify it, having enough to do to justify itself. Only in one sense can a metaphysic justify a psychology, and that is from the point of view that all systems of metaphysic have a certain limited validity, in that all are verbal descriptions of the same reality from different points of view.

There are certain weaknesses in the Herbartian psychology so fundamental that the sooner they are abandoned by their apologists the better. There is (1) his theory of the soul as originally purely negative in its properties, whereas we know that it is born charged with the weight of ages of heredity. There is (2) his treatment of ideas as mechanical and independent entities, instead of phases of the soul's activity. There is (3) his conception that the will takes its rise in the circle of thought, whereas genetically thought appears to have arisen as a means of control, so that will is a primary mode of self-activity. The second and third of these Herbartian conceptions have a valid as well as a false side, and for the latter, which, if it were true, would be a very convenient principle in pedagogy, Dr. Davidson has made out an excellent case. It is indeed an end to be desired that thought should in cases of deliberation control the will; but apparently the habitual will, which we call character, is hardly achieved by habitual thought except where there has also been cultivated the habit of reconciling thought with action. In like manner Dr. Davidson's able defence of the Herbartian theory of interest seems to fail as an answer to the objection, that interest is the hedonic aspect of attention, and that attention is not merely a matter of the interaction of apperception masses, but has also the aspect of an original mode of a self-activity. Ideas feed and develop, but they do not create interests.

PEDAGOGY

Successful Teaching. "Fifteen Studies by Practical Teachers,"* with an introduction by James M. Greenwood, Superintendent of Public Schools, Kansas City, Missouri, and *The Recitation*,† by Samuel Hamilton, Ph.D.

The first-named book is, as the title indicates, a collection of short essays by fifteen different teachers, and does not pretend to be a systematic or exhaustive presentation of the problems of teaching. There is much in the book that is fresh and interesting, little that is valuable to one who is familiar with current literature in education. In some cases the authors show a lack of knowledge of the literature of their subjects. The literature of methods in teaching has of late years become so highly specialised that one no longer expects to find in a single volume a discussion of general and special methods for all of the work of the elementary school. The book will prove valuable as an additional book of reference to teachers who have available the more systematic and exhaustive treatises.

In marked contrast with this book is the work by Dr. Hamilton on "The Recitation," issued in Lippincott's Educational Series. The author considers the recitation in its unity, in its parts, and in its methods. In the main, the treatment is similar to that in the other books which have been written on this subject. The author has, however, added certain chapters, those on "Preparation for the Recitation or the Art of Study" and "Thinking in the Recitation" being particularly worthy of mention. The topical outline at the end of each chapter adds much to the value of the book from both the instructor's and student's point of view. On the whole, the author has succeeded in his task, simplifying and clarifying for the younger members of the profession the topics upon which he has written.

Professor Levi Seeley's new book, entitled *Elementary Pedagogy*,* adds one more to the list of educational works, already too numerous, which are chiefly compendiums of the ideas of others with a modicum of the writer's own thought. The style of the book is discursive, and the quotations are frequent and lengthy. "The main purpose of the school is to furnish instruction," declares the writer (p. 98), and this sounds the keynote of the work. Professor Seeley out-Herbarts the Herbartians in his emphasis upon the function and importance of the teacher, as the purveyor of knowledge, but ignores the newer educational thought wherein the child, as a self-active being, striving for self-expression, directs the whole trend of the educative process. In plan of organisation and continuity of development, the book is dinstinctly weak, as is revealed by a survey of the headings of the chapters. As a work for beginners, however, the book may contain some valuable suggestions.

Professor Horne's *Psychological Principles of Education*† is a worthy sequel to his *Philosophy of Education*. It ranks high among books on pedagogy in dignity and accuracy. It is extremely well written. The author's general aim is to deduce from the fundamental facts of general psychology precepts concerning the proper ideals and methods of school work. He does not make extensive use of either the recent empirical studies in educational psychology or those researches and discussions whose topics fall midway between sociology and psychology. The book is thus more like the books which have been written on the subject in the last quarter century than those which will be written during the next. The features which do most distinguish its subject matter from that of the earlier books

* Funk and Wagnalls, New York.
† Lippincott, Philadelphia.

* Hinds, Noble and Eldredge, New York, 1906.
† The Psychological Principles of Education. By H. H. Horne. The Macmillan Company, New York 1906. Pp. xiii + 435.

are its emphasis upon emotional education and the inclusion of a separate section, Part V, on Religious Education, or Educating the Spirit in Man. In this latter the author has given the most helpful discussion of the topic within brief compass that has so far been written.

SUPPLEMENTARY TEXTS

The tendency to enrich various school subjects by the introduction of much new material has reinforced the tendency to make reading and all language work a by-process to other subjects of study and resulted in the production of a multitude of supplementary texts in every line. Several recent issues represent various school subjects.

Little Stories of France,* by Maude B. Dutton, is a collection of two score very brief stories or sketches compassing the entire history of France and presenting to the child the leading events of French history in attractive and simple form. While the book is not primarily biographical, yet each epochal story centres around some prominent historical figure.

A much more extensive and pretentious work is *Views in Africa*† in the Series of Geographical Readers by Anna B. Badlam. Seventy chapters of near 450 pages are given to a minute yet interesting description of every feature of importance in the school study of the subject. The chief defect of the book is that it sounds bookish and lacks the freshness that would come from personal observation and experience.

Half Hours with Fishes, Reptiles and Birds,* by Charles F. Holder, is one of many similar works for children. This one has the merit of clear and attractive style, and of that vitality which comes from intimate first-hand knowledge of the subject.

ENGLISH TEXTS

Exposition in Class Room Practice, by Theodore C. Mitchell and George R. Carpenter,* is a clear and interesting manual for teaching this important high school subject. If the book has any fault it is its length of 375 pages. But there is plenty of opportunity for judicious selection by the teacher.

Our Language is a series of three elementary language books published by the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Virginia. The first book is by Mrs. Lida B. McMurry and F. T. Norvell the second and third (the latter a grammar) by Professor C. Alphonso Smith. In the first two the authors have wisely aimed at presenting the usual, that is the necessary, things. The presentation is clear and interesting, and the books attractive. The grammar has the advantage of being written by an English scholar, wise enough to eliminate the veteran grammatical fallacies and to include not too much of the newer ideas.

From the press of the American Book Company comes a new series of school readers, edited by Stratton D. Brooks. The First Reader proceeds along the conventional lines, with considerable care for the right recurrence of familiar words, with selections centring around the interests of childhood, but with no attempt at presenting anything like literature. The Second Reader introduces the world of familiar folk-lore, familiar natural history, and children's poetry. The three remaining books of the series present well-chosen examples of general literature. The press work is well done, and the illustrations attractive.

English Studies in Interpretation and Composition, by O. I. Woodley,* is a high-school book in composition in which the special feature is the attempt to unify the teaching of literature and composition. The idea is well conceived, but not very effectively carried out. There are also some lapses in scholarship which seem to indicate haste or carelessness in the making of the book.

Playmates† is the title given by the B. F. Johnson Company to a primary reader which possesses greater continuity than is usual with such texts, and deals in an attractive way with the child's surroundings.

* American Book Company.
† Silver, Burdett and Company.

* Macmillan Company.
† B. F. Johnson Company.



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW YORK CITY.

D. Appleton and Company:

Three Speeds Forward. By Lloyd Osbourne.

Another automobile story written in Mr. Osbourne's pleasing style. The unfortunate circumstance which ostracises the hero from the select "400," the romance which results from a fortunate circumstance, the measures taken to win over the young lady's father, and the happy effect it has are all important parts of a story, whose chief fault is said to be its brevity.

The Little King of Angel's Landing. By Elmore Elliott Peake.

A steamboat explosion causes the separation of the little hero of this tale from his parents. His experiences until a reunion takes place is the story.

A Midsummer Day's Dream. By H. B. Marriott Watson.

The hero of this fanciful tale arrives at Temple Park during an outdoor moonlight rehearsal of Shakespeare's play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* He loses his way and comes upon a slipper which has been dropped. After overcoming many difficulties he identifies the owner and the heroine of the story. Upon this foundation is built a tale of youth, love and romance.

Hearts Triumphant. By Edith Sessions Tupper.

The tangled love affairs of two women and one man form the basis of this story. While the tale is distinctly a romance, both Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton appear as characters.

Thirteen Men. By W. A. Fraser.

A collection of thirteen stories of life in Canada and the East Indies. Some of the titles are: The Turbulents, The Net of Leo, Mahnet, The Capture of Sheitan, The Stealing of the Buddha Pearl, the Home-Coming of the Nakannies, etc.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Mr. Pickwick's Christmas. By Charles Dickens.

"An account of the Pickwickian's Christmas at the Manor Farm, of the adventures there; the tale of the goblin who stole a sexton, and of the famous sports on the ice, as written in the 'Pickwick Papers.'" George Alfred Williams has written an introduction for the book and has made the illustrations in colour and line. The volume presents an attractive appearance.

Power Lot. By Sarah P. McLean Greene.

A story of the seashore, by the author of *Cape Cod Folks.* The book takes its title from a little town on the coast of Nova Scotia; one of the ports from which Captain Jim Turbine, the storyteller, sails his boat. The plot deals with Captain Jim's hopeless love for Mary Stingaree; with Robert Hilton, a rich young man who is brought to Power Lot to cure him of drunkenness; with the reclamation of Hilton, and the part Mary plays in this reclamation; and with the romance which develops.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Voyages and Explorations of Samuel de Champlain. 2 vols. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne.

Samuel de Champlain himself wrote the narration of his voyages and explorations from 1604 to 1616. The translation has been made by Annie Nettleton Bourne. In the work the editor has also included the description of a voyage undertaken in 1603. The volumes are illustrated.

W. F. Brainard:

The Land of To-morrow. By J. Orton Kerbey.

"A newspaper exploration up the Amazon and over the Andes to the California of South America." Mr. Kerbey has given a great deal of information concerning the unknown interiors of South America and the social and intellectual conditions of the unknown regions along the altitudes near the equator in Peru and Bolivia. This information has been gathered while searching for rubber. Directions are furnished for reaching the region, and advice is given as to cost and means of travel. Over fifty illustrations from photographs embellish the book.

F. M. Buckles and Company:

The Duchess of Padue and Salome. By Oscar Wilde.

A new edition of two of Oscar Wilde's works issued uniformly with a previous book containing "Lady Windemere's Fan," "An Ideal Husband," "A Woman of No Importance" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."

The Century Company:

Fairy Stories Retold from St. Nicholas.

Sixteen stories, published in *St. Nicholas* within the last twenty-five years, are included in this volume. The work is well illustrated.

Don: A Dream. By Harvey J. O'Higgins.

"A story of love and youth." A Canadian young man of high ideals, but dreamy and unpractical, is the hero of this tale. The story describes the comedy and tragedy which are enacted in the lives of a youth and the girl he loves who come to New York to earn a living.

Addresses of John Hay.

The title adequately describes the nature of this book. There are twenty-four addresses included and a portrait of John Hay appears as the frontispiece. Some of the titles are: Franklin in France, A Partnership in Beneficence, American Diplomacy, A Festival of Peace, Lincoln's Faith, America's Love of Peace, etc.

Campaigning with Grant. By Horace Porter.

"The object aimed at in this narrative is to recount the daily acts of General Grant in the field, to describe minutely his personal traits and habits, and to explain the motives which actuated him in important crises by giving his criticisms upon events in the language employed by him at the time they took place." The volume is well supplied with illustrations.

Further Fortunes of Pinkey Perkins. By Captain Harold Hammond.

The second volume of Pinkey Perkins's adventures are said to be quite as humorous and natural to a mischievous country lad as the first. George Varian has made a number of illustrations for the book.

The Bible for Young People. Arranged from the King James Version.

Here are told the "sweet and simple stories of the Bible in the Bible language, omitting only genealogies and doctrines, and whatever is generally regarded as unprofitable to young readers. . . . One of the features which will be appreciated is the table of contents, giving the subject of each book and its subdivisions, so that one may readily turn to any Bible story of which he is in search." There are twenty-four full-page illustrations from old masters. The book is a reprint.

A Modern Madonna. By Caroline Abbot Stanley.

A story based upon a law which, until ten years ago, was enforced in the District of Columbia. This law permitted a man to will the custody of his child to whomever he chose. The widow of a man, with whom she was very unhappy, finds that her husband struck his cruelest blow when he willed their baby to his brother. How this affects the mother and her tragical life is the story.

T. Y. Crowell and Company:

The Open Secret of Nazareth. By Bradley Gilman.

The Holy Land is described in letters, written by Dr. Gilman to a friend at home, while visiting in that country. Dr. Gilman travelled in several places, but the greater part of his time was spent in Nazareth. There are a number of illustrations from photographs.

Swinburne's Poems. Selected and edited by Arthur Beatty.

One of the new additions to the "Handy Volume Classics." A portrait of Swinburne is the frontispiece.

Stories from Dickens. By J. Walker McSpadden.

The stories of the best known of Dickens's boys and girls are separated from the big books and are told in this classic. There are Oliver Twist, Little Nell, Little Dorrit, David Copperfield, Paul and Florence Dombey, etc. Several pictures illustrate the volume.

Every Man a King. By Orison Swett Marden.

Dr. Marden in his latest book makes a plea "for the mastery of self and the training of latent forces to the highest ends." Some of the chapters are upon: How Mind Rules the Body, Mastering Our Moods, The Power of Cheerful Thinking, Building Character, How to Control Thought, etc.

Our Old Home. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Hawthorne's English notebook is the basis upon which this work is built. The new edition is praiseworthy from a typographical point of view and contains several half-tones.

The Spirit of Democracy. By Charles F. Dole.

The purpose of this book is to show what real democratic government is. In it the author endeavours to show that the "certain spirit of humanity or good will which all the clearest thinkers are coming to agree is the essential factor in civilisation" is the clew for understanding and working out the experiment of democracy.

Stories from Scottish History. By M. L. Edgar.

These stories are based on Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*. An addition to the Children's "Favourite Classics" series.

Tales from Herodotus. By H. A. Havell.

One of the "Children's Favourite Classics" series. In this small book the youth are made to feel that the "Father of Historians" was a real personage, instead of a mere name. The work is illustrated.

Christmas Making. By J. R. Miller.

A poem, by Phillips Brooks, opens this volume. Then follows an article on Christmas Making, a Christmas Prayer for the Lonely, and a Prayer for Christmas Morning.

Does God Comfort? By One Who Has Greatly Needed to Know.

In this small book an anonymous author tells why the soul was a questioning soul, why it sought God, how it found Him, and what the seeking and finding won for it as its years passed by.

Tannhäuser. By Richard Wagner. Retold by Oliver Huckel.

A companion volume to *Parsifal* and *Lohengrin*, with which it is closely connected. *Tannhäuser* is a parable of the redemptive power of a pure and unselfish love."

American Character. By Brander Matthews.

An essay in answer to a foreign criticism that "the ambition of the American's heart, the passion of his life, is money."

The Personality of God. By Lyman Abbott.

The aim of this little book is to present a compact view concerning the personality of God which Mr. Abbott has for many years expressed in his sermons and writings.

The Challenge of the Spirit. By Ellis A. Ford.

A small book in which the author sends "a message of faith and cheer."

The World's Christmas Tree. By Charles E. Jefferson.

A plea for the true spirit of Christmas is made in this book. Dr. Jefferson urges that each person should hang something upon the tree of "Opportunity" for the benefit of mankind.

Meg and the Others. By Harriet T. Comstock.

A story intended to be of special interest to girls. The heroine, an old-fashioned girl, lived many years ago, and her adventures and experiences are told to some other girls by their grandmother.

Joey at the Fair. By James Otis.

This new story by Mr. Otis, a favourite writer of tales for boys, is one of farm life in New England. Joey's experiences at the county fair, where he has endeavoured to secure first prize for a pet calf, is one of the main features of the story.

The Tenting of the Tillicums. By Herbert Bashford.

The annually increasing popularity of camping insures interest in stories of that life. The campers described in this story are an Indian and four boys. The scenes are laid on the shores of Puget Sound. Their adventures are quite exciting.

All the Year in the Garden. Edited by Esther Matson.

A nature calendar. This is really a year-book with an out-door thought, in either prose or poetry, for every day. Several illustrations add to the pleasure of the book.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Battle of the Weak. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

A loveless marriage and its results are here vividly portrayed. The hero is a wild, untamed youth. He loves and is loved by the wife of the country physician. The bitterness through which all pass before happiness finally comes supplies the story.

Billy Bounce. By W. W. Denslow and Dudley A. Bragdon.

A juvenile. "The theme of the book is Billy's search for and exposure of all those people and things that are popularly used by nurses and some thoughtless parents to frighten the little ones with." The illustrations are by Denslow.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Key of the Blue Closet. By W. Robertson Nicoll.

This collection of articles cover thirty different subjects. Some of these are: The Man with a Cold, One Lights a Candle Called Patience, "Never Chew Your Pills," Swelled Head, Concerning Spectacles, The Art of Packing, Sailing against the Wind, The Key of the Blue Closet, etc.

Brains and Personality. By W. Hanna Thomson.

"The object of this book is to acquaint the general reader with the remarkable discoveries of modern physiological science of the specific relations of certain areas on the surface of the brain to special mental functions. One of the first results of these discoveries is to impart an entirely new aspect to the important subject of Education."

Emma, Lady Hamilton. By Walter Sichel.

The many new manuscripts which have passed into the national collection

during the last two decades and the new and important evidence now existing have cast new lights upon the character of Lady Hamilton, upon the whole story of her life, and upon the history of Naples. In Mr. Sichel's book he has included the new material, an appendix of notes, new letters, and a frontispiece of his subject taken from an original sepia study. There are a number of illustrations in the work.

Through Five Republics of South America. By Percy F. Martin.

A critical description of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay and Venezuela in 1905. The author states the object of his book as twofold. "First, I believe it is timely, in view of the enormous advances made by the South American Republics of late years, and the amount of British capital invested therein. Secondly, I have in my journalistic capacity been enabled to gather much information of value, which I have found no opportunity for utilising in the newspapers I have represented, but which, accompanied by illustrations and somewhat fuller descriptions, should be acceptable as a critical account of the countries visited." The work is embellished by one hundred and twenty-eight illustrations and three maps.

Charles Dickens. By G. K. Chesterton.

A critical study of Dickens, intended "as a general justification of that author, and of the whole of the gigantesque English humour of which he was the last and not the least gigantic survival." Each of the novels are treated in turn and a general estimate of the influence of Dickens given.

A Little Girl in Old Quebec. By Amanda M. Douglas.

The eleventh of the "Little Girl" series. The life and customs of the inhabitants of this quaint French city are interwoven into the tale, which ends in a romance.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Burglars' Club. By Henry A. Hering.

In order to gain admission to the "Burglars' Club" a daring burglary must be successfully accomplished. The doings of this club are chronicled in the twelve short stories included in the volume. There are sixteen illustrations by F. H. Townsend.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Witch's Gold. By Hamlin Garland.

A new and amplified edition of an old story, *The Spirit of Sweet-water*. The moral development of a man who has come into possession of great wealth is the theme of the tale. W. L. Taylor has supplied the illustrations and H. A. Linnell the coloured decorations.

Songs Every Child Should Know. Edited by Dolores Bacon.

"A selection of the best songs of all nations for young people." The songs included do not all have a technical musical value—some are a reflection of a time or period in the musical development of a nation; others have been included because they have qualities which have resulted in popularity. The air and several verses are given to each selection.

Dixie, After the War. By Myrta Lockett Avary.

"An exposition of social conditions existing in the South during the twelve years succeeding the fall of Richmond." The race problem and other problems are presented by a Southern woman who had many opportunities for obtaining valuable information. Mrs. Avary has recently taken a tour through several of the Southern States for the purpose of gathering fresh data and substantiating information already possessed.

The Cynic's Word Book. By Ambrose Bierce.

A number of words beginning with the letters of the alphabet between A-L are here defined by the "Cynic." For instance: *Diplomacy* is "The patriotic art of lying for one's country." *Liar*, "A lawyer with a roving commission." *Impostor*, "A rival aspirant to public honours."

Duffield and Company:

Mother Goose: Her Book. With Pictures by Harry L. Smith.

Juvenile. The Mother Goose rhymes are here published in an attractive edition. There are several full-page coloured pictures.

Little Nemo in Slumberland. By Winsor McCay.

Juvenile. The readers of the comic section of the New York *Herald* need no introduction to Little Nemo. Each page of the book, by a series of several pictures, tells a story.

The Jessamy Bride. By Frankfort Moore.

A gift-book edition of a pretty story published ten years ago. C. Allan Gilbert has made six full-page illustrations in colour for the volume.

Chinatown Ballads. By Wallace Irwin.

The customs and artifices of the Chinese in America are portrayed in the seven humorous poems in this collection. They are written in dialect.

On Reading. By George Brandes.

An essay in which the author discusses the pleasure to be found in books. The article first appeared in *The International Quarterly.*

Misrepresentative Women. By Harry Graham.

A companion volume to *Misrepresentative Men* and *More Misrepresentative Men.* Among those whom the author hits are: Eve, Marie Corelli, Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Christopher Columbus, Dame Rumour, etc. Dan Sayre Groesbeck has made the characteristic drawings.

Pride and Prejudice. By Mrs. Steele MacKaye.

With Jane Austen's novel as a foundation the widow of a well-known theatrical manager and the author of *Hazel Kirke* has produced a four-act comedy.

At the Sign of the Sphinx. By Carolyn Wells.

A collection of charades in verse. There is an appendix giving answers to the one hundred and twenty puzzles.

Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth. By George Brandes.

This book is precisely what the title indicates. Many interesting experiences are scattered throughout the life of this well-known Scandinavian and his friendship for Ibsen is a strong feature.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

A Manual of Common Butterflies and Moths of America and Europe. Prepared under the supervision of William Beutenmüller.

A Manual of Common American and European Insects. Prepared under the supervision of William Beutenmüller.

In the first book there are one hundred and fourteen reproductions, and in the second one hundred and forty-seven, presented in the natural colours with both common and scientific names.

A New Appraisal of Christian Science. By Joseph Dunn Burrell.

This little book gives the facts generally known about Mrs. Eddy. While the work is hostile to the faith, it is said to be a calm and reasoned review of its origin and growth.

The Grafton Press:

Historic Hadley. By Alice Morehouse Walker.

"A story of the making of a famous Massachusetts town." The tale has for its basis town records, every available historical document and familiar traditions. The work is well illustrated.

Harper and Brothers:

The Gentleman Ragman. By Wilbur Nesbit.

"Johnny Thompson's story of the emigger." The story of a typical inland village is told from a boy's point of view. The tale abounds in humour and introduces the reader to several interesting characters; among them are the country editor, the village poetess and Squire Miller.

Ann Boyd. By Will N. Harben.

The farmer folk of the South again take a prominent part in Mr. Harben's latest book. The heroine, who finds herself without a friend, whose husband even has turned against her, wins back power, position and a united home by sheer force of will.

Selected Lyrical Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

In addition to the verse first published in the collection, "Poems and Ballads," many others of Swinburne's early and later lyrics are included in this volume, to which the poet is indebted for his fame. There are seventy-five selections in all.

Buchanan's Wife. By Justus Miles Forman.

Mr. Forman, whose romances have usually been laid in France, has changed the scenes of the present story to the American stage. The plot turns on a loveless marriage, into which the heroine is forced in order to give financial assistance to her family. Buchanan cruelly insists that the former lover of his wife shall visit them, and then tortures her before him. The strange disappearance of Buchanan, the finding of a body, the marriage of Beatrix to her former lover and its tragic results are parts of the story.

The Crystal Sceptre. By Philip Verrill Mighels.

In Mr. Mighels's latest story the hero has been stranded on an unknown island as the result of an accident while on a balloon trip. His adventures on this island, the inhabitants and the difficulties he has to return to civilisation are told in a manner to interest boys.

The Aristocracy of Health. By Mary Foote Henderson.

A practical "study of the science of health through hygiene, and teaches people how to be strong, self-reliant, successful, long-lived and happy." Considerable space is given to the correct diet, and common drugs and stimulants are discussed with an explanation of their effects upon the system and

the liability to different diseases as affected by their use.

Henry Holt and Company:

Audrey Craven. By May Sinclair.

The success attained by *The Divine Fire* has caused several of Miss Sinclair's earlier works to be republished. *Audrey Craven* is one of these.

The Young Folks Cyclopædia of Persons and Places. By John Denison Champlin.

A new edition of a work published over a quarter of a century ago brought down to date. More than five hundred new articles upon persons and places which have become prominent of late years have been added.

Ancient Law. By Sir Henry Sumner Maine.

The fourth American edition of *Ancient Law,* its connection with the early history of society and its relation to modern ideas. Sir Frederick Pollock has added an introduction and explanatory notes.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Historia Amoris. By Edgar Saltus.

"A history of love, ancient and modern." The book is divided into two parts. Part I., which deals with ancient love, describes love as presented by Isthar, by Sappho in "the initial love tragedy of the Occident," by Aspasia, by Antony and Cleopatra, etc. Part II., modern love, is described in The Pursuivants of Love, Love in the Seventeenth Century, Love in the Eighteenth Century, The Parliaments of Joy, etc.

John Lane Company:

Stray Leaves. By Herbert Paul.

A series of essays on Bishop Creighton, George Eliot, The Study of Greek, The Novels of Peacock, The Religion of the Greeks, Bishops and Historians, Horæ Subscivæ, Charles Lamb, The Author of *Ionica,* Winston Churchill's *Life of Lord Churchill.*

Night and Morning. By Katrina Trask.

The beatitude of Love and Life is the argument of this story, told in verse. The work is divided into two parts, Night and Morning.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

My Impressions of America. By Charles Wagner.

No pretensions are made by the author at saying anything new about America in this book. He claims it to be "merely an echo of impressions gathered in their midst by a guest to whom they gave such a welcome as few men have ever received." Mary Louise Hendee has made the translation.

A Good Samaritan. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

Breezy. By J. George Frederick.

The Pets. By B. Henry Wallace Phillips.

These humorous stories are issued in the "Comic Masterpieces" series, of which *Pigs is Pigs* was the first volume. The first tells the adventures of a genially intoxicated youth and his young ministerial friend, who sees him to his home. The success of a young clerk in a grocery store is the theme of the second. The third is a laughable tale of some unruly birds, animals, and reptiles, which are termed "pets."

The Pettison Twins. By Marion Hill.

Nine humorous stories about the Pettison Twins are told in this volume. While the stories are about children, they are intended for adult readers. F. Y. Cory has supplied a number of characteristic illustrations.

A Sailor of Fortune. By Albert Bigelow Paine.

That Captain Osbon, the hero of this tale, was a man of adventure will be seen by reading his reminiscences of the wars against the pirates of China, of his relations with King Edward VII., of the parts he took at Fort Sumter and with Farragut in the Civil War, of his position as Admiral in the Mexican Navy, and of his experiences in the late Spanish War.

The Macmillan Company:

Poems. By Coventry Patmore.

An introduction by Basil Champneys has been added to this reprint. A copy of what is considered Coventry Patmore's best photograph is given as the frontispiece. The volume contains all of the poet's verse.

A Book of the Rhine. By S. Baring Gould.

This book is not designed to be used as a guide book; its purpose is, rather, to enable the traveller to understand the meaning of what he sees, and how things came to be as they are now seen. There are no detailed histories of the towns and territories, but sufficient data to give a good idea of the past. The volume contains many illustrations.

The Nature of Capital and Income. By Irving Fisher.

"This book is an attempt to put on a rational foundation the concepts and fundamental theorems of capital and income. It therefore forms a sort of philosophy of economics accounting, and, it is hoped, may supply a link long missing between the ideas and usages

underlying practical business transactions and the theories of abstract economics. . . . The aim has been to preserve a definite sequence by which each step prepares the way for those which follow."

Edward Young in Germany. By John Louis Kind.

In this monograph the author has endeavoured "to record more fully than has hitherto been attempted the history of German interest in the works of Edward Young, and to trace in detail the influence which they have had upon German literature." This paper-covered volume is number three in the second volume of Columbia University Germanic Studies.

A Book of English Gardens. By M. R. Gloag.

Three articles on gardens in general and thirteen particular gardens comprise this volume. Some of the gardens of which a description is given are Abbotsbury, Dorsetshire; Beckett, Berkshire; Ham House, Surrey; Sutton Place, Surrey; Brownsea Island, Dorsetshire, etc. The volume is well illustrated by Katharine Montagu Wyatt.

A History of the Inquisition of Spain. 4 vols. Vol. II. By Henry Charles Lea.

The second volume of this work deals with the Jurisdiction, Organisation, Resources and Practice of the Spanish Inquisition. Under the first sub-head, Heresy, The Regular Orders, Bishops, The Edict of Faith, and Appeals to Rome are discussed; The Inquisitor-General and Supreme Council, The Tribunal, Unsalaried Officials, and Limpieza are discussed under the second; the third subject deals with Confiscation, Fines and Penances, Dispensations, Benefices, and Finances; while "Practice" covers the Edict of Grace, The Inquisitorial Process, Arrest and Sequestration, The Secret Prison, Evidence, and Confession.

The Railway Children. By E. Nesbit.

A tale of adventure for young readers. The story is said to differ from the fanciful tales with which the author has been wont to delight children.

A Sailor's Garland. Selected and edited by John Masefield.

A glance at the title is sufficient for the prospective reader to be assured that only poems which relate to the sea in some way are to be found in this collection. There are verses of sailors and of life at sea, those which illustrate our sea history, poems of mermaids and spirits of the sea, poems of pirates and smugglers, etc.

Merrylips. By Beulah Marie Dix.

A little girl who is compelled to masquerade as a boy and take part in battles is the heroine of this story for young readers. Her exciting adventures make a very interesting story.

A Wanderer in London. By E. V. Lucas.

Mr. Lucas takes the reader through London, describing the many places of interest, such as the Apsley House, Piccadilly, the Devonshire House, Berkley Street, Leicester Square, Trafalgar Square, the National Gallery, the Strand and Covent Garden, St. Paul's, the Tower, British Museum, Westminster, etc. There are sixteen illustrations in colour and three dozens in monotone.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Jefferson, Cabell, and the University of Virginia. By John S. Patton.

Mr. Patton presents a light of the ex-President which is not generally known. The history of the University of Virginia, which is the result of a great effort on the part of Jefferson and Cabell, is brought down to date. This history necessarily deals with many prominent men of affairs.

Lyrics of Love. By H. R. R. Hertzberg.

A collection of sixty-five poems, many of which have previously appeared in daily newspapers.

James Pott and Company:

Where Shakespeare Set His Stage. By Elise Lathrop.

The author makes no attempt to criticise the twelve plays selected for this work. She does attempt to discover, where possible, "the exact period at which the action of the drama might have taken place, or when this is not possible, the anchronisms which prevent it have been mentioned and considered." Considerable care has been given to the reliability of dates. The plays discussed are *Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet, The Taming of the Shrew, The Merchant of Venice, Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.* The volume is handsomely bound and illustrated.

Some Literary Eccentrics. By John Fyvie.

In his prefatory note the author says that the eleven "Literary Eccentrics" here presented range from "just that spice of singularity which raises a man above the commonplace to an excess of morbidity, which places him on the border-line of insanity." The eleven are Thomas Amory, Thomas Day, William Beckford, William Savage Landor, William Hazlitt, Henry Crabb Robinson, Charles Babbage, Douglas Jerrold, George Wither, James I., and Sir John Mandeville. There are ten illustrations.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

Makers of English Poetry. By W. J. Dawson.

Makers of English Prose. By W. J. Dawson.

These two volumes complete the trilogy, the first of which, *The Makers of English Fiction,* was published about a year ago. The author gives the aim of his work as an attempt "to put before the reader in a compact form what can be said of the character and worth of writers who have made English literature glorious. The estimate may be imperfect, the verdict may be wrong; but it will be honestly given, as far as the knowledge and conviction of the writer are concerned; to which it is only necessary to add that every wise reader will reconsider the verdict for himself, and will, as far as his opportunities allow, avail himself of those legitimate sources of information on which any estimate of any writer must be based."

S. H. Hadley of Water Street. By J. Wilbur Chapman.

A companion and succeeding volume to *Down in Water Street.* The names of Water Street Mission and Jerry McAuley's Mission are familiar to almost every one who knows anything about New York City. In writing the life of S. H. Hadley, the story of the Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission is continued from Jerry McAuley to the present time. Seventeen illustrations add much to the book.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Works of George Meredith. 8 vols.

The last eight volumes in the Pocket Edition of George Meredith's works. The titles are *One of Our Conquerors, The Tragic Comedians, Evan Harrington, The Shaving of Shagpat, The Amazing Marriage; Lord Ormont and His Aminta, Short Stories* and *Poems.*

Two-Legs. By Carl Ewald.

This parable, which Alexander Teixeira de Mattos has translated from the Danish, tells the fanciful story of the various stages of man's conquest of the animal kingdom and of his translation from a state of savagery to civilisation.

The Perfect Tribute. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

An appreciation of Abraham Lincoln, interwoven in which is a pathetic little tale.

The Distractions of Martha. By Marion Harland.

As Martha, the heroine of this tale, begins her married life, she follows closely a set of theoretical rules gathered from various so-called authentic sources. These rules do not prove practical at all times, and while Martha scores a few triumphs, her failures predominate, until she discards new-fangled notions and takes pattern after her ancestors.

A Whimsey Anthology. Collected by Carolyn Wells.

"It is whimseys of manner, not matter, that are offered in this collection." The verses are arranged under the following headings: Logical Whimseys, Shaped Whimseys, Alphabetical Whimseys, Typographical Whimseys, Lipograms, Alliterative Whimseys, Acrostics, Enigmas and Charades, Anagrams, Palindromes, Mnemonics, Catalogue Whimseys, Tongue Twisters, Monorhymes, Interior Rhymes, etc.

The Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales. By Louise Seymour Houghton.

The folk-lore stories of Russia, clothed in simple language and set in a slight background of peasant life of portions of the southern part of that country as it exists to-day are here told. The forty or more stories are illustrated by W. T. Benda.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Wild Flower Book for Young People. By Alice Lounsberry.

In the language of a little girl, and with all botanical terms and difficult words omitted, is told the story of the wild flowers she sees while living in the country. While the book is designed especially for young people, readers of mature years may learn much from its pages. There are seventy-seven full-page illustrations in the work.

The Cattle-Baron's Daughter. By Harold Bindloss.

The strife between the herdsmen and the homesteaders for the possession of the plains is the basis of this exciting story. The principals are Hetty Torrance, who is loyal to her cattle-owning father; Larry Grant, the leader of the homestead boys; and Flo Schuyler, who plays an important part.

Benjamin R. Tucker:

Carlotta Cortina. By Francis du Bosque.

A story reprinted in pamphlet form.

Thomas Whittaker:

Briefs for Our Times. By Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.

A series of short essays on various religious subjects. A short text prefaces each sermon.

BOSTON, MASS.

Ginn and Company:

Stories from Famous Ballads. By Grace Greenwood.

These stories are edited by Caroline Burnite and reprinted in the hope that girls may appreciate their simplicity and beauty and be led to read the romantic ballads in their original poetic form. There are nine stories, each one of which is illustrated.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

A Borrowed Sister. By Eliza Orne White.

A book in which little girls will find entertainment. The story is illustrated by Katherine Pyle.

American Hero Stories. 1492-1865. By Eva March Tappan.

"This volume contains five accounts of voyages and explorers, ranging from Columbus to Lewis and Clark; stories of five colonies of marked dissimilarity—Virginia, Quebec, Plymouth, New York, and Philadelphia; brief lives of four prisoners of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and fifteen short stories of war times." There are many illustrations.

Charles Godfrey Leland. 2 vols. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

This biography of Hans Breitmann, as Leland was commonly called, contains many letters and anecdotes. To Mrs. Pennell, his niece, he left all his papers, letters and manuscripts. These have enabled her to write a valuable memoir. Mention is made of a large number of well-known people, among whom are Robert Browning, Lord Houghton, Jean Ingelow, Walter Besant, Washington Irving, Bulwer Lytton, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Dickens, etc. The volumes are copiously illustrated.

John Gilpin. By William Cowper.

A reprint of Cowper's well-known poem, embellished with thirty-two original wood-cut engravings by Robert Seaver.

Snow-Bound. By John Greenleaf Whittier.

This charming winter classic is published in an elaborate holiday attire. Howard Pyle, John J. Enneking, and Edmund H. Garrett have supplied the drawings, Herbert W. Gleason the photographs and Adrian J. Iorio the decorations.

Little, Brown and Company:

Playtime. By Clara Murray.

A book for very small children, designed to serve as a primer. The illustrations are in colour.

Long Ago in Greece. By Edmund J. Carpenter.

"A book of golden hours with the old story-tellers." Twenty classic tales are retold in such a way as to interest young readers. Among the titles are The Battle of the Frogs and Mice, adapted from Homer; A Celestial Runaway, adapted from Ovid; Hero and Leander, adapted from Musæus; Narcissus and His Shadow, adapted from Ovid; Cupid and Psyche, adapted from Apuleius, etc. The work is illustrated.

Lyrical Poems of Robert Browning. By A. J. George.

In this collection the author has included those poems which "reveal the principles which formed the mind and fashioned the art of this great teacher in his happiest moments and highest ideals." The poems are arranged in chronological order, and are supplied with biographical and literary notes.

Pelham and His Friend Tim. By Allen French.

A book for boys. Pelham and his friend Tim have some very exciting adventures as the result of a mill strike. There are five illustrations.

Blackie: His Friends and His Enemies. By Madge A. Bigham.

"A book of old fables in new dresses." Blackie is a rat, and his friends and enemies include cats, grasshoppers, frogs, ants, birds, goats, a fox, an elephant, a monkey, a lion, fish, etc. Clara E. Atwood has illustrated the book.

Roberta and Her Brothers. By Alice Ward Bailey.

A young girl, who endeavours to take a mother's place in the lives of her brothers, and who has their interests at heart more than her own, is the delightful heroine of this story. Dancing, baseball and the sports of youth enter into the tale.

In Eastern Wonderlands. By Charlotte Chaffee Gibson.

A visit to the Orient inspired this book. The trip was taken by three children and their parents. Among the places described are Honolulu, Tokio, Kioto, China, Ceylon, India, the Himalaya Mountains, Benares, Delhi, Bombay, Egypt, etc. The volume is illustrated from photographs.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The Camp on Letter K. By Clarence B. Burleigh.

Two boys who camp in Aroostook County, where smuggling, across the Canadian line has been prevalent, are the heroes of Mr. Burleigh's story, which is the first in the "Raymond Ben-

son" series. A public service which the boys render, involving the leading smugglers of the district, is an important feature.

When I Was a Boy in Japan. By Sakao Shioya.

In this book the author has endeavoured to give an interesting account of his life from infancy to about fourteen years of age. In telling the story of his boyhood, which he has assumed to be a typical one, he has given a picture of the customs and the spirit of Japan.

Jimmie Suter. By Martha James.

The first volume in the "Pigeon Camp" series. This book for boys tells of an interesting friendship between Jimmie Suter, a poor boy, and Rand Cotter, the son of a rich man.

Dave Porter in the South Seas. By Edward Stratemeyer.

The young readers who last year enjoyed *Dave Porter at Oak Hall* will now be glad to go with him on a long trip to the South Seas. The many adventures with which he and his two school chums meet will be found very entertaining.

Two Cadets with Washington. By W. O. Stoddard.

In the first volume of the "Revolutionary" series a drummer-boy and a fifer were taken through the battle of Bunker Hill. This second tale tells how the drummer-boy rises to be a cadet, becomes the friend of James Monroe, and how they serve under Washington.

Little Miss Rosamond. By Nina Rhoades.

Little girls will be interested in Rosamond's visit to the seaside home of her uncle. Bertha G. Davidson has illustrated the story.

Five Little Peppers and How They Grew. By Margaret Sidney.

A book which has been popular with young people for years is here presented in holiday attire. Herman Heyer has made the illustrations in colour.

With Mask and Mitt. By A. T. Dudley.

As may be easily imagined from the title, baseball is a prominent feature of this story. There is in the tale a combination of athletic science, fun, and character-building.

Four Boys in the Yellowstone. By E. T. Tomlinson.

The tour which four boys, who have formed a close friendship in a New England preparatory school, take in a private car to Yellowstone Park is the foundation upon which Mr. Tomlinson has laid his latest story for boys. This tale begins the "Our Own Land" series.

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

Perkins of Portland. By Ellis Parker Butler.

A collection of eight short stories, the hero in all being "Perkins the Great." The first tale gives the book its title. Others are The Adventure of Mr. Silas Boggs, The Adventure of the Lame and the Halt, The Adventure in Automobiles, The Adventure of the Poet, The Adventure of the Princess of Pilliwink.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Laird and Lee:

Diary and Time-Saver for 1907.

In addition to being serviceable as a diary, this small book contains many useful bits of information, such as moon changes, statistics, maps, course of treatment in case of emergencies, etc.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Day's Journey. By Netta Syrett.

A tale of jealousy, suspicion, misunderstanding, separation, and eventually reunion. The hero, a man who feels that his talent for literary work is being thwarted at home, leaves his wife and forms a friendship for a beautiful girl. During the separation the wife writes a book which meets with wonderful success. This book is the means of awakening the husband to his sense of duty, and he returns to his wife, who receives him, but on such terms as to teach him a lesson in humility.

A Hundred Years Hence. By T. Baron Russell.

This book was at first intended "to be no more than an attempt to foresee the probable trend of mechanical invention and scientific discovery during the present century. But as the work took shape it was seen to involve a certain amount of what may be called moral conjecture, since the material progress of the new age could not very well be imagined without taking into account its mental characteristics. In these expectations of an optimist a great ethical improvement of the civilised human race has been anticipated, and a rate of progress foreseen which perhaps no previous writers have looked for." The foregoing quotation from the title-page gives a general idea of the scope of the work.

McDonald of Oregon. By Eva Emery Dye.

A tale of two shores. The story of Ranald McDonald, written at his request, is based on personal statements and letters of McDonald and other old

Hudson Bay men, on the record of voyages of the *Morrison* and *Himmaleh*, on government reports and depositions, on various papers now in the hands of Canadian historical societies, on Perry documents and reports of American and European statesmen, and on newspaper and other references to him. The book is illustrated.

Gems of Wisdom for Every Day. Selected by H. B. Metcalf.

A cloth-covered book, printed in two colours. For every day in the year there is a short quotation from some well-known source.

Kakemono. By A. Herbage Edwards.

By giving the sub-heads of these sketches of Japan and Japanese life one can obtain a good idea of the scope of this work. They are The Faith of Japan, Lord Fuji, The Art of the Nation, Scenes in Rain and Sunshine, The Land of the Gods, and The Heart of the People.

William of Orange. By George P. Upton.

Gudrun. By George P. Upton.

The Nibelungs. By George P. Upton.

Barbarossa. By George P. Upton.

Four additional volumes in the series known as "Life Stories for Young People." There are now twelve volumes in the series. Each book has a frontispiece.

The Renewal of Life. By Margaret W. Morley.

Advice is here given as to how and when the facts of the origin of life should be told to the young. The volume is illustrated.

The Public Publishing Company:

The Confessions of a Monopolist. By Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D.

This story of "getting something for nothing explains the lust for franchises, mining rights, tariff privileges, railway control, tax evasions. All these things mean monopoly, and all monopoly is bottomed on legislation."

Syndicate Publishing Company:

Cæsar's Column. By Ignatius Donnelly.

A paper-covered edition of a "story of the future," written a number of years ago.

American Baptist Publication Society:

The Promotion. By John M. Dean.

A story of the Philippine War. This tale is a departure from previous work by the author, who has hitherto written stories of a religious nature.

The Self-Effacement of Malachi Joseph. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

In the belief that there is as much love and hatred in the country as in the city, the author attempts the presentation of certain conditions that hold in the life of the more remote villages.

Lectures on Homiletics. By Henry C. Graves.

A series of lectures on various phases of homiletics, such as Discipline, Texts and Themes, The Literary Character of the Sermon, The Delivery of the Sermon, Preaching and Worship, etc.

The Egerton Press:

The Name of William Shakespeare. By John Louis Haney.

A study in orthography. The aim of this work is "to present in convenient form the principal facts that have been elicited concerning the origin and etymology of the name and the vicissitudes" of the orthography of the name of this poet.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

The American Jewish Year-Book—5667. Edited by Henrietta Szold.

The central feature of this year's book, which, according to our reckoning, covers the time between September 20, 1906, and September 8, 1907, is the table of massacres of Jews in Russia. The recording of Jewish activities in the United States each year is the purpose of the books. Two new lists have been included this year—a record of the works produced by Jewish artists in the United States during the current year, and an enumeration of notable articles which have appeared in the Jewish press since last August, together with articles of Jewish interest in the secular mediums.

Stories and Pictures. By Isaac Loeb Perez.

A story of the common Jewish people in their own dialect, translated by Helena Frank. In the numerous tales which are told in this volume the author is said to take up the cause of his heroes and plead it for them, as well as to picture life as it really is.

The John C. Winston Company:

The "Bishop" of Cottontown. By John Trotwood Moore.

A vivid picture of child labour in Southern factories is given in this book. The "Bishop" is the name given to the spiritual adviser of Cottontown, although the man holds no church office. There are a number of romances, and although there is much trouble throughout the story, the ending is a happy one.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Guarded Flame. Maxwell. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Leader. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Sands of Pleasure. Young. (Estes.) $1.50.
6. The Spirit of Bambatse. Haggard. (Longman.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN,

Second List.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 75c.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. In Cure of Her Soul. Stimson. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Pretty Ways of Providence. Pearse. (Jennings & Graham.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Throwback. Lewis. (Outing.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. A Tracer of Lost Persons. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
6. De Profundis. Wilde. (Putnam.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard the Brazen. Brady and Peple. (Moffatt, Yard & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Girl from Tim's Place. Munn. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Power Lot. Greene. (Baker & Taylor Co.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Leader. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Prisoners. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 75c.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (Musson Book Co.) 50c.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
3. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (William Briggs.) $1.25.
4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Musson Book Co.) $1.25.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Poole Publishing Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Dixie After the War. Avary. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $2.75.
6. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book	standing	1st	on any	list	receives 10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50	302
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	222
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribners.) $1.50	188
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50	176
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	142
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	84

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

From Page's List

A Unique Volume of Travel

A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan

By MRS. ADAMS FISHER

With frontispiece in color and 32 reproductions in duogravure from original photographs, boxed, $2.50.

The author's experiences were uncommon and most varied and interesting. She went into the remotest districts of Japan to study the habits of the people, their quaint customs and the conditions of their life.

Rambles on the Riviera

By FRANCIS MILTOUN

Author of "Rambles in Normandy," etc., etc.

With frontispiece in color, and 32 full-page plates, cover design and many decorations from drawings by BLANCHE MCMANUS, boxed, $2.50.

In all the world there is no more delightful and romantic a region.

THE BEST BOOK

"I believe this to be the strongest and best novel Professor Roberts has yet written."—EDWIN L. SHUMAN, in *Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE HEART THAT KNOWS

BY

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," "Barbara Ladd," "Red Fox," etc., etc. $1.50.

"Seldom may we read a novel of such singularly effective strength, so luminous with literary color, so rich in its passionate yet tender drama."—*N. Y. Globe.*

"One of the notable novels of an exceptional year."—*Phila. Inquirer.*

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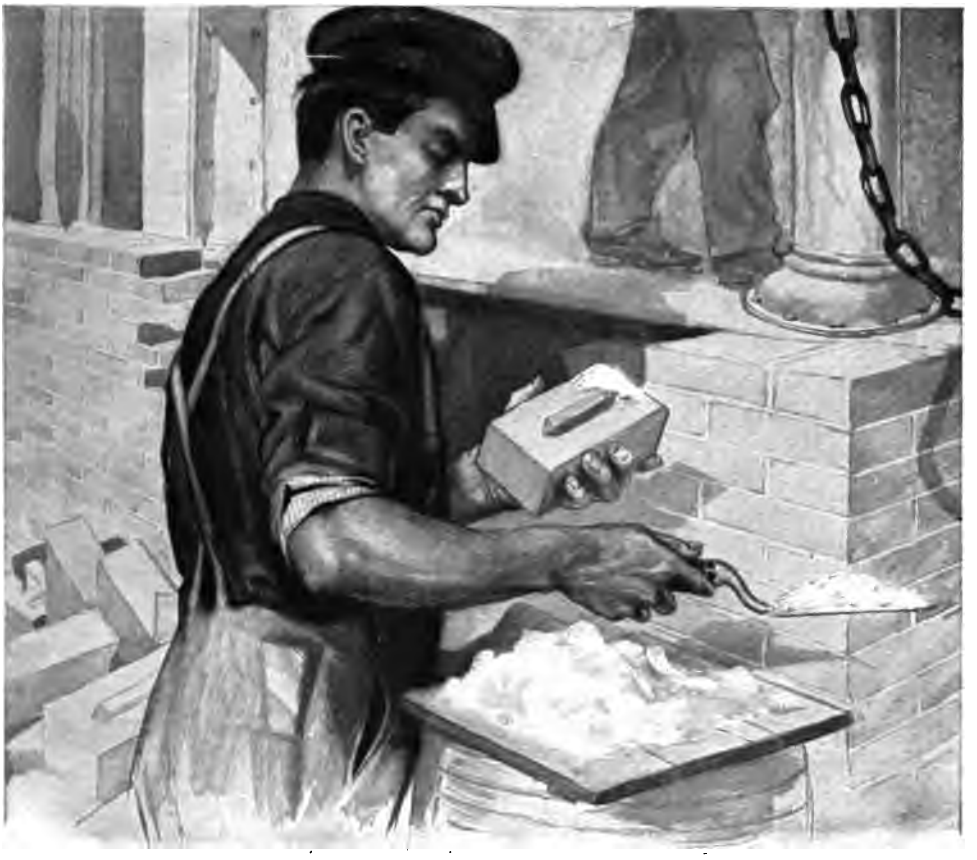


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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The Christmas Scribner is extraordinarily rich in the interest of its Literary Contents, and as usual the illustrations include many Beautiful Drawings in Black and White and some remarkable Reproductions in Colors of paintings dealing with early Irish history by Henry McCarter, with an accompanying explanatory text by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the foremost Irish scholar.

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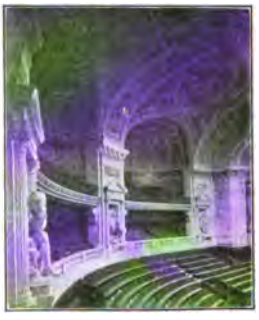
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GENERAL E. P. ALEXANDER, one of the few surviving Confederate generals, West Point graduate and Chief of Artillery under General Lee, will contribute several papers dealing with great battles of the War. While frankly written from the military point of view, they will have the strong personal interest that attaches to the impressions of a famous soldier who himself took an active part in the campaigns.

SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL ASPECTS OF MODERN FRANCE

PROFESSOR BARRETT WENDELL of Harvard, the American professor who, under an international arrangement recently made, gave the first series of lectures at the Sorbonne and in many of the colleges of France, will contribute a series of brilliant impressions of French life and society. These papers will give a broad and at the same time a very personal view of both the intellectual and social aspects of modern France.



THE GRAND AMPHITHEATRE OF THE SORBONNE



T. F. MILLARD

A FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT IN THE FAR EAST

THOMAS F. MILLARD, the famous war correspondent, is now in the Far East for the Magazine and will contribute further articles dealing with important movements and questions of today.

His papers that have appeared in the Magazine have been characterized by soundness of view and a notably clear presentation of essential facts.

FRENCH COUNTRY LIFE DESCRIBED BY MADAME WADDINGTON

MADAME WADDINGTON will write some sketches of country and home life in modern France, presenting an aspect of the French people not generally known except to the few who have been fortunate enough to dwell beyond the glamour of Paris.



BRANGWYN

THE CHASE OF THE OLD SPANISH TREASURE SHIPS

An article of especially picturesque interest will be one on "THE SPANISH GALLEON" by JOHN C. FITZPATRICK, dealing with the famous Spanish treasure boats that offered such rich prizes for the English adventurers of Elizabeth's time and later, and made prey for the notorious buccaneers associated with the old "Spanish Main."

The illustrations for this article have been made by Frank Brangwyn, the famous English artist, whose work has already appeared in the Magazine.

THE REMARKABLE VOYAGE OF THE DRYDOCK "DEWEY"

One of the most interesting peaceful naval undertakings in the history of the United States was the towing of the great drydock "Dewey" to Manila. W. J. AYLWARD, the artist, accompanied the "Dewey" for the Magazine. He has written the story of his unique experiences and accompanies it with a number of most remarkable pictures.



AYLWARD

THE CATHEDRAL

C. GRANT LA FARGE, one of the architects of the great cathedral of St. John The Divine now building on Morningside Heights, New York City, will describe that remarkable building and at the same time deal with the cathedral as a monumental and historical type of ecclesiastical structure.

SHORT STORIES

THE MAGAZINE WILL HAVE DURING THE YEAR A NUMBER OF VERY NOTABLE SHORT STORIES.

Among the contributors will be RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH, JOHN FOX, JR., THOMAS NELSON PAGE, F. HOPKINSON SMITH, JAMES B. CONNOLLY, NELSON LLOYD, HENRY B. FULLER (who will contribute several humorous studies of character in European travel), MARY R. S. ANDREWS, HARRISON ROBERTSON, MARGARET SHERWOOD, JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS, CARTER GOODLOE, KATHERINE HOLLAND BROWN, W. L. ALDEN, FRANCIS LYNDE, W. S. MOODY (who will contribute further stories of the collector hobby like "Buying a Sideboard" and "The Pickwick Ladle"), and many others.



YOHN KIMBALL TAYLOR RACKHAM FISHER

ART AND ARTISTS

While Scribner's Magazine has not deemed it the best policy to make exclusive contracts with artists, it has yet had each year practically the entire output of a number of the most famous illustrators. The Art Department has at the same time been left free to secure the work of many of the younger men who have, from time to time, shown unusual ability, and the result has been to sustain the Magazine's reputation for the appreciation and development of original artistic talent. A London paper recently said of Scribner's Magazine: "It is always a model of what should be done in the way of illustration."

Among the illustrators whose work will appear in Scribner's Magazine for 1907 will be found: FRANK BRANGWYN, ARTHUR RACKHAM, RENÉ REINICKE, A. I. KELLER, F. C. YOHN, WALTER APPLETON CLARK, N. C. WYETH, ALONZO KIMBALL, FRANK CRAIG, F. WALTER TAYLOR, GEORGE WRIGHT, F. E. SCHOONOVER, STANLEY M. ARTHURS, WILLIAM J. AYLWARD, EDWARD PENFIELD, JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, MAY WILSON PRESTON, OLIVE RUSH, FRANK B. MASTERS, HENRY MCCARTER, WALTER JACK DUNCAN, PHILIP R. GOODWIN, ROLLIN GEORGE KIRBY, HARRISON FISHER, and many others.

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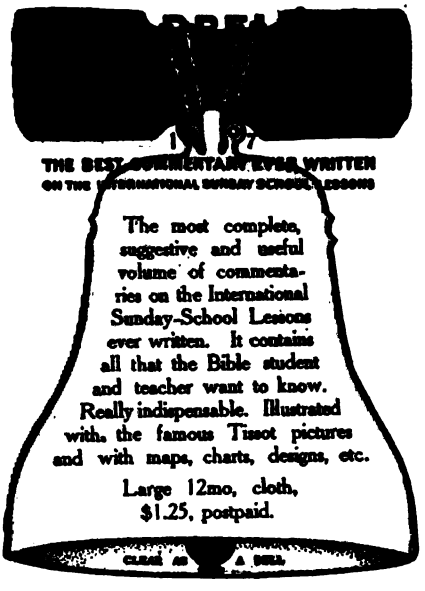
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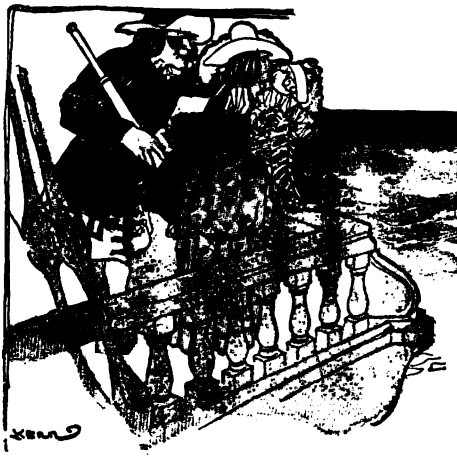
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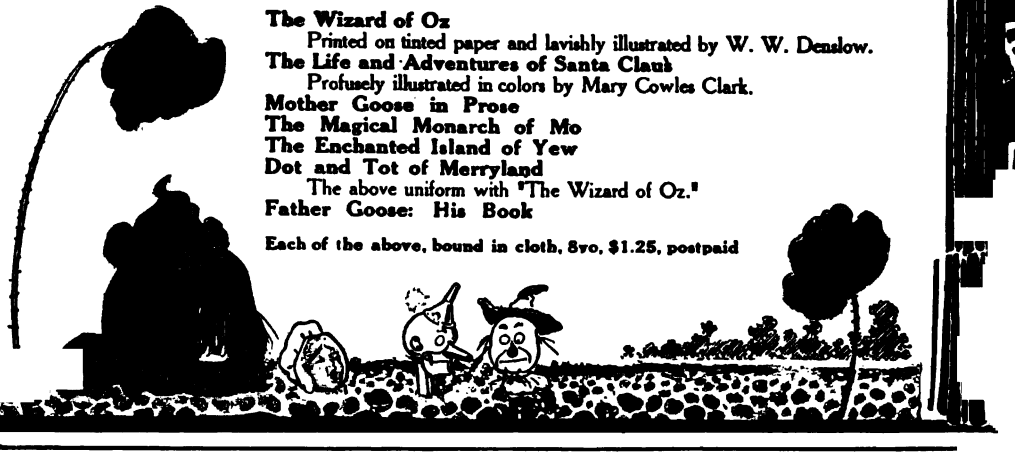
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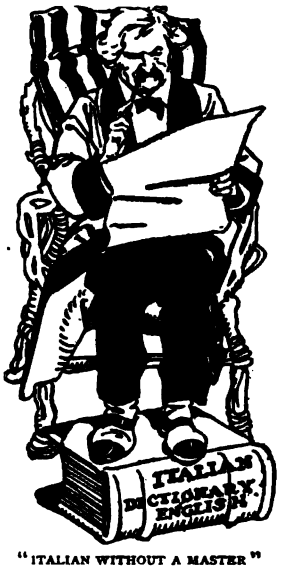
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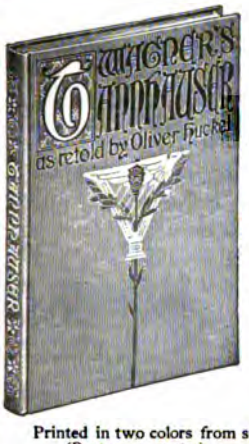
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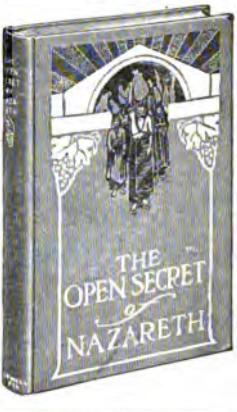
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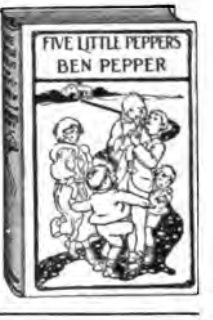
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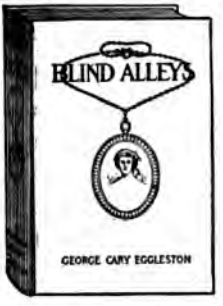
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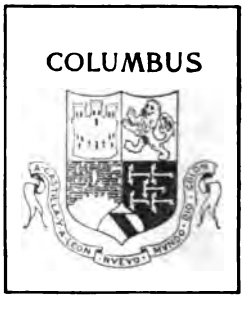
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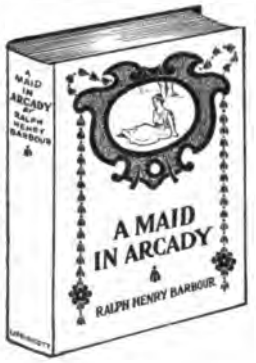
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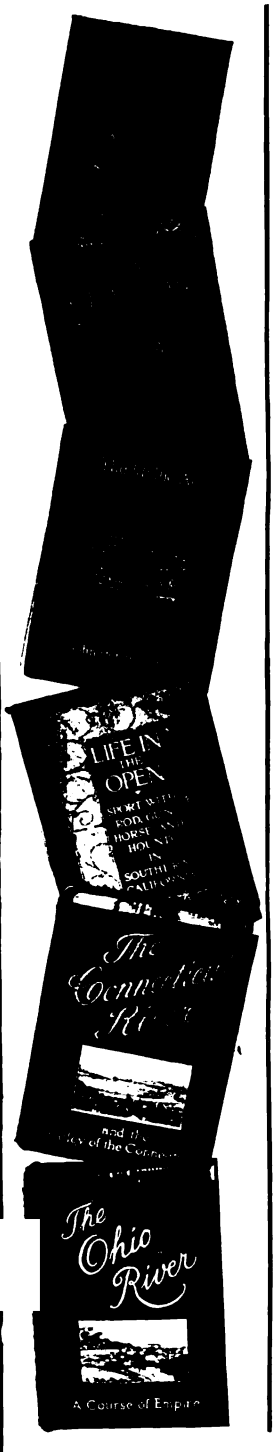
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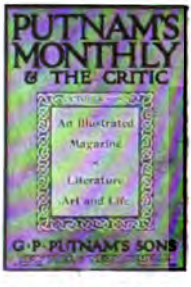
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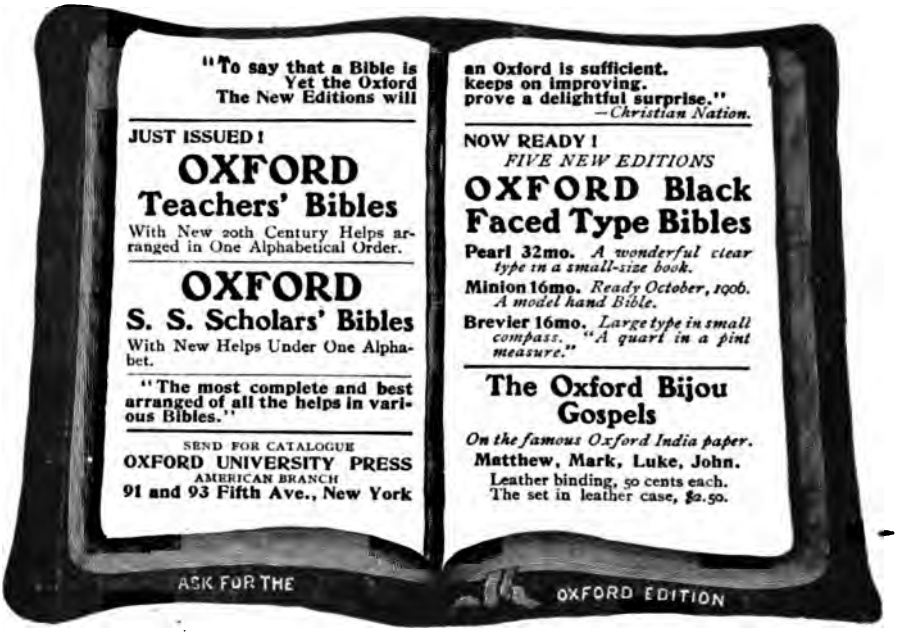
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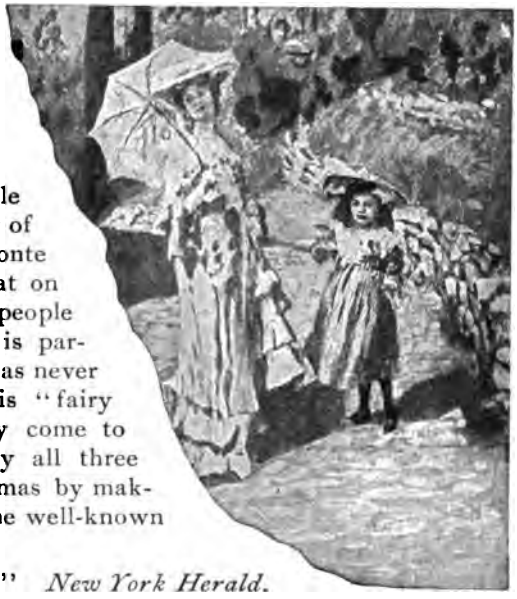
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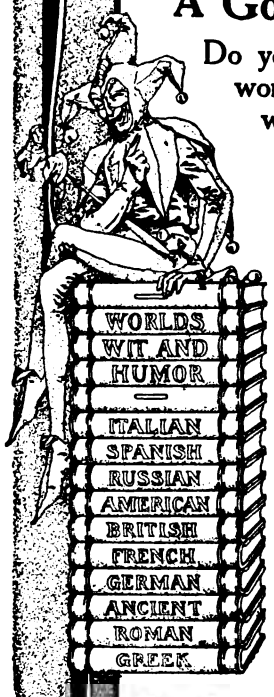
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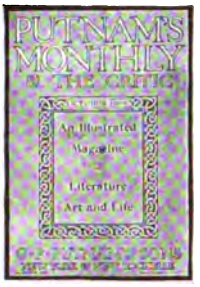
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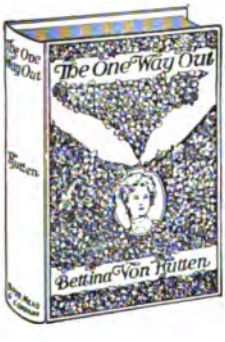
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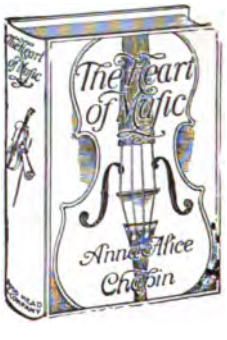
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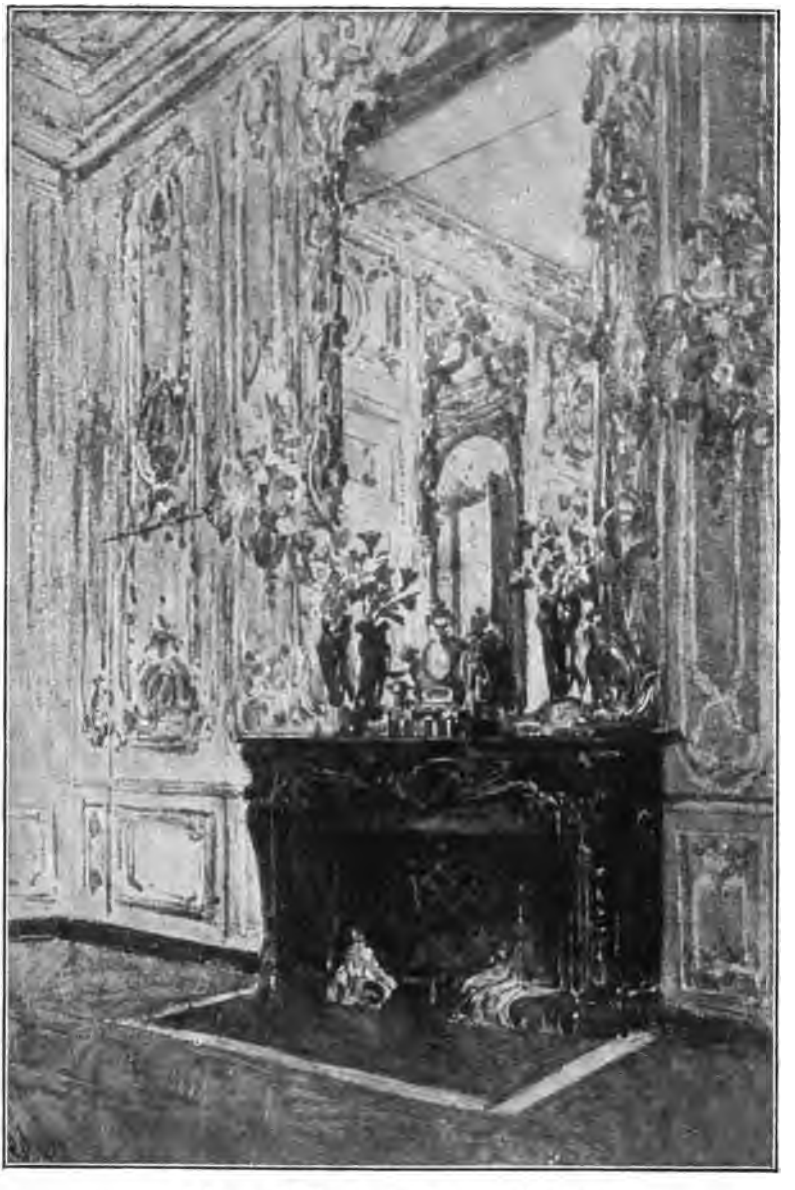
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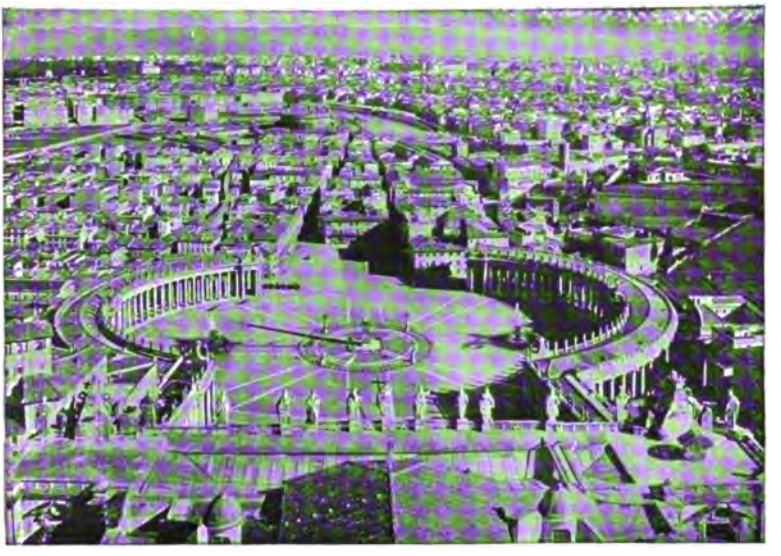
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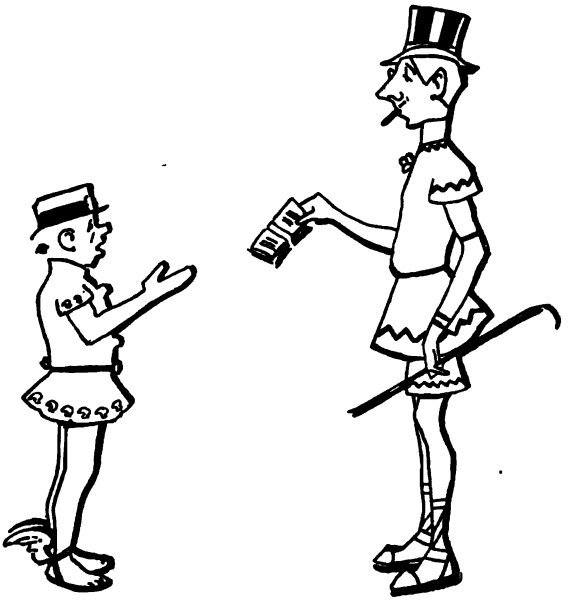
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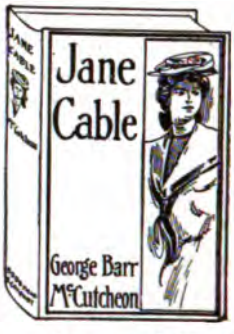
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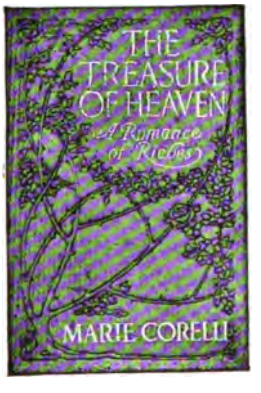
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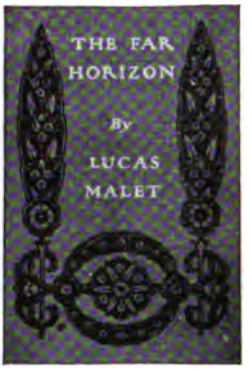
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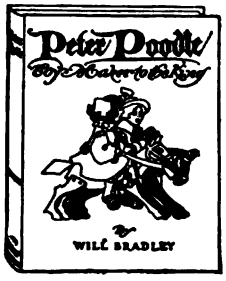
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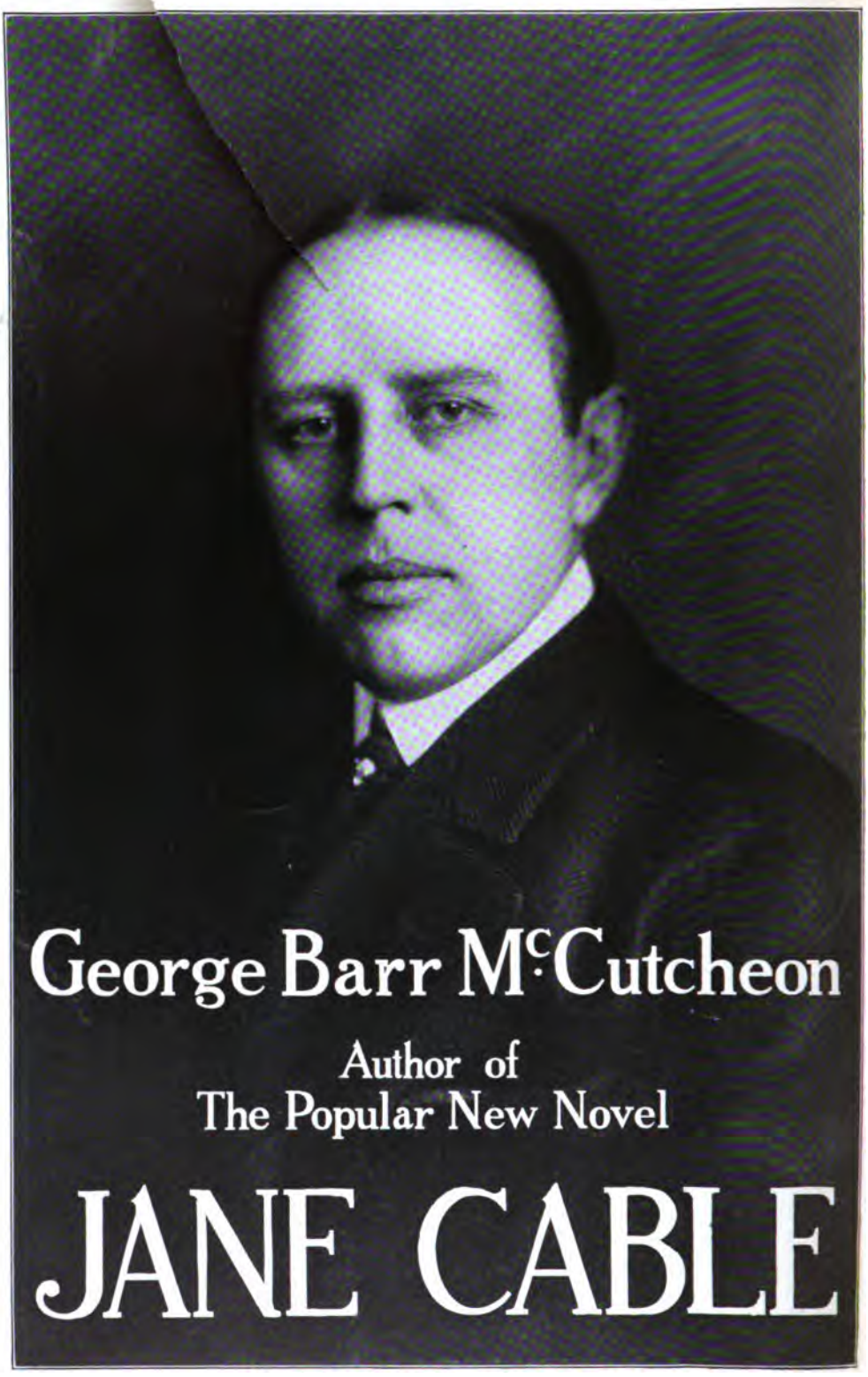
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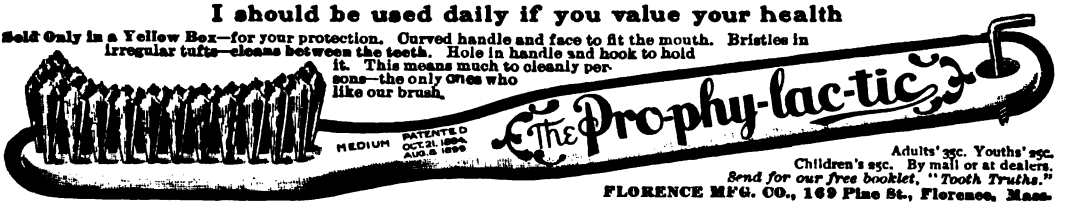
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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

DECEMBER, 1906

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Anti-Hearst Journalism

Although Hearst was defeated, the degree of success which he attained ought to encourage any man of low tastes and mediocre ability to have a try. In New York politics, at least, no case of moral destitution can now be regarded as altogether hopeless; nor need we discourage any aspiring young man by telling him he must have brains. Here, of course, we are at odds with Mr. Lincoln Steffens, and the New York *Evening Post,* and the editors of *Ridgeway's,* and no end of leader-writers who began their articles with, "Whatever we may think of Mr. Hearst's principles, we cannot deny that Mr. Hearst the man is"—something melodramatic and astonishing. But in political journalism no man is ever life-sized. With every hundred thousand votes, a journalistic cubit is added to his stature, and if he barely misses a mayoralty, how is it possible for any interviewer who knows his business not to see the iron purpose in the square-set jaw and the lurking power in the cold grey eye? New Yorkers like these romantics, and some one is always lighting up with red fire the squalid little leaders that are permitted by the general carelessness. Flat on their backs for the most part, any one who walks seems a giant, and any one awake seems a marvel of energy. Hence to sell six hundred thousand copies of a foul and silly newspaper breeds a kind of awe and sets reporters on the hunt for a "compelling personality." In the newspaper language of some years ago, it may be remembered, Richard Croker was an "indomitable oak" and David Bennett Hill the most adroit statesman of the day. In the recent campaign Hearst ranked with Paracelsus and Cagliostro, according to the *Evening Post,* and to that paper belongs the credit of having pointed out the remarkable similarity of his career to that of Alcibiades. Pernicious demagogue; let us down him by quotations from the Orations against Catiline! So Hearst disappeared in the tall language, and there was only a "man of mystery" and of veiled power, unconquerable will, diabolical cleverness, and so forth. This was accompanied by serious refutation of his arguments and of the principles for which he stood, as if his standing for anything was not preposterous enough. The New York press has seldom seemed so decrepit as in the attacks on Hearst. His personal character was the only issue—his intelligence and morality as advertised in his papers for ten years. There is a point at which personalities ought not to be shut out of a campaign, and Hearst's life, public and private, was an issue upon which all varieties of the political species might have agreed if the truth about it could have been told as noisily as he told lies. For after all there is not nearly so wide a difference between an anarchist and a corporation Senator as between the editor of the *Journal* and a merely decent man. Politics seem strangely irrelevant when it is a question of a Hearst. It is a pity that there was not more of the kind of work done on the editorial pages of

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE **EVENING CHOINAL** NEW YORK OCTOBER 32, 1906

NEW YORK EVENING CHOINAL

ANY BABOON CAN DRAW A CROWD.

Simple-minded People Enjoy His Antics — But They Drove the Line at Making him Governor of New York State.

The great POET did not like to see an escaped monkey playing "fantastic tricks before high heaven." He said it MADE THE ANGELS SAD.

William R. Hearst is no Angel—not even in the THEATRICAL sense.

But he has certain Simian Talents which have made him a great HIT with judges of ape-flesh.

He climbs the POLE OF PUBLICITY several times each day, and his Monkey-shines seldom fail to DRAW A CROWD.

IS IT NOT CURIOUS THAT A CERTAIN PROPORTION OF HIS AUDIENCE TAKE HIS APISHOS SERIOUSLY?

Mr. Hearst is a willing performer. Not satisfied with his own crazy attitude, he is ALWAYS WAVING SOMETHING, in order to make himself more conspicuous.

Sometimes he waves a Scandalous Article, sometimes a Bloody Shirt, sometimes a Racing Extra—but oftenest he WAVES THE AMERICAN FLAG.

If Mr. Hearst were contented with making a monkey of HIMSELF he would not be a dangerous man.

But his instinct is to make a monkey of things MUCH MORE SACRED than himself.

That is the trouble with that POLITICAL APE, the DEMAGOGUE.

He makes a monkey of Law, Morality, Temperance, Patriotism, everything he endorses, BUT—

The question is, can he make a monkey of the American people?

Professor Garner, or any other student of monkey-talk, will tell you that the Ape is NOT an exponent of fair-mindedness or magnanimity. He shrieks and bites, and then scampers to the tree-tops. But he is not brave in battle like the LION or even the WILD HOG.

Would you expect a Monkey in a fight to address his foe as MY HONORABLE OPPONENT?

But on your life!!

You would expect him to ally himself with even less respectable Bunco-ing, with striped Tammany Gorillas, and Bowery Hoodlums.

Ape-silliness are seldom very serious. There is no great honor among Monkeys.

A MAN who fights a MONKEY may expect to be pestered by silly pranks, to be ear-bitten, finger-tweaked, trished, and falsified.

BE HEED BUT FEAR AN ARMY IN THE OPEN——BUT LOOK OUT FOR MOB AND COCOANUTS WHEN THE APES BEGIN LURKING IN AMBUSH!

Mr. Hughes, being a MAN-TYPE, is sometimes at a Disadvantage in fighting the APE-TYPE.

Mr. Hearst and his fellow Bunderlog will attempt to befuddle Mr. Hughes because the warfare of monkeys is largely limited to mob-manoeuvres.

Suppose William R. Hearst were running against ABRAHAM LINCOLN for some office. This would be a Frenzied Impertinence on Mr. Hearst's part, BUT FRENZIED IMPERTINENCES ARE NOT UNCOMMON TO THE APE-TYPE.

How would the Journal attack ABRAHAM LINCOLN? Mr. Opper, no doubt, would be instructed to draw a series of cartoons representing "Abe and His Pegs."

Then THE GREATEST AMERICAN would be pictured as the weak-minded child of some fat-bellied Trust.

We do not like the TRUSTS—and it grieves us to see honest men falsely represented as fawning upon them.

Lincoln, however, is too long dead to be of any danger to HEARST, who is satisfied with conquering LINCOLN'S RECORD with HIS OWN. This, he thinks with all the Jungle-Demagogue's conceit, will be very flattering to LINCOLN'S MEMORY.

LINCOLN and Hearst——think of it!!

Were Lincoln alive and fighting to-day, there is no telling what buckets of slime Hearst would not pour over that splendid head.

The question which we put before the AMERICAN VOTER, then, is this:

If you are fond of low comedy there is no reason why you should not enjoy ape-humor, ape-courage, ape-generosity, ape-indignation as exemplified by Mr. Hearst as he climbs the POLE OF PUBLICITY.

But remember:

You should learn to appreciate him as a MONKEY without giving him your vote, or even serious POLITICAL CONSIDERATION.

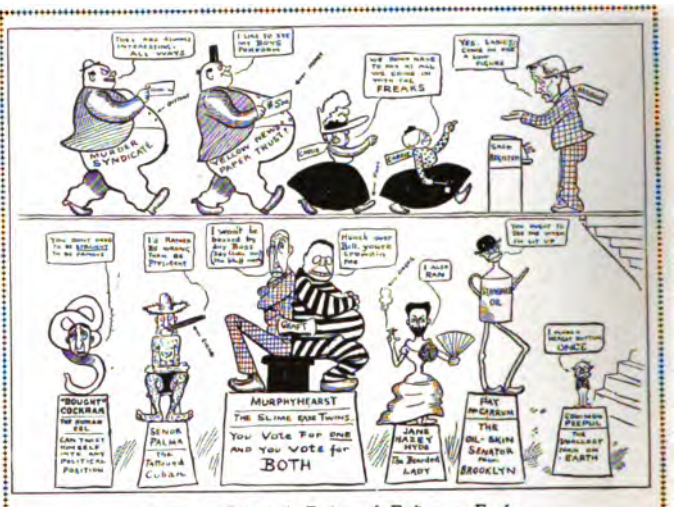
Shakespeare lived in an Unscientific Age.

Darwin, Lewis, and Brisbane had not yet discovered the relation of the APE to HUMANKIND.

Shakespeare hated Baboons — HE WAS NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

The Clown and Tout Club's Political Side-Show

BY TEEHEE POWDERS



Brisbane's Behemoth Budget of Frolicsome Freaks

The Tammany Hall-Room Boys

THEY DO IT ON THEIR NERVE



They couldn't hide that package from General Public

Ella Willer Wheelcox

Should a Nice Girl Poison Her Father?

By Ella Willer Wheelcox



ELLA WILLER WHEELCOX

THE following letter comes to me on the back of a soap-wrapper. It is written in a correct, servant-girl hand, and seems to me the very, very significant.

DEAR MRS. WHEELCOX—I have just read your "Home Study" Affinity, and it seems to me it must be awful hard and expensive to have a job like yours. I should like to go to for Art and Inter-marriage, but Father won't let me. He says it don't pay to have Ideals—he has been reading the Comic Sheets. I didn't get my correspondence until a lovely young man named Hank got acquainted with me and began writing me letters. He says I ought to fly with him and have a career of Love and Art, like the girls in the Novels. He's a readerable composer; I would, for Pa won't let me. He is an awful unbeliever, and I'm sure he'll never consent to be Carnegied—it seems to me that the only thing to do is to elope. I'm sick and tire out of the way. My chum Hanna-Lotte persuaded me to read your book—I read it on the sly, and now I get the Rough On Rats ready. I save a sort of Dime a week, and I make sweets, so I can get plenty of some strong, noble poison like you. Won't you, won't you help me? Yours for ardency.

P. S.—He's only my step-father, anyway.

THAT is a sweet, sweet story which has caused so many kind, true hearts to bleed! If I were narrowly Puritanical in my views I would be inclined to side with your father and advise you to give up your Ideals. But No!

The world has moved Violet, since your father was a boy. To-day the Sunday edition of the Choinal would make a picture of Happy Hooligan around the entire pink pictorial belt. Tell your father to broaden his mind. Read Bernard Shaw, Pierre Loti, Paul Verlaine, D'Annunzio, and Mr. Tell him to look up the Choinal's account of the Thaw case; tell him to buy a copy of my "Lives of Famous Show Girls" and familiarize himself with the great souls who have been able to suffer yet look beyond the divorce courts.

If these things don't poison him, go ahead with your Rough On.

If you are going on the stage, it is quite essential to your career that your father should die. Your half will give you a double, freak-interested debut—every Ideal-lover during your trial. I will analyze your soul and show that you, too, are a great Criminal. Our specially retained artist may be daring enough to put you in pictures. What is the color of your soul? Is it heliotrope, sweet Violet?

I feel for you, dear, budding child! I sympathize with any one who is rich enough to increase our circulation. As a rule, I would not counsel a nice girl to poison her father, but the Demands of Advertising sometimes create imperative necessities. Courage, my little Violet!

GOO, GOO, GOO!

WHAT HEARST WOULD DO TO THE OTHER FELLOW IF THE OTHER FELLOW WERE HEARST

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY'S" PARODY OF THE "JOURNAL'S" EDITORIAL PAGE—THE BEST PICTORIAL SKIT OF THE CAMPAIGN



LIVING EX-EDITORS OF THE "ATLANTIC." THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



LIVING EX-EDITORS OF THE "ATLANTIC." WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Collier's Weekly and in its admirable cartoons. Mr. Hapgood did not show wherein Hearst resembled Alcibiades or how his views differed from Thomas Jefferson's, but wrote as he would have written had Colonel Mann been running for the Presidency, and for the same reason. "How could we pretend," said he, "to be weighing Mr. Hearst's fitness when we were intimately acquainted with his journalism?"

The "Atlantic's" Anniversary

The *Atlantic Monthly* completes this month the fiftieth year since its founding, and will celebrate the occasion by commemorative papers by its three surviving ex-editors, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Howells and Mr. Walter H. Page. It has cer-



LIVING EX-EDITORS OF THE "ATLANTIC." WALTER H. PAGE

tainly had the most honourable career of all the magazines in this country, and should be pardoned almost any degree of self-congratulation. Since Lowell founded it, it has drawn steadily on the best literary talent of the country, and if at any time it has fallen below its early standards it has been the fault of the literary supply and not due to any attempt



THE "POOR" ARTIST (WHO HAS SHOWN DRAWINGS BEFORE): HEAVENS! THAT MUST BE THE EDITOR'S FOOTPRINT. I WON'T RISK IT!

Drawn by H. M. Bateman in the London *Sketch*.

N. B.—The Editor disclaims the footprint in question. No editor could afford the outlay on boot-leather necessitated by a pair of such feet.

of its editors to find more readers on a lower plane. It is the only American magazine that has insisted rigidly on making its own market instead of taking the most lucrative trade route. To be sure, its academic associations are sometimes a trifle oppressive, and though it is strictly in accord with its traditions that the present editor, Mr. Bliss Perry, should also occupy a Harvard chair, it is not an unmixed blessing to the reader. It too often mistakes the signs of literary experience for proof of literary competence and allows quotations from the "world's best literature" to usurp the function of ideas. Men who have read a good deal but thought hardly anything are apt to find its editor "easy." As to public affairs, its discussions would benefit from more frequent points of tangency to the circumference of this earth, for the best of principles is not disgraced by being applicable to something somewhere. It was not wise, for example, a year or so ago to advise the cessation of the search for scoundrels on the ground that human nature would feel discouraged if so many bad men were detected. But what are these few pedantries and futilities beside the fact that it is to-day the soundest and best literary influence in the whole range of American periodicals? It is a pleasure to see it thriving lustily after fifty years, and we wish it many another fifty; and should its editor ever covet the flesh-pots of circulation attained by ten-cent pictorial contemporaries, let him console himself with this maxim of Quintilian, *"Qui sapientes stultis videri volunt, sapientibus stulti videntur."* We are rather proud of this finale as quite in the vein of the *Atlantic's* most formidable contributors. We would not dedicate our sole remaining scrap of Latin to any other magazine.



"THE POISONERS OF CHICAGO"

The cover of the French edition of Upton Sinclair's sensational book.



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The fact that Mr. Riley's poems have been so closely associated with Mr. Christy's illustrations of recent years gives a distinctive point to this photograph.

George Ade's "In Pastures New"

A great many persons have read Mr. George Ade's *In Pastures New,* if not in its present form, at least when the chapters were being printed serially, and every one whom we have heard mention it has picked out as the point for special discussion Mr. Peasley's method of revenging himself on the man from Connecticut, whom he held responsible for his experience with the London cigars. According to Mr. Ade, Mr. Peasley lives in Iowa, where it is customary to stroll down to the drug store of an evening and buy a couple of "Lottie Lees," which are so good that the druggist cannot afford to give six for a quarter. So when the man from Connecticut, smoking at Mr. Peasley's expense, suggested the "Corona de la Matadora" brand as his choice, and Mr. Peasley, after indiscreetly passing them around and putting several in his pocket, found that his change from two sovereigns was almost sufficient for the waiter's tip, Mr. Peasley registered a vow of vengeance. His time came when he found the man from Connecticut on a Nile steamer wearing a canopy helmet and persuaded him to have the helmet

emblazoned with his name and address in Arabic.

Mr. Peasley took the helmet to the head steward, who was a native, and in a few minutes he brought it back magnificently lettered



ANTHONY FIALA

all over the front. It surely did look Oriental and decorative and Mr. Brewster was grateful when he saw how beautifully his name and New England address showed up in Arabic.

From the moment that we landed, Mr. Brewster of Connecticut attracted more attention than any other person in the party. Four guides laid hold of him at the same moment and declined to let go. Later on, in the bazaar, every dealer who sighted him gave a glad guttural cry and tried to drag him into one of the stuffy little shops. The arrival of an ordinary tourist is calculated to agitate a bazaar, but when Mr. Brewster appeared the general effect was the same as when the raw meat is carried into the zoo. He was pulled and hauled and for the whole length of the winding bazaar his way was blocked by frantic villains in white gowns and huge turbans, who dangled tawdry merchandise in front of him and begged him to make an offer. Mr. Brewster was a good deal amazed, and we were more or less puzzled until we came back to the boat and Mr. Peasley confessed that the Arabic characters boldly displayed on Mr. Brewster's helmet did not stand for his name and address at all, but meant, as nearly as could be translated, "Rich American—Easy Mark."

✖

Anthony Fiala

Anthony Fiala is perhaps the youngest of all the daring men who have made the attack on the North Pole. He was just thirty-two when he was placed in command of the second Ziegler expedition, the story of which is told in *Fighting the Polar Ice*. His thrilling adventures in the frozen land were not without their humour. On the night that his ship, the *America*, was quivering under the final onslaught of the ice, Fiala ordered all the stores removed. There was a rush to get everything possible out, and every man, from the commander down, was hard at work. Suddenly there was a terrific clatter. "What's the matter?" asked Fiala. "That's all right," replied the cook; "it's only the lamp chimneys and flatirons going ashore." As a result, the expedition had to use pickle bottles for lamp chimneys during the remainder of the long Arctic night. One interesting development of this polar expedition was an increasing tendency among the men to read. Kipling and Dickens were the favourite authors. A copy of James Lane Allen's *The Reign of Law* was very widely read, too.

The Plagiarists and "Ben Hur"

The most obvious criticism of *Lew Wallace, An Autobiography,* is that it pays entirely too much attention to the soldier and too little to the author. While we do not wish to question in any way General Wallace's distinction in the first capacity, we are quite sure that no publishing house would seriously have considered his autobiography in two volumes if he had not written *Ben Hur. A propos* of that book, the autobiography devotes two or three interesting pages to the persons who claim to have written the chariot race scene or who boldly appropriated other parts of the tale. The most daring case was that of the Rev. W. D. Mahan, a Presbyterian clergyman of Booneville, Missouri, who incorporated the story of the "Three Magi" in a book which bore his name on the title-page and was published at the author's expense. He claimed to have found the story in a Hebrew manuscript, which he discovered in the library of the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople. As his book did not appear until four years after *Ben Hur,* his statement was questioned and the attention of General Wallace was called to the matter. The subsequent investigation completely discredited the claim of Mr. Mahan. None of the American missionaries in or about Constantinople and no one attached to the United States legation there recalled his visit to that city; while the librarian of the Mosque denied the existence of the manuscript from which Mr. Mahan claimed to have taken his story.



ELEANOR GATES, AUTHOR OF "THE PLOW-WOMAN"



MARJORIE BOWEN

The author of the *Viper of Milan* was educated as an artist in Paris and London. She began writing her book as an amusement, with no thought of having it published.

Jacques Futrelle

Mr. Jacques Futrelle, the author of the recently published *The Chase of the Golden Plate,* first attracted attention through a series of stories which originally appeared in the Boston newspaper on which he was employed as a reporter. These stories chronicled the achievements of the Thinking Machine, as was termed the man whose powers of mentally scenting out crime and getting at the heart of mystery far surpassed those, for instance, of Sherlock Holmes. Candidly, the Thinking Machine as a creation was not an entire success. He lacked any



JACQUES FUTRELLE



KÖPENICK POSTCARD



KÖPENICK POSTCARD

definite personality. On the other hand, the stories themselves were really extraordinary in the ingenuity of their plots. Had they been written around vivid and living individuality, like that of Holmes, they would have unquestionably ranked with five or six of the very best tales of Conan Doyle.

The American newspapers a few weeks ago told briefly the story of the Köpenick hoax, which caused a roar of laughter not only in Germany, but throughout Europe. A daring scamp masquerading as a captain in the German army commandeered a detachment of soldiers at Köpenick, marched them to the town hall, arrested the mayor and sent him off to Berlin under a strong guard. Then the bogus officer rifled the municipal chest, appointed an official acting mayor and decamped without arousing the slightest suspicion. The details of the coup were so extraordinary that it diverted German minds from the excitement caused by the indiscretion of Count Hohenlohe. Naturally, the event has been extensively commemorated on the picture postcard by the comic artist and the poetaster.

The Köpenick Hoax





THE POSTCARD POET AND ARTIST ON THE AFFAIR HAULING THE BURGOMASTER FROM THE TOWN HALL

Some of the many extravagant "Köpenick" cartoons which have been produced in Germany.



THE WHARVES AND THE SHIPS. FROM "NEW YORK COMME JE L'AI VU"

The Ownership of Ideas

A good many of our most popular storytellers make it a point to refuse positively to read manuscripts of novels that are sent to them for suggestion and criticism. They are moved to this stand not only on account of the time involved in this labour, but also through reasons of precaution. They have learned that the average untried writer has usually comparatively little understanding of the fact that the general contrivances of fiction are and have been for centuries the property of all mankind. Consequently, the novelist who reads a manuscript must ever after avoid in his own books the remotest suggestion of a scene or idea contained in the beginner's work or else be boldly charged with the appropriation of another's property. *A propos* of this subject, an experience in the career of our late contemporary, *The Critic,* may be interesting. We suppose that no idea in connection with magazines and newspapers is more generally common property than that of a department devoted to answers to correspondents. Under some form or another it may be traced back almost to the infancy of periodical journalism. Yet as something startlingly new one person wrote to the editor of *The Critic* suggesting the establishment of such a department. A year or two later the magazine found it expedient to devote a few pages to answering questions, whereupon came a most truculent letter charging the theft of an original idea and demanding a considerable sum in payment.

Our Latest Critic

We have always maintained that Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *About Paris* is one of the most entertaining books treating of the French capital, because of its very naïveté. With perfect seriousness Mr. Davis put down on paper the very things that most writers would have ignored on account of their obviousness, and the result was surprisingly refreshing. Last winter the French artist and writer, Charles Huard, visited us. He has given his impressions in a book re-



LOWER BROAD STREET. FROM "NEW YORK COMME JE L'AI VU"

cently printed in Paris, entitled *New York Comme je l'ai Vu,* a volume which will strike most New Yorkers as exceedingly funny and yet exceedingly delightful. A New Yorker could no more have written *New York as I Have Seen It* than a Parisian could have written about Paris as Mr. Davis did. Both would have taken too much for granted. M. Huard's illustrations are of a high order of excellence.

In addition to its full-page and half-page sketches showing the city's various quarters and architectual effects, M. Huard's book contains a vast number of marginal illustrations of the types of New York men and women whom the artist had occasion to study during his visit. One of these, which is described under the general head of "American Type," we reproduce by itself as having an individual interest. It is a far more perfect likeness of Mr. Stewart Edward White than any photograph of him that has ever been reproduced. At first thought we should ascribe the striking resemblance to the fact that Mr. White is a member of the Players Club, where M. Huard was a frequent visitor last winter. But as a matter of fact,



A TYPE THAT IS A PORTRAIT

Mr. White is, at present writing, in New York for the first time since the summer of 1904.

There was nothing original, but something exceedingly cruel, in the remarks of a Yale professor a few weeks ago to the effect that Mr. Kipling's great mistake was that he did not die of pneumonia when he was ill in New York seven or eight years ago. It is not often that people go to the length of bluntly expressing this opinion, but it is the underlying keynote of all the criticism hostile to the new Kipling—the criticism which does not like *Kim,* which abhors *Stalky and Company,* and which is impatient with the dilution of Henry James that is to be found in so many of his later stories. Mr. Kipling himself is keenly conscious of this sentiment, and it pains him. Not very long ago he said bitterly to a friend: "The American people have never forgiven me for not having died the time that I was ill in New York."

Kipling's Mistake

We call attention to authors' inconsistencies and anachronisms not because we believe them to be in themselves of vital importance, but because even when most trivial they are always interesting. The latest writer to stray in this respect is Conan Doyle with his recently published *Sir Nigel.* Just as in the five books which constitute Fenimore Cooper's famous "Leatherstocking" series, *The Pioneers,* the last in point of chronological order, was the first printed, and the *Deerslayer,* the first chronologically, was the last printed, so *Sir Nigel,* appearing sixteen years after the publication of *The White Company,* told of many of the same people at a much younger age. In the time which had elapsed between the writing of the two books, Conan Doyle evidently forgot many of the statements in the first. For instance, in *Sir Nigel* we read how Sir Nigel Loring and Samkin Aylward, the archer, go to the French wars together as knight and squire, passing months of hardship in an intimacy as close as the difference in rank and birth would permit. Turning back to *The White Company,* we find the two meeting as total strangers. The great yellow horse Pommers, which plays so conspicuous a part in *Sir Nigel,* is described as a black horse in *The White Company.* Again, though there is no allusion to Sir Nigel having contracted a second marriage, the heavy-handed and somewhat viperish Lady Nigel of *The White Company* bears but little resemblance to the Lady Mary Buttesthorn of the newer tale.

Inconsistency and Conan Doyle

Cyrus Townsend Brady and S. R. Crockett (who are required to keep catalogues of their own books, so fast are they produced) have a new rival in Dolores Bacon, who probably holds the year's record for literary productivity. She had four books of hers published within four months. Never was there a greater variety in one person's output. It included a romantic novel, a book of songs for children, the story of a child's life and a history of New England churches! Mrs. Bacon has had a very interesting career. She was Paris correspondent for the New York *World,* and scored some notable "beats." Subsequently she was for a time on the stage in the late Frank Moye's company. She now devotes all her time to writing.

Dolores Bacon

"The Gentleman Ragman"

There are unquestionably limitations and flaws in Mr. Wilbur Nesbit's *The Gentleman Ragman,* but that it has a quality which we shall characterise by the hackneyed and much-abused word "atmosphere" is not to be disputed. To say that in its best parts it suggests chapters and scenes of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* without being in any sense imitation is high praise, but is not entirely undeserved. At any rate, one can speak of the comparison, so long as one qualifies it, without being effusive. There is considerable humour in Mr. Nesbit's book, and it is in an original vein.

❧



WILBUR NESBIT



DOLORES BACON

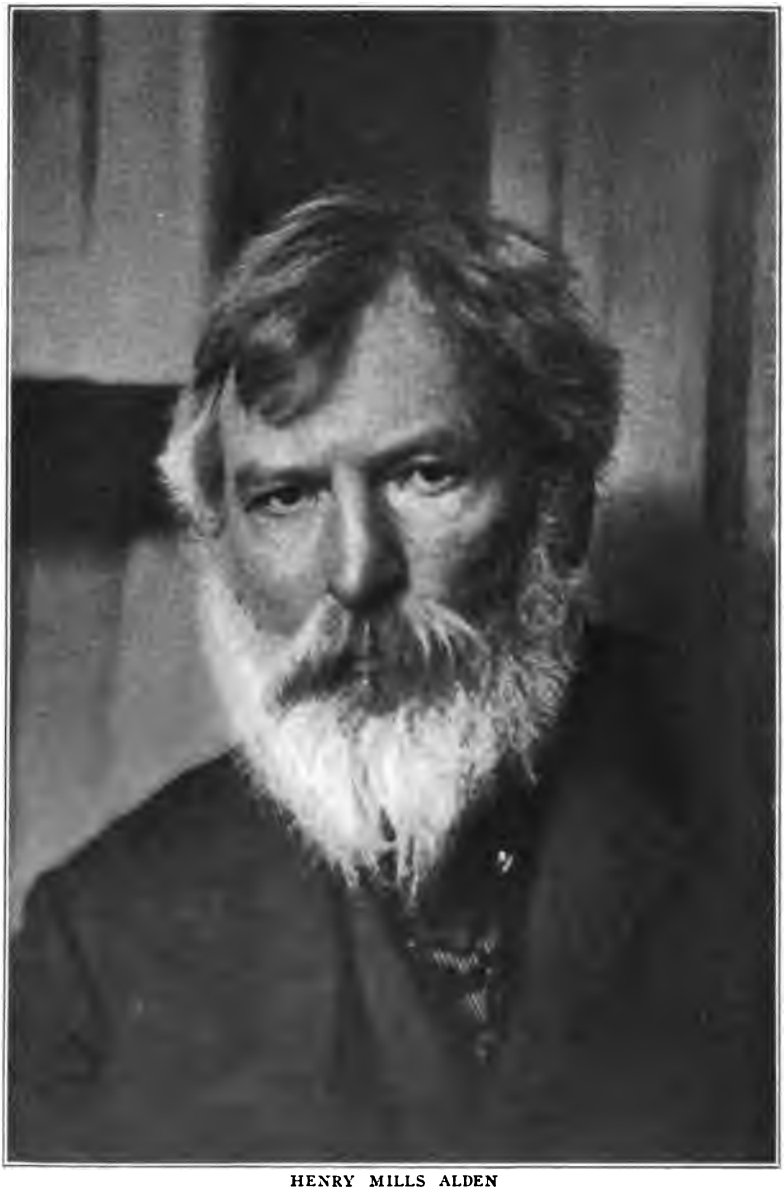
The Alden Reception

To be considered with the reception given to Mark Twain last year on the occasion of his seventieth birthday was the reception given on the tenth of last month to Henry Mills Alden, in honour of the veteran editor of *Harper's Magazine* having completed his three score and ten. About two hundred and fifty guests sat down to the supper, which was held in the great room of the Franklin Square Printing House, which has been so closely associated with American literary enterprise for almost ninety years. At the table of honour sat Mr. Alden, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Watson Gilder, William Dean Howells, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton and Colonel George Harvey. Colonel Harvey presided, and there were short poems read and short addresses made by a number of those present.

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The Dramatic Season

After three years of abstinence, we plunged again into play-going, attending some nine or ten performances in quick succession, in the hope that something had surely happened to the drama in the meantime. But it is only by the calendar that we can tell one New York



HENRY MILLS ALDEN

season from another, and we have spent our days like a tale that is told. There is, as usual, a Jones play running, and a Pinero play, each preoccupied with the only moral questions known to the author, those of sex. Another Shaw play is torn from the bound volume where it properly belongs and presented to audiences that obviously would rather read it. Native plays, sweet and viscid with domestic sentiment, continue to soothe the tired business man. The wild West is with us still, but a trifle more subdued in colouring. Everything is as it has been, even to Mr. William Winter, among the falling leaves, scolding furiously about the things that nobody else can see the harm in. There are wise men, of course, who can account for it all, blaming this or that class of people or school of thought. Mr. Jones, for instance, in a recent lecture at Harvard, classifies the



AMERICAN TYPES. AS SEEN BY M. HUARD

From *New York Comme je l'ai Vu*

causes of dramatic stagnation very neatly under seven different heads, which the student can easily commit to memory, as, for example, the divorce of literature from the stage and the need of a national impulse. But it is too hard work to account for all the differences between our age and that of Elizabeth or to explain just why we are not like the modern Frenchman. Nor can we derive any satisfaction from attributing our lack of dramatic geniuses to the spirit of the times or to racial peculiarities. It is a bad habit of thought, especially for a playwright, who ought rather to be asking what is the matter with himself personally instead of with the nation and the age.



IN THE CHINESE QUARTER
From *New York Comme je l'ai Vu*

"The House of Mirth"

The dramatisation of *The House of Mirth* looked like the result of a drawn battle between novelist and playwright. Whether it was hammered out clause by clause like the Treaty of Portsmouth we cannot say, but it moved abruptly from point to point, as in a series of reluctant compromises. It is hard to believe that Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Clyde Fitch could co-operate sympathetically in anything. From the turn of his mind Mr. Fitch would unconsciously burlesque such a book as *The House of Mirth*. It must be unpleasant to an author to see a work of literary value vanish in the quicklime of Mr. Fitch's intelligence, and no doubt Mrs. Wharton fought hard to save what she could. The dialogue was not much debased, but the somewhat inhuman characters in the story were further dehumanised and were no longer bad or vulgar people, but symbols of badness or vulgarity. The novel, appearing as it did in a season of small things, deserved all the ejaculations of surprise that it elicited, but it was not a work of superabundant vitality. To write heartily of dogs one must not be too intellectually scornful of the dog's point of view, and so even of the New York men and women whom Mrs. Wharton had in mind. It was a finely executed study of small minds and mean desires, quite unsuited to the coarsening and syncopating process which it had to undergo at the hands of Mr. Fitch.

"Cæsar and Cleopatra"

To a reader of Mr. Shaw's published plays *Cæsar and Cleopatra* would seem about the last one to choose for presentation. It wavers between farce and drama, achieving neither, and though this does not matter much when we read it, it does when we see it on the stage. Mr. Forbes Robertson was faithful to the Shaw notion of Cæsar, and played his part effect-

ively, but he might as well have read it aloud. It was a waste of his own abilities, to say nothing of the hard work of his company. Most of Mr. Shaw's plays tell a story of one kind or another, and are not lacking in development. Even when defective in these respects there is the pleasure of seeing him smashing about in conventional modern china shops and setting all our every-day platitudes upside down. But conventional views as to the character of Julius Cæsar are too lightly held for iconoclasm in this field to be particularly entertaining. It was to be expected that Mr. Shaw would endow Cæsar with a highly modern sense of humour and make Cleopatra a mischievous school-girl. Despite the cleverness of the lines, the wit is too much on the order of that which runs through the various comic histories of England.

Two Dramas of Vexation

Both Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones know the art of exasperating the playgoer to the limit of his endurance and of keeping him in his seat in the hope that some hypocrisy will be stripped off and some grievance redressed. And they can do this without lighting up a single character with a gleam of fancy, eloquence or wit. It would be hard to recall one word of Mr. Jones's *Hypocrites,* and equally hard to forget the feeling of annoyance that it created. On the one hand were the usual representations of what Mr. Jones would call middle-class conventional morality, including a mother who wished to conceal the relations of her son with a young woman beneath him in station, an exaggerated humbug of a parson, a lying and pompous old father and other accessories to the fraud; on the other hand was a young curate, who takes the girl's part and determines that she shall marry her seducer against all odds. The object is to make the son's family as odious as possible and the young curate's case as forlorn as possible, and to stimulate in the onlooker an absorbing desire for the extrication of the under-dog. In Mr. Pinero's *His House in Order* the under-dog is the second wife of an obtuse and weak-willed person, who lets his first wife's relatives run his household and insult and tyrannise over its mistress with a brutality and coarseness that just falls short of burlesque, till it turns out that the deceased wife, instead of being the saintly model that her relatives have held up to her successor, was guilty of adultery, and that her child is illegitimate. There is no denying the skill with which both writers have wrought on our instinct of fair play and enhanced the ugliness of the oppressor and kept up the suspense. Those who dislike the plays most pay a tribute to them by the heat with which they discuss them afterwards. Nor can we at the present time afford to belittle dramatic work that arouses in us any emotion whatever, the effect of most plays being a kind of apathy, sometimes even coma. But it is a wretchedly restricted field that Mr. Jones and Mr. Pinero have triumphed in, and their business-like setting forth of moral issues seems very dreary in the retrospect. Apparently they have long since said all they have to say.

"The Great Divide"

Mr. William Vaughan Moody enjoys the distinction of having come nearer to writing poetry than almost any other of the younger American bards, and to the surprise of every one who has read his verses, he suddenly produces a play which has all the elements of popularity. It is violently improbable from beginning to end. A heroine of Puritan ancestry, assailed by three ruffians in the dead of the night, promises to marry the best looking one of them immediately if he will save her from the others. He buys off one and shoots the other and flies with her across the prairie to the nearest justice of the peace. She submits to this in the full possession of her faculties, knowing that the promise was made under duress, and in spite of the fact that this most chivalrous of ravishers offers her the opportunity of shooting him instead of marrying him. Obviously in love with him from the first, and still more so after marriage, she lets her conscience torment her with the irreg-

ularity of the event, and mopes through two acts, vowing that such unholy deeds must be expiated, till by an incredibly simple explanation of herself to herself the man wins her once for all. It is reported that Mr. Moody himself pronounces it "all rot," and so far as the probabilities are concerned, that is an accurate criticism. But there is an illusion in the play that overcomes the probabilities and a sincerity that shines through its lies. It may be the "literary quality"; it may be the unexpectedly good acting of Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller; but somehow or other, in spite of its absurdities, it depicts the contest between a clean and healthy mind and a stuffy parochial bigotry. It has an idea in it, and for that reason ought not to be grouped with the other plays of Western life, such as *The Three of Us,* which is purely conventional, and *The Girl from the Golden West,* with its cowboys and gamblers and blood dripping from the ceiling.

Sherlock Holmes in "Clarice"

Mr. William Gillette might as well accept the fact that his original identity has been destroyed. For a time, perhaps, he may have had a dual personality. He may have been William Gillette off the stage, and Sherlock Holmes only when he was acting in that play. But now and for the rest of his life there is no longer a William Gillette, whether he calls himself that, or the Admirable Crichton, or Dr. Carrington. In whatever costume and character he chooses to appear, he is, in spite of himself, and always must be, Sherlock Holmes. Consequently, in the interesting play *Clarice,* every one who sees it regards it simply as another incident in the life of Sherlock—Sherlock Holmes pretending to be a physician, Sherlock Holmes living in South Carolina, Sherlock Holmes in love with his ward Clarice, and finally, Sherlock Holmes betraying an unheard-of obtuseness such as would properly befit only the worthy Watson. This is what makes one feel a sort of resentfulness in witnessing *Clarice.* One can put up with Sherlock in love, but when we find him acting like a purblind imbecile, unable to see what is as plain as a pikestaff, and accepting the diagnosis of an unfriendly doctor as immediately conclusive, then we want to climb over the footlights and tell him things. All the same, *Clarice* is a play which tugs at your heart-strings, because of the perfect naturalness and strong emotional capacity of Miss Marie Doro, who carries off the honours of the piece. Because of her, one can overlook the stupidity of Sherlock, the breaches of medical etiquette and the utterly improbable hypodermic which brings the play to a tearful though happy ending. As a matter of fact, the hypodermic is just what one expects in a Sherlockian drama; only the injection should be of cocaine and not of ether. We are waiting with some interest for the next play, which shall give us some further insight into the portions of Holmes's life which Watson never dreamed of.

The Technical School and the University

In an address delivered in September at Columbia University, and printed in a recent number of *Science,* Professor William H. Burr explains with great lucidity the nice distinction between pure science and technological practice by simply discarding altogether what he calls "the useless and senseless term 'pure' science as opposed to applied science." Let us for a moment recover our breath and examine what Professor Burr thus casts away. Surely there exists a most essential difference between scientific researches in general and those undertaken for technological purposes. The true man of science is endeavouring at all times to push his inquiry as near to absolute truth as it is possible for human effort to carry it; the technologist stops when he has approached truth near enough to satisfy the demands of his business. Engineers study the theory of stresses and the strength of materials in order that their bridges and steel buildings may not fall to pieces; true men of science do so because they believe a well-rounded and perfected mathematical theory will enrich the world like a work

of the finest art. So the difference is one of motive. But motive is everything in human affairs. Even the forger goes free unless a criminal motive for his act can be proven. Whether the higher motive belongs to pure science or to technology is a matter of individual opinion; our own opinion turns toward the ideal rather than the material, the disinterested rather than the highly paid, the unobtrusive rather than the widely advertised.

Professor Burr indulges in a not unskilful sneer at "closet professors," and insists that engineering instruction cannot be given by men without wide professional experience. Nor can it in any profession. Take medicine, for example. It is impossible for one gentleman to teach a second gentleman how to amputate a third gentleman's leg unless he has had experience in amputating the legs of a number of other gentlemen. We can go even further. The teacher of surgery must show the student cases actually under operation. In other words, the clinic is essential. So in civil engineering we must have practical field instruction in summer schools; and mining engineers must be taught in actually existing mines. All these things have but a tenuous connection with the University. Can a mine in Mexico, or a surveying school in the distant hills of Connecticut be part of a university in New York? Can a university be in half a dozen places? The fact is that a simple administrative reason exists for placing technical schools near a university. Part of the preliminary training of their students, such as trigonometry for engineers, or simplified spelling for lawyers, is identical with what is already being done in some university department, so that an administrative economy results from combination. But the strictly technical parts of professional instruction have practically no connection with true university work; they can be taught just as well away from universities; and in fact they are largely thus separated. There is still another and stronger tie between the university and technical school. Sometimes the same professor will be engaged at work in technology and in pure scientific research as well. This rare and valuable man should have every facility, including access to students and materials in both institutions. These things are all sufficiently obvious. But we doubt whether Professor Burr had them in mind when he summed up the conclusion of his address with the modest words, "Professional schools not only belong to the university, they *are* the university." This will make the professors uncomfortable in their closets. Some of them may come out and say things.



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I

A letter from Denver, Colorado, runs as follows:

I will be very glad to have you tell me where to find the little poem "When Evening Cometh On." I read it long ago—perhaps fifteen or twenty years—in a magazine or newspaper, and that's all I can tell about it.

F. W.

The correct title of the poem is "When Even Cometh On." It was written by Lucy Evangeline Tilley (1859-90). The text of it can be found in her book entitled *Little Rhymes in Brown,* or, more conveniently, in Mr. Stedman's *American Anthology,* page 673 (New York, 1900).

II

From Washington, D. C.:

In the September number of THE BOOKMAN, you—or the Senior Editor, which I suppose is the same thing—in describing your wanderings in Springfield, Massachusetts, remarked that you prefer the spelling "sondhi" for the combination of ice cream and smashed fruit which is so popular in summer. Might one ask why?

Our reason is a purely subjective reason, which in this particular case is as good as any other. Some persons spell the word "sondæ," which has a Scandinavian look quite inappropriate to a tropical confection. We have even seen the word spelled "sunday," which is still more incongruous. On the other hand, "sondhi" has an East Indian appearance, befitting the Oriental character of the thing in question. We wish that we knew the geographical limits of the use of this word. Up in Boston, for example, they call a sondhi a "college ice." We wonder what they call it in New Orleans and Minneapolis and San Francisco.

III

A reader in Cleveland, Ohio, raises a question of chronology:

In your September number you speak of Mrs. Browning's centenary as occurring this year, and you state specifically that she was born in 1806. I find it asserted, however, in various books of reference, including the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* that her birth-year was 1809. The same date is also given in Ingram's life of Mrs. Browning, published at Boston in 1888. Have you not made an error of three years, and may not your error account for the fact that your literary contemporaries have not taken any notice of this alleged anniversary?

No; we have made no error. We fancied that all of our readers who were especially interested in Mrs. Browning were aware of the controversy which was carried on for a time over the date of her birth. She herself left no positive record on this subject; but Mr. Ingram, whom our correspondent mentions, assumed 1809 as the date of her birth because of certain general remarks which she made and which he chose to interpret with a definiteness which was obviously not intended by her. Robert Browning, her husband, wrote of her as having been born in 1806, but even his assertion did not satisfy the doubters. Subsequently, however, a careful search brought to light the records of the parish in which she was born, and in these records it was noted that she was born on March 6, 1806. This ended the controversy for all time, or at least it ought to have done so. Our questioner will please take notice of the fact.

IV

The following question has a certain curious interest of its own:

TO THE LETTER BOX:

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury of Yale University, in his book on the standard of English pronunciation, remarks incidentally that the rule of the road in England requires one in driving to turn to the left, whereas in this country we always turn to the right. And he observes that no one knows just how this

difference is to be explained. Is he correct in this assertion?

We should say not. The reason for the difference is fairly obvious. In driving, the person holding the reins naturally turns in such a direction that he himself will be near the point from which danger is anticipated, so that he may see it and avoid it. Now, in England, when carriages came into general use, the roads were good; and when two vehicles passed each other the only danger to be apprehended was that their wheels might interlock. Consequently, in that country it became the practice of the drivers to turn to the left, so that they might keep their eyes upon each other's wheels and so avert the chance of a collision. In the United States, however, the roads were execrable and frequently wound around the edges of hills upon the verge of precipices and gullies, where no fence was placed to save them from a sudden and perilous descent. Therefore, in the United States drivers turned out to the right, ignoring the lesser danger of a collision and watching carefully the far greater danger of getting off the road and finding their vehicle either bemired or actually overturned.

V

A subscriber in Helena, Montana, asks a question:

Can you give me exactly a quotation which is more or less familiar but which I cannot repeat exactly? It compares the ballot to lightning. I should much like to have the precise words and also to know the name of the author.

The reference is evidently to the famous stanza written by John Pierpont (1785-1866). Mr. Pierpont was a Unitarian clergyman, who early took part in the abolition movement, and who in his old age became the chaplain of a regiment in the Civil War. The stanza to which our correspondent refers speaks of the ballot as—

"A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God."

By the way, it was Pierpont who composed the well-known poetical address of Warren to the American soldiers at Bunker Hill beginning:

"Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!"

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY PRESS AGENT



EVER since 'Commercialism" reared its awful head to shake defiance at the dignified traditions of publishing, I have been wondering just when I should be caught, ink-stained instead of red-handed; branded with the infamy of my nefarious profession and turned loose as a solemn warning to enterprise to cease its "best selling" activities. My friend, the literary agent, has been held up as a horrible menace to the integrity of the relation between author and publisher. I mention him because I have a fellow-feeling for him. I, too, am a literary agent—but of the advance agent variety.

Some publishers will tell you that they tolerate the literary press agent because he is a necessary evil. This point of view is strongest, perhaps, at the time of the year when salaries are to be raised. At other times, most of them will enlarge upon the tremendous amount of publicity their enterprises are getting—and its value. But I have been asked to confess—not to boast—and by my confession ye shall know me.

Like all the rest of my tribe, I am a

"reformed" newspaper man; that is, I went from newspaper work into something else. I went to the magazine field—a logical step forward. But I couldn't get the newspaper ink off my fingers, so I fell, and became, in addition to my magazine activities, a literary press agent. It was the old "story" instinct that lured me on. The publishing house with which I had the honour to be connected had been sending out nice, dignified, sterilised "literary notes," that found safe obscurity among their kindred. One day I met one of our authors, an Oriental with a picturesque and romantic life story. When he told it to me, I itched to write it. I saw at once that here was a rattling good newspaper tale. The man who was writing our literary notes had sent out a conventional announcement about the author. I told him I had a good plan to get a lot of publicity, and he amiably offered no objection. I went to the Oriental's home, interviewed him, and wrote a two-column article illustrated by his latest picture. I sent it to a dozen leading papers in the United States and every one published it. It was a good yarn, with the glamour of adventure about it. The book was not aggressively featured, but you couldn't read the article without knowing all about it. The result was that thousands of people all over the country heard about that man and his book—and the sales were increased.

This proved to me that progressive newspaper methods could be as successfully adapted to the exploiting of books as to the booming of plays, eliminating, of course, the diamond robbery and divorce features so strongly played up in the dramatic profession.

After that I let no guilty "story" escape, and before long I naturally succeeded to the publicity department, in addition to my other activities. I simply handled books as news.

That first performance, too, proved one very vital thing in the exploitation of books—that after the book itself, it is the personality of the author—the human interest side—that appeals to the book-buying audience. Upon this I have waged many a strenuous campaign. It is sometimes hard on the author—especially if he has a "past."

The literary press agent thus becomes the counsel for the author and pleads his case before the public. He paves the way to interest and expectancy, and when the storm clouds of criticism and discussion break about the book, he can sometimes "ride in the whirlwind." He learns that the more some books are damned, the more successful they become.

I remember the case of a certain eminent "best selling" novelist who sometimes writes with a torch. He said to me: "I'll stand for anything you write about me." Nobly he kept his word. He was the centre of a perfect maelstrom of dissension, yet the hotter it grew, the more he liked it. When the fire slumbered, he poked it himself and kept it blazing.

With this kind of author the literary press agent does his deadliest work. Then he forgets that a book is a book. He simply knows that it is a thing to be waved like a red flag in the face of the public. I remember the case of a certain author who fairly drips with publicity, who came to me some time before one of his very successful books appeared, and said:

"This book is bound to create a great fuss (I believe he wrote it to do that very thing). You will know what to do when that happens." Well—I did it. He had asked all his friends to write letters to the newspapers about it and they responded. Now the public does not know that these letters are "inspired"; they think that they

In the form of "Confessions," the various phases of the Literary Shop have, during the past year or two, been laid bare in detail to a public which unquestionably has evinced a very lively and genuine curiosity and interest. We have had the "Confessions of the Publisher," the "Confessions of the Editor," the "Confessions of the Literary Agent," and the "Confessions of the Literary Adviser." We have had innumerable confessions from literary hacks and from disappointed authors. Publishers and editors and authors are in no way limited to our own times; they had their struggles and their grievances, and undoubtedly would have liked to have aired them, in days when Grub Street was more than a mere figure of speech. On the other hand, the Literary Agent and the Literary Adviser—especially the former—are products of newer conditions—conditions which also have made a definite place for the Literary Publicity Agent and have given his Confessions a real interest and meaning.

THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.

represent part of the burning interest that the world is taking in the author and his book. I have helped to create many such interests and been called upon to show an intimate acquaintance with things ranging all the way from ancient history to woman's rights. You can start these "discussions" with the merest trifle—the use of toothpicks in good society, or the ethics of the use of the word *damn* at the right moment. These "red hot" discussions have caused many books to sell which otherwise would slumber safely in obscurity.

I have in mind an author who loved publicity more than bread and meat. All his literary life he hungered for it, and when it came, it was like an avalanche. It would have swamped most men, but he rode it supremely. He is the type who likes to take the public into his confidence concerning everything he thinks and believes. One day he asked me to write something about a group of men.

"But," I replied, "that is libel," scenting the familiar newspaper nightmare.

"That's all right," replied the author. "It will stir things up. If they sue, it's good advertisement."

On another occasion he came to me with a violent communication that he wanted to let loose on the world.

"What do you advise?" he asked.

"I should not send it out," I replied.

"I have already sent it," he said. What can you do with genius of that calibre?

The "mystery" has furnished excellent fuel. If the press agent can fasten a mystery on an author, or cloak his or her identity with the "unknown," he can do many things. I have built many columns of matter, and got much profitable advertising out of the mere fact that an author preferred to use a pseudonym. With a woman it is easy to say that she is "widely known," and for personal reasons prefers to remain anonymous. The very moment you can introduce this intangible quality about the identity of the author, you create interest, for people, especially women, are curious, you know.

Then, too, you can create speculation as to the sex of an author. Many fierce campaigns have been waged on the mere statement that a certain author who uses the name of a man is a woman. You can develop this into a discussion that involves nearly every characteristic of the whole human family.

But all authors are not of the incendiary kind. I have one in mind, the revelation of whose real character may be gained from the following extract from a letter he once sent me:

> I hope you'll not think me ungracious, but I fear you'll have to manage the "publicity" matter without me. I can hardly conceive myself doing anything in that way with reference to my own book; I'd rather that the book should not sell.
>
> I have a photograph of myself ten years old (there will be no later ones) to which you are welcome if you care for it, though I hope you don't. As to "biographical matter," certain old-fashioned notions have hitherto forbidden me to supply it for advertising purposes, or any other; and I'm sixty-four—too old to change my habits.
>
> In your place, I should probably want just what you want, and ask for it; but in mine—well, that is different.

I like to recall, too, an experience with a lovely and gracious woman who writes real books. It is a privilege to exploit them. You feel that you are doing the public a service and yourself a very great pleasure. I planned the campaign of one of her novels. It was a genuine piece of literature (perhaps the phrase is familiar to some of my readers), and for months her picture and dignified stories about her appeared everywhere. The book was her greatest popular success. Of course she was gratified, but she said to me one day: "I am really embarrassed by all this publicity. Can't you stop it?" I promised to do what I could.

When her next book came along, she said: "I want this book to make its own way, write as little about me as you can." Deep down in my exploiting heart I respected her profoundly for that statement. I let the book have its way and kept the publicity "lid" on tight. A book by her is a literary event and it was a success. But what else happened? In prosaic terms of business, it did not sell as well as the one before.

This simply means that publicity, and lots of it, is essential to the success of a

book these days. Of course, a book of vital literary quality will make its own way, sometime, but it takes years. I have in mind the case of a dog story that during its first year was practically a failure. Suddenly it woke up and has been a constant seller ever since. At the start, however, it had very little publicity.

Yet I do not believe in silly book puffing. The reader is perfectly capable of discriminating between books, but the fact remains that when you read a lot in the newspapers and magazines about an author and his book, there is a pretty strong temptation to explore for yourself. Thus, publicity creates an interest, and when it does that, it is fulfilling its mission.

If I should draw the curtain from that sacred place where repose the author's confessions to the press agent, my task here would be unnecessary. I get a more intimate glimpse into the character of the author than any one else, because I appeal to his vanity. You may hear a woman say to a friend: "The way my pictures are paraded around is simply shocking," yet the chances are that she gave the press agent more different kinds of portraits of herself than he could possibly use in a year.

The best co-workers are the men and women who have worked on newspapers, because they have a "story" sense. Yet one of them wrote to me the other day: "I could never be a good press agent for myself. It was always for other people." A woman once told me a lot about herself—and one interesting detail. When she had finished, she said: "You may use all that but"—and then specified the aforesaid most interesting fact. When you gently remonstrate, you somehow get the impression that you are not doing just exactly the right thing.

It has become the fashion for some authors to act as their own press agents. I forbear to mention names, but certain activities during the past year, for example, strongly indicate that some of them have designs upon my job. The distressing feature is that I began as their press agent, and they tell me that they learned the job from me! This is gratifying—but unsatisfactory.

By this time you are perhaps wondering just how this business of introducing genius to immortality is carried on. Every book is a law unto itself when it comes to the task of exploiting it. It depends on the kind of book and kind of author you have, and the kind of public you want. Naturally, the most satisfactory public, and the one everybody tries to reach, is the buying public.

The "first" book is the hardest to pull through. Here you have a practically unknown commodity for which you are required to create a demand. If the book is sensational it is not so hard, for this quality lends itself to publicity. But when the book is just one of the abundant "promising" variety—the kind that publishers accept because they feel there is a real novel in the man and that it will be the second—you are required to tax to the utmost whatever resources you may have.

The very psychology of making an absolutely unknown author known is an intensely fascinating thing. From your desk you send that first tiny, trickling stream of publicity that sometimes becomes a rushing torrent, bearing on its breast fame, fortune and success. And the largest compensation that comes to the man behind it lies in the appreciation and friendship of the author you have exploited. It makes it well worth while.

I like to recall the case of a young American novelist whose first book I had the pleasure of exploiting. He had written several magazine articles, but he was a good example of the "unknown" novelist. He had written a book in which I believed. I took the subject with which it dealt and made a campaign on it—and it succeeded. When the book came along it spoke for itself; and it was then easy to attach the man's personality to it. He was very grateful, and he is today one of my best friends.

Perhaps I have given the impression that the author's writing a book is a mere incidental performance. This is remote from my purpose. Without the book, my machinery would be idle, although it has been said of one gentleman in my profession (and by a very eminent publisher, too) that he could get publicity out of a book with blank pages.

Writing literary notes and biographical

sketches of authors is a very small part of the literary press agent's work. There was a time when it constituted the largest part. Now he must keep his finger on the newspaper pulse and be in touch with all the men and women everywhere who write about books. He must know what kind of matter they want—and when they want it; he must know the routine of the managing editor, the Sunday editor, the city editor and the reporter, for in this strenuous life he must play all these parts. He harnesses the power of news agencies, and if the mail is too slow he uses the cable and the telegraph. He deals in pages instead of paragraphs. There is as much satisfaction in swinging a big publicity deal as there was in the old newspaper days in scoring a great "beat" that put the opposition out of business.

Strange as it may appear—for my work is essentially advertising—I have always declined to have anything to do with the advertising department; that is, the department which places book advertising. I do not believe that the editorial and business ends should work together in that way. I opposed it when I was on a newspaper—I do not think it is compatible with the best ethics of magazine editing. Therefore, I ask no favours of newspapers with the understanding that they will get our advertising, nor do I "sneak" things in.

It is this adaptability of enterprising newspaper methods to book publicity that has caused the dignified publisher to "view with alarm" the activities of the literary press agent. Now, let us be quite frank. The author of that eminently readable book, *A Publisher's Confession*, bewailed the fact that books were advertised like soap, shoes and biscuits. It is true that frenzied circus methods have been adopted to whip a book into the "best selling" class, but in a larger sense a book *is* a commodity, and is governed by the laws of demand and supply. The publishing business is not what Mr. McCurdy called life insurance—"a philanthropic institution." If authors insist upon novelising things ranging from a packing-house stench to a political ambition, there is nothing to do but to make the most of it. When a publisher brings out a book it is his obligation to stand by it; the literary press agent is his aid. He does not exploit an author's personality or his affairs for the sheer pleasure of doing it, nor with a devilish desire to expose something; but because it is his conscientious duty to do all he can that makes for the success of the book. The same rule applies to a newspaper reporter who wakes up a sleepy man at two o'clock in the morning to ask him a question. The man slams down the window and calls the reporter a meddling, impudent disturber of the peace. But the irascible sleeper has not stopped to think that the reporter was simply under orders and doing his job.

I ease my literary conscience when I have a real book to exploit, for then I am doing a genuine service to the public —and to literature. If I treat books as a commodity, it does not imply a lack of reverence for them. To me every one is a sort of living thing, breathing some human hope or ambition. I have had this feeling ever since that boyhood day when *Robinson Crusoe* first opened its myriad wonders to me, or that later time when Keats heightened my vison with the "symbols of a high romance."

So you see I am not so bad after all.



A RAILWAY TRAGEDY—PERHAPS

SCENE.—*Railway station on the line between Paris and Lyons, arranged with benches and small tables. Big bell heard ringing outside. Several passengers drinking beer and eating at the tables, while others are seen walking back and forth outside. Guard rings a bell at the door.*

GUARD. *En Wagon pour Vienne, Colombe, Roussillon, Tournon, Isère, et Valence! En wagon!*

ENTER *crusty old traveller wrapped up in shawl. Drops into seat at one of the tables.*

OLD MAN. Garsong, hey, Garsong! Tea, strong and hot, and be quick about it. I call this a beastly outrage—to be dropped in this hole at four o'clock in the morning after being jolted all night in that beastly train (*yawns*). I feel as if I should never get enough sleep if I were to sleep till doomsday (*yawns*).

ENTER *Dundreary type of English traveller, who sits at same table with* OLD MAN.

DUNDREARY (*to* OLD MAN). I say, how long do we stop heah?

OLD MAN. How should I know? I am not the conductor. (*After a pause*) Do I look like a conductor? Do I look as if I knew everything?

DUNDREARY. No, no! Quite the contrary. But I thought that——

OLD MAN. Well, you had no business to think it.

DUNDREARY. —that you knew something.

(OLD MAN *snarls and wraps his shawls around him. Door opens at back.* ENTER OLD LADY, *type of fussy, nervous traveller, followed by* DAUGHTER, *both carrying many bundles, which they drop right and left. They take seats.* ENTER *waiter and barmaid, who go round among the people taking orders.* ENTER *French "dude" tourist, who bows in turn to every one, receiving stares in reply.*)

DUNDREARY (*to* OLD LADY). Madam, this is a smoking room.

OLD LADY. Well, if you can stand it, I can. My husband had a filthy old pipe with which he used to poison the atmosphere. I have talked to him about it by the hour. It shortened his life.

DUNDREARY. I have no doubt of it, madam.

FRENCHMAN. Ah, pardon, monsieur (*to* DUNDREARY, *indicating* OLD LADY) but ze lady—she knows zat she in a smoke room is?

DUNDREARY (*resigned*). Yes, she knows. But she doesn't care. If you want to smoke, smoke away.

FRENCHMAN. Mais, monsieur, I like it not. Ze lady, she may become vary seeck.

OLD LADY (*glaring at* FRENCHMAN). What! If he makes me sick I'll make him sicker. (*To* DUNDREARY) Does he understand that?

(FRENCHMAN *is abashed, but during the next ten minutes makes futile attempts to light his cigarette whenever the* OLD LADY'S *attention is diverted.* ENTER JONATHAN SMITH, *hearty English tourist, followed by wife, angular and stiff. Sit opposite each other at one of the tables.*)

DUNDREARY (*resuming conversation with* OLD MAN). Well, sir, no sooner did he see the dog coming than he said to himself, "That dog is probably mad, and my life is not insured. I shall die, my family will starve." You see, my friend was a noble character. His first thought was not of himself, but of his poor wife, who would be left penniless. All men are not so bad as books make them out to be. My poor friend was always thinking of his wife——

OLD LADY. Pshaw!

DUNDREARY. I beg your pardon, madam?

OLD LADY. Nothing, nothing. It's a good story. Was your friend killed?

DUNDREARY. No; he seized a stone weighing nearly half a ton, for despair and the thought of his wife made him a Hercules, and hurled it at the infuriated beast. The exertion was such that he fainted. When he came to himself the dog was no longer there, although my friend could have sworn that he had crushed it to atoms.

OLD LADY. Pshaw!

OLD MAN (*joining in the conversation*). Perhaps there never was any dog. Was your friend a temperate drinker?

OLD LADY. Evidently not.

(*During the foregoing the* FRENCHMAN *has ordered something in pantomime from the waitress, who finally brings it to him.*)

FRENCHMAN. *Ah, mademoiselle! Vous me sauvez la vie!*

OLD LADY (*to* DAUGHTER). What did he say to her? I am sure it was something improper! She looked as if she liked it, the bold huzzy, so it must have been improper.

DAUGHTER. He said that she had saved his life.

OLD LADY. Ah, I was sure it was something improper! Oh, those Frenchmen! Is there anything they won't say?

DAUGHTER. But, mamma, I don't see anything wrong in what he said. He seems to be rather a nice young man. He was grateful for the beer, and said that she had saved his life, that is all.

OLD LADY. Ah, you don't know what a language French is! It is as full of what they call double-enders as this tea is full of leaves. I have heard that you can't say anything in French that may not mean something awful. Those double-enders come as naturally in French as——

(*People walking up and down, inside and out, and bells ringing. Waitress brings another glass to* FRENCHMAN.)

FRENCHMAN. *Ah, mademoiselle, encore une fois vous me sauvez la vie.*

OLD LADY. There, did you hear that? Honcore! That was what the shameless man behind us at the theatre shouted when the ballet girl kicked off the King's hat. He wants the waitress to do something of the kind. Let's get out—quick.

DAUGHTER (*holding mother back*). No, no. It's all right. Drink your tea and don't mind what you hear. These foreigners are not half so bad as you think they are.

OLD LADY. Think! Don't I know? Haven't I heard about them? Can't I see? I always believe the worst, and then I know it's a good deal worse than that. When he has had another glass he'll want her to dance. Let's get out! Quick! (*Gathering up bundles.* DAUGHTER *holds her down.*)

JONATHAN (*continuing conversation that has been carried on in pantomime during the foregoing*). That reminds me of a good story. A friend of mine had a cow that could jump a fence like any deer. His wife——

MRS. JONATHAN. Jonathan, that is not a proper story to tell before these ladies. I have been shocked by it before.

JONATHAN (*addressing ladies*). Do you think you would be shocked?

DAUGHTER. Not at all.

OLD LADY. Certainly.

DUNDREARY. Go on! Go on!

ENTER *stout* GERMAN *with bundles and several bottles of beer, which he drops right and left. Places himself opposite* OLD LADY. *Produces glass and uncorks a bottle, to the alarm of the* OLD LADY, *who turns away while the* FRENCHMAN *tries again to light his cigarette. The* GERMAN *stows his bottles under the table.*

GERMAN. Ze, ze trains goes not for three hours again. Ze beer (*drinking from* FRENCHMAN'S *glass*) here is not goot. But it is better as no beer (*drinks*). Ah, it is not goot beer!

OLD LADY (*to* DAUGHTER). If it had been, he'd buy a cask.

CONDUCTOR (*appearing in doorway ringing bell*). *Train pour Dijon.* Ze train for Dijon.

(*The* FRENCHMAN *makes another attempt to light his cigarette.*)

GERMAN (*gathering up his bottles*). Dijon! But I want to go to Dijon!

JONATHAN. Hurry up, then, or you will miss it. Then you'll have to wait three hours for the Avignon Special.

GERMAN. Dunder und blitzen! Wait here for three hours! And no goot beer!

Never! What a country! *Ich bin halb todt! (Gathers up his bottles and bundles, dropping them all around, and finally gets out. General grumbling.)*

JONATHAN. I knew a man like that once who drank himself to death in less than three months. He was in love with a widow——

MRS. JONATHAN. Jonathan! That is not a proper story to tell before ladies.

JONATHAN. But I appeal to these ladies. Have you confidence in me? Shall I go on?

DAUGHTER. Certainly.

OLD LADY. Not at all.

JONATHAN. It happened upon this very line to an uncle of mine, and is connected with one of the most curious railway disasters in history. It is a proper story——

OLD LADY (*to* MRS. JONATHAN). Does your husband know any stories that are proper?

MRS. JONATHAN. None.

JONATHAN. Well, as I was saying, it happened on this very line about ten years ago. My uncle was in a railway coupé on his way from Paris to Lyons. It was a lovely day, and he was lazily watching the country through which the train was flying when he noticed that some peasants standing at a crossing seemed to be greatly excited at the appearance of the locomotive. A few moments later and another group of people shouted out some words lost in the roar of the express, and pointed toward the locomotive. Something was evidently wrong there. As my uncle raised his window to take a look forward, there arose above the din a shriek that froze the blood of every one who heard it.

(General exclamation—Ah! Well! etc.)

JONATHAN. Windows began to go up all along the train, and the truth was soon known, for shriek after shriek came from the locomotive. The passengers in the forward carriages told those behind them what the matter was, and thus the story was passed along. The whole train was soon wild with excitement. My uncle, who was next the baggage van, could, by risking his life, see that a fight to the death was going on in the locomotive. The stoker had become a raving maniac! He had driven the engineer from the cab and was keeping him off with a long, red-hot poker.

(People passing in and out at the rear and bells ringing.)

JONATHAN. Another weapon of the same sort was heating. Several times the crazy man, an immense brute with the leer of an ourang-outang, changed pokers, bringing forth a new one, glowing with heat, to brandish it in the air. The engineer's arm had been broken in the first struggle with the madman; but he stuck to his place upon the coal-van like a hero. Whenever the crazy man shrieked and brandished his poker, the engineer must have thought that his last hour had come, for in that crippled condition he was at the brute's mercy. Fortunately, the madman seemed to be too much pleased with the situation to follow up his advantage. He contented himself with shrieks of blood-curdling laughter and a flourish of his iron bar whenever the engineer crept toward the cab.

(More bell ringing and noise outside. RE-ENTER GERMAN *with his bundles and bottles. His appearance is greeted with a chorus of disapproval.)*

GERMAN. Dere vas one great plunder. I miss ze train! My head vas not right. Aber, I drink some beer—it vas not goot beer—aber, I make it out, endlich. I haf a teeckit now for Grenoble. Dose conductors vas de most stupid animals in ze vorld. *(Sits down at table.)*

(Chorus to JONATHAN—*Go on! Go on!)*

JONATHAN. Well, meantime the train was running faster and faster. It was going now at the rate of a mile a minute. "Has any one a revolver?" shouted the conductor, climbing from carriage to carriage at the risk of his life. He wanted to shoot the stoker, as he would be justified in doing; for unless the brute was overpowered a hundred souls would soon be rushed into eternity. The train was getting near Lyons, where it must either plunge into the Rhone or dash itself against a solid stone embankment. The horror of the situation was realised by most of the passengers. "In ten minutes," said the man next to my uncle, "we shall be in Lyons, and then"— "If there

is no revolver, is there no priest?" said another. "We have but a few moments to live." But there was neither revolver nor priest.

GERMAN (*to* JONATHAN). Have some beer. You are getting excited. It vas not goot beer, aber——

(ALL. *No, no! Go on; let's know what happened!*)

JONATHAN. Then came a cry for a rope with which to lassoo the man after the manner of cattle on the South American pampas. But neither was there a rope. Some of the passengers suggested tearing a woman's skirt to pieces and making a rope of it. A noble woman, one of the few on the train, sacrificed her dress; but it proved not enough. She gave up her petticoat. Still it was not enough. She——

MRS. JONATHAN. Jonathan!

JONATHAN. Well, I was only going to say that she refused to give up anything else. Yet with every second the situation was becoming more critical. The train was now entering the suburbs of the city and seemed to be going faster than ever. People in the fields watched it with horror and amazement. Then came a hurried call for volunteers; men were wanted who would climb over the coal-van into the cab and disarm the madman. Several men were needed, because the first man, perhaps the second, perhaps even the third, might be killed before the brute was overpowered. The conductor's frenzied demand for help met with no response. Men looked at the madman still shrieking and brandishing his fiery iron. It was now but a question of seconds to destruction. The train was in the city. Many of the passengers began to pray. My uncle——

CONDUCTOR (*ringing bell*). All aboard! No stop between here and Lyons!

JONATHAN. What! No stop! But we want to get out at Valence. Quick! We shall have to run! (*Dragging* MRS. JONATHAN *after him.* EXIT JONATHAN and MRS. JONATHAN. *Commotion and noise of shouts, bell ringing.*)

JONATHAN (*putting his head in at the door*). Gentlemen and ladies, *au revoir!* Good-bye! [EXIT

CONDUCTOR (*ringing bell*). All aboard for Paris.

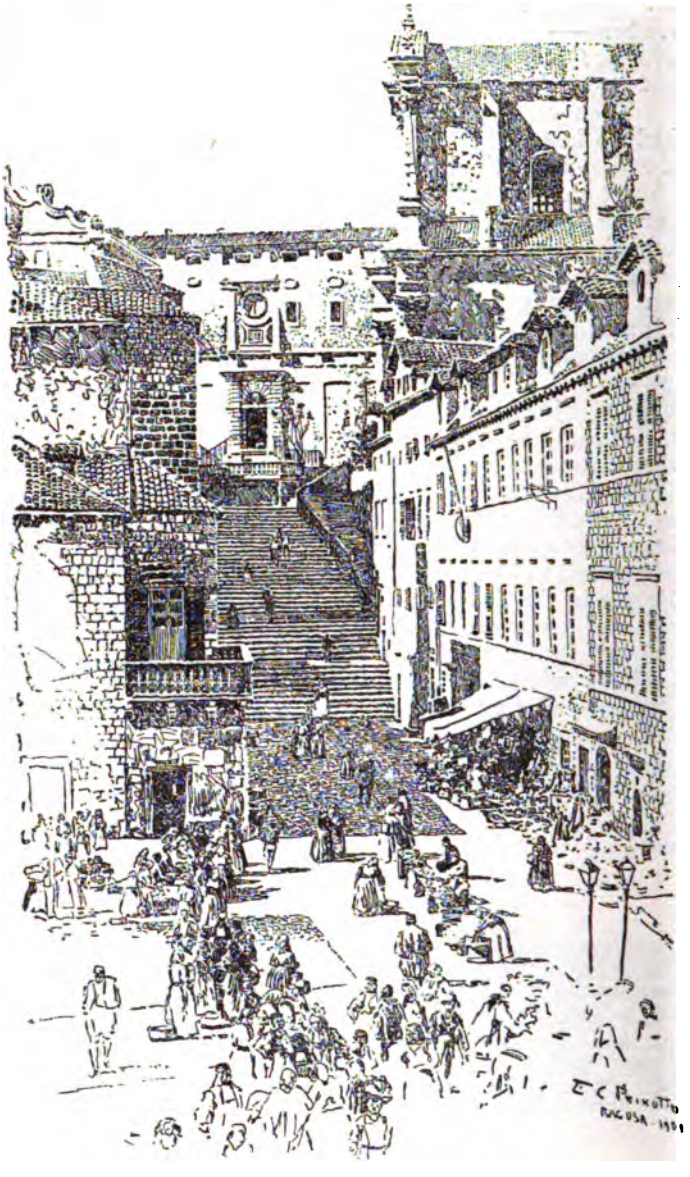
CHORUS (*calling after* JONATHAN). Hey! Come back! One moment! How about your uncle? What happened? *Mais, monsieur! Dunder und blitzen!* etc., etc.

(QUICK CURTAIN.)

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.



AMONG THE SEASON'S ILLUSTRATED BOOKS



THE MARKET PLACE. RAGUSA

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto

From *By Italian Seas*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



THE CHATEAU OF BLOIS

From *Chateaux of Touraine*, published by the Century Company.



THE SEAWEED GATHERERS

From the paintings of Jean Francois Millet, published by the Lippincott Company



SHEPHERDS AND FLOCK AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

From the paintings of Jean Francois Millet, published by the Lippincott Company



THEN THE OLD CHURCH BELL RANG . . . AND THEY ALL RETURNED TO BREAKFAST

From *Mr. Pickwick's Christmas*, published by the Baker & Taylor Company



THE ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR GAINSBOROUGH'S FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF GEORGIANA OR ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

From the *Drawings of Thomas Gainsborough*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH IN ILLUSTRATION



MRS. JESSIE BUSLEY AS NANCE OLDEN IN THE DRAMATISATION OF MIRIAM MICHELSON'S "IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE"



WILLIAM H. CRANE AS OLD HARDCASTLE AND ELLIS JEFFREYS AS KATE HARDCASTLE IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"



IDA CONQUEST AS THE COUNTESS KYRLE BELLEW AS BRIGADIER GERARD ELSIE FERGUSON AS AGNES

In the dramatisation of Conan Doyle's "Brigadier Gerard"

As a stage figure the impetuous Colonel Gerard should be, among Conan Doyle's heroes, a worthy successor to Sherlock Holmes. In regard to the famous detective, it may be of interest to note that a dramatisation of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" has recently been presented in Austria.



WILLIAM GILLETTE AND MARIE DORO IN "CLARICE"



HADDON CHAMBERS'S "SIR ANTHONY"

VERNER CLARGES
AS
REV. WILKINS DELMAR

HELEN LOWELL
AS
MRS. CHOPE

OLIVE WYNDHAM
AS
OLIVE

WILLIAM NORRIS
AS
CLARENCE CHOPE

HERBERT STANDING
AS
MR. BULGER

FOURTEEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

CHATFIELD TAYLOR'S "MOLIÈRE"*

Whether Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has succeeded in doing that which very few critics of Anglo-Saxon blood have succeeded in doing, viz., in fully realising the exact point of view of the French toward the seventeenth century period of their history and literature and sympathising with it, is, to say the least, doubtful to us. To speak, after the labours of Lemaître, of Rigal, of Bernardin, of the *"pernicious* unities of time and place" (p. 225), seems almost an anachronism, and more regard for flippancy than for historical accuracy would seem to have dictated such an expression as "the greatest despot, the greatest knave and the greatest genius of France" (p. 100), when applied to Louis XIV., Cardinal Mazarin and Molière. A genius, perhaps the greatest genius of France, Molière certainly was; whether the word despot best befits the sovereign of whom Macaulay, a not over-friendly writer, says that "no sovereign has ever represented the majesty of a great state with more dignity and grace," is seriously open to question. But what will be thought on this score of a writer who, for the sake of epigram, finds no word but "knave" with which to describe an historical character who, in spite of all his faults, remains one of the greatest and most successful statesmen that ever directed the policy of France? Proofs are not wanting, moreover, that a careful study of historical facts and conditions was not included by Mr. Chatfield-Taylor in the labour of preparation required by the composition of a biography of Molière. A *"conseiller au Parlement,"* i.e., a justice of a superior court, is mistaken for a counsellor or advocate; Lamoignon, the illustrious chief-justice of the Parliament of Paris, is represented as a police official; Antoine Arnauld, the giant controversialist, the stubborn and indomitable Port Royal fighter, is repeatedly called Arnauld d'Andilly, a name which designated only one of his older brothers, the gentle father of Arnauld de Pomponne, Madame de Sévigné's friend. Considering, however, the kind of work which Mr. Chatfield-Taylor intended to write, these blemishes



STAGE DOOR OF MOLIÈRE'S THEATRE

are not of the most serious kind, and the volume which he presents to the public is, in spite of them, an exceedingly readable book and a valuable contribution to the study of the greatest of French dramatists.

The book much more than fulfils the promises of its title. It is not simply a biography of Molière, but as complete a presentation as is needed by the general public of the history, the sources and the contents of his masterpieces. The reader who has taken the trouble of going

*Molière. A Biography. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, with Introduction by Thomas Frederick Crane. Illustrations by Job. New York: Duffield and Company, 1906. 1 vol.



MOLIÈRE

through its very pleasingly written 379 pages knows Molière about as well as it is possible to know him for one who has not seen his plays acted on the stage and is not able to read them in the original. In some respects the book is a model of its kind. Though not intended for specialists, it has been prepared with all the care now expected from a work of historical or literary research. No authority worth mentioning has been left out; and hardly any poor authority has been made use of. In this respect the book does honour not only to Mr. Chatfield-Taylor himself, but also to his former Cornell University teacher, Professor Crane, who provides it with a very creditable introduction. The result of the

author's painstaking investigations are presented in a series of well-digested and often entertaining chapters, in which mention of the authorities is not made any more frequently than needed in order to give the reader confidence in the truthfulness of the narrator.

The figure with which Mr. Chatfield-Taylor wishes to make us acquainted is that of Molière the world poet, much more than that of Molière the greatest incarnation of the French genius in the seventeenth century. What attracts him in the poet and his work is the profound insight of the one into the depths of human nature and the perfect workmanship and characterisation that distinguish the other. The eighty-odd pages devoted to Molière's early career, to the history of the "Illustrious Theatre," to the poet's *Wanderjahre,* have for their main object to tell us what means Molière had of observing this "Comédie Humaine," later depicted by him with such lifelike fidelity.

When Molière, then already thirty-six years of age, returns to Paris in 1658, soon to strike the loud-sounding blow of the *Précieuses Ridicules,* his harvest of observations is made, though of course not quite completed; he knows the human biped and the society constructed by him, and for a period of fourteen years, in which most of his time will have to be absorbed by his labours as actor, theatrical manager and court entertainer, he will, however, in his leisure moments write an average of two plays a year, a good half-dozen of which, at least, rank among the highest productions of human genius. These twenty-eight plays, with a couple written during Molière's provincial wanderings, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor attempts (pp. 55-57) to cast into five successive periods, designated by him as the Italian, Gallic, courtier, militant and histrionic periods. This to us seems to be the most questionable part of his conclusions. Not only the *Malade Imaginaire,* a stinging satire on the rapacity and ignorance of the physicians of his time, but also its predecessor, *Les Femmes Savantes,* the last but one of Molière's comedies, is militant no less than *Les Précieuses Ridicules,* the poet's declaration of war against affectation in manners, speech and moral conduct. Neither can we agree with Mr. Chatfield-Taylor that after the production of *Tartufe* and *Le Misanthrope,* that is, when *L'Avare, Le Médecin Malgré lui, Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and the two plays just above alluded to were still unwritten, Molière's "power began to wane." Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's own brilliant and enthusiastic analysis of these plays, moreover, seems of itself sufficient to disprove his theory. The truth to us seems to be that though wasted by disease, Molière died in the full possession of his genius, and far from having, according to the French phrase, *"dit son dernier mot."*

One important question is suggested by this new and excellent Molière biography. Are Molière's plays as subjective as the author would have us believe? Are they as fully as he thinks a running commentary of the events of his life? Is *Le Misanthrope,* for instance, really the outcome of the domestic infelicity that followed Molière's ill-matched union with the fascinating and wayward Armande Béjart? On this point alone, as a critic of Molière as a philosopher, a chapter, moreover, not written by him, of Molière not simply as a painter, but as a judge of human nature, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor seems to us to have fallen short of what was required in order to present an adequate treatment of Molière's achievements. Leaving out the chapter on Molière and his friends, which is hardly more than a stringing together of a number of well-known anecdotes, which it was, perhaps, not possible to leave out, his chapter on *Le Misanthrope* seems to us the least satisfactory of all, because of its failure to grapple with the problem set forth by this immortal play, the conflict between sincerity and society. Strangely enough, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, who seems to have made it a point to read everything of worth written about Molière, has here not even a passing reference to Rousseau's wonderfully eloquent, though to our mind entirely unjust, arraignment of *Le Misanthrope* in his *Lettre sur les Spectacles.* On the other hand, does not our author go a trifle too far when claiming for Molière the honour of having given France in *Don Juan* and *Le Misanthrope* lessons which, if heeded, would have "spared her Reign of Terror" (p. 230)?

One of the charms of this book is that the author is in love with his subject. He but seldom condemns Molière, and when he does we are not quite sure that his severity is quite deserved. For instance, he wishes Molière had not condescended to present a defence of himself in *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes* and in *L'Impromptu de Versailles*. When, however, we know that intense hatred against Molière inspired such plays as Boursault's *Le Portrait du Peintre* or Chalussay's *Elomire Hypochondre;* when we remember, and the facts are all stated in their fulness by Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, that slander went so far as to accuse the poet of having married his own daughter, an offence then punishable by death, we do not well see how he could avoid presenting his own defence to the public and conquering his acquittal by the unmistakable accent of sincerity of his plea.

We cannot dismiss this book without calling attention to the numerous passages of Molière's plays found in its chapters. The translations, whether in prose or verse, are all Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's own work, and upon them not too much praise can be bestowed. They are simply admirable. The French text of all the translated passages is inserted in a very convenient appendix. Other valuable features of the book are a chronology of the events recorded and a bibliography of all works consulted by the author, as well as a very good index of names.

The book is beautifully gotten up, and adorned with pleasing original illustrations by Jacques Onfroy de Breville.

Adolphe Cohn.

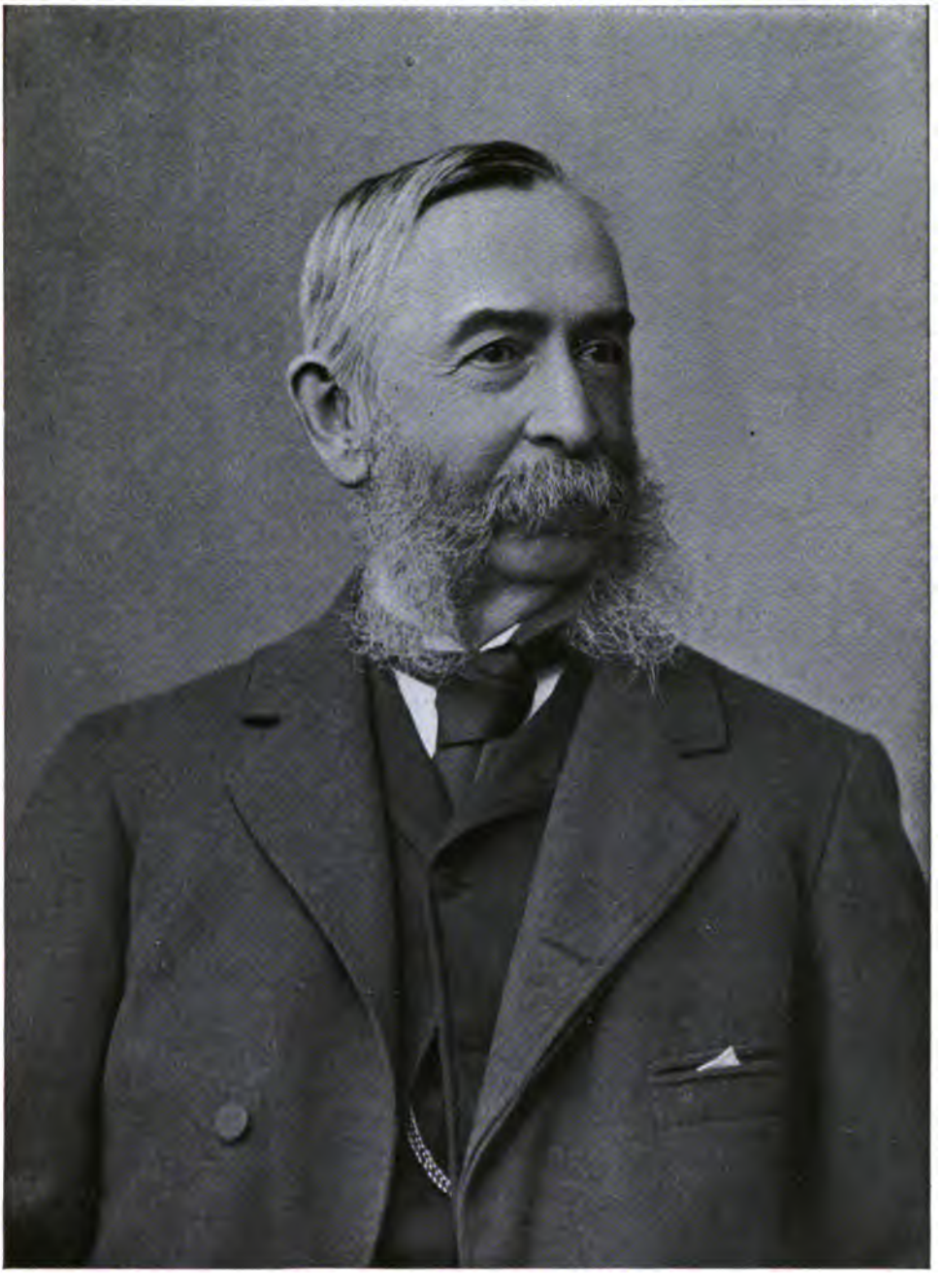
II

Dr. Gilman's "The Launching of a University"*

During a very considerable period in the history of education in the United States Johns Hopkins unquestionably represented the truest conception and the highest attainment of the idea of a university on this side of the Atlantic. If that pre-eminence no longer exists it is due rather to the successful imitation of her methods and policies by other schools than to any failure on the part of the Baltimore institution to maintain her original standards. The *Launching of a University*, by President Emeritus Gilman, is, therefore, a book which, unlike most others of a similar character, will appeal to a much wider circle of readers than that of the alumni who were graduated during the twenty-five years of his service. To these the delightful reminiscent style of which Dr. Gilman is so completely a master will doubtless give the most cordial pleasure, while to others, whose interest is merely that of the student of educational history, the great value of the materials presented will be readily apparent. The *Launching of a University*, however, is decidedly more than a contribution to antiquarian lore. During Dr. Gilman's presidency of Johns Hopkins he enjoyed an unrivalled experience and attained a marvellous success in what, for lack of a better term, one may call the promotion of research. His election, in 1901, to the presidency of the Carnegie Institution was a fitting recognition of his brilliant earlier service in Baltimore. With all their wealth and equipment in buildings and apparatus, American universities in general can hardly claim to have produced adequate returns in this field of endeavour. What Dr. Gilman has to say on the subject of the organisation of scientific research may well be considered, therefore, the most significant part of his book.

With regard to the essentials for the development of a university the following formula, which is repeated and enlarged upon throughout the various papers presented in the volume, is of decided interest: "First, there must be wise plans; second, sufficient funds; third, powerful teachers; then will come, fourth, many students; fifth, great collections; sixth, world-wide influence and renown." One does not have to turn many pages of President Gilman's book, however, to note that while he underestimates the value of none of these factors, he recalls with peculiar pleasure the "powerful teachers" who were associated with him in the making of Johns Hopkins. And what a splendid group they were: Syl-

*The Launching of a University and other papers: A Sheaf of Remembrances. By Daniel Coit Gilman. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1906.



DANIEL COIT GILMAN

vester, Gildersleeve, Morris, Remsen, Rowland, and Martin—all young men with the exception of Sylvester, and the last three less than thirty years old at the time they began their service. The original associates—Adams, Brooks, Cross, Elliott, Hastings, Morse, and Scott were still younger, but were destined later to be hardly less notable. In his *Reminiscences,* Simon Newcomb observes that



Georg Brandes.

"the selection of the coming man in science is almost as difficult as the selection of the youth who are to become senators of the United States." President Gilman's peculiar instinct for the coming "senators of science" was clearly one of the most valuable of the many admirable qualities which he brought to the founding of an institution new in its time and country. Of all his coadjutors he has many anecdotes to relate, particularly of the eccentric mathematical genius Sylvester and the fox-hunting physicist Rowland. After one of the latter's exploits in his favourite sport, a friend "found him stretched on the bed, a symphony in brown and red mud, his once glossy hat crushed into nothingness, his top-boots, once so new, a mass of Warwickshire mud. He drily remarked that he 'guessed there wouldn't be any trouble about getting his hunting suit through the custom-house now.' He came very near breaking his neck, having been thrown before he 'could calculate his orbit,' as he remarked."

Besides its regular faculty Johns Hopkins has heard at various times many distinguished non-resident lecturers, and it has also had more than its share of for-

eign visitors of note. This affords Dr. Gilman the opportunity to tell some delightful stories of Huxley, Freeman, Cayley, Dean Stanley, Lord Kelvin, Child, Sidney Lanier, and Lowell. Lowell's reception was so hospitable that it provoked the following characteristic reference in one of his letters from Baltimore, or "Bahltimer" as he delighted to spell it. "We are overwhelmed with kindness here. I feel very much as an elderly oyster might who was suddenly whisked away into a polka by an electric eel. How I shall ever do for a consistent hermit again, heaven only knows."

In one respect the reader of historical proclivities may be inclined to find fault with the *Launching of a University*. President Gilman resolutely keeps back all references to the occasional misfortunes and unpleasantnesses which harassed him and his associates. The great financial reverse through which Johns Hopkins University passed is barely mentioned. Partly this reticence is due to consideration for those still living, but more largely it seems to be a consequence of the genial character of the author, unwilling to vex the mellow reminiscent page with memories of old anxieties and perplexities. One gains the impression that the relations of the faculty were in the main eminently happy. Hard and fast rules were avoided. "For a long time our proceedings were 'tentative,' and this term was used so often that it became a by-word for merriment." Possibly Johns Hopkins men, scattering as teachers to all parts of the country, are responsible for the popularity which the word still enjoys in college faculties everywhere.

Dr. Gilman's account of the motives of the founder of the Carnegie Institution is interesting, although exceedingly brief. With a touch that recalls Herodotus he concludes his report of the interview with the philanthropist as follows: "This was not all that he [Carnegie] said, but it is all that I tell." Most of the "Addresses on Various Occasions, Historical and Educational," which Dr. Gilman adds to the papers relating to Johns Hopkins have appeared before. They recall notable university events at Yale, Princeton, Chicago, California, Wisconsin, Western Reserve and other educational institutions, and are of the highest value to all engaged in academic work.

Robert C. Brooks.

III. Reminiscences
IV. Main Currents of the Nineteenth Century Literature

THE YOUTH

The charm of autobiography is that it gives us glimpses of those corners of a man's brain which no one can possibly explore except himself. Another charm, equally great, is that the intentional revelation is paired with that involuntary revelation which is always given when a man talks about himself. What he thinks he is, is by contrast more nearly a true measure of what he really is than he knows. Biography can tell us what a man is and what he has done. Autobiography tells us what he would like to be, and what he wished to do. Without this angle of vision no true picture of a personality can be made. Therefore, when one of the most interesting and most complex personalities among the commanding intellects of our day bares his soul to us in this commingling of involuntary and intentional revelation, the result cannot fail to be of value.

And indeed *The Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth*,* by George Brandes, is one of the most delightful of autobiographies. What the famous critic has to tell us is of interest in view of his position and personality, and it is charmingly told. The book is vibrant with that strange mixture of sharp objective observing and subjective aliveness that make George Brandes what he is to-day. It has that technical composition which an able American critic recently asserted to be a necessity for a novel which should be truly great. Against a big background of changing scenes and character, a portraying of the intellectual influences swaying European thought during a certain period, we have

*Reminiscences of my Childhood and Youth. By George Brandes. Translated by G. M. Fox-Davies. New York: Duffield and Company. $2.50 net.

a single central figure instinct with life. We see this background as it is, but it is brought into the sphere of our sympathy through its relation to the mental development of the young Dane who was to revolutionise literary and political thought in his own country, and to exercise an influence on methods of literary criticism far beyond the confining limits of nationality or language. The book concerns itself far more with things of the mind than with the physical facts of daily existence; there are whole pages which are treatises on different systems of philosophy. Yet it is so pulsing with life, with the vivid iridescence of the personality of the writer, that it reads like the most exciting novel of action.

The first two chapters, recording the first impressions of childhood and the boy's first thoughts about the world around him, are interesting in that this early environment had much to do with moulding personality. The child's first mental impressions are told delightfully. His ponderings over the simpler facts of religion, his ideas of war—Brandes's childhood days fell in the time of the first German-Danish conflict over Sleswig—his first visits to the theatre—this would all be quite charming even were they only an imagined picture of an imaginary child. We learn that the great critic passed his infancy and boyhood in a comfortable home, where modernity of thought prevailed, and where intellectual interests, while not the chief business of life, were accorded due respect and attention. The prettiest picture of these first two chapters, and the one that lives longest with the reader, is the portrait of the mother. This woman, whose two elder sons became leaders of thought in their country—Eduard Brandes in his varied activity as politician, playwright and critic has been for years an important figure in Denmark—this mother appears to have been a woman of unusual character, and there is no other woman portrayed in the book who is so much alive to the reader. Brandes writes:

> It gradually dawned upon me that there was no one more difficult to please than my mother. No one was more chary of praise than she. She met me with superior intelligence, corrected me, and brought me up by satire. . . . Rational as she was through and through, she met my visionary inclinations, both religious and philosophical, with unshaken common-sense, and if I were sometimes tempted by lesser people's overestimating of my abilities to overestimate them myself, it was she who, with inflexible firmness, urged her conviction of the limitations of my nature. . . . The relations between us remained in all essentials the same even after I had become much her superior in knowledge and she in some things my pupil. So that it affected me very much when, many years after, my younger brother said to me somewhat sadly: "Has it struck you that Mother is growing old?" "Why do you think so?" I asked. "I think, God help me, that she is beginning to admire us."

We follow the boy in his first school years, his boyhood friendships, his growing independence of thought, and his awakening desire for knowledge, a thirst that frightens him sometimes by its voracity. He begins to reason on what he sees, crudely, youthfully, but with honest sincerity in the desire to understand, to reach the heart of things. Brandes's disinclination to accept a fact of itself, his wish to understand it at once in its relation to numerous other facts, developed early in life. It is the attitude with which he meets every impression that comes to him, mental and physical. He says of this:

> As my being grew and developed within me, and I slowly emerged from the double state of which I had been conscious, in other words, the more I became one and individual and strove to be honest and true, the less I felt myself to be a mere individual, the more I realised that I was bound up with humanity, one link in the chain, one organ belonging to the Universe.

The philosophic Pantheism that early attracted the boy's awakening mind remained the strongest current in his brain throughout this book, as indeed it has influenced all his work until he reached middle age. It makes him a radical in political and economic thought, it colours his religious views, it influences his growing talent for literary criticism. It is most interesting to note how Brandes,

who has now become chief interpreter of others' creative thought, had never desired this goal in his youth. His ambition was for action; not physical action, it is true, but for the active mental influence on the thought of his times that the orator, the statesman, the creative poet, exercises. It was not until much later that he found his means of expression in a criticism that was at once an interpretation and a preachment.

In his student years financial reverses at home threw Brandes largely on his own resources, and he experienced for many years the life of the poor scholar. But family connections and his growing personality did not allow him to sink into obscurity, and opened up chances for intellectual companionship of the highest in his travels abroad. Along with his interest in philosophical thought, Brandes's desire to express himself in prose and verse led to an intense cultivation of the forms of his own language. He even went to the length of studying musical harmonics and thoroughbass in order to come to an understanding of what he terms the "musical elements in speech," particularly in metrical art. Here again is his inclination to search for the relation of things.

The years in Paris, in his first and second visits, when the unknown young Dane became the friend and pet of men like Taine, Renan and John Stuart Mill; the months of his stay in Italy, where study and pleasure were interrupted by a long and weary illness, which nevertheless gives him a chance to interrupt his thoughts on intellectual influences by some very pretty studies of Italian types; the visit to England, undertaken at the suggestion of Mill, whose influence was very strong with the young foreigner he befriended—these all form chapters for themselves, full of interest, historical and personal. Most instructive to his readers in English are the pictures of the mental life in those wonderful little northern countries, his own particular field. The enmity between Björnson and Brandes; his friendship with Ibsen, and their influence on each other's development; and the early opposition to the youthful Brandes at home, some of which is still rampant to-day, will probably never be told by others with the same vividness with which they are here portrayed. Through all his keenness of enjoyment in other countries, through all his appreciation of what he owes to them mentally, Brandes preserves his love for his own home, and particularly for the language of his youth. He understands that a man can never know but one language thoroughly well in all its intimate shadings and possibilities, and, wonderful linguist that he is, he early chose that that one language for him should be his mother-tongue. With this thought in mind, he closes the book as he returns to active work in Denmark after years of travel, full of instruction and of pleasure.

THE MAN

The publication of this youthful autobiography within a short time of the completion of the first English edition of George Brandes's chief work, *The Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature,** affords an excellent vantage ground from which to study the personality of this most cosmopolitan critic of to-day. In the one book we see the youth; in the other, the mature man. In the one we see Brandes as he would like to be, in his youthful dreams and visions; in the other we see the gradually ripened maturity of what he really is. The change does not come all at once. The six volumes of the *Main Currents* cover a long period of their author's life, a period during which so mobile a mind could not help but change standpoints and opinions. But in these volumes his personality stands complete, as he was in the first years of active manhood, and the collective work stands as the best expression for the position of George Brandes in modern critical thought.

The *Main Currents* were begun in a series of lectures given in Copenhagen in the autumn of 1871. While the work is gradually coming to be considered a necessary part of the study of literary criticism in any European country now, it must not be forgotten in judging it that

*Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. New York: The Macmillan Company. Complete in six volumes. $1.75 a volume; $10.00 the set.

it was not intended to be the authoritative word on French, English or German literature for French, English or German people. It was planned to be a narration for the Scandinavians, particularly for Danes, of the main forces in intellectual literary thought in the great centres of civilisation. Brandes felt that his countrymen, with all their remarkable literary ability, and with the sense of form and style that brings them nearer the French ideal than most German literature can come, still stood outside the main currents of intellectual thought, and were persisting in their isolation to their own disadvantage. He felt it a mission worth while to give his strength to their enlightenment, and with this object in view the *Main Currents* were given to the world in the form of lectures, and later collected into volume form. The introduction to the original Danish edition, as well as to the German edition, explains this, in that it makes a direct personal appeal to Danish thought. The only fault one can find with the handsome English edition of the Macmillan Company is that the introduction has been shorn of this personal appeal, and contains merely a few general remarks on the relation of literature to public life. It shows only vaguely the keynote of Brandes's viewpoint as a critic, the fact that he refuses to consider literature as an end in itself. It is to him either a vehicle for great ideas that shall be of influence in forming the life of a nation, or the expression of personality. As such alone is it of value, and from this theoretical tower does he observe and criticise. It may lose for him a certain clear, high intellectual impartiality which is the proud possession of some one or two of the other great critics of the world. But it gives him an added virility, the enthusiasm and intimate vividness of the fighter in the midst of battle, that captivates his readers and prevents his writings from ever becoming academically didactic. And the cutting of the personal appeal to Danish hearers robs the English reader of a key to the better valuation of an important work. However, there is otherwise only praise for the undertaking of a putting into English of a work of this character.

Brandes's wide cosmopolitanism, that has made him so valuable as a leader of thought in his own country, and has enabled him to win far-reaching influence upon the public life of his nation, is what has roused the keenest opposition to him at home. He is attacked as a ruthless iconoclast who has no reverence for national ideals, no understanding for the old Norse traditions from which modern literature in Scandinavia has sprung. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that the group of writers who grew up about Brandes, looking to him as a leader, number among them the proudest names in Northern literature to-day. His appreciation of Björnsterne Björnson is just and comprehending, although the two were bitter enemies for many years. His opinions on the mission of literature to lead public thought undoubtedly influenced Ibsen in the turn the great dramatist's genius took in the fine plays of his second creative period, the social dramas. J. P. Jacobsen, whose two small volumes of collected fiction and poetry revolutionised Danish prose style; Holger Drachman, Scandinavia's leading lyric poet; the virile Sophus Schandorph—these and many more came to maturity in sympathy with Brandes, and supported by his approval and teachings.

And it is the fact that Brandes was a Dane, in spite of his wide cosmopolitanism, that gives his work its value for study elsewhere. France and England have been so long centres of thought that it seems impossible for their critics to escape a certain insulation of egotism, which prevents a just view of the intellectual life of other nations. This is particularly true of French criticism. Brandes grew up outside of these main centres, and came to them free and unbiased, looking at them from the outside, thus seeing them in their true proportion one to another, and in their relation to other nationalities. He can judge of the Main Currents of literary thought in Europe as one who sits upon a rock beside the stream and watches it go by without being in it. He has given his countrymen a clear and comprehensive survey of what has been thought and said elsewhere. In other critical essays he has discovered the rich field of Northern

literature for other nations, who until lately knew nothing of it. And he has also given to the nations hitherto the leaders in literary thought a view of themselves as seen by an outsider.

V

Mr. R. H. Sherard's "Life of Oscar Wilde"*

It is not easy to see precisely why a volume of some five hundred pages should be devoted to the life of Oscar Wilde. Viewed solely as a man of letters, his achievement was not great enough to merit this distinction. Viewed as a member of society and an individual, he and his unhappy story might better have been left to oblivion and not made the subject of posthumous exploitation. Nevertheless, here is the book, and one cannot deny that it is interesting, even though parts of it be painful. It is written frankly from the standpoint of a friend. It is at once a eulogy and a defence. Mr. Sherard himself regards Wilde as a man of unusual genius, of great intellectual power and of enduring accomplishment. He also strives to see in him throughout the greater part of his career, "a gentleman in the truest sense of the word," whose personality was marked by "courteous and kindly dignity." We should be loath to take issue with Mr. Sherard in his admiration of much that Wilde wrote in his earlier days. His poetry has often a ring of manliness and sincerity. No one who has ever read them can forget the splendid lines of "Ave Imperatrix," which Lord Roberts read with emotion to his officers around an Afghan campfire. For the pure pleasure of it we venture to quote the opening stanzas, which need not fear comparison with anything in the same *genre* which bears the name of Tennyson or Kipling:

Set in this stormy Northern sea,
 Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! what shall men say of thee,
 Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
 Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
 Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
 The long, white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
 The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
 The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping, blackened jaws are seen
 Leap through the hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
 Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
 The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
 Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steeps of Indian snows
 Shake to the tread of armèd men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
 Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
 When on the mountain side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
 To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
 Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
 Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England, with bare and bloody feet,
 Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

This is noble and inspiring poetry, and much that Wilde wrote at the same period is worthy to be set beside it. His prose is also singularly harmonious. He was a master of epigram, and even his comedies, although both cynical and meretricious, sparkle with wit and give evidence of more than ordinary talent.

On the other hand, as a man, no convincing defence of Oscar Wilde has yet been written, and we think it most unlikely that it ever can be. Mr. Sherard himself, though his attitude is that of an advocate, is forced to make so many admissions unfavourable to his subject as to demolish the case which he endeavours

*The Life of Oscar Wilde. By R. H. Sherard. Illustrated. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

to present. Let us look at these admissions and see whether, after all, they do not practically justify the opinion which is current regarding the unhappy man of whom Mr. Sherard writes with sympathy.

In the first place, Wilde was most unfortunate in his parentage; and such charity as the world extends to him must find its justification in a remembrance of what was entailed upon him by heredity. His father, Sir William Wilde, was a well-known Dublin surgeon, a man of great ability in his own profession, yet devoid of character and regarded by those who knew him with something like abhorrence. Given to drink, devoid of any moral sense, unrestrained in his vices even by the code of professional honour, Sir William's conflicting traits were written on his countenance—upon his high brow, his clear-seeing eyes and his simian mouth, all of which made him a strange blending of the student and the satyr. Lady Wilde was erratic to a degree. She was popular and at the same time the object of much ridicule. When more than fifty years of age she still sought to maintain the illusion of youth by paint and powder and the most bizarre costuming. She wrote poetry; she talked treason; she strove to create something like a *salon* in the Irish capital. Her character was irreproachable, but her conversation was terrifying to modest minds, so that young Wilde himself on one occasion spoke of her as "heading a Society for the Suppression of Virtue." She was, in fact, mentally unsound; and from her the son inherited a lack of mental poise and a love of eccentricity just as from his father he derived a tendency to the lowest forms of dissipation.

Oscar Wilde himself—he was baptized Oscar Fingal O'Flaherty Wills Wilde—seems throughout his whole career to have lived beyond the pale of the really normal. As a schoolboy he was unpopular with his companions. He never took part in their games; he kept aloof from them in all things as much as possible; and he showed even then traces of his remarkable gift for ridicule and for bestowing offensive nicknames upon others. At Oxford, where he acquired the æsthetic tastes which later he cultivated to the point of absurdity, he became well known even if not well liked. The effect upon him of the semi-pagan æsthetic atmosphere of Oxford at that time is summed up by Mr. Sherard in a passage so striking as to deserve quotation for its own sake. How true it is can be realised only by such as have studied at first hand the effects of certain tendencies which flourish in that home of beauty and overcultivation by the Isis:

> Oxford, which is the finest school in the world for the highest culture, is also the worst training-ground for the lowest forms of debauchery. It all depends on the character of the student, his early home-training, his natural propensities, his physical state, his religious belief. Oxford produces side by side the saint, the sage, and the depraved libertine. She sends men to Parnassus or to the public-house, to Latium or the lenocinium. The Dons ignore the horrors which are going on under their very eyes. They are wrapped up in the petty concerns of the University hierarchy; they are of men the most unpractical and least worldly; while possibly their deep classical studies have so familiarised them with certain pathological manifestations that they really fail to understand the horror of much that is the common jest of the undergraduates. Oxford has rendered incalculable services to the empire, but she has also fostered and sent forth great numbers of men who have contributed to poison English society.

This constitutes a terrible indictment of one side of England's greatest University. And here, again, perhaps, we may be charitable to Oscar Wilde. As Mr. Sherard says, had Wilde never been sent to Oxford, he might now be living in Dublin as one of the lights of Trinity College, a scholar and a gentleman of excellent reputation. Even before he left the University, however, he had begun to assume what his own biographer admits to be a pose. "It was here that the curtain rose on that tragi-comedy in which his fine intellect was to lend itself to grotesque performances." Knowing little of music, and still less of painting, and having no special understanding of decorative art, he was forced to figure as a connoisseur and to discuss music, musicians, art and decoration with the languid finality of a past master. From this time are to be dated his studied

eccentricities, which led Gilbert to caricature him as Bunthorne, and which gave him during his subsequent visit to the United States the sort of notoriety which would have been revolting to a truly self-respecting gentleman. His long hair, his lilies, his velvet coats, his affected phrases, were all assumed by him in order to force himself upon society, not as a genius, but as a freak. Even in this he was only moderately successful, as Mr. Sherard is driven to admit. The fashionable world of London always looked at him askance; and when he visited Paris, the French men of letters, who were at first disposed to greet him with admiration as a poet, soon set him down as a mere *blagueur*. Daudet in particular mistrusted him as insincere, and Edmond de Goncourt was no less unfavourably impressed. In England as in France there was something about Wilde which made men hold themselves aloof from him. In part, perhaps, it was his bitter tongue, which led him to say unkind things of his contemporaries merely for the sake of seeming clever. Thus he declared that Rudyard Kipling "reveals life by splendid flashes of vulgarity." Of Hall Caine he said that "he writes at the top of his voice." He described Henry James as composing fiction as if it were a painful duty. Another individual of influence was habitually spoken of by Wilde as "a fœtus in a bottle." Some of these things may have been witty, and others of them may have been quite true; but their utterance did not tend to make Wilde popular.

Then came the time when, after a long struggle against pecuniary difficulties, he began the writing of plays, and attained what seemed to be success. Unfortunately, he could not bear success. Until then he had of necessity been abstemious and temperate in his habits. He now yielded without restraint to the atavistic tendencies which were strong within him. He became addicted to the grossest pleasures of the table, to drink, and to tobacco. His biographer says:

> By reason of his descent, his indulgences in strong drink and gourmandising on stimulating foods, which would have been harmless to a man not predisposed by heredity, incontestably produced a terrible mischief, which was the cause of his ruin, disgrace, and death. . . . The alcohol had whipped the sleeping fiend into activity. Alcohol was sheer poison to him. All the extraordinary acts which he committed, the acts of sheer insanity, were committed when alcohol had developed an epileptic crisis in his head.

Here, in fact, is found the essence of Mr. Sherard's defence of Oscar Wilde. He holds him to have been the victim of a progressive disease, epileptiform in its character, and one which rendered him irresponsible for his acts. Certain it is that he underwent a striking change, both moral, physical and mental, between 1893 and 1895. His face became bloated. Indolence settled down upon him. He conducted all his correspondence by telegram. His conversation had lost its brilliancy. He was in reality a broken man.

We need pursue no further this study of a subject which is in the highest degree distressing. Since, however, Mr. Sherard has seen fit to devote a bulky volume to a sort of *apologia* of his former friend, it is but right to show that the verdict of the world at large is on the whole a just one, and that it is unlikely to be reversed by anything that can be written.

Richard W. Kemp.

VI

Bram Stoker's "Irving"*

Mr. Bram Stoker's book is singularly interesting on account of the intimate view which it affords of the fascinating personality of a very remarkable man, who played a prominent part for nearly a third of a century in the artistic and social world. Readers who expect to find in it an illuminating account of the making of a great actor, any critical or comparative review of his capacities or an impartial estimate of his actual achievements, will be disappointed, but they will learn some of the secrets of his extraordinary success and still more extraordinary popularity. Incidentally, too, they will learn a great deal about the

*Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving. By Bram Stoker. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1906.



MATHIAS AND SHYLOCK PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY AT SANDRINGHAM, 1889

energetic, loyal and enthusiastic character of Mr. Stoker himself, who, in the discharge of his function as a modern Boswell, throws the fullest light upon the extent of his own able, indefatigable and loving service. His amiable and quite unconscious egotism only serves to emphasise an affection highly honourable to both men.

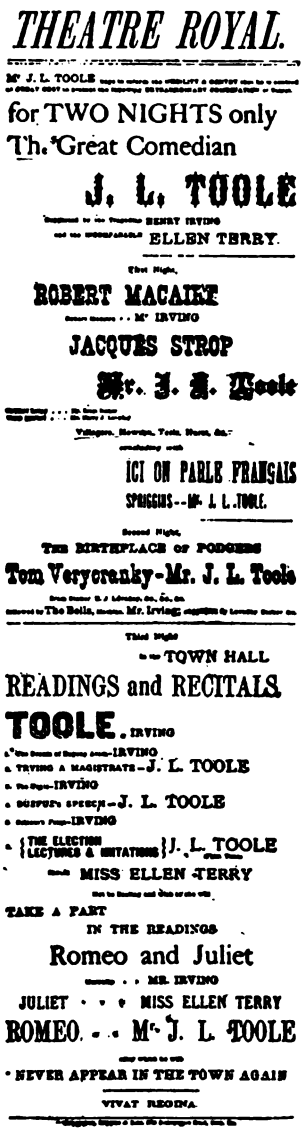
From the very first the clever Irishman, who had already won recognition as a scholar and athlete at Dublin University, was dominated by Irving's masterful individuality. He tells how he was made hysterical by the weird power of the actor's recitation of Hood's "Eugene Aram," and how the manifestation of sensibility won Irving's heart and cemented a friendship only to be ended by death. Thenceforward Irving was to him a paragon, and it is not surprising, perhaps, that he can only speak of him in terms of eulogy, in which, however, there is no trace of subserviency. But his indomitable enthusiasm, scorning all reservation or qualification, deprives his opinions on the subject of Irving's acting of all weight. To him each new impersonation was but the signal for a new rhapsody. The actor's mannerisms and physical limitations, so conspicuous to all unprejudiced observers, were for him practically non-existent. Apparently he deemed his glorified chief's Othello, Lear, Macbeth and Romeo, only to mention a few instances, to be on the same plane of excellence with his Mathias, Louis XI., Malvolio and Iago. But if his opinions are misleading, his facts are most interesting and instructive. Nobody can read his account of the golden period of the London Lyceum, with its wealth of official detail, without realising that Irving was a man of the rarest nervous force,



HENRY IRVING BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

From a drawing by Fred Barnard, 1883. After the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy"

most resolute will and great intellectuality as well as phenomenal executive ability. This last quality displayed itself in the judgment which he displayed in the selection of his executive staff, but Mr. Stoker makes it quite plain that he was not only the soul of that vast establishment, with its army of actors, scene-painters, mechanics and supernumeraries, but that he actually superintended and directed everything, from the music in the orchestra to the painting of the scenes and the management of the stage. In some cases he was known to discard the costumes prepared by the experts whom he had engaged in favour of others which he had copied from rare prints of the designated period. More than once during the preparation of some great spectacle he helped famous artists to solve problems in colour or arrangement by which they had been baffled. Although he had no ear for music, he was able to give Sir Arthur Sullivan hints as to the nature of the accompaniment which he desired when that eminent composer had failed to meet his requirements. He got the inspiration for his wonderful production of *The Merchant of Venice* from Morocco, and took his scene painters to Nuremberg to get local colour for his *Faust*. No pains or expense was too great, no detail too small, for his attention when a new piece was in hand, and it was by this conscientious


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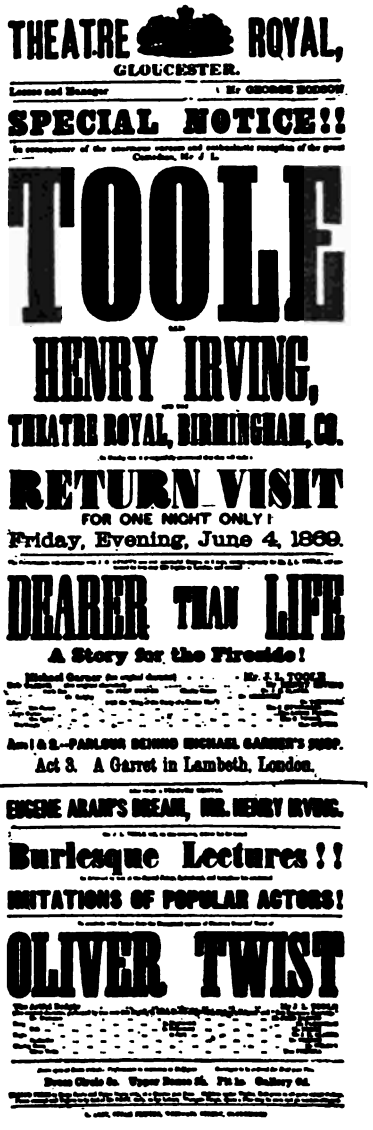
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labour, backed by a comprehensive intelligence and the keenest theatrical instinct, that he secured the harmonious effects so characteristic of his representations. The amount of money that he spent habitually on scenery, furniture and costumes sounds almost fabulous. But Mr. Stoker is precise in his figures. In one instance, at least, a sum of $75,000 was expended before the curtain was raised. When particular dresses were required, the London shops would be ransacked for the most suitable material, and sometimes after all the costumes had been completed and found unsatisfactory a new set was ordered. In preparing for a stage picture, cost was the last thing taken into consideration. Whether this sumptuous adornment was always in accordance with the highest principles of dramatic art is a question that is open to debate, but it is impossible not to admire the zeal that dictated it.

Money for its own sake Irving never valued. For many years it flowed in upon him in continuous streams from England and America, and he flung it away with a reckless generosity. Many of Mr. Stoker's pages are devoted to the record of the feasts with which he entertained the multitude of his friends and acquaintance. The publication of many long columns of the names of the more or less illustrious personages who accepted his hospitality, which was profuse and inexhaustible, is in questionable taste, but it illustrates the social position to which he had attained. Many of the most distinguished men and women in all ranks of life, princes and nobles of every degree, statesmen, clergy, painters, authors, explorers, judges, leaders of all kinds, in politics, science or theology, were proud to be numbered among his guests. In his later days he came to be regarded almost as a national institution. As a self-constituted prime minister of the arts he became the host of colonial delegations organised for imperial affairs. The Indian princes who did homage to Queen Victoria at her jubilee proceeded from the Queen at Buckingham Palace to the player king at the Lyceum. Nor could royalty itself excel the splendour of his innumerable banquets, while the intellectual fare which he provided was far superior to that which is to be found in courts. No actor ever before stood so high in the esteem of the titled and the learned worlds, while his acquaintance among mere ordinary mortals was simply limitless. All this and much more Mr. Stoker sets forth in lively and entertaining narrative. His pages teem with anecdotes of the great persons with whom Irving consorted on equal terms—Gladstone, Disraeli, Browning, Tennyson, Burne Jones, Renan, Richard Barton, Stanley, Vambéry, Randolph Churchill and countless others. He dwells, too, at considerable length upon the honours which Irving received at Dublin, Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and other Universities in England and America, and various learned organisations, and upon the skill and distinction with which he always acquitted himself. He does not mention the fact that he did not always write his own addresses, thinking, perhaps, that he could have done so had he wished. And doubtless Irving was a man of wide information if not of deep learning, and endowed, moreover, with wonderful tact, great self-reliance and almost irresistible personal charm.

Mr. Stoker gives an eloquent and pathetic account of the actor's last days, his gallant endurance of the sudden and repeated shocks of ill-fortune, his final collapse and his burial in Westminster Abbey. There can be little doubt that his death occurred for him at a happy time, while his fame was still fresh and his state fairly prosperous. This tribute of love and admiration which his sorrowing lieutenant lays upon his tomb is not the least of his honours.

I. Ranken Towse.

VII

"The Guilds of Florence"*

Mingled with the admiration bestowed upon Florence, there is an element of perennial wonderment quite different from any feeling evoked by the other cities of the Old World, which successively caught up and bore onward the torch of civilisation. The supremacy of Athens or Rome or Constantinople in turn is of vast import, but it involves no mystery. As one glances back over recorded history, it is difficult to see where learning could have found a patron after the downfall of Greece if not in Rome; or what asylum remained for it if not Byzantium when Rome in turn declined. Geography, climate and the course of trade seemed to foreordain each of these cities to be for a time the mistress of the world.

But with Florence the conditions were utterly different. Beginning as one of a score of obscure and struggling towns, always at war within and without her walls, and never a world power, either in territorial or military strength, she none the less mysteriously raised herself to the position of chief seat of learning and centre of the world's commerce, at a time

*The Guilds of Florence. By Edgcumbe Staley. New York: A. C. McClurg and Company.

when the rest of Europe had hardly awakened from the night of mediævalism. Historians are prone to point out that climate and geography also played their part in the rise of the city on the Arno; that the facts that she lay upon the main highway to Northern Europe, and that through her harbour at Pisa she could command the sea were potent factors in her supremacy. Yet such arguments go to show only why Florence was one of the possible candidates for the high position. The reason why she was the successful one is to be sought primarily in the peculiarities of the Tuscan race. In no other community of which we have records was the artistic temperament so closely and advantageously blended with shrewd business instinct. These two traits, which to-day we have come to regard as so fundamentally opposed that to say that a man has the "artistic temperament" is supposed to explain his laxness of business methods, were apparently inborn in every Florentine, in nearly equal proportions. One must grasp this fact thoroughly, brood upon it, let it sink in, if one is ever to reconcile what the Florentines did with what they were, and still are. One is led equally far from the truth if in every Florentine carpenter or stone cutter one sees, as Ruskin saw, only the artist; or if one goes, with Maurice Hewlett, to the other extreme and insists that the art of Giotto and Ghirlandajo and Della Robbia "was an affair of the yardstick and the scales—and why in Heaven's name should it not be?"

The reason why Florence occupies a unique position in the history of culture is that there, for once, a whole community united in putting into practice their belief that every trade may be raised to the dignity of an art, if only the worker put forth honestly and unflaggingly the best that is in him; and that every art should receive equal recognition on a strict business basis in the commercial world. It is to the lasting honour of Florence that for centuries she not only enrolled every one of her citizens who earned his livelihood—and for citizens of any other sort she had no use—in one or another of the established guilds; but that from the heads of these guilds, the "Capitudini," came the form of government under which the best of all that Florence had to give in art and letters was fostered. In other words, the governing body of the Republic of Florence was a sort of glorified board of trade.

You cannot study Tuscan history without a knowledge of these guilds; you cannot read Tuscan literature without constantly running up against them; you cannot visit the city itself without finding some record and memorial of them staring you in the face from its monuments. Old Florence, especially the little which survived of guildhouses and old market places, is rapidly being swept away. Each time that one returns, after a ten years' absence, one experiences anew a sense of robbery, through the legalised vandalism of municipal improvement and sanitation. Yet so long as the substantial bulk of Or San Michele raises its substantial bulk, bearing on high the armorial devices of the twelve guilds that united to adorn it with statues, just so long it will be remembered that there was a time in Florence when the calling of judge and physician, draper and money-changer, butcher and bricklayer, were all held in equal honour, and all dignified by the name of *Arti*.

Curiously enough, a detailed and complete history of these *Arti* had never been undertaken until Mr. Edgcumbe Staley turned his energy and industry to the collection of material for the bulky and deeply interesting volume that has only recently been completed—*The Guilds of Florence*. That his work is not exhaustive and definitive the author himself implies in his preface, where he says that the early constitutions and statutes of many of the guilds were written in a mixture of abbreviated Latin and vernacular Tuscan that would have required a lifetime to decipher. A German undertaking to cover the same field would cheerfully have given the lifetime required, and would have produced a work intensely erudite and intensely dull. A Frenchman, with fewer facts, would have skimmed the surface of his subject with considerably more grace of style. Mr. Staley seems to have struck a happy mean. He is not always easy to read—too flowery at times, too dull at others; but in the end you feel that you have

the essential facts of the commercial rise of Florence, and with them the key to some of the secrets of Florentine art and letters. It is not exactly one of the volumes which the stranger and sojourner in Florence may carry with him. It takes up too many cubic inches of space; it increases too seriously the restricted "kilos" of admissible luggage. Yet in it one finds conveniently the answer to so many questions that arise through a morning's wanderings in narrow and alluring byways. Even its dry statistics of revenues and taxes help you to repeople the dead centuries by the sense of activity and enterprise which the mere figures convey. There was small chance for any one, man or boy, in old Florence to be idle. Once turned sixteen, he must join a guild or else be dubbed *Scioperato*—loafer, and have no voice in the city's affairs. Yet only the native-born Florentine who was both honest and thrifty was eligible to membership. He must produce sponsors for his good character, must prove that he has never been convicted of a misdemeanor, and must show a property qualification, besides paying a tax to the state and an entrance fee to the particular guild. And after this, as probationer or apprentice, he must serve ten years before earning the right to call himself a master of his craft. They guarded the honour of their guilds well, those shrewd, progressive old Florentines.

Mr. Staley not only traces in a general way the rise and development of the guild system, but he takes up severally each of the guilds in turn, the seven greater guilds, the five intermediate and the nine minor, giving in regard to each a fund of curious and enlightening facts. That Dante matriculated in the Guild of Doctors and Apothecaries is a fact known to most readers of the *Divine Comedy,* but that literature and painting were both enrolled under the fostering care of that guild is as little known as is the reason—that books were sold regularly in pharmacies, and that the painters placed themselves under the banner of that guild, "being beholden for their supply of pigment to the apothecaries and their agents in foreign lands." Enlightening, also, are such bits of information as that the "Calimala," or Guild of Cloth Finishers, was held so high in honour that men as famous as Dante, Petrarch, Brunetto Latini and Boccaccio did not disdain to serve as foreign agents in their offices in Paris.

The profusion of curious old woodcuts and other rare illustrations add a value of their own to a volume which is not only a real contribution to the history of Florence, but an admirable support of the author's dictum that "while the Florentines were essentially a nation of shopkeepers, they were at the same time a Republic of independent gentlemen."

Frederic Taber Cooper.

VIII

Professor Thomson's "Brain and Personality."*

This work on Brain and Personality ought to be of interest to every person who possesses either of those entities. Aiming to acquaint the general reader with the remarkable discoveries of modern physiological science, it is eminently clear and readable; thus in explaining the various theories of the inter-relations of mind and body, use is made not only of the most ancient but the most recent illustrations: figures of speech, ranging from the æolian harp, the library and the violin, to the telephone, the phonograph and the automobile. Besides these illuminating similes, the book abounds in stimulating paradoxes: there is no such thing as *a* brain in a human being, he always has two brains; there is nothing in his physical frame which truly separates him from other animals, because every member and organ of his body has its counterpart or analogue in the bodies of other animals; lastly, in respect to the faculty of speech, it is not, as some reasoners loosely state, that language makes man, but man who makes language. Or put in a more enlarged and less startling form: the modern physiologist has discovered that the conscious personality has a material organ to think with, which exists in two symet-

*Brain and Personality. By William Hanna Thomson, M.D., L.L.D., pp. v+320. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1906.

rical halves; that it is only one-half of this organ, however, which can be used for speech, or for recognising or knowing anything which is either seen or heard or touched, in the sense of the touch which is educated; finally, that all *acquired* endowments, therefore, are acquired by a modification of the material comprising the speaking half of the brain; this speaking half of the brain not originally having a single one of these great functions, not a single place in it for them, any more than its fellow-hemisphere has to the end of its life; they are all stamped, as it were, each in its respective place in the speaking hemisphere, by a single creative agency, the human personality.

How important are these discoveries, made within the lifetime of our generation, is shown by way of contrast through an historical review of the progress of human knowledge concerning the brain, from the Aristotelian notion that it was a refrigerator of the blood, through the mediæval that it was a receptacle for the animal spirits, to the phrenological that it was a set of compartments for the various mental faculties. In this somewhat hasty and superficial historical introduction, attention might have been profitably called to the achievements of the early American thinkers, especially of the Philadelphia school of materialists. Such was B. Franklin's criticism of the animal spirits as connected with the absurdities of animal magnetism, Benjamin Rush's employment of the word phrenology a decade before it was applied to the system of Gall, and, in a sense, which adumbrated the modern conceptions of cerebral localisation; and Frederick Beasley's anticipation of the formula of psychophysical parallelism, when he conjectured that in every case in which there is performed an operation of the mind, there takes place at the same time a correspondent, correlative and consentient operation of the body. These opinions of a century or more ago incidentally disprove Dr. Thomson's contention that it was reserved for physicians and not for psychologists to light upon these great discoveries, as to definite relations between particular portions of brain matter and thought, by the fact that Dr. Rush, like several of the given authorities from Hitzig to Charcot, was a psychologist as well as a physician. However, the author's omissions on the historical side do but give point to his assertion that the findings as to the physical relations of the brain to the mind are scarcely known to the general public, and their important bearing on the old question of matter and mind is even less appreciated.

Now, what are these relations, and what are their bearings? Negatively, that phrenology, as a science of the mind, was too good to be true; that while the inner table of the skull corresponds in a general way with the subadjacent convolutions, as respects the outer table of the skull, there may be no correspondence; positively, that while "bumpbology" is false, cerebral localisation is true, provided the latter be taken to mean that each of the special senses has its anatomical seat in the brain. We might contrast these two points of view in the following manner: The old phrenologists made a cross-section of the brain look like the cross-section of an apartment house, separate compartments representing separate faculties, from domesticity to philoprogenitiveness; the modern physiologists put in place of this seductive picture a diagram of the functional areas of the surface of the cerebral hemispheres, which, in its way, is more wonderful than those hotel appliances by whose proper manipulation the guest may obtain anything from ice-water to a cocktail. Indeed, few occupants of this tenement of clay realise what a complicated system of push-buttons it contains, and that by the proper stimulus of one area, the normal activities of the tongue are brought about, and by an improper stimulus of another, abnormal activities of the legs. How minute are these areas is to be gathered from the extremely informing chapters on the faculty of speech. Thus it is found that the paralysis of a small patch of grey matter no larger than a hazel nut causes various aphasias or derangements of speech; such are cases of word blindness, where the patient can see words but not recognise them; of word deafness, where the patient can read and write as well as ever, but cannot hear his own words or those of others; of music-note blindness,

where the patient loses the power of reading music, but can still play his favourite instrument. Here the writer might have added to his violin centre a special business centre, for there seem to be separate registries for figures. Such is the case of a rich man from whose examination after an attack of apoplexy it was found that though he could not read or write words, yet he could both read and write figures as well as ever; in fact, that he was unusually adept in all arithmetical calculations. And so it is, reasons the author, that processes of disease enable us to analyse our brain mechanism of speech with all the precision of well-devised experiment. All this might lead one to wish that there were some painless process of mental surgery by which, without opening up the subject's head, the mysteries of high finance could be opened up; as, for example, how insurance presidents, being put on the witness stand, are afflicted with financial amnesia, remembering certain figures but forgetting the personages with which they were connected. But this would lead into the field of criminal psychology, that science which attempts to show how the absence of certain brain cells may explain the moral imbecile's presence in a prison cell.

If these are fancies, we pass to what the author offers as facts—his most interesting if not most debatable chapter on the relations of the brain to personality. While in the preceding chapter it is shown that the evolution of the nervous system is guided by the great principle of special nervous reaction to environment, yet in the case of man it is declared that this is not enough. Man, like all animals, has a nervous system, and, like his lower brethren, the Banderlog, has a brain which can hardly be told from that of a chimpanzee; but in addition he has something else, and that something, which would explain everything, is the Ego, or Human Personality! Forgetful of his former strictures against the metaphysicians, whose help he had spurned, whose teleologies or theories of purpose he had derided, the physician now takes his place in one of the two metaphysical camps by joining the forces of the spiritualistic dualists and not of the materialistic monists. To the latter, who claim that there is no such thing as personality apart from the brain, that the organisation of cerebral matter accounts for everything mental, that our consciousness represents only a passing phase of our cerebral activities, and that the ego in us is nothing more than the functional result of the arrangement for the time being of the molecules or ions of our brain matter—to these people and their contentions the non-metaphysical writer replies that personality is the most certain reality of the universe, all other phenomena being relative to consciousness, and that as to the ego, the statements of the other side are to be rejected because they are purely metaphysical assumptions. This being a severe arraignment, to it the author's opponents might retort that he is a metaphysician in spite of himself, and a poor one at that, not because he confuses agnosticism with phenomenalism, the doctrine that we know nothing at all with the doctrine that we know only the appearances of things, but because he complicates the problem of mentality instead of simplifying it. Instead of his triple alliance of personality, will and mind, an impossible trinity without any thought of the binding unity of the self, they would prefer to look upon the human constitution as resembling the United States Constitution, a creation which implies not three separate governments, but one government with three separate functions. Hence the absurdity of claiming that the will is separate from the mind, or higher than the mind; such an unwarranted assumption would turn man into a mere machine run by an inscrutable will, or, to adapt a previous figure of speech, would make mentality the automobile and volition the driver with a hidden face. In fine, the writer, in dealing with the problem of personality, discovers himself a metaphysician of a peculiar stripe; showing himself in doctrine of the blind will a veritable follower of Schopenhauer, and in his praise of the benevolent will an unconscious follower of Edwards. But these confusions and inconsistencies in ontology do not invalidate the author's contributions to physiology, for, like the brain itself, while one part may be useless in solving problems, the other half is indispensable.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

IX

Mr. White's "The Pass." *

Mr. White's idea of a mountain pass will surprise those who remember the definition of their dictionary or who recall what they have seen from the car windows on the transcontinental trip. Elizabeth Pass, named after the writer's wife who accompanied him and the faithful "Wes" on this journey, is traced by a thin line on a quarter inch scale on a back page of the book. But, except for certain figures in the margin which indicate that the travellers reached considerable heights at times, this map is an innocent looking affair and as inadequate in its way as is the title of the volume. For the opening of Elizabeth Pass, despite Mr. White's modest disclaimer, was no easy task. Its accomplishment involved an experience in mountain climbing, an intimate knowledge of these particular mountains, a steadiness of nerve and muscle, and a rough and ready engineering skill combined, which nine out of ten of those who make much of their exploits in mountain climbing do not possess. Moreover, the party had to pick their own path. The pass, in fact, was an unmarked and, for the most part, untrodden way, from a point on Roaring River some seven thousand feet above sea level, across the Sierras, to the main trail on the Kaweah River, and its elevations ranged as high as thirteen thousand feet. It was beset with glacial declivities, precipices, snow, ankle-deep loose shale, and intervening shoulders of the mountains; and at times it became necessary to anchor the pack animals against a side slip with lariats. More than once only the united muscular strength of the men saved the horses from a tumble to death.

It is the triumph of Mr. White's enthusiasm and of his ability to put his facts and his impressions into the right words that what was encountered and what was seen on the trip is almost as plain on the printed page as it would have been to you or me had we taken the trip with him.

But there is a good deal more in the book than adventure and the disclosure of what difficulties were met and how they were overcome. The hazards of mountain climbing will always lure the imagination, and vivid accounts of stirring experiences have become almost a commonplace. The chief charm of *The Pass* is due to what so many of these same accounts lack: a comprehension of life which is fine and rare, a buoyant spirit of delight in being out of doors which is contagious. The unconscious effort of the book, as of *The Mountains* and *The Forest* and indeed of all Mr. White has written, is to emphasise the benignity of Nature, to bring us into better understanding with her in her various moods. Mr. White does not seek to soften the austerity of some of the heights which he traversed—those "giants of the Kaweah group, black, scarred by storms, wreathed with snow clinging in streaks to their polished steep sides"—the wildest and most rugged of the Sierras, where the Great Western Divide, above fourteen thousand feet, runs down from the northwest, "to the left a great cirque, a semicircle of sheer mountains, of nothing but granite and snow, . . . in the cup a torment of splintered granite debris." These Titian upheavals dominated everything, and his descriptions of their bleak prospect are among the best things he has done. But always he discovers relief from their rigour. Their majestic sternness, he makes evident, is only what broadens to the first grand sweep of the vision. He shows us that, looking closer, these vast distances and barren peaks and sides resolve themselves into boundaries and landmarks, and that between them, below them, perhaps at one's feet, a lake ripples back the sunshine, a floor of tree-tops stretches away in restful expanse, the carpet of a grass-grown plateau spreads itself to the nearest stream. Take the Big Meadow which lies in a shallow cup "exactly like a lake, only the waters are the green grass, arms of which reach among and around wooded knolls like bays and estuaries. A forest surrounds it, and hills surround the forest, and mountain peaks the hills." This is hardly what occurs to us when we think of the rugged steeps of the Sierras; yet it is the patch

*The Pass. By Stewart Edward White. New York: The Outing Publishing Company.

of sky-blue lupins, the graceful waving fans of the balsam so often in the foreground of Mr. White's pictures or, at least, made a focussing point, that testify to the fact that his eyes miss nothing and that it is for the smiling side of nature he looks.

Nor is the human element missing from the book. Besides the party of whose individual qualities we have occasional glimpses, there are bits like this which show the type of man living in such vast solitudes and fit to cope with its forces: "Big Meadow," Mr. White says, "flourished under a benign and patriarchal government. The Forest Ranger was the head of it. His many big sons hearkened to his counsels and obeyed his commands implicitly and cheerfully; the women looked to him as the women in the tents of Shem looked to their masters; and the very beasts seemed to repose trust in him as the beneficent arbiter of their destinies. So much giving, so much ordering of affairs had bred in him a certain deliberate largeness of spirit. He never had to assert his authority, because by habit it had long since become assured. His control seemed almost Indian in its scope; yet it was in no sense an oppressive control. The kindly breadth of his spirit seemed to find its exact counterpart in his appearance, for he was deep-chested, thick-shouldered, sturdy of limb; and his massive, handsome face, with twinkling eyes, was well set off by his close-cropped grizzled hair." Not less suggestive in its way is the passing allusion to those ancients, those "jolly and harmless old frauds," the white-bearded men whom one meets occasionally on these barren hillsides, prospecting, always prospecting, and never finding the vast treasure-bearing mines to seek which each summer season they forsake the respectable life of the valley towns as soon as the mountaineering blood begins to stir in them.

Mr. White has a knack of summing up character and temperament in a few words which is distinctly impressive. Some of the anecdotes in the present volume are capital, too, and a sense of quiet humour livens more than one page, notably when he speaks of the qualities and behaviour of the party's faithful companions—the horses and the two dogs, Tuxana and Pepper.

The Mountains was a book of larger proportions than *The Pass,* and so was *The Forest,* and these both were of more variety; but, for all that, no one who already knows Mr. White will be disappointed in the new volume. In some respects it shows an advance in literary workmanship, and it ought to make its author new friends. A word of praise is fairly due the reproductions of some uncommon photographs.

Churchill Williams.

X

Robert Hichens's "The Call of the Blood"*

In these days, when novelists are "interviewed" as to how they write books: whether with scenarioed plots sketched in advance or blindly, from chapter to chapter, led only by the guidance of genius, it is not uncommon to read how Jones's characters, once created, take themselves out of their creator's hands and run the incidents and the conclusion to suit themselves. It is a pretty assumption, but perhaps in most cases an affectation pure and simple—fiction, along with the rest of Jones's product and calculated to invest Jones's creations with a reality they often fail to maintain. Still, because this is usually only a theory adopted to flatter an author's egotism despite its seeming modesty, it does not follow that the thing is impossible.

Probably no book in the last year or two has given rise to such argument over its conclusion as has Mr. Hichens's *Garden of Allah;* and now his *Call of the Blood,* while not calculated to arose the same measure of discussion, is yet equally interesting as a literary phenomenon. The motive of the book is simple and obvious; perhaps even a trifle crude. Hermione Lester, a brilliant but plain-looking woman of thirty-four, loves and marries Maurice Delarey, a singular, handsome and intellectually ordinary man of twenty-four. Both are English, but one of Dalarey's grandmothers was of Sicilian peasant stock. The couple hurry

*The Call of the Blood. By Robert Hichens, New York: Harper and Brothers.

off to spend their honeymoon in a cottage in the hills above Marechiaro (Taormina), but Hermione is compelled shortly after to go to Africa for a few weeks to take care of an old friend who is dangerously ill, and Maurice, influenced solely by the blood of his grandmother, as Mr. Hichens elucidates, prefers to stay in Sicily, plays enthusiastically with the peasants and fishermen, and finally, in the fickleness of his Sicilian man-nature, plays much too seriously with a pretty contadina and is murdered by her father.

Now, it is conceivable that the presence of the quarter strain might result in a sort of reincarnation, but it seems one needs hardly to invent so occult a cause for all that happens. It, or something more or less akin to it, would be pretty sure to result under the same conditions, be the blood what it might. Hermione is a fine woman—a noble woman, as Mr. Hichens takes pains to impress on us. She is also a very able woman, with an indescribable charm. Still, she is undeniably plain; she is "old" from the subconscious standpoint of any husband of twenty-four years, and she is, as such a woman would be apt to be, almost mawkishly sentimental about him and their love. He has been attracted in the first instance, as most young empty-heads might be, by her intellectual position and charm; he is flattered by her preference, and he thinks he loves her, but in how many of such incongruous matches could the woman hope to hold the man's devotion, even should she recognise incongruities and bend all her intelligence and self-control to meeting the situation accordingly. That would be her one possible chance, and is possible only if the husband were a rather remarkable man.

In Hermione's case she recognises nothing except quite academically, and in that she is eminently feminine and natural. Like most women who have made something of a position for themselves, she is intensely self-centred. She has imagined over and over what her marriage and her husband are to be, and any failure in the least detail of her dream is to her gentle nature a source of silent sorrow. To that of the modern woman of average disposition the silent sorrow is apt to be virtuous indignation.

Perhaps the reason that self-centredness thrives best among the cleverest women who have accomplished something and among the dullest men who haven't is because women have not yet reached the point where they can take "accomplishing something" as a matter of course. The self-centred man is generally just the dull bore of society, but it would seem as if the able woman who has succeeded in some definite direction could never quite get away from the contemplation of her success. Henceforth she views the world subjectively. Such women are not good matrimonial timber at the best, and with one ten years older than one's self, marriage is a foreordained failure without any Sicilian grandmother or *Call of the Blood* to explain it. Mr. Hichens envelops himself in his rather artificial motive and seems quite oblivious of the influences that must really move his characters to act with consummate naturalness to an inevitable end.

It is pertinent in this connection to hark back to the earlier novel, for we find in *The Garden of Allah* more than ample substantiation of our theory *in re* Hichens. I assume we have all sat by while indignant women criticised that story to the effect that no religious notion would have availed to make a woman like Domini send the man she loved to end his life of expiation in his monastery. I believe these critics are entirely right in their contention, and that, from the standpoint of the author, in so far as he has vouchsafed to disclose it, the ending of the story is forced and inartistic. But have we not here, also, a case of the characters themselves dominating, developing the plot as it should be developed and would naturally develop in life? Mr. Hichens drops no hint of being conscious of other motives than those he ascribes to his people, and it seems fair to assume that he meant them to be governed by no others. That the individuals themselves are equally unconscious is quite in keeping with what we see around us every day. Briefly, to recall the situation, Domini Enfilden, an English woman of thirty-two years, cultured, accustomed to all the refinements of society, but with a physical nature that, by reason of its

very intensity, had never been awakened by the conventionalised masculinity of the men she had met, goes to Beni-Mora, on the edge of the Sahara. The climate, nature, humanity of the place all combine to produce a sort of hot-house atmosphere for the hitherto suppressed woman in her. There she meets Boris Androvsky. His is the crude, forceful masculinity that appeals to the dormant side of her nature, and the flame flashes out. They marry and spend a long honeymoon in the solitude of the desert, with none but three Arab servants to distract her attention from the man she is infatuated with; and what is he? A male animal, an uncultured barbarian, an ignorant child, one who cannot give her a single moment of intellectual or social companionship; one who puts her to shame by his inconceivable gaucheries on the two or three occasions when they fall in with other civilised wanderers. What is the natural result? What must be the natural result of the situation? Were such a woman to marry such a man and live with him under the most favourable conditions, I think all who knew them would predict a year or two as the limit of the experiment. Under conditions where she must rely solely on him for companionship, with no pleasures or occupations to distract, who will claim that physical love alone would suffice? What would happen in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred? What *does* happen in Domini's case is intellectual and social boredom, sapping the very foundations of her earth-born passion. After a month and more of this comes the disclosure and the confession that Boris is a monk fled from his vows, driven by the urgings of the flesh, and a curious but admirably natural reaction follows. Domini is a woman of neurotic temperament. She is a Roman Catholic, but you never fail to realise that her religion is of a highly emotionalised type. I do not maintain, and it is not necessary to maintain, that she was conscious of being tired of her husband. In a nature like hers, while the result would be inevitable, it is equally inevitable that she would not admit the fact to herself for a long time after she had begun to suspect it. In the present situation it is doubtless true that she has not even begun to suspect her real mental attitude. Still, the disclosure of Boris's sin acts upon her as violently as had his physical masculinity; she turns from him as sharply and as irrevocably as she had turned to him, and she doubtless does not suspect any more than Mr. Hichens seems to that the forces that govern her revolt are other than the deepest sense of religious duty. As for me, I see only in the conclusion physical satiety, social humiliation and subconscious intellectual boredom acting unconsciously under the perfectly sincere pretext of religious devotion. With such a temperament as Domini's, the circumstances could hardly admit of any other result. By way of prophecy, let me hazard further that Boris will never stay in his monastery. He is doubly sure to break out again, while Domini herself will do anything but spend the rest of her life in her desert villa. *Duffield Osborne.*

XI

A. T. Quiller-Couch's "Sir John Constantine"*

How much reading of romantic fiction maketh a surfeited man, and what will be the ultimate relation, in proportion to its numbers, that the novel of adventure will bear to literature? These be timely questions at the present moment, when the supply of romance has shrunk, with the dwindling of the demand for it, to insignificant proportions. The inferior article—that made of plot alone—has disappeared from the booksellers' counters, but there remains, fortunately, a well-balanced supply of, and demand for, the superior work, in which there is semblance of life and character and beauty of craftsmanship, as well as incident, situation and action.

Mr. Quiller-Couch is a factor of no small importance in the continuance of what is best in a much-overworked genre. He has the dramatic instinct mellowed by an appreciation of poetic chivalry; he has humour, a humour that never fails him,

*Sir John Constantine: Memoirs of His Adventures at Home and Abroad, and particularly in the Island of Corsica: beginning with the Year 1756; written by his son, Prosper Paleologus, otherwise Constantine. Edited by Q. (A. T. Quiller-Couch). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

and that, which is rarer, never gets out of hand; he gives his characters their rights as living beings; and, finally, his style and technique are pleasures that worthily and alluringly crown the whole.

The Ship of Stars was probably a higher and more loftily sustained flight of a knightly imagination than is *Sir John Constantine,* yet the central idea of this new story soars fully as majestically and freely. It is in its development that the author dips closer to earth, and this apparently for a curious reason. It would seem, at least, that when Mr. Quiller-Couch was planning the story of Sir John Constantine's lifelong devotion to the high graces of the distant captive queen of Corsica, and developing the course of his adventurous plot to place the crown of that realm upon the head of his only son, the author, delighted with the Quixotic quality of this English gentleman of his fashioning, resolved to give him not only one, but several prudent, prosaic, materialistic companions, no Quixote of fiction being effective, of course, without his Sancho Panza. The book has gained in humour by this, but it has suffered somewhat in the sustained flight of its romance, at least in the earlier pages.

However, this is not really to our point. The true and enduring delight of *Sir John Constantine* lies elsewhere—in its literary affiliations, which will endear it to those whom reading hath made "full men." Even in its construction the novel is ingeniously made to bear its reminder of the period with which it deals, the middle of the eighteenth century. Sir John himself, to be sure, who knows his Shakespeare, cares for little in the English literature of his own day beyond the *Compleat Angler* and the *Life of Sir Henry Wotton,* but the spirit of Laurence Sterne is in the atmosphere of the book; Defoe gives it a fillip occasionally, and how adroitly is the tale of the *Interrupted Betrothal* placed upon the lips of Mr. Fett, who, as a strolling player, must have been quite familiar with the writings of Mr. Henry Fielding. One constantly comes upon some passing allusion, some negligent little hint of delightful literary intimacies, some reminder of forgotten worthies.

The book presents a puzzle in some seemingly direct derivations from later writers, which yet probably have reality only in the mind of a surfeited reader of fiction. The touch of Tartarin, just a flick of the whip, so to speak, is almost unquestionably deliberate; it fits Mr. Quiller-Couch's lively humour so well. A reference to Stevenson appears to be obligatory whenever his work is discussed at length, though in this case there certainly is no cause for it; but why, when Corsica has been reached, is one reminded so forcibly of Prosper Mérimée? Surely, this is a trick of the reader's memory, not the author's. Stranger still is the remarkable coincidence, due allowance being made, between the closing episode in Brussels of the early misadventures of Mr. Quiller-Couch's Corsican princess and a similar misfortune, but carried to the bitter end, in the life of another kidnapped daughter of royalty in fiction, in Eugene Sue's *Mysteries of Paris.*

These are but disturbing tricks of the memory, which mars as many pleasures as it makes. They will not interfere with the delight one takes in Sir John, his ambitions, or his spirited encounters with Barbary corsairs and Corsican patriots, nor will they detract one iota from the poetry of the father's love for the queen, or the son's for the princess. A novel of adventure of many merits is *Sir John Constantine,* about whose ultimate relation to the literature of its period there need be but little doubt.

A. Schade van Westrum.

XII

Anthony Hope's "Sophy of Kravonia"*

For years Anthony Hope has seemed to be in the position of a man trying to live down the indiscretions of his mad, glad youth. It was *The Prisoner of Zenda* that gave him his audience and established a genuine "school" of fiction; and no one—not even the author himself—has been able quite to forget that story. Of late years he has tried diligently to give us something better. He

*Sophy of Kravonia. By Anthony Hope. New York: Harper and Brothers.

has made honest, conscientious studies of the characters and problems of modern society without a touch of the fantastic impossibility of that early romance. Their dignified merit has been recognised, the serious purpose of the author applauded, and every comment has ended with the reflection, "Of course, it is not at all like *The Prisoner of Zenda.*" The persistent reference of everything he has written to that trifling product of his salad days seems at last to have got on the author's nerves. "Hang it all!" he may be imagined saying, "they're still talking about that silly, superficial thing, are they? Very well; if they want *Zenda* stories, they shall have them." And forthwith he writes the best story he has given us since *The Prisoner of Zenda.*

Not, of course, quite so delightful as his early tale; he can never recapture that first fine, careless rapture. For *The Prisoner of Zenda* was in its kind a little masterpiece. Not a great kind, perhaps; a tissue of pure romance, as unreal as a dream. But it was supremely well done. It had the glamour, the verve and dash, the inspiriting clash of arms, the pretty sentiment, that belongs to romance. The spirit of the game never flagged. If it was not for a moment real life, it at least made you wish it were. And its influence has not yet perished. If Anthony Hope owed much to Stevenson—the Stevenson of *Prince Otto*—in its writing, he is in turn the model for all the romances of the last dozen years, which have played themselves out amid the intrigues and fighting of that imaginary kingdom whose real name on the map is Cockaigne. The imitators are, it is true, for the most part a sorry lot; it is a thing distinctly not worth doing unless it is done superlatively well. But Stevenson, whose most characteristic work is all informed with the spirit of inexhaustible youth, has by virtue thereof his rightful place on our shelves; and surely *The Prisoner of Zenda* is worthy of a place beside *Prince Otto.*

So Anthony Hope has at last turned imitator of himself. That fact is the exact measure of the distance between *Sophy of Kravonia* and *The Prisoner of Zenda.* Well, if we can't have the fine original again, let us be thankful for an imitation so nearly perfect. In this sort of thing Anthony Hope at his second best is far, far ahead of his competitors at their best. The new story has not only the familiar outlines, but as well much of the swing and dash of the model. The fact that the alien in the land of Kravonia is a woman—an Englishwoman, of course—doesn't matter. Kravonia meets her half way with a prince instead of a princess. And then Sophy is of the race of princesses of romance—a beautiful, daring, full-blooded, life-loving woman—a true adventuress, without the sinister implication of the word. Yet she has her touch of originality. The red star, the little wafer-like birthmark on her cheek that glows red when her heart beats fast, is a charming disfigurement. From the time Sophy comes by chance to Kravonia—the history of her earlier life is, to tell the truth, scarcely worth while—events move swiftly enough. The plots which surround the succession to the throne are ingeniously developed, Sophy's part in them inevitable. There is good fighting and better love-making. Perhaps Mr. Hope has lost some of his old exultation in the mere physical struggle, the actual meeting of enemies. There is brevity and reticence rather than gloating over the hand-to-hand conflicts. It is when the lovers meet that his own heart is enlisted. Here we have a lover who can declare his love, a girl who can receive it, equally without self-conscious posing and mawkish silliness. It is sentiment, but it is simple and sincere. The scene wherein the mountain people make Sophy their queen, and that at the end of it all, when the girl goes out alone to decide what she shall do with her broken life, have real pathos. There are no thoughts here that do lie too deep for tears, but there is the simple, direct art of touching the surface where the tears lie readiest.

Mr. Hope keeps most of the varied threads of the story well in hand. At one point, however, he must have nodded. He describes with abundant detail Lepage's escape from the palace and his roundabout journey, after swimming the river, to Zerkovitch, whose house he reached about midnight. Colonel Stafnitz, who knew his relations with Zerko-

vitch, must have known hours before of his escape. Why, then, was he not intercepted at Zerkovitch's house? Why was Zerkovitch allowed to leave the city in the morning and carry to the prince the news of the king's death? Here is a big knot in the skein that requires untangling. But conspirators notoriously have their moments of monumental stupidity, and perhaps an author should be allowed on occasion to put himself in the place of his characters. A more grievous wrong Mr. Hope has done us in bringing his story to its real climax too early—which may, however, be offset by the neat way in which, once he is through, he has cleared the field of all vestiges of the combat. Kravonia disappears from the map as Sophy leaves it, engulfed by the armies of the adjacent great powers, much as the desert island sinks beneath the flood just as the rescued castaway sails away, or as Rider Haggard's nicely poised rock was dislodged by the final mighty leap of Ayesha's lover. No longer is there a Kravonia to which we may be again conducted in a sequel; which is, when one comes to meditate on it, not an unmixed blessing.

Edward Clark Marsh.

XIII

John Oliver Hobbes's "The Dream and the Business"*

In the epilogue to *The Dream and the Business* Tessa writes: "Women of my type who are not strong enough to bear the strain of moral suffering soon and gladly flicker out." And in truth, an echo of moral suffering, an aching submission to a world where cross-currents are over swift, speak so poignantly through this book that instead of regretting that it can have no successor, one can only feel that perhaps the flickering out has brought welcome peace to a troubled spirit.

A note of decorously muffled despair sounds from the very opening, where James Firmalden, clever and ardent, bestows his heart upon a pretty, empty face; where Sophy, his sister, knows but one happy kiss, and then finds her universe hopelessly awry. With the exception of Miss Cloots, who is merely small and silly, and of Tessard, who is irresponsible rather than bad, these people of Mrs. Craigie's are honourable and conscientious. They stand by their principles, sacrifice inclination to duty and are highly religious in their various creeds, but the sun never shines upon them. They are restless, driven by unsatisfied longings. They reason, they see all around any situation, even their own, and neither goodness nor reason suffices to give them one hour of happiness.

The book breathes a strange and patient tolerance. The author sees it all—the futility of life, the inadequacy of passion, the disappointments of friendship, the gnawing isolation. She even seems to accept it as a melancholy game where ninety-nine chances are for the bank and one only for all the players.

Under her customary lightness of manner the tone is full of grave sincerity, but this does not mean that the story is a tract—far from it!—or that it is dull. On the contrary, her workmanship has never been more careful or her good sayings more abundant.

Except in the well-defined character part of Nannie Cloots and the admirably indicated lodging-house keeper and the theatrical dresser, it is true that the people speak much alike, but fortunately they also speak like Mrs. Craigie, with her wit and her veiled humour.

It is not that she fails to conceive them clearly and solidly, but that the temptation to use them as mouthpieces for her own teeming ideas at times proves irresistible. Equally fortunate, no matter how sombre her theme, the author's sense of comedy never deserts her, but shines from the first dreary concert where, "as no encores were allowed, the applause was, in consequence, frequently enormous," to the distressing evening when poor Lord Marlesford feared he would be innocently involved in something so unsuitable as an inquest.

His monosyllabic uneasiness, as he stands consciously wincing in the squalid hallway, is given with a restraint and appreciation which produce a high degree of somewhat grim comedy.

There is also much humour in the rich aunt's way of disposing of art and artists.

*The Dream and the Business. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

"That is life, my dear," Mrs. Twomley assures the recalcitrant Sophy. "Learn to face it, and do not, like the heedless, mistake the mustard for the sandwich. The sandwich can exist without the mustard, but the mustard would be nothing without the sandwich. Art is mustard—writ large."

Here, indeed, one doubts if the lady in question could have commanded epigram and antithesis with quite such Chestertonian agility. It is unmistakably Mrs. Craigie's summary of a point of view, but the point of view has been perfectly understood.

As to the mere matter of story telling, *The Dream and the Business* has an exceedingly intricate plot, but with complications entirely possible in ordinary life. Everything happens naturally, not obviously. Any one of half a dozen changes might have taken place in Sophy Firmalden's life, but until they come to pass you have no preconceived idea in which direction her career will move; yet after each event you are satisfied that it has been neither unprepared nor unlikely.

Furthermore, in spite of its seriousness, the book is never didactic. Mrs. Craigie knows no more than the least of her readers; or, rather, she seems to lead you through a series of scenes, brilliant and sombre, where, amid throngs of restless men and women, with her you grope for some clue to an existence, which for all its possibilities appears in the end so meaningless, since the good and simple fare no better than the worldlings and the Church of Rome brings no greater peace than a Dissenting Chapel.

Mary Moss.

XIV

Mr. Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill"*

No long review of Mr. Kipling's latest book is necessary. In it he has imagined two modern English children—very modern indeed—who in their play in one of the romantic corners of England are enabled by the magic of Puck to see and talk with many of the men of olden time, who, one after the other, revisit the scenes of their former lives and exploits. The device is not a particularly ingenious one; nor, like some other of Mr. Kipling's essays in the supernatural, does it bring even a momentary conviction of reality to the reader. It is needless to say, however, that the author has steeped himself in antiquarian lore and that his imagination vivifies it and gives to it a wonderful human interest, even though at times his knowledge of old, far-off, forgotten things is almost oppressive to the less learned student of British and Roman and Saxon antiquities.

One may therefore discuss the book briefly and with more especial reference to Mr. Kipling's later literary form and manner. There is no doubt that he has gained in his mastery of technique. There is equally no doubt that he has lost immensely in spontaneity and vigour. One reads him now with admiration, but without being in the least swept away by the inimitable dash and force and fire of his earlier and rougher style. His artistry is something exquisite. Every one recognised this when he published *They;* but at the same time we must regret that no longer do we find the splendid carelessness and the magic, compelling touch which fairly mastered us when we read for the first time his famous Indian stories and made the acquaintance of his three Immortals. No one can tell what Mr. Kipling may do hereafter. He has a trick of reverting most unexpectedly to his old-time sway over the mind and the emotions. Yet at the present time there can be no question that *Kim* remains the last great book that he has given to the world—the high-water mark of a flood of marvellous achievement.

Harry Thurston Peck.

*Puck of Pook's Hill. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



N his suggestive little monograph upon "The Novel," Marion Crawford once pointed out, with some justice, that in countries where the English speech prevails, the moral tone of what we see upon the stage and what we read between the covers of our books is largely regulated for us by the School Girl. And so long as the doors of our theatres and the shelves of our libraries continue to be thrown open indiscriminately to the Young Person, it is perhaps quite as it should be that the average novelist and playwright cater to her needs and limitations. The mere fact that an ample proportion of our current fiction has, from policy, been adapted to the taste of the young woman in her teens is not in itself a serious menace to literature. The real harm begins only when critics fall into the disastrous narrowness of assuming that a definite standard has thereby been set, and that any novel which cannot unhesitatingly be placed in her hands is at once self-condemned as immoral and unclean. Such an attitude places an arbitrary and unjustifiable restriction upon the maker of fiction, in attempting to dictate to him the particular public for whom he shall write. As a matter of fact, there is no good reason why each writer should not choose his own audience; there is every reason why a novelist, with a broad, sane, comprehending outlook upon life, should, if he choose, write exclusively for a limited public of mature, serious-minded men and women, who possess the worldly wisdom to understand him and approve. To censure any work of fiction, no matter how fearlessly frank or how pitilessly true, for no better reason than that it is not adapted to a certain class of readers—for whom it obviously was never intended—is as puerile a criticism as it would be to brand as immoral a medical text book, because not suited to the needs of a public grammar school.

The question naturally arises, If a novelist chooses to probe the moral plague-spots of our social system, what is the standard by which his book is to be judged? Have we the right to say to him arbitrarily, "There are certain subjects which you will not be allowed to treat in fiction; certain aspects of life known to all grown men and women, to which you, a painter of life, must deliberately close your eyes"? Or are we to concede this privilege to the maker of "purpose-novels," provided he be ponderously didactic and carefully twist and distort the truth, in order to make the punishment fit the crime, in the approved fashion of an Æsop's fable? And what are we to do with the big-souled, clear-visioned writer, who sees life broadly, the good and the bad together, recognising that the worst and the best of human deeds and impulses are all factors in the kaleidoscopic, infinitely complex picture he is trying to copy, and accepting the simple creed that life itself will bring due punishment and reward, if only he hold unswervingly to the truth?

These are questions to which it is not easy to give an unqualified answer. But surely, in judging the morality of a novel, the same grave duty rests upon a reviewer, as in all other questions that come up for criticism—first of all to study carefully the author's motives, and not to censure him for failing to do something which he never had the least intention of trying to do. In that astonishingly frank and clear-sighted novel of Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie,* which still forms a sort of bond of union among the narrow circle of readers who properly understood it, the final chapter leaves the woman at the zenith of her meretricious progress, while the man who is the dupe and victim of her vice stands shivering in the breadline, hungrily awaiting the dole of a stale loaf. To certain myopic critics this chapter condemned the book; the moral, they said, was all wrong; the woman ought to have been punished. They failed to

understand that the last thing Mr. Dreiser thought of doing was to usurp the part of fate; that what he tried to do, and what he did do triumphantly, unerringly, was to show how the laws of life actually work in the real, every-day world, and to suggest that, even though the woman still enjoyed her brief glitter of triumph, her day of penance, sooner or later, inevitably awaited her, but when or how was not a part of his story.

Yet the more one ponders on the question of morality in fiction, the more clearly one sees that it is not really a question of subject-matter, but of treatment—not a question of a book's fitness for the shelf of a Sunday-school library, but whether it presents the truth with dignity, sincerity and fearlessness. For, after all, every book which trespasses beyond the border-line of vice must contain its justification within itself, if it is ever to be justified at all. To handle without reproach the ugly facts of life, its temper must be calm, judicial, without self-consciousness, as far removed from the taint of wantonness as from hysterical repulsion. It should emulate the unflinching firmness of the surgeon, to whom the bared human flesh represents only his science—the detachment of the artist, to whom the model personifies nothing but his art. And this comparison suggests a subtler, more far-reaching analogy between the artist and the novelist. Every man who handles brush and palette is expected to have a knowledge of the human form. He need not necessarily use this knowledge in painting "Judgments of Paris" or "Births of Venus;" his talents may be spent in picturing athletic young women and stalwart young men, immaculately clad, for the pages of the ten-cent magazines; but if a study of the nude has not formed a part of his apprenticeship, he will betray his ignorance in the awkward pose of a body, the impossible hang of a skirt. In like manner, the novelist need not use his knowledge of life solely to produce a *Nana* or a *Fécondité;* but if he has not taken the trouble to study life stripped of its conventional veil, he can scarcely write the simplest, most harmless idyl of happy domesticity without somewhere betraying his limitations. It was Benjamin Swift who christened one of his volumes *Nude Souls,* a title worthy of a better book. Well, the study of "nude souls" is precisely the study upon which our makers of fiction might profitably spend more time. In three-quarters of our novels the real personality, the soul of the characters, persistently eludes us. There are crucial moments when we think that under the stress of emotion they are going to reveal themselves; but instead, they wrap themselves more closely than ever in the garb of convention. We tell ourselves, "That man or that woman never really did or said so-and-so; it is the author who makes them say or do it, either because he has not the courage to tell the truth, or because he has never frankly studied the naked soul. What he needs is another year in the life class, another term of dissecting hearts in the psychological laboratory."

To sum up: No novelist can hope to attain to the greater heights and yet ignore the existence of the Tree of Knowledge. Good and evil are so intricately interwoven in this world that it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line or to say boldly what part of any man's character is the resultant of right influences and what part the resultant of wrong. In every large city there exist great social evils; the influence of the "half-world" reaches out far beyond its own frontiers, invading one after another the successive strata of complex city life; men in high places are oftentimes enmeshed within its toils. These facts, all too familiar in actuality, need not be treated in fiction; but if they are treated at all, then it is better to deal with them with the wise insight of a Daudet or the almost brutal impersonality of a Maupassant than with the hysterical sentimentality of the author of *La Dame aux Camélias.*

There happen to be several books on the shelf this month which fit in with the doctrine of the Tree of Knowledge. There is just one book which has suggested the whole discussion—*The Sands of Pleasure,* by Filson Young. Here is an author who has studied minutely the nudity of souls until scarcely a single misleading illusion remains. Yet his study has taught him a cheerful and con-

tagious optimism. If rewards of merit were distributed in accordance with strict justice in the literary world, Mr. Young's book would have leaped into fame over night. Instead, it has made its way slowly and through devious channels, receiving its impetus chiefly from the personal endorsement of individual readers, who discover it and zealously pass it on. There is so much that may be cordially said in praise of *The Sands of Pleasure* that a word or two of disparagement may be allowed regarding its unevenness. Mr. Young has an instinct for form and a strong preference for symbolic treatment; and having conceived a most unusual and poignant central theme, he could not resist the temptation to divide his story into three symmetrical parts, expanding what are at best only prologue and epilogue into dimensions equal to that of the main part of the story, and insisting quite unnecessarily upon the symbolic meaning of his title. Yet this question of structure is of minor importance in a book so tense with the vital issues of life. Because a man knows how to build upon a rock, so far as his business interests are concerned, it does not follow, Mr. Young would have us know, that he will erect the structure of his happiness upon any firmer basis than the sands—the sands of pleasure. The Richard Gray of his novel is pre-eminently a builder upon rock, a specialist in the erection of lighthouses, who has spent his life calculating the wear and tear of waves, the enduring quality of different kinds of stone, but he knows nothing of the laws of building for happiness. In his knowledge of women he is a novice, an impractical dreamer. And when he is in the full flush of thirty years fate flings him all unprepared into the gay, inconsequent, tumultuous life of Paris. And then, one night at Maxim's, he meets with Toni. If there were nothing else admirable in Mr. Young's book, it still would deserve to be hailed as an exceptional production simply for the sake of this one bit of character drawing. Of all the women in recent fiction, there is none so vitally, convincingly, refreshingly real. Her reality is as unmistakable as her vocation. From the instant that she moves into the reader's field of vision there is not the remotest doubt precisely what manner of woman she is. And yet the music of her voice, with its piquant betrayal of her German-Polish origin, is almost audible as you read; the perverse charm of her child-like face, contradicted by the equivocal wisdom of her golden eyes, haunts you long after you close the covers. Toni is of the aristocracy of the *demi-monde;* but a *demi-mondaine* she remains, with all the limitations of her class. Even love, when suddenly, illogically, it lays claim to her, softens her, bends her will, but cannot ennoble her narrow, mercenary, grasping little soul. The downfall of Richard's house upon the sands is so inevitable that you see it trembling to its ruin long before the final shock comes to overthrow it. Yet the finest, wisest, subtlest chapter in a book that from first to last is stamped by a rare sanity and subtle wisdom is that in which the rupture between Richard and Toni is shown to come, not from any outside interference, not from jealousy or satiety, but simply, naturally, from the inherent impossibility of mutual understanding. The scene of their dramatic parting and its petty, sordid cause is too wonderful in its perfect comprehension to spoil by a clumsy retelling. It is one of those little miracles of intuition which are the hallmarks of genius.

"The Sands of Pleasure"

Mr. Robert Hichens is one of those authors who emphasise almost too much the note of the Tree of Knowledge. He always leaves you with an impression that you have been reading something much more unsavoury than his plot ever really contains. Take, for instance, his new volume, *The Call of the Blood.* It is simply the story of an English girl who marries a man apparently quite as English as herself, but through his grandmother he has inherited a strain of Sicilian blood. She makes the mistake of suggesting that their honeymoon shall be passed in Sicily. And once there, the dormant blood of his Italian grandmother awakes within him, he undergoes a swift and subtle transformation, picking up the native dialect and native customs as one

"The Call of the Blood"

picks up the half-forgotten habits of one's earlier years. And in the end he betrays his wife deliberately, indifferently, with a peasant girl; and the girl's father, administering justice in primitive Sicilian fashion, murders him one night down by the water's edge. And another man of finer fibre than the husband, happening to cherish a true love for the wife, at the cost of no small exertion and sacrifice, so arranges matters that she never knows the truth of her husband's infidelity or of his fate. This is really the whole framework upon which Mr. Hichens has stretched a canvas glowing with a sensuous warmth of verbal colour. He has something of Théophile Gautier's delight in prismatic effects of language; and the vividness with which he mirrors back the blue sky and bluer water, the sunshine and laughter and redolent warmth of Sicily, and the passionate loves and hates of the Sicilian peasantry, is no small *tour de force*. So far as the matter of scene painting goes, *The Call of the Blood* recalls the splendid richness of colour in *The Garden of Allah*, while in all other respects it serves only to emphasise the marked superiority of the earlier volume.

"Traffic"

A bolder book than either of the foregoing is *Traffic*, by E. Temple Thurston. Yet there is no doubt of the author's sincerity of purpose, nor of the dramatic strength with which he presents his theme. *Traffic* may be most conveniently defined as a bitter protest against the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward divorce. Here is the test case that he offers for our consideration: Nanno Troy is the illegitimate child and household drudge of a slatternly, bad-tempered, unscrupulous Irish peasant woman, who forces the girl into a loveless union with a drunken brute. The story of her life with this man, whose mere presence sets her shuddering, is as grim and as repellent as any of the scenes in Zola's *L'Assommoir*. They leave a most unpleasant taste behind them; yet their sombre power must be conceded. When life in common with this husband ceases to be endurable; when his brutality has almost cost her her life; when her child has been born dead, and she has fled from him to London, determined never to see him again, you feel that if ever a woman had a right to demand divorce that right belongs to Nanno. Besides, there is another man, an Englishman of culture and position, who has long been interested in the girl; and in London he comes across her in the restaurant where she finds employment, and suddenly the two realise that they love each other. If she will ask the law to free her from her bonds, the Englishman will marry her; but Nanno is a Catholic, and divorce means to her excommunication. So, instead of marriage and happiness with the man she loves, Nanno drifts from poverty to destitution, from starvation to a life of shame, choosing sin as a lesser evil than divorce. She can still look forward, in the midst of her ignominy, to the day when she can make confession and do penance, while divorce and marriage would have meant permanent denial to her of the rites of the church. A forceful, pathetic, but most unpleasant book.

"The Poet and the Parish"

A good example of a novelist who understands pretty thoroughly the anatomy of human nature, even though she chooses to picture it for the most part under the decorous garb of conventional life, is Mary Moss, the author of *The Poet and the Parish*. Among the readers of Miss Moss's earlier novel, *A Sequence in Hearts*, there were a good many who felt that this clear-sighted critic of life had the knowledge and the power to produce a finer and more significant book, and this belief is amply justified in her new volume. The atmosphere of the narrow, conservative little town where the scene is laid is delightfully rendered; it is an atmosphere that one has breathed so often in real life and been half stifled by. One knows almost before the central interest of the story is made clear exactly what the attitude of the parish will be toward a young man born in France, of a French mother—a young man who wrote poems that were said to be "French in tone, my dear! decidedly French!" and who was at least suspected to have a leaning toward the Catholic Church. The only thing which any one in the parish dares to say in excuse for this young man's wholly

reprehensible conduct is, that his father had died too early to follow the proper course of bringing his child home to his native town, where he would have stood at least a chance of growing up "just like everybody else!" Miss Moss's book is a history of what happens when this poet, Felix Gwynne, not only comes back to stay in his father's old home, but actually wins and marries Adelaide Noël, the only daughter of the most self-righteous and conventional family in town. The first half of the book, at least, deserves cordial and sincere praise. It is a piece of clever satire, keen without bitterness, and with no touch of caricature. Her characters are unmistakably genuine. It is only in the later chapters of the book that Miss Moss seems to fall away from the higher standard that she set herself at the outset. That Felix, as a result of the growing estrangement from his wife, should have entangled himself with some actress or chorus girl is quite in accordance with even the rudiments of the Knowledge of Good and Evil; but that such an entanglement should have been quite involuntary and also quite innocent; that it should have been brought about by an automobile accident, which flung Felix unconscious into a Gypsy camp on the very day that Nina Braeme happened to be there, working up her new part in *The Romany Rawnie,* and that this innocent couple should have their reputation torn to shreds in the course of a police trial in which they were held as witnesses against certain members of the gypsy band—all this, if not actually melodrama, is largely surplusage. It really serves no useful purpose, but actually tends to obscure the main interest of the book, which is, What will be the logical outcome of a marriage between two people so obviously and fundamentally mismated? None the less, she has failed to spoil a book which contains much that is strong and fine and eminently true.

In that essay on *The Novel* already referred to, Mr. Crawford admitted that almost every novelist sooner or later felt the temptation to write books "with the help of the knowledge of evil, as well as with the help of the knowledge of good," and in consequence "occasionally introduced a page or chapter which might have the effect, so to say, of turning weak tea into bad whiskey." This phrase is worth quoting here, not for the sake of commending it—indeed, the bigotry of such an attitude goes a long way toward explaining the artistic superiority of continental fiction over Anglo-Saxon—but because it throws some little light upon Mr. Crawford's own writings. If he were in a candid mood, he would probably own that in writing his new volume, *A Lady of Rome,* he had yielded rather more than is his wont to this temptation to invoke the help of the knowledge of evil. Not that *The Lady of Rome* is especially startling, or even reprehensible, to readers who are not over-delicate in taste. It is rather the self-consciousness on the author's part, his obvious misgiving lest he may be giving bad whiskey instead of the weak and innocuous tea that he has served more than once of late years, that calls your attention to the fact that everything is not quite *virginibus puerisque.* Yet let there be no mistake about *A Lady of Rome.* It belongs distinctly in the first rank of Mr. Crawford's novels by quite as good a right as *Tarquisara* or *Pietro Ghisleri,* even if it does not attain the standard set by the *Saracinesca* trilogy. It shows once more the same assured ease in picturing the inner circles of Roman social life; and as one after another a luminous pen-portrait, an unforgettable scene, a piquant scrap of dialogue, are flung out with careless fertility, one regrets once more that Mr. Crawford ever wasted precious hours upon *An American Politician* or *The Witch of Prague.* Turning to the plot of his new story, the situation at the opening is scarcely inferior in interest to *Saracinesca* itself. Baldassare Castiglione loves a married woman, Maria Montaldo, quite as ardently as Saracinesca loved Coronna Astrardente, but with this difference, that Maria Montaldo has a little son who is the image of Castiglione, and her husband is estranged from her and lives in Spain. For many years she has not seen Baldassare, because during these years she has lied to her own conscience regarding her responsibility for

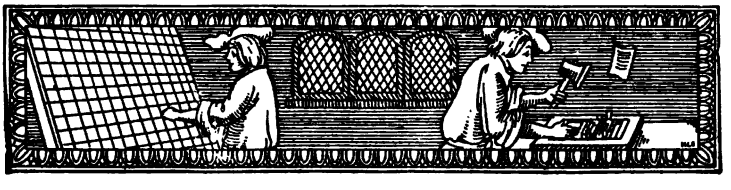
"A Lady of Rome"

all that happened in the past. It is needless in a review to attempt to put into words just how Maria analysed her feelings and her motives—Mr. Crawford himself did not find the task easy, even in the ample space of 350 pages, hampered as he was by that dread of purveying illicit stimulants. But at all events, his heroine undergoes such a change of heart that the man she has all these years been trying to hate suddenly becomes indispensable to her. They meet, they exchange confessions of devotion, they vow that their future conduct shall be beyond reproach; and still they continue to play with fire. As regards this sort of situation in fiction, tastes differ widely. The present reviewer confesses that it always leaves upon him an impression of utter falseness, a feeling that the characters in the book are acting circumspectly solely because they are conscious that they are not alone, that the eye of the reader is fixed sternly upon them. And when the author shows the hero virtuously refraining even from kissing his lady's hand, there remains the suspicion that so soon as the reader's glance is averted and the book closed, presto! the fair hand will be raised and the kiss given. If authors could only be brought to see that it is not what they make their characters do, but what they suggest that they are saving their characters from, that gives a novel the aroma of fusel oil, we might hope for a franker and more virile type of book—and in the main a healthier. None the less, *A Lady of Rome* holds its interest in spite of the rather sudden taking off of the inconvenient husband—an episode which copies with needless closeness the corresponding situation in *Saracinesca.*

Mrs. Henry Dudeney will probably never again rise to the level of *The Maternity of Harriott Wicken* and *Folly Corner,* but none the less, *The Battle of the Weak* is an advance upon such volumes as *Robin Brilliant* and *The Story of Susan.* The scene is a coast village in the south of England; the principal actors are Quaker Jay, a reckless, untamed lad of unknown parentage, whose mother had been flung dying on the strand from a wrecked ship; Lucy Bertram, who has long felt the charm of Quaker's wayward personality, but never suspected that she loves him until after she has become the affianced wife of a country doctor, Richard Vernon. Then one day as she and Quaker take a clandestine walk far along the seashore they exchange confessions, their lips meet and the girl's peace of mind is destroyed. She keeps her promise to Dr. Vernon, and Quaker Jay leaves the village on an outgoing ship. But it is the absent Quaker and not her husband who fills Lucy's thoughts, sleeping and waking; and two years later, when her child is born, though physically a Vernon, yet in voice and in a hundred tricks of manner it recalls to all who see it the wild, reckless Quaker Jay. And when, in the course of time, the fact becomes apparent that the child's brain is defective, and that he will never be capable of rational speech, Lucy regards this blow as a punishment for her sin toward the father—the sin of having given another man her thoughts. There are many poignant pages in Mrs. Dudeney's new book, and for their sake she may be pardoned the palpable effort she had to make at last to secure a happy ending.

"The Battle of the Weak"

Frederic Taber Cooper.



CHRONICLES OF THE IMP

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

III.—"THE DESPERADOES"



FANE COURT stands bowered in trees, with a wide stretch of the greenest of green lawns sloping down to the river stairs.

They are quaint old stairs, with a marble rail and carved balusters, worn and crumbling, yet whose decay is half hid by the kindly green of lichens and mosses; stairs indeed for an idle fellow to dream over on a hot summer's afternoon—and they were, moreover, a favourite haunt of Lisbeth. It was here that I had moored my boat, therefore, and now lay back, pipe in mouth and with a cushion beneath my head, in that blissful state between sleeping and waking.

Now, as I lay, from the blue wreathes of my pipe I wove me fair fancies:

And lo! the stairs were no longer deserted; there were fine gentlemen, patched and powdered, in silks and satins, with shoe-buckles that flashed in the sun; There were dainty ladies in quilted petticoats and flowered gowns, with most wonderful coiffures; and there was Lisbeth, fairer and daintier than them all, and there, too, was I. And behold how demurely she courtesied and smiled behind her ivory fan! With what a grace I took a pinch of snuff! With what an air I ogled and bowed with hand on heart! Then, somehow, it seemed we were alone, she on the top stair, I on the lower. And standing thus I raised my arms to her with an appealing gesture. Her eyes looked down into mine, the patch quivered at the corner of her scarlet mouth, and there beside it was the dimple. Beneath her petticoat I saw her foot in a little pink satin shoe come slowly toward me and stop again. I watched, scarce breathing, for it seemed my fate hung in the balance. Would she come down to Love and me, or——

"Ship ahoy!" cried a voice, and in that moment my dream vanished. I sighed, and looking round, beheld a head peering at me over the balustrade; a head bound up in a bandanna handkerchief of large pattern and vivid colouring.

"Why, Imp!" I exclaimed. But my surprise abated when he emerged into full view.

About his waist was a broad-buckled belt, which supported a wooden cutlass, two or three murderous wooden daggers and a brace of toy pistols; while upon his legs were a pair of top-boots many sizes too large for him, so that walking required no little care. Yet on the whole his appearance was decidedly effective. There could be no mistake—he was a bloodthirsty pirate!

The Imp is an artist to his grimy finger-tips.

"Avast, shipmate!" I cried. "How's the wind?"

"Oh," he exclaimed, falling over his boots with eagerness, "do take me in your boat, an' let's be pirates, will you, Uncle Dick?"

"Well, that depends. Where is your Auntie Lisbeth?"

"Mr. Selwyn is going to row her and Dorothy up the river."

"The deuce he is!"

"Yes, an' they won't take me."

"Why not, my Imp?"

" 'Cause they're 'fraid I should upset the boat. So I thought I'd come an' ask you to be a pirate, you know. I'll lend you my best dagger an' one of my pistols. Will you, Uncle Dick?"

"Come aboard, shipmate, if you are for Hispaniola, the Tortugas, and the Spanish Main," said I, whereupon he scrambled in, losing a boot overboard in his haste, which necessitated much intricate angling with the boat-hook ere it was recovered.

"They're Peter's, you know," he explained as he emptied out the water. "I

took them out of the harness-room; a pirate must have boots, you know, but I'm 'fraid Peter'll swear."

"Not a doubt of it when he sees them," I said as we pushed off.

"I wish," he began, looking round thoughtfully after a minute or so, "I wish we could get a plank or a yard-arm from somewhere."

"What for, my Imp?"

"Why, don't you remember, pirates always had a plank for people to 'walk,' you know, an' used to 'swing them up to the yard-arm.'"

"You seem to know all about it," I said as I pulled slowly down stream.

"Oh, yes; I read it all in *Scarlet Sam, the Scourge of the South Seas.* Scarlet Sam was fine. He used to stride up and down the quarterdeck an' flourish his cutlass, an' his eyes would roll, an' he'd foam at the mouth, an'——"

"Knock everybody into 'the lee scuppers,'" I put in.

"Yes," cried the Imp in a tone of unfeigned surprise. "How did you know that, Uncle Dick?"

"Once upon a time," I said, as I swung lazily at the sculls, "I was a boy myself, and read a lot about a gentleman named 'Beetle-browed Ben.' I tell you, Imp, he was a terror for foaming and stamping, if you like, and used to kill three or four people every morning, just to get an appetite for breakfast." The Imp regarded me with round eyes.

"How fine!" he breathed, hugging himself in an ecstasy.

"It was," I nodded; "and then he was a very wonderful man in other ways. You see, he was always getting himself shot through the head, or run through the body, but it never hurt Beetle-browed Ben—not a bit of it."

"An' did he 'swing people at the yard-arm—with a bitter smile'?"

"Lots of 'em!" I answered.

"An' make them 'walk the plank—with a horrid laugh'?"

"By the hundred!"

"An' 'maroon them on a desolate island—with a low chuckle'?"

"Many a time," I answered; "and generally with a chuckle."

"Oh, I should like to read about him!" said the Imp with a deep sigh; "will you lend me your book about him, Uncle Dick?"

I shook my head. "Unfortunately, that, together with many other valued possessions, has been ravaged from me by the ruthless maw of Time," I replied sadly.

The Imp sat plunged in deep thought, trailing his fingers pensively in the water.

"And so your Auntie Lisbeth is going for a row with Mr. Selwyn, is she?" I said.

"Yes, an' I told her she could come an' be a pirate with me if she liked—but she wouldn't."

"Strange!" I murmured.

"Uncle Dick, do you think Auntie Lisbeth is in love with Mr. Selwyn?"

"What?" I exclaimed, and stopped rowing.

"I mean, do you think Mr. Selwyn is in love with Auntie Lisbeth?"

"My Imp, I'm afraid he is. Why?"

"'Cause cook says he is, an' so does Jane, an' they know all about love, you know. I've heard them read it out of a book lots an' lots of times. But I think love is awfull' silly, don't you, Uncle Dick?"

"Occasionally I greatly fear so," I sighed.

"You wouldn't go loving anybody, would you, Uncle Dick?"

"Not if I could help it," I answered, shaking my head; "but I do love some one, and that's the worst of it."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Imp, but in a tone more of sorrow than anger.

"Don't be too hard on me, Imp," I said; "your turn may come when you are older; you may love somebody one of these days."

The Imp frowned and shook his head. "No," he answered sternly; "when I grow up big I shall keep ferrets. Ben, the gardener's boy, has one with the littlest, teeniest pink nose you ever saw."

"Certainly a ferret has its advantages," I mused. "A ferret will not frown upon one one minute and flash a dimple at one the next. And then, again, a ferret cannot be reasonably supposed to possess an aunt. There is something to be said for your idea after all, Imp."

"Why, then, let's be pirates, Uncle Dick," he said with an air of finality. "I

think I'll be Scarlet Sam, 'cause I know all about him, an' you can be Timothy Bone, the boatswain."

"Aye, aye, sir," I responded promptly; "only I say, Imp, don't roll your eyes so frightfully or you may roll yourself overboard."

Scorning reply, he drew his cutlass, and setting it between his teeth in most approved pirate fashion, sat, pistol in hand, frowning terrifically at creation in general.

"Starboard your helm—starboard!" he cried, removing his weapon for the purpose.

"Starboard it is!" I answered.

"Clear away for action!" growled the Imp. "Double-shot the cannonades, and bo'sun, pipe all hands to quarters."

Hereupon I executed a lively imitation of a boatswain's whistle.

Most children are blessed with imagination, but the Imp in this respect is gifted beyond his years. For him there is no such thing as "pretence"; he has but to close his eyes a moment to open them upon a new and a very real world of his own—the golden world of Romance, wherein so few of us are privileged to walk in these cold days of common-sense. And yet it is a very fair world, peopled with giants and fairies; where castles lift their grim, embattled towers; where magic woods and forests cast their shade, full of strange beasts; where knights ride forth with lance in rest and their armour shining in the sun. And right well we know them. There is Roland, Sir William Wallace, and Hereward the Wake; Ivanhoe, the Black Knight, and bold Robin Hood. There is Amyas Leigh, old Salvation Yeo, and that lovely rascal Long John Silver. And there, too, is King Arthur, with his Knights of the Round Table—but the throng is very great, and who could name them all?

So the Imp and I sailed away into this wonderful world of romance aboard our gallant vessel, which, like any other pirate ship that ever existed—in books or out of them—"luffed, and filling upon another tack, stood away in pursuit of the Spanish treasure galleon in the offing."

What pen could justly describe the fight which followed—how guns roared and pistols flashed, while the air was full of shouts and cries and the thundering din of battle; how Scarlet Sam foamed and stamped and flourished his cutlass; how Timothy Bone piped his whistle as a bo'sun should? We had already sunk five great galleons and were hard at work with a sixth, which was evidently in a bad way, when Scarlet Sam ceased foaming and pointed over my shoulder with his dripping blade.

"Sail ho!" he cried.

"Where away?" I called back.

"Three points on the weather bow." As he spoke came the sound of oars, and turning my head, I saw a skiff approaching, sculled by a man in irreproachable flannels and straw hat.

"Why, it's—it's him!" cried the Imp suddenly. "Heave to, there!" he bellowed in the voice of Scarlet Sam. "Heave to, or I'll sink you with a 'murderous broadside!'" Almost with the words, and before I could prevent him, he gave a sharp tug to the rudder lines; there was an angry exclamation behind me, a shock, a splintering of wood, and I found myself face to face with Mr. Selwyn, flushed and hatless.

"Damn!" said Mr. Selwyn, and proceeded to fish for his hat with the shaft of his broken oar.

The Imp sat for a moment half frightened at his handiwork, then rose to his feet, cutlass in hand, but I punted him gently back into his seat with my foot.

"Really," I began, "I'm awfully sorry, you know—er——"

"May I inquire," said Mr. Selwyn cuttingly, as he surveyed his dripping hat—"may I inquire how it all happened?"

"A most deplorable accident, I assure you. If I can tow you back I shall be delighted, and as for the damage——"

"The damage is trifling, thanks," he returned icily; "it is the delay that I find annoying."

"You have my very humblest apologies," I said meekly. "If I can be of any service——" Mr. Selwyn stopped me with a wave of his hand.

"Thank you, I think I can manage," he said; "but I should rather like to know how it happened. You are unused to rowing, I presume?"

"Sir," I answered, "it was chiefly

owing to the hot-headedness of Scarlet Sam, the Scourge of the South Seas."

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Selwyn with raised brows.

"Sir," I went on, "at this moment you probably believe yourself to be Mr. Selwyn of Selwyn Park. Allow me to dispel that illusion; you are, on the contrary, Don Pedro Vasquez da Silva, commanding the *Esmeralda* galleasse, bound out of Santa Crux. In us you behold Scarlet Sam and Timothy Bone, of the good ship *Black Death,* with the 'skull and crossbones' fluttering at our peak. If you don't see it, that is not our fault."

Mr. Selwyn stared at me in wide-eyed astonishment, then shrugging his shoulders, turned his back upon me and paddled away as best he might.

"Well, Imp," I said, "you've done it this time!"

"'Fraid I have," he returned; "but oh! wasn't it grand—and all that about Don Pedro an' the treasure galleon! I do wish I knew as much as you do, Uncle Dick. I'd be a real pirate then."

"Heaven forfend!" I exclaimed.

So I presently turned and rowed back upstream, not a little perturbed in my mind as to the outcome of the adventure.

"Not a word, mind!" I cautioned as I caught sight of a certain dainty figure watching our approach from the shade of her parasol. The Imp nodded, sighed, and sheathed his cutlass.

"Well!" said Lisbeth as we glided up to the water-stairs; "I wonder what mischief you have been after together?"

"We have been floating upon a river of dreams," I answered, rising and lifting my hat; "we have likewise discoursed of many things. In the words of the immortal Carroll:

"'Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax, and cabbages, and——'"

"Pirates!" burst out the Imp.

"This dream river of ours," I went on, quelling him with a glance, "has carried us to you, which is very right and proper. Dream rivers always should, more especially when you sit

"'Mid sunshine throned, and all alone.'"

"But I'm not all alone, Dick."

"No; I'm here," said a voice, and Dorothy appeared with her small and very fluffy kitten under her arm as usual. "We are waiting for Mr. Selwyn, you know. We've waited, oh! a long, long time, but he hasn't come, and Auntie says he's a beast, and——"

"Dorothy!" exclaimed Lisbeth, frowning.

"Yes, you did, Auntie," said Dorothy, nodding her head. "I heard you when Louise ran up a tree and I had to coax her back; and I have a clean frock on, too, and Louise will be oh so disappointed!" Here she kissed the fluffy kitten on the nose. "So he is a beast; don't you think so, Uncle Dick?"

"Such delay is highly reprehensible," I nodded.

"I'm glad you've come, Uncle Dick, and so is Auntie. She was hoping——"

"That will do, Dorothy!" Lisbeth interrupted.

"I wonder what she was hoping?" I sighed.

"If you say another word, Dorothy, I won't tell you any more about the Fairy Prince," said Lisbeth.

"Why, then," I continued, seeing the threat had the desired effect, "since Mr. Selwyn hasn't turned up, perhaps you would care to——"

—"Be a pirate?" put in the Imp.

"To come for a row with us?" I corrected.

—"Aboard the good ship *Black Death,*" he went on, "'with the skull an' crossbones at our peak.'"

"Thanks," said Lisbeth, "but really, I don't think I should. What a horrible name!"

"What's in a name? a boat by any other—" I misquoted. "If you like, we'll call it the *Joyful Hope,* bound for the Land of Heart's Delight." Lisbeth shook her head, but I fancied the dimple peeped at me for a moment.

"It would be a pity to disappoint Louise," I said, reaching up to stroke the fluffy kitten.

"Yes," cried Dorothy, "do let's go, Auntie."

"For the sake of Louise," I urged, and held out my arms to her. Lisbeth was standing on the top stair and I on the lower, in exactly the same attitudes as I had beheld in my vision. I saw her foot

come slowly toward me and stop again; her red lips quivered into a smile, and lo, there was the dimple! Dorothy saw it, too—children are wonderfully quick in such matters—and next moment was ensconced in the boat, Louise in her lap, and there was nothing left for Lisbeth but to follow.

The Imp went forward to keep a "look-out," and finding a length of fishing line, announced his intention of "heaving the lead."

I have upon several occasions ridden with Lisbeth—she is a good horse-woman—frequently danced with her, but never before had I been with her in a boat. The novelty of it was therefore decidedly pleasing, the more so as she sat so close that by furtively reaching out a foot I could just touch the hem of her dress.

"Uncle Dick," said Dorothy, looking up at me with her big grey eyes, "where is the Land of Heart's Delight?"

"It lies beyond the River of Dreams," I answered.

"Is it far away?"

"I'm afraid it is, Dorothy."

"Oh!—and hard to get to?"

"Yes; though it depends altogether upon who is at the helm."

Lisbeth very slowly began to tie a knot in the rudder-line.

"Well, Auntie's steering now. Could she get us there?"

"Yes, she could get us there, if she would."

"Oh!" cried Dorothy, "do—do steer for the Land of Heart's Delight, Auntie Lisbeth; it sounds so pretty, and I'm sure Louise would like it ever so much."

But Lisbeth only laughed, and tied another knot in the rudder-line.

"The Land of Heart's Delight!" repeated Dorothy. "It sounds rather like Auntie's tale of the Fairy Prince. His name was Trueheart."

"And what was Prince Trueheart like?" I inquired.

"Fine!" broke in the Imp. "He used to fight dragons, you know."

"And he lived in a palace of crystal," continued Dorothy, "and he was so good and kind that the birds used to make friends with him!"

"An' he wore gold armour, an' a big feather in his helmet!" supplemented the Imp.

"And of course he loved the beautiful princess," I ended.

"Yes," nodded Dorothy; "but how did you know there was a beautiful princess?"

"Uncle Dick knows everything, of course," returned the Imp sententiously.

"Do you think the beautiful princess loved the prince, Dorothy?" I asked, glancing at Lisbeth's averted face.

"Well," answered Dorothy, pursing her mouth thoughtfully, "I don't know, Uncle Dick; you see, Auntie hasn't got to that yet, but everybody loves somebody sometime, you know. Betty—she's our cook, you know—Betty says all nice tales end up in marrying and living happy ever after."

"Not a doubt of it," said I, resting on my oars. "What do you think, Lisbeth?" She leaned back and regarded me demurely beneath her long lashes for a moment.

"I think," she answered, "that it would be much nicer if you would go on rowing."

"One more question," I said. "Tell me, has this Prince Trueheart got a moustache?"

"Like Mr. Selwyn?" cried the Imp; "should think not. The prince was a fine chap, an' used to kill dragons, you know."

"Ah! I'm glad of that," I murmured, passing my fingers across my shaven upper lip; "very glad indeed." Lisbeth laughed, but I saw her colour deepen and she looked away.

"Oh, it must be lovely to kill a dragon!" sighed the Imp.

Now, as he spoke, chancing to look round, I saw in the distance a man in a boat, who rowed most lustily—and the man wore a panama.

Hereupon, taking a fresh grip upon my long sculls, I began to row—to row, indeed, as I had not done for many a year, with a long, steady stroke that made the skiff fairly leap.

Who does not know that feeling of exhilaration as the blades grip the water and the gentle lapping at the bow swells into a gurgling song? The memorable time when I had "stroked" Cambridge

to victory was nothing to this. Then it was but empty glory that hung in the balance, while now——!

I settled my feet more firmly, and lengthening my stroke, pulled with a will. Lisbeth sat up, and I saw her fingers tighten upon the rudder-lines.

"You asked me to row, you know," I said in response to her look.

"Yo ho!" roared Scarlet Sam in the gruffest of nautical tones. "By the deep nine, an' the wind's a-lee, so heave, my mariners all—O!"

At first we began to gain considerably upon our pursuer, but presently I saw him turn his head, saw the panama tossed aside as Mr. Selwyn settled down to real business—and the struggle began.

Very soon, probably owing to the fixedness of my gaze, or my unremitting exertion, or both, Lisbeth seemed to become aware of the situation, and turned to look over her shoulder. I set my teeth as I waited to meet her indignant look, for I had determined to continue the struggle, come what might. But when at last she did confront me her eyes were shining, her cheeks were flushed and there actually was—the dimple.

"Sit still, children," she said, and that was all; but for one moment her eyes looked into mine.

The old river has witnessed many a hard-fought race in its time, but never was there one more hotly contested than this. Never was the song of the water more pleasant to my ear, never was the spring and bend of the long sculls more grateful, as the banks swept by faster and faster. No pirate straining every inch of canvas to escape well-merited capture, no smuggler fleeing for some sheltered cove, with the revenue cutter close astern, ever experienced a keener excitement than did we.

The Imp was in a perfect ecstasy of delight; even Dorothy forgot her beloved Louise for the time, while Lisbeth leaned toward me, the tiller-lines over her shoulders, her lips parted and a light in her eyes I had never seen there before. And yet Selwyn hung fast in our rear. If he was deficient in a sense of humour, he could certainly row.

"He was an Oxford Blue," said Lisbeth, speaking almost in a whisper, "and he has an empty boat!"

I longed to kiss the point of her little tan shoe or the hem of her dress for those impulsive words, and tried to tell her so with my eyes—breath was too precious just then. Whether she understood or not I won't be sure, but I fancy she did from the way her lashes drooped.

"Oh, my eyes!" bellowed Scarlet Sam; "keep her to it, quartermaster, an' take a turn at the mizzen-shrouds!"

When I again glanced at our pursuer I saw that he was gaining. Yes, there could be no mistake; slowly but surely, try as I would, the distance between us lessened and lessened, until he was so near that I could discern the very parting of his back hair. So, perforce, bowing to the inevitable, I ceased my exertions, contenting myself with a long, easy stroke. Thus by the time he was alongside I had in some measure recovered my breath.

"Miss—Eliz—beth," he panted, very hot of face and moist of brow, "must beg—the—favour—of few words with you."

"With pleasure, Mr. Selwyn," answered Lisbeth, radiant with smiles; "as many as you wish." Forthwith Mr. Selwyn panted out his indictment against the desperadoes of the *Black Death,* while the Imp glanced apprehensively from him to Lisbeth and stole his hand furtively into mine.

"I should not have troubled you with this, Miss Elizabeth," Selwyn ended, "but that I would not have you think me neglectful of an appointment, especially with you."

"Indeed, Mr. Selwyn, I am very grateful to you for opening my eyes to such a—a——"

"Very deplorable accident," I put in.

"I—I was perfectly certain," she continued, without so much as glancing in my direction, "that you would never have kept me waiting without sufficient reason. And now, Mr. Brent, if you will be so obliging as to take us to the bank, Mr. Selwyn shall row us back—if he will."

"Delighted!" he murmured.

"I ordered tea served in the orchard at

five o'clock," smiled Lisbeth, "and it is only just four, so——"

"Which bank would you prefer," I inquired—"the right or the left?"

"The nearest," said Lisbeth.

"Which should you think was the nearest, Mr. Selwyn?" I queried.

Disdaining any reply, Selwyn ran his skiff ashore, and I obediently followed. Without waiting for my assistance, Lisbeth deftly made the exchange from one boat to the other, followed more slowly by Dorothy.

"Come, Reginald," she said, as Selwyn made ready to push off; "we're waiting for you!" The Imp squatted closer to me.

"Reginald Augustus!" said Lisbeth. The Imp shuffled uneasily.

"Are you coming?" inquired Lisbeth.

"I—I'd rather be a pirate with Uncle Dick, please, Auntie Lisbeth," he said at last.

"Very well," nodded Lisbeth with an air of finality; "then of course I must punish you." But her tone was strangely gentle, and as she turned away I'll swear I saw the ghost of that dimple—yes, I'll swear it.

So we sat very lonely and dejected, the Imp and I, desperadoes though we were, as we watched Selwyn's boat grow smaller and smaller until it was lost round a bend in the river.

"'Spect I shall get sent to bed for this," said the Imp after a long pause.

"I think it more than probable, my Imp."

"But then, it was a very fine race—oh, beautiful!" he sighed; "an' I couldn't desert my ship an' Timothy Bone, an' leave you here all by yourself—now could I, Uncle Dick?"

"Of course not, Imp."

"What are you thinking about, Uncle Dick?" he inquired as I stared, chin in hand, at nothing in particular.

"I was wondering, Imp, where the River of Dreams was going to lead me, after all."

"To the Land of Heart's Delight, of course," he answered promptly; "you said so, you know, an' you never tell lies, Uncle Dick—never."

(*To be continued.*)

TAINTED NEWS AS SEEN IN THE MAKING



IN the recent campaign for the governorship in the Empire State the honesty of the newspaper was a vital issue. The searchlight of partisan zeal did much to set into clear relief the suppression and distortion of news employed by the great Hearst publicity machine to achieve its results. It also did something, as manipulated on the other side, to bring to notice the less glaring, yet hardly less effective, methods for the instillation of "safe and sane" doctrine of the anti-Hearst organs. The beneficial enlightenment as to newspaper methods due to this campaign emphasises the value from the standpoint of good citizenship and common honesty, for the sake of a sound public opinion, of an inquiry into a development in the methods of creating public thought and feeling which has introduced into the realm of news a corrupting element more subtle and far less well understood than the spread of campaign lies and political sophistry. It concerns itself frequently with the efforts of shrewd business men to allay public indignation brought upon them by the

revelation of their unfair dealings. It is employed to provide for their secret or open representatives in municipal, state or national governments such real or seeming support in the attitude of the people as to sustain these unliveried retainers against a rising tide of public sentiment. It has advanced far beyond the scope in publicity work of the brilliant but comparatively harmless theatrical press agent or the advertising write-up and it is less crude than the outright purchase of a newspaper or of editorial opinion. These latter are soon "spotted" and with that their efficiency wanes. This newly grown bastard of journalism and commerce, the industrial publicity agent, publicity bureau, or even "bureau of industrial statistics," "news service," "press service," or what not, takes for its arena the whole field of current information as expressed by printers' type, but by predilection devotes itself to what concerns the money counter. The printed matter originating under its auspices appears in the reading columns of reputable newspapers and periodicals in a form totally unrecognisable by any outward sign as the product of a hired agent whose object is not to provide for the public true information but to further the private interests of his client, who pays for its production according to the benefits he hopes to derive from its effect in moulding the thought of the unsuspecting reader.

The titanic struggle of Philadelphia with a ring of grafting politicians that had held the city in relentless grip for a generation is a recent memory that still evokes thanksgiving in the hearts of believers in free government. The final successful phase of this fight against oppression was precipitated by the audacity of the United Gas Improvement Company, from which the political marauders of the city derived a large share of the plunder filched from the people. This company had become anathema in Philadelphia. Yet to a representative of this corporation, the head of one of the most accomplished of these bureaus for the creation of public opinion recently declared: "I am fully convinced that we can convert Philadelphia for you." There may have been something of the solicitor's enthusiasm for his own wares in that assertion, but intimate knowledge of his resources leads me to believe that, given a free hand, if he did not deliver the good folk of Philadelphia as worshippers at the shrine of the gas company he would yet have made them loiter in friendly curiosity under its portals.

THE PUBLICITY BUREAU

It behooves the reader of newspapers, interested in the true nature of the matter put before him—nor need the magazine reader sniff contemptuous security—to examine the machine that accomplishes such results, or aims to accomplish them. The maker of opinion-to-order goes upon the principle that with bait you catch fish, and that even a very palpable hook will go down provided your bait is tempting enough. Editors want copy. They ransack the world for it and they put on it good value in dollars and cents. Let it only be interesting enough. In the daily paper, newness supplies the chief interest. Hence the publicity man provides news or he creates a literary interest. With this he baits his hook. The amount of concealment necessary to assure an easy passage for this instrument down the editorial gullet depends upon the state of the editor's mind as regulated by the attitude of the public with reference to the cause for which the publicity man proposes to win acceptance. If it is that of a public service corporation that has maltreated its patrons to the point of rebellion, he drops in only a few sentences here and there in the article or news "story" of his "doctrine," the argument he wants to drive home, and subordinates these to a "lead" of an innocuous character. If, on the other hand, he is spreading a propaganda for legislation for free alcohol he comes out unreservedly with his point. Many hooks, moreover, to carry the figure farther, set in many different directions, increase the chances of a bite. Therefore, the "story" may be manifolded and sent to a few hundred papers, or it may be modified to suit the individual tastes of editors, carefully studied beforehand. Space is not purchased. It is secured in return for free copy; that is all.

On the largest scale, the publicity bureau displayed its activities last winter, in the endeavour of a combination of the great railroads of the country to dam, by this means, the tide of popular feeling in favour of stringent rate regulation. It bent itself to gaining for those senators who stood out at first against all legislation and later for such a bill as would effect the smallest degree of change, such a showing of public support as might be inferred from stacks of newspaper clippings favourable to their position. By this means, too timid legislators, who, without some sign of backing in the press, would fear to follow their inclinations to stand by the railroad side of the controversy, might have their backbone strengthened, and lukewarm opponents be won over or reduced to non-activity. The game played against the unorganised public was in a measure successful. It helped to make possible the passage of a rate bill shorn of its nails and with its teeth drawn. The story of that campaign deserves fuller treatment than is here possible. On a smaller scale, however, somewhat similar tactics may be illustrated by work done recently in our large cities.

WORKING UP SENTIMENT

A public service corporation, whose name had become a byword of execration, had long nourished a desire to add to its system of surface traction a connecting link of elevated structure. While not without advantages to the public, holding out, in fact, to residents of the more remote sections of the city possibilities of amelioration to their conditions of transit, this piece of construction had been violently and ably opposed by dwellers in that portion of the city through which it was to pass. It would shut out their light and air, they argued, and add discomfort, if not positive danger, to their lives. The whole question had been up before and the corporation had suffered defeat before the tribunal whose consent was necessary to the execution of the project. Since that time the railroad had resigned itself to the apparently inevitable.

It happened that the company had in its employ a publicity bureau. This organisation had been fighting an up-hill fight to win even a modicum of amiability from the public toward its client. The newspapers of the city unanimously and fervently "got after" the railroad company whenever opportunity offered, and that was about every time they went to press. To the publicity bureau the construction project gave an opening. Here was a proposition that had merits. It had, however, once encountered failure, and, with the detested railroad company as its sponsor, would invite opposition at once. That was a difficulty that could be met. "Give the word and we'll give you your elevated road," said the representative of the bureau to the railroad company. The word was given. The publicity machine began to whir.

It was a stipulation under which the publicity organisation did its work, exacted by the railroad company, that the connection between the two should remain concealed. To a man of the bureau was given the assignment to "work up sentiment for the L." He sallied forth, loaded with his reporter's instincts and the resolution to get his "story." He called on a man with ambitions as a civic leader. This man wanted the L because his department store was so situated that he would benefit. If the thing were carried through, moreover, it would further his political ambitions in that particular locality. He had advocated the L project when it had been under discussion before and had watched over its obsequies. He was told that the subject was again coming to public notice, that there "was talk" of pushing it hard. Didn't he want to say something? He held back. "The project is deader than a door nail. To talk about it is a waste of breath," he said. But he talked. His argument, deftly shaped by the interviewer, enlarged upon the benefits to the public which would follow and made no mention of the railroad company. This interview was given an introduction that referred to the "renewed interest in the L plan among prominent business men," literally true as it referred to the eminent men of business in the railroad company and in the publicity bureau. The "story" was manifolded and mailed to every

paper in the city. It was printed in one. Perhaps the name of the public-spirited citizen—he was of the same political complexion as the paper and a large advertiser—here appealed to the editorial sympathies.

WAGING THE CAMPAIGN

Other interviews were secured, all whooping for the L as a means of doing away with existing shameful conditions on the rapid transit system. That the railroad itself wanted it was not anywhere indicated. In fact the stories were "greased" with a certain amount of criticism of the road. The stories laid stress on the growth in public demand for this piece of construction. They brought out all the arguments in its favour and ignored all disadvantages. Prominent men were interviewed and, if favourable, their remarks were worked up as news features. If unfavourable, they were simply ignored. In his requests for interviews, the publicity worker appeared as a "free lance" newspaper man, or armed with a word of introduction over the telephone from an advocate of the plan. By a little dexterity, he could readily avoid the embarassing query as to whom he was representing in the matter. He was bound, at the price of his job, to prevent discovery of that pertinent fact.

Every day saw its piece of "news" planted somewhere, now in this paper, now in that. A story specially strong in its news quality would run through a considerable number of papers. Others would only land in one or two. The matter reached the editors of the papers anonymously. If they guessed its inspiration they kept quiet about it in their columns. If they sent their reporters round to the railroad company, these were met with the statement that the facts were all right, but that as to the source of this activity the company was ignorant! Gradually effects became visible. Officials of civic bodies were put on record as advocates of the plan and their organisations took favourable action. At this stage the agitation began to support itself. The newspapers on their own account were obliged to take cognisance of the action of public bodies in order not to lose the news.

At an opportune moment was sprung the *deus ex machina* of this little municipal drama. The city engineer, whose approval was necessary for any construction of this sort, could manifestly give his sanction to such a plan with much better grace when it was a matter of public demand than at the request of an unpopular railroad corporation. It is probable that the railroad knew his views when it entered upon its campaign. At any rate, the grantor of the interview which served as the starting point of the movement urged upon the engineer the propriety of his publicly declaring his advocacy of a structure such as the railroad had been aiming to secure. The engineer made the desired statement. His interrogator thereupon called up his favourite newspaper. The next morning appeared the announcement that the engineer was for the L.

Little remained for the publicity promotor. The thing had now got such headway that it took care of itself. Mass meetings were held and resolutions passed. The attitude of the railroad came up for discussion only incidentally. Its officers now let it be understood that they would do anything reasonable to put the project through. Delightful admission! It is fair to suppose, though, that a franchise obtained under these conditions would contain less onerous stipulations than one secured without the careful preparation of public sentiment which made it appear that the railroad company only reluctantly entered upon the plan. The opposition, naturally, had shown its head; but it was now an opposition to a faction and not aimed directly at the railroad company.

THE OFFICIAL AND THE TRACTION COMPANY

In this instance, the publicity bureau was used to strengthen the hand of an official from whom action of advantage to the client was desired. It is, however, as frequently called upon to hinder the activities of an official who makes himself obnoxious to a corporation. There was, for instance, the case of a city official who had been elected on the

strength of his promises to curb the insolence of a traction company. He discovered, when he began to put some of his curbing tactics into execution, that he was contending with a force that threatened seriously to undermine his popularity and that eventually effectually dampened his ardour for this particular line of reform. The official corporation tamer had threatened to employ his power of blocking franchises which the traction company might seek to obtain, in order to hold this corporation up to a higher standard of service. This intention he advertised widely through his own personal press agency. The facile publicity bureau employed by this traction company hit upon a line of defence. Its representative interviewed heads of prominent real estate firms having large property interests in outlying sections, the development of which would depend almost entirely upon further extensions of the rapid transit system. By means of the customary expedients of the newspaper interviewer he led these men on to talk of their hopes for development through growth of transit facilities. One more bold than the rest could be induced to deprecate an official attitude that would hinder such development.

Here was supplied the basis for a series of newspaper articles spreading alarm as to the great damage the official in question might inflict on the development of the city by persisting in his attitude of opposition to franchises. The bait used in this instance to secure admittance to the columns of the newspapers was the fact that the real estate men interviewed were among the heaviest advertisers in these papers. Necessarily, the instincts of the business office would dictate that these men be given space to have their say. It followed, too, that with the stretching of inference and strengthening of emphasis, to which the writing up of an interview gave scope, the real estate men found themselves taking a stronger attitude in print than they had been aware of in themselves. Here again the client ostensibly was not responsible for the stories. In this instance, too, from an insignificant seed a noticeable sentiment was developed. The proposal was made of an indignation meeting of real estate men. The articles put out by the publicity bureau, moreover, carried delicate little suggestions of the purpose of self-advertisement actuating the over-active city official in his *pronunciamentos,* etc., etc. The upshot was that this gentleman subsided into harmless quiescence and the traction company issued orders to its press lieutenants to hold their fire.

New York had a little experience with the publicity game when an independent telephone company tried to wrest from the local branch of the Bell system its monopoly of the service. The heavy advertising of the company in possession flung at the public broadsides of quotations from the country over, lauding the advantages of a single set of telephones and representing as a most shocking evil the admission of a second telephone system to the city. But this was only the exposed front of the attack. The masked batteries let loose their fire in the shape of news articles and editorials carrying the specious single telephone argument. This was comparatively crude work. It was carried into the papers as a gratuity for big advertising contracts and consequently was so out-and-out in its method that it might be easily recognised as the work of the telephone press agent. It was somewhat shocking, nevertheless, to the sensibilities of a man who believes that the newspaper should be an unbiased medium for the dissemination of news to read in the editorial columns of a reputable New York evening paper a telephone argument that he knew from direct evidence had been prepared in the office of the telephone company's publicity agent.

THE CASE OF THE AMERICAN ICE COMPANY

The American Ice Company, whose reputation needs no setting forth, resorted to the expedient of employing a publicity bureau in its defence when, last summer, it found public clamour becoming insistent in its demands for an investigation. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington statements were issued for the company by this agency, which maintains representatives in several of the large cities,

under attractive but somewhat disingenuous firm names. These statements were put out frankly as coming from the ice company, and the newspapers printed them as such. This was fair. The public was now at liberty to apply its judgment to the facts submitted, knowing their source. It is probable, though, that the more effective work done for the ice men was that which did not bear a label. This was made up of entertainingly written articles giving picturesque descriptions of the hardships and drawbacks of unprofitableness of the ice business. These articles bore various date lines, as, for instance, Gardiner, Maine, and appeared to have been written by special correspondents of the papers using them. They were printed, therefore, with the stamp of editorial approval upon them. This fact and that their "doctrine" reflected upon the American Ice Company only indirectly but in an exceedingly pleasant way made them, of course, well qualified to convince the reader who could not go behind the facts as presented to him and was deprived of the corrective which the knowedge that the article was put out by the American Ice Company would have supplied.

NEWSPAPER CULPABILITY

This sort of thing well illustrates the form of conspiracy against their readers in which newspapers which admit this kind of matter to their columns engage. Their motives may not always be mercenary. In the sort of publicity work that has been here particularly under examination, the space is not even indirectly paid for by advertising. The only consideration, for the most part, is that of securing good copy free. Of course, in small papers even this is of some moment. In the case of metropolitan dailies, on the other hand, it matters little that the copy costs them nothing. And yet newspapers that pride themselves on their purity of motive and freedom from the sins of their journalistic brethren have shown themselves, as observed by me under especially favourable conditions for comparison, among the most prone to open their columns to matter which, in effect, they are palming off on their readers under false pretences. In singling out a conspicuous illustration it is not my intention to pillory any one newspaper. It is, however, the most striking of those that could be cited. The high standing of this publication but heightens one's sympathy. The instance I have in mind is that of the New York *Evening Post* which, in a single Saturday issue, some time ago carried no less than six publicity articles. At least two of these were close to two columns in length and the others ran from half a column upwards. Only one of these articles was admittedly the outgiving of an "interest," and that was the shortest of the lot.

The New York *Tribune,* likewise, shows great hospitality to this disguised propaganda or advertising. It habitually carries it in its Sunday issues, although it exercises no ungenerous exclusiveness on week days. It is also not unknown in the columns of the Boston *Transcript,* the New York *Herald,* the *World,* the *Sun,* the Washington *Post* and other papers of equal importance throughout the country. By contrast, the much-condemned "yellow journals" are practically immune. "You can't come within a thousand miles of landing this stuff in the New York *American,*" commented a publicity man who makes a specialty of placing the output of one of the biggest concerns in the business. This holds for papers of the type of the *American* generally. If the matter is sent to them they are more likely to "roast" it than otherwise. This is a distinction that cannot be said, however, to raise the *American* to any superior degree in the scale of probity. Pandering to vicious sensationalism and the cause of its own propaganda supply sufficiently effective motives for the corruption of the news it prints to make the deception involved in the use of publicity matter a minor crime. One clean spot in the hyena's hide argues little, after all, for the general cleanliness of the beast.

THE INDUSTRIAL PRESS AGENT

To the jaundiced eye of one nutured in the atmosphere of these factories of "doctored" news the pages of our newspapers are, however, things of suspicion almost without an exception. The exten-

siveness of the manufacture of this kind of literature is barely indicated by the fact that every newspaper in New York City of any size at all is supplied with an instalment practically every working day of the year and that one bureau alone reaches all the cities of the country at frequent intervals, while carrying on publicity campaigns in certain special territories of large extent with unintermittent persistency. Although of comparatively recent origin the business is finding new recruits every day among newspaper men who hope for more lucrative and pleasant employment.

One class of the industrial press agent, it is worth while pointing out, has laboured to make it clear to the public that they, men who are frankly in the direct employ of certain corporations, exist solely to enable the public to get the information to which it is entitled concerning the doings of these great organisations. They assume the air of auxiliaries to the regular force of reporters of the newspapers and would, in fact, have it known that if there is any investigating to be done they will volunteer to do it and relieve the hard-working newspaper fraternity of the trouble. Hereafter, everything that is news in the affairs of the Standard Oil Company, the Consolidated Gas Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad, or the Belmont interests, is to be issued in prepared statements or by direct verbal communication through these men, if one is to take at their face value the announcement of their principles as set forth in articles recently printed, which themselves bore evidence of being products of the press agent's workshop. These men get high salaries. The press agent of the Standard Oil interests is reported to have an annual salary of $20,000. It is, fortunately for the public, safe to assume that the bona fide newspaper man after a story will continue to view with scepticism even "news" put out by these "authorised" representatives of organised industry.

As portrayed in the few instances I have cited of the secret engineering of sentiment by means of news made for the purpose, it has been made apparent that the result is not always one to be deplored. The illustrations chosen, it should be pointed out, were fairly typical and were not intended to show the operation of the publicity machine at its worst. It must also be apparent, however, that the indirectness of method, the fraud upon the public of getting as straight news matter which is published in the interest of private parties for the purpose of influencing its judgment, presents opportunities for the most pernicious abuse of public confidence. If it is necessary because of its news value to use a story furnished through the publicity channel, one might insist, let the editor go behind it to its sources and lend to it, in addition to his own nominal authority, a dress and background of his own manufacture such as will give the public that insight and perspective which they have a right to demand from an honest newspaper, dealing with affairs a true knowledge of which is vital to the health of the community.

THE SYSTEM OF MISREPRESENTATION

Newspaper reporting of events is at best but an approximation to accuracy and fairness. But the opening of the newspaper column to matter written in the semblance of news with a set purpose quite other than that of supplying accurate information inevitably smoothes the way for an addition of a regular, systematic and skilfully planned species of misrepresentation to the warping influences that haste and the vagaries of newspaper creation supply under its normally irregular conditions. It is difficult to illustrate this kind of thing, for the publicity story is often of purely local interest, and citation in the brief space here at command is of necessity inadequate to its clear revelation. I have before me a bunch of clippings from Southern newspapers. These are all of the same wording. One is from the *Journal and Tribune* of Knoxville. It begins:

"Special to the *Journal and Tribune:*

DECATUR, ALA., Nov. 8.—At the close of its annual meeting here to-day the Alabama Commercial and Industrial Association unanimously adopted a resolution putting itself on record as opposed to legislation granting the

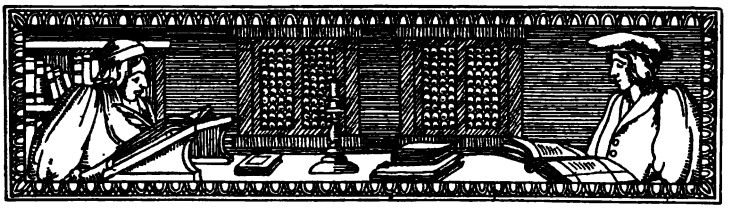
Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix railway rates."

Then followed the resolution. It is a mass of verbiage. It includes a complimentary reference to President Roosevelt, whose popularity had to be reckoned with, though the railroad attorneys who framed the resolution had little cause for bursting into eulogy, patriotically refers to the marvellous development of Alabama and the South and deplores the check to this development through putting the railroads under the control of anybody but their "rightful and legal owners." Any one in Knoxville or Nashville or New Orleans reading this "special" might readily think that an important, united popular campaign in defence of the railroads was in progress in Alabama. As a matter of fact, there were few States of the Union in which public indignation at railroad usurpation was greater than in Alabama. A true account of this affair at Decatur—only one out-of-town newspaper man except the railroad publicity agent was present—would have shown this meeting to have been dominated by a few railroad attorneys; it would have shown the overriding of parliamentary privilege by those managing the railroad *coup d'état*, and the sneaking through of the resolution in the last minute of the meeting by means that would have made the wiliest and most unscrupulous boss in politics open his eyes in startled admiration. And this, too, in a convention packed by the roads—not sufficiently though to make the day's work an easy one. Out of the railroad publicity fund came the telegraph tolls that put this dispatch into the newspaper offices without cost to them and in the service of the railroads was eliminated from it everything that might give the reader an impression unfavourable to them and with that went a large part of the truth, that part without which the effect was totally to mislead. So valuable was the result sought, that to put out that story of less than a quarter of a column the publicity man had made the trip to Alabama from Washington.

It was reported of Alfred Beit, the South African Crœsus, that he had conceived the audacious plan of creating an international "news trust." The possibilities of such an instrument for forming public opinion are such as to call up the vision of an autocrat of thought of world-wide power. The effects secured on a smaller scale by our American corporation captains in the only partially exploited field of publicity are, however, sufficient to suggest the urgency of stimulating the growth of watchfulness and conscience in the gentlemen who preside over the diurnal genesis of the pages that furnish our daily summary of the world's progress.

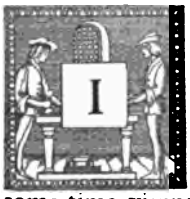
"I think that the patriotism of any American citizen," said Charles E. Hughes, in his campaign for governor of New York, "can be tested perhaps better by his attitude toward public opinion than in any other way, for when he does not appreciate the importance of holding that immense power, of directing that immense power, so that it will accomplish good, according to right judgment, he has little thought of the security upon which everything we prize depends."

The moral is not inapplicable in a more general sense than in that of its original application to a political candidate.



ROBIN REDBREAST

From the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof



T happened at that time when our Lord created the world, when He not only made heaven and earth, but all the animals and the vegetable growths as well, at the same time giving them their names.

There have been many histories concerning that time, and if we knew them all, we would then have light upon everything in this world which we cannot now comprehend.

At that time it happened, one day, when our Lord sat in His Paradise and painted the little birds, that the colours in our Lord's paint pot gave out, and the goldfinch would have been without colour if our Lord had not wiped all His paint brushes on its feathers.

It was then that the donkey got his long ears, because he could not remember the name that had been given him.

No sooner had he taken a few steps along the meadows of Paradise than he forgot, and three times he came back to ask his name. At last our Lord grew somewhat impatient, took him by his two ears and said:

"Thy name is ass, ass, ass!" And while He thus spake our Lord pulled both of his ears that the ass might hear better, and remember what was said to him. It was on the same day, also, that the bee was punished.

Now, when the bee was created, it began immediately to gather honey, and the animals and human beings who caught the delicious odour of the honey came and wanted to taste of it. But the bee wanted to keep it all for himself, and with his poisonous sting pursued every living creature that approached his hive. Our Lord saw this and at once called the bee and punished it.

"I gave thee the gift of gathering honey, which is the sweetest thing in all creation," said our Lord, "but I did not give thee the right to be cruel to thy neighbour. Remember well, that every time thou stingest any creature who desires to taste of thy honey, thou shalt surely die!"

Ah yes! it was at that time that the cricket became blind and the ant missed her wings, so many strange things happened on that day!

Our Lord sat there, big and gentle, and planned and created all day long, and towards evening He conceived the idea of making a little grey bird. "Remember your name is robin redbreast," said our Lord to the bird, as soon as it was finished. Then He held it in the palm of His open hand and let it fly.

After the bird had been testing his wings a bit, and had seen something of the beautiful world in which he was destined to live, he became curious to see what he himself was like. He noticed that he was entirely grey, and that the breast was just as grey as all the rest of him. Robin redbreast twisted and turned in every direction as he viewed himself in the mirror of a clear lake, but he couldn't find a single red feather. Then he flew back to our Lord.

Our Lord sat there on His throne, big and gentle. Out of His hands came butterflies that fluttered about His head; doves cooed on His shoulders, and out of the earth about Him grew the rose, the lily and the daisy.

The little bird's heart beat heavily with fright, but with easy curves he flew nearer and nearer our Lord, till at last he rested on our Lord's hand. Then our Lord asked what the little bird wanted. "I only want to ask you about one thing," said the little bird, "What is it that you wish to know?" said our Lord. "Why should I be called red breast, when I am all grey, from the bill to the very end of my tail? Why am I called red breast when I do not possess one single red feather?" The bird looked beseechingly on our Lord with its tiny black eyes—then turned its head. About him he saw pheasants all red under a sprinkle of gold dust, cocks with red combs, parrots with marvellous red neck bands, to say nothing about the butterflies, the goldfinches

and the roses! And naturally he thought how little he needed—just one tiny drop of colour on his breast—and he, too, would be a beautiful bird, and not a misnomer. "Why should I be called red breast when I am so entirely grey?" asked the bird once again, and waited for our Lord to say—Ah! my friend, I see that I have forgotten to paint your breast feathers red, but wait a moment and all shall be done.

But our Lord only smiled a little and said: "I have called you robin redbreast, and robin redbreast shall your name be, but you must look to it that you yourself earn your red breast feathers." Then our Lord lifted His hand and let the bird fly once more—out into the world.

The bird flew down into Paradise, meditating deeply.

What could a little bird like him do to earn for himself red feathers? The only thing he could think of was to make his nest in a brier bush. He built it in among the thorns in the close thicket. It looked as if he waited for a rose leaf to cling to his throat and give him colour.

* * * * *

Countless years had come and gone since that day, which was the happiest in all the world! Human beings had already advanced so far that they had learned to cultivate the earth and sail the seas. They had procured clothes and ornaments for themselves, and had long since learned to build big temples and great cities—such as Thebes, Rome and Jerusalem.

* * * * *

Then there dawned a new day, one that will long be remembered in the world's history. On the morning of this day robin redbreast sat upon a little naked hillock outside of Jerusalem's walls and sang to his young ones, who rested in a tiny nest in a brier bush.

Robin redbreast told the little ones all about that wonderful day of creation, and how the Lord had given names to everything, just as each redbreast had told it, ever since the first redbreast had heard God's word, and gone out of God's hand. "And mark you," he ended sorrowfully, "so many years have gone, so many roses have bloomed, so many little birds have come out of their eggs since Creation day, but robin redbreast is still a little grey bird. He has not yet succeeded in gaining his red feathers."

The little young ones opened wide their tiny bills, and asked if their forebears had never tried to do any great thing to earn the priceless red colour.

"We have all done what we could," said the little bird, "but we have all gone amiss. Even the first robin redbreast met one day another bird exactly like himself, and he began immediately to love it with such a mighty love, that he could feel his breast glow. Ah! he thought then, now I understand! It was our Lord's meaning that I should love with so much ardour that my breast should grow red in colour from the very warmth of the love that lives in my heart. But he missed it, like all those who came after him had missed it, and as even you shall miss it."

The little young ones twittered, utterly bewildered, and already began to mourn because the red colour would not come to beautify their little downy grey breasts. "We had also hoped that song would help us," said the grown-up bird—speaking in long drawn-out tones—"the first robin redbreast sang until his breast swelled within him, he was so carried away—and he dared to hope anew. Ah! he thought, it is the glow of the song which lives in my soul that will colour my breast feathers red. But he missed it, as all the others have missed it, and as even you shall miss it." Again was heard a sad "peep" from the young ones' half-naked throats.

"We had also counted on our courage and our valour," said the bird. "The first robin redbreast fought bravely with other birds, until his breast flamed with the pride of conquest. Ah! he thought, my breast feathers shall become red from the love of battle which burns in my heart. He, too, missed it, as all those who came after him had missed it, and as even you shall miss it." The little young ones peeped courageously that they still wished to try and win the much sought after prize, but the bird answered them sorrowfully that it would be impossible. What could they do when so many splendid ancestors had

missed the mark? What could they do more than love, sing and fight? What could—— The little bird stopped short in the middle of the sentence, for out of one of Jerusalem's gates came a crowd of people marching, and the whole procession rushed up towards the hillock, where the bird had its nest. There were riders on proud horses, soldiers with long spears, executioners with nails and hammers. There were judges and priests in the procession, weeping women, and above all a mob of mad, loose people running about —a filthy, howling mob of loiterers.

The little grey bird sat trembling on the edge of his nest. He feared each instant that the little brier bush would be trampled down and his young ones killed!

"Be careful!" he cried to the little defenceless young ones, "creep together and remain quiet. Here comes a horse that will ride right over us! Here comes a warrior with iron-shod sandals! Here comes the whole wild, storming mob!" Immediately the bird ceased his cry of warning and grew calm and quiet. He almost forgot the danger hovering over him. Finally he hopped down into his nest and spread his wings over the young ones.

"Oh! this is too terrible," said he; "I don't want you should witness this awful sight! There are three miscreants who are going to be crucified!" And he spread his wings so the little ones could see nothing.

They caught only the sound of hammers, the cries of anguish and the wild shrieks of the mob.

Robin redbreast followed the whole spectacle with his eyes, which grew big with terror. He could not take his glance from the three unfortunates.

"How terrible human beings are!" said the bird after a little. "It isn't enough that they should nail these poor creatures to a cross, but they must needs place a crown of piercing thorns on the head of one of them. I see that the thorns have wounded his brow so that the blood flows," he continued. "And this man is so beautiful—and he looks about him with such mild glances that every one ought to love him. I feel as if an arrow were shooting through my heart, when I see him suffer!"

The little bird began to feel a stronger and stronger pity for the thorn-crowned sufferer. Oh! if I were only my brother the eagle, thought he, I would draw the nails from his hands, and with my strong claws I would drive away all those who torture him. He saw how the blood trickled down, from the brow of the crucified one, and he could no longer remain quiet in his nest. Even if I am little and weak, I can still do something for this poor tortured one—thought the bird. Then he left his nest and flew out into the air, striking wide circles around the crucified one. He flew about him several times without daring to approach, for he was a shy little bird, who had never dared to go near a human being. But little by little he gained courage, flew close to him and drew with his little bill a thorn that had become imbedded in the brow of the crucified one. And as he did this there fell on his breast a drop of blood from the face of the crucified one;—it spread quickly and floated out and coloured all the little thin breast feathers.

Then the crucified one opened his lips and whispered to the bird: "Because of thy compassion, thou hast won all that thy kind have been striving after, ever since the world was created."

As soon as the bird had returned to his nest his young ones cried to him: "Thy breast is red, thy breast feathers are redder than the roses!"

"It is only a drop of blood from the poor man's forehead," said the bird, "it will vanish as soon as I bathe in a pool or a clear well."

But no matter how much the little bird bathed, the red colour did not vanish—and when his little young ones grew up, the blood-red colour shone also on their breast feathers, just as it shines on every robin redbreast's throat and breast until this very day.

Translated by
Volma Swanston Howard.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW YORK CITY.

American Book Company:

Outlines of Ancient History. By William C. Morey.

Educational. The book purposes to indicate, in a general way, the continuity of ancient history, as well as to describe the growth of separate countries.

D. Appleton and Company:

Mountain-Land. By Robert W. Chambers.

The seven stories in this juvenile are illustrated in colour by Frederick Richardson. The decorations in black and white are by Walter King Stone.

The House of Islam. By Marmaduke Pickthall.

The East—its struggles and bloodshed of religious strife, and its various superstitious sects—is pictured in this novel. The plot deals with a sheikh, who goes to Jerusalem with his sick daughter in order that she may be cured by a "Frankish" doctor. When she dies he feels that it is the judgment of Allah.

The Wooing of Folly. By James L. Ford.

Folly is the only daughter of Hiram Dewsnap, a loafer who finally leaves New England, goes West and makes a fortune in a mine. He takes his family to New York and comes near ruining them all. It is only through the sagaciousness of his wife that such a calamity is averted.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends. By Margaret Coulson Walker.

Juvenile. A book of nature dolls and others. This book aims to furnish employment. as well as entertainment, to children. Among the dolls are Lady Hollyhock, Lord Cucumber, the Radish baby, Pansy ladies, lemon pigs, a potato woman, etc. The drawings, by Mary Isabel Hunt, are a great addition to the book.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Confessions of a Detective. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

The titles of the five detective stories in this volume are: Confessions of a Detective, The Washington Square Mystery, The Man Who Flew, The Murder at the Santa Marie and The Stolen Red Diamond. A character to be found in each tale is Inspector Val.

Burre Publishing Company:

Restdale. By Julia Eliza Shotland.

A quiet, simple story of country life in New England. The principals in the romance are a lovable girl and her artist lover, who is a foreigner.

The Century Company:

Racketty-Packetty House. By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Queen Silver-Bell. By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

These small books are issued in a new series of fairy tales which Mrs. Burnett has undertaken. The first is the story of a doll family that was liked and one that was not. The second deals with the losing of the Fairy-Queen's temper, which she carries about in a silver cage.

The Crimson Sweater. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

One may easily assume from the title that this is a football story. Both boys and girls will find Roy and Harriet, or Harry, as she is always called, very interesting characters, and the story a good one. C. M. Relyea has made a number of illustrations for the book.

The Upstart. By Henry M. Hyde.

Although this story is not a juvenile, young readers will find it very entertaining. Romance and political ambitions enter into the tale, which has for its hero a young man, who overcomes many obstacles to win success.

The Proverbs of Solomon. Designed by Blanche McManus Mansfield.

Friendship and Character. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Designed by Blanche McManus Mansfield.

The Man Without a Country. By Edward Everett Hale. Designed by Blanche McManus Mansfield.

Like the previous volumes in this "Thumb-Nail" series, these three are handsomely bound in embossed leather. The second and third volumes contain frontispiece portraits of Emerson and Hale, respectively; the title-page of the first is designed by Blanche McManus Mansfield. The subjects of the works are too well known to need description.

A Book of Music. By Richard Watson Gilder.

A collection of those poems by Mr.

Gilder which relate to music either directly or symbolically.

The Clarendon Press:

Elementary Chemistry. Part II. By F. R. L. Wilson and G. W. Hedley.

Educational. "The object of this book is to provide a school course of practical training in chemistry, suitable for those studying the subject as an integral part of their general education, and at the same time to lay a solid foundation for such as may require to specialize in it later."

Plutarch's Lives of Coriolanus, Cæsar, Brutus and Antonius in North's Translation. Edited with Introduction and Notes by R. H. Carr.

Educational. The twofold purpose of this book is to serve as an introduction to North's version of the complete Lives of Plutarch, and to provide the student with a critical edition of the sources of Shakespeare's three Roman plays.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Saint Francis of Assisi. By Oscar Kuhns.

A biographical study of a famous saint.

Germelshausen. By Frederick Gerstäcker. Translated by Clara M. Lathrop.

The story of a buried German village which came to life one day in each one hundred years.

The Man Without a Country. By Edward Everett Hale.

A well-known classic in a new edition.

A Longfellow Calendar. Edited by Anna Harris Smith.

For every day in the year there is some selection from Longfellow in this small book.

A Heart Garden. By J. R. Miller.

A volume of religious essays, the first of which gives the book its title.

The Happy Family. By George Hodges.

An idea of the mission of his small volume may be gathered from the following chapter-titles: The Business of Being a Wife, The Business of Being a Mother, The Business of Being a Father.

The Beauty of Kindness. By J. R. Miller.

An essay in which kindness is set forth as one of the world's greatest needs. Several full-page pictures illustrate the volume.

Great Riches. By Charles W. Eliot.

Millionaires are the people discussed by President Eliot, of Harvard, in this volume. He treats their situation in a calm and quiet manner, and takes an optimistic view of it.

The Spirit of the Orient. By George William Knox.

The standpoints from which the Orient is discussed in this work are: The American Point of View; The Asiatic Point of View; India, its People and Customs; India, its Spirit and Problems; China, its People and Customs; China, its Spirit and Problems; Japan, its People and Customs; Japan, its Spirit and Problems; and The New World. There are numerous illustrations.

Animal Serials. By E. Warde Blaisdell.

A collection of droll drawings in which animals, as human beings, take the parts of heroes and heroines. Each series of sketches has a separate group of animals—Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit, Miss Hippopotamus, Mr. Bear, Colonel Lion, etc. There is a touch of satire in the humour.

Famous American Songs. By Gustav Kobbé.

Mr. Kobbé has given a history of "Home, Sweet Home," "Dixie," "America," "Yankee Doodle," "Old Folks at Home," "Ben Bolt," "Hail Columbia" and others, telling how each song happened to be written, where it was first sung, and all the story of it. There are twenty-two illustrations in the book.

Success Nuggets. By Orison Swett Marden.

A book of short forceful thoughts classified under a number of different headings. Some excellent advice is given in these "nuggets," some of which contain less than a half dozen words.

Putting the Most Into Life. By Booker T. Washington.

A series of addresses by Mr. Washington, recently given before his students. The subject is discussed under six heads, which give the physical, mental, spiritual and racial aspects of the case.

Friendship. By Henry D. Thoreau.

An essay taken from the author's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers."

The Hope of Immortality. By Charles Fletcher Dole.

Mr. Dole delivered the address which composes this book as the annual lecture in the Ingersoll Lectureship. In this address Mr. Dole is said to have given a large number of reasons "for the hope of a future life which has inspired mankind in every age."

Cupples and Leon:

Cupid's Middleman. By Edward B. Lent.

The fate of a man who tried to assist another man in love-making is told in this story.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The One Way Out. By Bettina von Hutten.

The principal character in this amusing storiette proposes to three girls in one evening and is three times refused. He withholds the fourth proposal, the one that would doubtless have been accepted. The reasons which prompted his actions is the story. The illustrations are by Harrison Fisher. The volume presents a holiday appearance.

Historic Buildings of America. As seen and described by great writers. Collected and edited by Esther Singleton.

This is the first of Miss Singleton's many books which deal with American subjects. Among the buildings described by well-known writers are the White House, Independence Hall, Castle Garden, Faneuil Hall, The Salt Lake City Tabernacle, Mount Vernon, etc. The numerous illustrations enhance the value of the book.

The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

A sequel to "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." The new book depicts Isabel happily married, her "subjection" being simply her graceful acceptance of the yoke of matrimony. English society and English politics and a beautiful East Indian girl enter into the story.

The Seventh Person. By Benjamin Brace.

A certain secret society, one of the rules of which was that any member whose name was drawn should hold himself in readiness to go wherever bidden and do whatever he was told for a period of time, sends a young man on an almost countless number of journeys. The many exciting adventures which he experiences make the story.

The Life of Marie Antoinette. By Maxime de la Rocheterie.

The author has endeavoured to present the result of extended study and comparison of texts concerning the life of Marie Antoinette. He has not suppressed faults or mistakes, but has confined himself to what he feels to be the truth, whether complimentary or otherwise. Cora Hamilton Bell has made the translation from the French. The volume is handsomely bound.

Dodge Publishing Company:

Told to the Little Tot. By Edmund Vance Cooke.

Ten stories of the "Man Mite" and his playfellows by a well-known writer about children. Bessie Collins Pease has illustrated the book and designed the cover.

Cozy Corner Confidences. By Walter Pulitzer.

A collection of epigrams. The marginal decorations in red give a striking appearance to the book.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

King Midas. By Upton Sinclair.

A new edition of the first novel Mr. Sinclair ever wrote. The story deals with a young girl strongly tempted to marry a very wealthy man whom she does not love.

Confessions to a Heathen Idol. By Marion Lee.

An unusual story in which a woman of forty tells the story of her loves to a small teak-wood idol on her desk.

Set in Authority. By Sara Jeannette Cotes.

This novel gives a pen picture of English life in India. The central character is a strong man entangled in a web of circumstances.

The Joyous Miracle. By Frank Norris.

A pen picture of Christ, His time, and the miracles He performed.

The Pursuit of Happiness. By George Hodges.

In his essay on "The Pursuit of Happiness," Mr. Hodges gives the following "mile-stones": Determination, regulation, proportion, the gift of vision, the habit of ministration, and religion.

The Journal of Arthur Stirling. By Upton Sinclair.

A new edition of a story issued three years ago. The success which has attended the author's *The Jungle* will add new readers to the number who have already found this an interesting book.

The Second Violin. By Grace S. Richmond.

The several characters in this charming story might each be said to be a hero or heroine, as all take important parts. The Birchs and the Churchills have their share of emergencies to meet, and they are met with courage. There are, also, many good times which the reader enjoys. The eight illustrations are by B. J. Rosenmyer.

Legends Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton W. Mabie.

A volume uniform with poems, fairy tales, myths, etc., that "Every Child Should Know." These legends include Hiawatha, Sir Galahad, Beowulf, Chevy Chase, The Wandering Jew, The

Lorelei, Rip Van Winkle, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow and others. Blanche Ostertag has made the illustrations and decorations for the book.

Duffield and Company:

The Punch and Judy Book. By Helen Hay Whitney.

A humorous juvenile. The illustrations, by Charlotte Harding, are in red and black.

The Pilgrim's Staff. Selected and arranged by FitzRoy Carrington.

In this small volume Mr. Carrington has gathered "from the verse of three and a half centuries a handful of poems, beautiful in thoughts of spiritual import, which should reflect, as well as might be in a space so limited, all moods, from the self-abasement of utter unworthiness, to the courage born of a firm faith in the divinity of man, which can face, unafraid, the Great Unknown."

Boys and Girls from George Eliot. By Kate Dickinson Sweetser.

These stories have been told in a way to interest boys and girls, in the hope that the interest which they awaken will lead to a reading of the longer stories from which these have been taken. The boys and girls who appear are Tom and Maggie Tulliver, Totty Poyser, Eppie, The Garths, Little Lizzie, Jacob Cohen, Tina, Job Tudge and Harry Transome.

Bridge Abridged. By Annie Blanche Shelby.

"A comprehensive and concise statement of the maxims, rules and principles governing the game of Bridge." The book also includes "The Revised Laws of Bridge," as adopted by the New York Whist Club, and "The Etiquette of the Game."

E. P. Dutton and Company:

A Toy Tragedy. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.

A story of children for children by the author of *Peter's Mother* and *The Man from America.* Katharine May Roberts has contributed four full-page illustrations.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Soul of an Artist. By Neera. Translated by E. L. Murison.

L. D. Ventura, who has written the introduction to this book, claims that it is neither a novel nor a biography, but that it is a book "of thoughts, of love, of life. . . . A consolation to all those who, endowed with a high sensitive nature, are obliged by circumstances to live alone, and to keep hidden, for fear of deception or disillusion, that sacred flame which otherwise would have shown and lighted the road to a hero."

Henry Frowde:

Whisperings from the Great. Compiled by Constance A. Meredyth.

A handsome birthday book. There is a blank half-page for each day in the year. Opposite these are poetical selections from the best writers of all ages. The typography of the work is praiseworthy.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Under Pontius Pilate. By William Schuyler.

"Being a part of the correspondence between Caius Claudius Proculus in Judea and Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus at Athens in the years 28 and 29 A. D." A picture of Christ's life and times.

Miserère. By Mabel Wagnalls.

Music and its devotees is the theme of this little tale—an addition to the "Hour-Glass Stories" series.

The Incubator Baby. By Ellis Parker Butler.

The success which has attended the author's *Pigs is Pigs* will insure many readers for this little satire on scientific mothers' clubs. There are four illustrations.

Harper and Brothers:

The Beautiful Story of Doris and Julie. By Gertrude Smith.

A story for little folks. The full-page coloured illustrations make an attractive book.

Kate: A Comedy. By Bronson Howard.

The modern marriage question, in an international setting, is dealt with in this play. No speakers are labelled and stage technicalities are concealed, as far as possible.

Poems for Young Americans. By Will Carleton.

The works of Will Carleton peculiarly adapted to younger readers are included in this collection, which is said to be the first of its kind ever published. There are humorous verses, poems of festivals and anniversaries, and poems for young Americans. There are sixteen illustrations.

Dunny. By Philip Verrill Mighels.

The adventures of an Eastern lad who comes to live in a Western lumber camp are related in this story.

A Japanese Blossom. By Onoto Watanna.

This pretty holiday book tells the story of a Japanese-American family. There is a serious as well as a humorous side

to the story. The illustrations are by L. W. Ziegler.

Their First Formal Call. By Grace MacGowan Cooke.

Bashfulness is the theme brought out in this humorous skit. Peter Newell has made the characteristic illustrations.

The Very Small Person. By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Mrs. Donnell's new story, described as a "delightful series of odd little comedies and tragedies of childhood," is written in a vein similar to *Rebecca Mary*. Elizabeth Shippen Green has illustrated the book in black and tint.

Certain Delightful English Towns. By William Dean Howells.

A description of such towns as Exeter, Bath, Wells, Bristol, Folkestone, Canterbury, Oxford, Chester, Malvern, Shrewsbury, Northampton, and other towns in England, "with glimpses of the pleasant country between," is to be found in Mr. Howells's new book. The volume is well illustrated.

The $30,000 Bequest. By Mark Twain.

A new edition, issued uniformly with others of Mark Twain's works.

Side-Lights on Astronomy. By Simon Newcomb.

A collection of essays and addresses dealing with the larger aspects of astronomy; one of the most important themes being the structure, extent and duration of the universe. Included in the volume are a number of discussions relating to general scientific subjects. There are several illustrations.

Balboa. By Frederick A. Ober.

An additional volume in the "Heroes of American History" series. Mr. Ober gives the life story of Balboa "leading up to his discovery of the Pacific and his subsequent fortunes."

Wee Winkles and Snowball. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

The author teaches children to be kind to their pets through this story. Mary Theresa Hart has contributed a number of illustrations.

The Life of Christ—Without—Within. By Henry Ward Beecher.

Two of Dr. Beecher's most powerful sermons are here presented in book form. One shows the life of Christ, as seen by the men of his time; the other as the greatest moral force the world has ever known.

A Little Son of Sunshine. By Ellen Douglas Deland.

The escapades of a little orphaned boy and a little girl, both of whom are spending their summer in the country, are told in this book for boys and girls. W. E. Mears has made the illustrations.

Ferdinand de Soto. By Frederick A. Ober.

A brief, vivid, yet accurate account of the work of the Spanish explorer, designed not for the technical student of history, but for the intelligent public and for school children of the more advanced grades. It is similar to the works on Cortes and other Spanish explorers by the same author.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Bird. By C. William Beebe.

"An untechnical study of the bird in the abstract." The author has intended this work as an incentive to look more closely into the drama of evolution; "to pass on from the nature stories of idealised composite animals and birds to the consideration of the evolution of all life." Nearly four hundred illustrations are included in the book.

A Cheerful Year Book. Aphorisms by F. M. Knowles. Pictures by C. F. Lester. Prologue and epilogue by Carolyn Wells.

A book for recording engagements and memoranda. Opposite the blank pages are "philosophic and moral aphorisms for the instruction of youth, the inspiration of maturity and the solace of age." These pages are illustrated with characteristic drawings.

Problems of Babyhood. By Rachel Kent Fitz and George. Wells Fitz.

Valuable advice for the building of strong bodies and forming characters is to be found in this small volume. E. A. Bell has illustrated the book.

Selections from Addison. Edited with an introduction and notes. By Edward Bliss Reed.

Theuriet L'Abbé Daniel. Edited with introduction, notes and vocabulary by Robert L. Taylor.

Rhetoric and Composition. By Edward Fulton.

Educational.

A Summer in the Apple Tree Inn. By Ella Partridge Lipsett.

A story for children. A tiny hostelry in an apple orchard in New England is the place where the four children have most of their good times.

Forty Lessons in Physics. By Lynn B. McMullen.

Everyday Ethics. By Ella Lyman Cabot.

Educational.

A King's Divinity. By Dolores Bacon.

An American heiress to a European throne is the heroine of this tale. She

has to overcome a degenerate ancestry, scheming counsellors, and rigid conventions before she wins her rights. The story is a romance.

In the Shadow of the Lord. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

A novel based upon the career of Mary Washington, her meeting and marriage with Augustine Washington, their journey to Virginia, and their life of adventure in that state. Court life, during the reign of George III, politics in Virginia before the war, and many interesting persons enter into the story.

Casa Grande. By Charles D. Stuart.

A tale of California in the early fifties, based on the trying adventures of a young Southerner endeavouring to make good his title to a Mexican grant in the Sonoma Valley. The ranch house, from its size and conspicuousness, gives the book its title. The heroine, from "a mannish cow-girl," develops into a splendid, lovable woman.

Daddy's Daughters. By Marion A. Taggart.

A book full of young people. "Daddy" is a literary man and, like many others in his profession, finds it very difficult to make two ends meet. His four daughters and their jolly neighbours make a lively story. The sympathy which exists between the father and his four girls is felt throughout the entire tale.

Das edle Blut, Erzählung on Ernst von Wildenbruch. Edited with introduction, notes, vocabulary and exercises by Ashley K. Hardy.

This is another edition of this very popular and suitable German text. It contains the customary brief account of the author's life and activity. The notes are brief and clear. They are followed by exercises for translation into German, which give in an interesting way the outline of the story. This is the most commendable feature of the editing. Scattered through the text are pictures taken from the pretty German edition published by Grote, Berlin.

John Lane Company:

Why Men Remain Bachelors, and Other Luxuries. By Lilian Bell.

In addition to the title essay, there are short papers on many subjects, such as: The Management of Wives, The Management of Husbands, The Luxury of Being Stupid, How Men Propose, The Broken Engagement, Modern Mothers, On the Art of Giving Gifts, On the Tendency to Crabbedness, etc.

Ledgers and Literature. By George Knollys.

A collection of essays on such subjects as: The Romance of Bookkeeping, A Professor of Sentiment, Lunching in the City, A Week on the Thames, The Brother of the Twilight, etc.

Life Publishing Company:

The Silent War. By J. A. Mitchell.

The masses against the millionaires is the theme of this novel. The romance portrays the rise of love and gratitude over matters of worldly importance.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Orange Fairy Book. By Andrew Lang.

The eighteenth volume in the "Fairy Book" series, edited by Mr. Lang. These stories have been taken from the tales told to children in many lands and in many languages. There are over thirty selections in this collection. H. J. Ford has contributed eight coloured plates and many illustrations.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Rosemary in Search of a Father. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

A pretty story in which the little heroine searches for the father who has neglected and forsaken her mother, and finds instead the man who has always loved the mother, but whom circumstances compelled her to refuse. The book is decorated by Thomas Maitland Cleland. William Hatherell has made the illustrations.

The Macmillan Company:

Tarry at Home Travels. By Edward Everett Hale.

These papers recently appeared in *The Outlook*. In them the author takes his readers through Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Old Washington and New Washington. The book is profusely illustrated with men and places of historical importance.

Introduction to Philosophy. By George Stuart Fullerton.

The purpose of this book is sixfold: To point out what the word "philosophy" is made to cover in the higher branches of learning; "to explain the nature of reflective or philosophical thinking, and to show how it differs from common thought and from science"; to give a general view of the main problems with which philosophers have dealt; "to give an account of some of the more important types of philosophical doctrine which have arisen out of the consideration of such problems"; "to indicate the relation of philosophy to the so-called philosophical "science, and to the other sciences"; and to show

that the study of philosophy is of value to us all, and to give some practical admonitions on spirit and method."

The Odyssey for Boys and Girls. From Homer; told by A. J. Church.

An illustrated and simplified rendering of Homer's well-known epic poem, in which Ulysses's adventures and travels are told in prose. The illustrations, which are twelve in number, are in colour.

Listener's Lure. By E. V. Lucas.

In a series of clever letters the author gives the thoughts and emotions of two persons who do not know what they themselves want. The story is carried on in letters to and from all kinds of characters.

Jeanne d'Arc. By Percy Mackaye.

The story of Joan of Arc dramatised in five acts.

The Washington Word List. By William Estabrook Chancellor.

This list of words includes those which the well-informed person should know after finishing a full elementary school course.

The Wonder-Children. By Charles J. Bellamy.

A collection of stories about Christmas Eve, three fishes, an enchanted cave, a bad boy, a golden key, a magic mirror, three wishes, the boy who teased and the underworld.

Rhetoric and English Composition. By George R. Carpenter.

Educational. A corrected and amplified edition of the author's "Elements of Rhetoric and English Composition," published several years ago.

The German Empire. Burt Estes Howard.

The aim of this book is "to give a broad view of the German government, explaining clearly the main features of the Imperial Constitution and the salient doctrines of German constitutional law."

Concepts of Philosophy. By A. T. Ormond.

The three general headings, under which there are many sub-heads, which discuss this subject, are: Analysis, Synthesis (*a*. From Physics to Sociality; *b*. From Sociality to Religion) and Deductions. The author says that the doctrine of the book is "that consciousness, when adequately conceived, is the great reality. This doctrine can be maintained, however, only when consciousness is identified with the energy or activity that becomes aware of itself and its object, and not simply with that awareness itself."

The Modern Pulpit. By Lewis O. Brastow.

"A study of homiletic sources and characters." The author attempts in this volume to interpret the preaching of the present age. He endeavours to "get back of it, into its sources, to characterise its distinctive peculiarities and to estimate its value."

English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer. By William Henry Schofield.

This is the first of two volumes in which the author will deal with the literary history of England from the Norman Conquest to Elizabeth's time. While it discusses particularly the period down to Chaucer's birth, it also deals with such later romances, tales, legends, etc., as are written in early mediæval styles.

Emerson's Representative Men.

Thackeray's Henry Esmond.

Shakespeare's The Tempest.

Additional volumes in the "Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics." This series is intended for use in schools and is supplied with critical introductions, notes, etc.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

How to Appreciate Music. By Gustav Kobbé.

A volume planned for the general lover of music whose emotions are stirred by it, although he may be unable to either sing or play. The book attempts to explain the emotions in a simple manner. It also gives a history of music and musicians.

The American Girl. By Howard Chandler Christy.

The American girl—the sweet girl graduate, the debutante, the bride, the country girl, the city girl, and the society girl—is portrayed by Mr. Christy. Under these sub-heads are thirty-nine drawings, many of them in colour. The text gives general descriptions of the several classes of girls.

Our Constitution. By Edward Waterman Townsend.

This work is an attempt "to tell the story of the incentives, making, ratification and amendment of our Constitution." The book is said to be the first to give the complete story of the Constitution in one volume.

Our Army for Our Boys. Text by Tudor Jenks. Pictures by H. A. Ogden.

A brief story of the United States Army, its organization, development and equipment, from 1775 to the present day. The object of this book is to interest

the boys of our nation. The drawings, some of which are in colour, are freely interspersed throughout the text, and add to the entertainment of the work.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Life and Letters of Robert Edward Lee. By Rev. J. William Jones, D.D.

Dr. Shepherd's work is the result of a long and close study of Robert Edward Lee's life, his motives, his genius, his character, his manner of living, and the results he accomplished. Several portraits of the Confederate general illustrate the book.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Story of Martin Coe. By Ralph D. Paine.

Martin Coe, a deserter from the United States Navy, comes to a small New England village. Here the faculty and the students of "a select school for girls" proceed to regenerate him, with the result that he returns to the navy and serves out his time.

Oxford University Press:

Law of Contract. By W. R. Anson. Edited by E. W. Huffcut.

The second American edition and the eleventh English edition of a work which endeavours to "trace the principles which govern the contractual obligations from its beginning to its end; to show how a contract is made, what is needed to make it binding, whom it may affect, how it is interpreted, and how it may be discharged."

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

A Spinner in the Sun. By Myrtle Reed.

Love and disappointment are portrayed in the earlier parts of this story. The faithless lover receives severe punishment and the heroine finds happiness at last. The charm that pervades Miss Reed's former books is said not to be lacking in this.

Mrs. Gaskell's Works.

The first three volumes in a new edition of the works of a well-known Englishwoman are *Cranford, Ruth* and *Mary Barton.* Dr. A. W. Ward has prefaced each story with a critical introduction.

Shibusawa. By I. William Adams.

Mr. Adams has endeavoured to show the readers of this novel the remarkable development of the "humane, refined and notably progressive people of Japan." The story takes its title from its hero. Kinsan is the heroine, against whom a great wrong is done. The ending is a happy one for both.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Adventures of Billy Topsail. By Norman Duncan.

Among the fishermen of Newfoundland is laid Mr. Duncan's new story. Billy Topsail, the hero, is a lively, spirited youth, and his adventures are exciting enough to interest boys, as well as older people. An important character in the story is Skipper, the dog. Mr. Duncan's stories of the sea need no introduction to the reading public.

Why the Robin's Breast is Red. By Emma Gellibrand.

A pretty little story about Bullfinch and his wife, Jenny Wren. The book, decorated by M. Lewis, is in holiday attire.

Fairest Girlhood. By Margaret E. Sangster.

The writings of Mrs. Sangster need no introduction to thoughtful readers. Her book for girls is meant for the college girl, the working girl, the home girl, the business girl—for every sort and condition of girls. The volume, which contains good, sound advice, is well bound and illustrated.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Hills and the Sea. By Hilaire Belloc.

In the essays which comprise this volume, imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, Mr. Belloc expresses his love for Nature and her beauties. The book takes its title from the first essay.

Romantic Cities of Provence. By Mona Caird.

The author has made no attempt to treat the subject from a historical standpoint, but has laid special stress on the "quality of the country as distinguished from its outward features." Among the places described are: Avignon, Vaucluse, Martigues, Arles, Tarascon, Beaucaire, St. Remy, etc. The volume, which is imported, is elaborately illustrated from sketches by Joseph Pennell and Edward M. Synge.

A Literary History of Persia. By E. G. Browne.

In this volume the author continues a work published four years ago, and carries the Literary History of Persia on from the beginning of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century. This epoch includes most of the greatest of Persia's poets and writers. Pro-

fessor Browne intends to add another volume to this series.

By Italian Seas. By Ernest C. Peixotto.

In these papers the author has described, from a nature-lover's standpoint, various spots not usually found in the itinerary of a tourist. The articles are upon the following subjects: The Italian Riviera, A Summer in a Sandolo, Down the Dalmatian Coast, Cattaro to Naples—A Transition, Giuseppe's Christmas, Sicily, Impressions of Malta, and In the Bey's Capital. The illustrations, of which there are over seventy-five, are by the author, and add much to give the book its splendid appearance.

Truegate of Mogador. By Sewell Ford.

The first of these twelve tales is the title-story. Among the other titles are: The Ride of His Life, Through the Needle's Eye, Seed to the Sower, Across a Picket Fence, Captain's Folly, The King Gander of Sea Dog Shoal, etc. There are eight illustrations.

Farces. By Richard Harding Davis.

The three farces which comprise this book are well known to theatre-goers. They are The Dictator, The Galloper, and Miss Civilisation.

The Friendly Year. Compiled by George Sidney Webster.

These selections, one for every day in the year, are taken from the writings of Henry van Dyke. The editor's purpose has been to choose those selections which illustrate "the dominant note of human friendliness and comradeship."

The Stones of Paris. By Benjamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin.

To those who visit Paris with a desire to find something more than a gigantic bazaar, these stories of those monuments of past ages that are visible and tangible will be cordially welcomed. We have here descriptions of old staircases, of the Scholars' Quarter of the Middle Ages, Molière and his Friends, The Paris of the Revolution, The Southern Bank in the Nineteenth Century, etc. A large number of photographs illustrate the book.

Moorish Cities in Spain. By C. Gasquoine Hartley.

An imported volume added to the "Langham Series of Art Monographs." The four cities dealt with are Córdova, Toledo, Seville and Granada. Several illustrations add to the otherwise attractive appearance of the book.

Industrial America. By J. Laurence Laughlin.

The seven addresses in this collection are what is known as the "Berlin Lectures of 1906." Some of the subjects discussed are: American Competition with Europe, The Labour Problem, The Trust Problem, Protectionism and Reciprocity, etc.

A Frontier Town and Other Essays. By Henry Cabot Lodge.

The first essay in this collection gives the volume its title. Others are upon Good Citizenship. The Senate of the United States, History, Senator Hoar, Franklin, Theodore Roosevelt, Samuel Adams, etc.

Engraving and Etching. By F. Lippmann.

An imported handbook for the use of students and print collectors. Martin Hardie has made the translation from the third German Edition, revised by Dr. Max Lehrs. The work is carried down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. There are one hundred and thirty-one illustrations.

The Autobiography and Confessions of Thomas De Quincey.

Issued in the "Caxton Thin Paper Classics" series, imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Tighe Hopkins, the editor, has contributed an introduction to the book, which contains several autobiographical sketches, the Confessions of an Opium-Eater, The Daughter of Lebanon, and Suspiria de Profundis.

The Text of Shakespeare. By Thomas R. Lounsbury.

"Its history from the publication of the quartos and folios down to and including the publication of the editions of Pope and Theobald." The two previous volumes in this series are *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist* and *Shakespeare and Voltaire.*

The Bible as English Literature. By J. H. Gardiner.

The object of the course of study upon which this book is founded has been to make the students of Harvard University "as familiar as possible with the English Bible, and to throw light on its literary forms by bringing together facts from the history of its sources and from the history of the translation into English."

Liberty, Union and Democracy. By Barrett Wendell.

The four lectures which make up this volume were delivered before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, about a year ago. The first address is upon "The National Character of America"; the other three are upon the subjects named in the title.

The Philippine Experiences of an American Teacher. By William J. Freer.

An account of three years' work of one of the supervising principals in the Americanised school systems of the Philippines. The interesting and vivid narrative gives one a much more favourable impression of the results of our colonial experiment than one gets from newspaper accounts, or from most other reports, and is based upon intimate acquaintance with the natives.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

First Year English for High Schools. By Emogene Sanford Simons.

Educational.

The War of 1812. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

An addition to the "Stories of Colony and Nation." The stories, which are said to be historically correct, have been written in the hope that they might lead young readers to investigate for themselves the history of their nation.

The Quincy Word List. By Frank E. Parlin.

Educational. A revised and enlarged edition, containing over seven thousand of the commonest English words, carefully graded for elementary schools.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Indian Boys and Girls. Stories and verses by Alice Calhoun Haines.

A unique and very pretty juvenile. The stories, about Indian boys and girls, are illustrated with four full-page colour plates after water-colour paintings by Alice Mar. There are, also, many illustrations in black and white, by Edwin Willard Deming.

Dalton's Complete Bridge. By W. Dalton.

The first part of this work is devoted to the laws of Bridge, which came into force January 1, 1905, as revised by a joint committee of the Portland and Turf Clubs. The greater portion of the book, however, is devoted to the explanation of the game of Bridge, with directions how it should be played.

Jack the Young Canoeman. By George Bird Grinnell.

The fourth volume in the "Jack" series describes the adventures of the young hero while journeying along the coast of British Columbia in a Chinook canoe.

A Short History of Modern English Literature. By Edmund Gosse.

A new and revised edition. The movement of English literature is shown from Chaucer to Tennyson. Seventy-two portraits are a new and important feature of the work.

Every Day Living. By Annie Payson Call.

Miss Call gives some valuable points on The Home, The Training of Children, Good Breeding, Excuses and Back Talk, Resentment, Personal Sensitiveness, Every Day Living, and other kindred subjects.

Benjamin R. Tucker:

Here's Luck to Lora and Other Poems. By William Walstein Gordak.

A collection of poems on various themes, taking its title from the first selection.

BOSTON, MASS.

Dana Estes and Company:

Marigold. By Edith Francis Foster.

Marigold is the name of the small heroine in this pretty story for little people. The illustrations add to its interest.

The Minute Boys of the Wyoming Valley. By James Otis.

The doings of the boys of Wyoming Valley in the year 1778, while their fathers were fighting for independence, are related in Mr. Otis's latest book. A. Burnham Shute has made the illustrations.

Afloat on the Dogger-Bank. By H. C. Moore.

"A story of adventure in the North Sea and in China." A tale for boys. Illustrated by J. Prater.

Flossy's Playdays. By Florence Howe Hall.

A pleasant tale for children. A number of illustrations add interest to the story.

The Piccolo. By Laura E. Richards.

This book of poetry for little folks takes its title from its first selection. Characteristic illustrations in tint give the book a very attractive appearance.

The Young Express Agent. By Frank E. Kellog.

An interesting tale for boys. The hero and his associates were real persons, and most of the incidents related here happened as told in the story. The eight illustrations are by J. W. Kennedy.

Ginn and Company:

Outlines of the History of Painting. By Edmund von Mach.

In this book are twenty-eight chronological tables of painters, showing how the artists rank; an alphabetical list of artists; and short essays on the art of painting in fourteen different countries.

Physical Education. By Dudley A. Sargent.

Recognising the fact that the aim in all sports and athletic exercises should be to supplement, so far as possible, the deficiencies in one's life work or occupation, Dr. Sargent has attempted in this book "to place the training of the body upon the same educational basis as the training of the intellect."

The Moral Damage of War. By Walter Walsh.

Mr. Walsh, who is a British citizen, presents the crimes of the Boer War, and the demoralisation resulting from it, as a condemnation of all such wars. He traces the moral damage of war "to the child, to the soldier, to the politician, to the journalist, to the preacher, to the trader, and to the patriot."

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Flock. By Mary Austin.

The first flocks with which Mrs. Austin, who has spent many years among the herders, deals are those which the Spaniards drove up from Velicata in the year of the Boston Massacre. She describes sheep-herding in its various phases; the herders and the shearers; the ways and rivalries of the Frenchmen, Spaniards, Americans, etc.; the long trail; the open range; the Sierra meadows, etc. The work is well illustrated by E. Boyd Smith.

The County Road. By Alice Brown.

Most of the scenes in these thirteen stories are laid in New England. Some of the titles are: A Day Off, Old Immortality, Rosy Balm, A Sea Change, A Crown of Gold, The Pilgrim Chamber, A Winter's Courting, etc.

Complete Works of William Shakespeare.

The Cambridge Edition, in which this work is published, aims to give "an accurate text and such an equipment of notes as shall serve the need of readers and students." The edition is edited under the supervision of Bliss Perry.

Friends on the Shelf. By Bradford Torrey.

Six of the dozen essays in this collection discuss the following writers and poets: William Hazlitt, Edward FitzGerald, Thoreau, Stevenson, Keats and Anatole France. Among the other subjects are: Verbal Magic, Quotability, The Grace of Obscurity, Concerning the Lack of an American Literature, etc.

Nelson the Adventurer. By Nora Archibald Smith.

The eldest of three brothers, a lad of twelve summers, tells his story in his own way—a way to interest boys.

Talks on Teaching Literature. By Arlo Bates.

These "talks" have for their foundation a course of lectures delivered before the Summer School of the University of Illinois in June, 1905.

The Poetical Works of Edward Rowland Sill.

The first complete edition of Mr. Sill's poems was published four years ago. This Household Edition is a rearrangement of the previous one, giving, as far as possible, all the poems in a chronological order.

Books, Culture and Character. By J. N. Larned.

A collection of seven essays on: A Familiar Talk about Books, The Test of Quality in Books, Hints as to Reading, The Mission and the Missionaries of the Book, Good and Evil from the Printing Press, Public Libraries and Public Education, School-Reading Versus School-Teaching of History.

Harding of St. Timothy's. By Arthur Stanwood Pier.

School-life in America is portrayed in this story for boys. The tale describes a long but victorious struggle for the control of an athletic association.

Walt Whitman. By Bliss Perry.

A biographical and critical study of Walt Whitman's life and works. Mr. Perry has endeavoured "to portray the man and the poet with sympathy, but without partisanship. Especial attention has been given to the formative period of Whitman's mind and style, and to his relations with preceding American and European literature."

Polly and the Aunt. By the Aunt.

The story of a very dear little girl, as told by her aunt.

The Poetry of Chaucer. By Robert Kilburn Root.

The purpose of this book is to give the result of investigations which both European and American students have made in regard to Chaucer's language, his sources, and the order in which his works were composed.

Little, Brown and Company:

An Express of '76. By Lindley Murray Hubbard.

"A chronicle of the town of York in the War for Independence." Washington, Franklin, Burr, Hamilton, Putnam and other well-known characters appear in the romance.

Buff: A Tale for the Thoughtful. By a Physiopath.

Careful diet and fresh air is the theme of this story. The author relates his own experience.

Ready, the Reliable. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft.

An animal story for girls. Ready is a stray dog that falls into the hands of Margery, a lovable little girl. Ready's adventures with Margery's friends are interestingly told.

A Handbook of Polar Discoveries. By A. W. Greely.

"A detailed résumé of polar explorations from the earliest voyages to the present time." This book is to be regarded as a handbook only, the adventures in detail may be found by referring to the works mentioned in notes at the end of each chapter. This third edition has been revised and enlarged.

The Politics of Utility. By James Mackaye.

A sequel to "The Principles of Common Sense" and "The Technology of Happiness—Theoretical." The present volume aims to apply the theory set forth in the second volume directly to the conduct of society.

Betty Baird. By Anna Hamlin Weikel.

Betty Baird's experiences at a fashionable boarding school is a story to interest girls of from fourteen to sixteen.

Elinor's College Career. By Julia A. Schwartz.

The story of Elinor's college career is divided into four parts: The Freshman Year, The Sophomore Year, The Junior Year, and The Senior Year. As the title indicates, college girls and college life is the foundation of the book.

Some Chinese Ghosts. By Lafcadio Hearn.

A new edition of six Chinese stories told by Mr. Hearn nineteen years ago. Some of the titles are: The Soul of the Great Bell, The Story of Ming-Y, The Legend of Tchi-Niu, The Tradition of the Tea-Plant, etc.

Starting in Life. By Nath'l C. Fowler, Jr.

"An authoritative practical guide to the selection of a calling in life." The work is designed for ambitious boys and young men.

The Birch-Tree Fairy Book. Edited by Clifton Johnson.

The old favourite fairy tales are told by Mr. Johnson in pleasant terms, all objectionable parts having been eliminated. Willard Bonte has embellished the book with nearly one hundred illustrations.

Nancy Rutledge. By Katharine Pyle.

Children of eight years of age, or thereabouts, will be interested in this book, which is illustrated by the author.

The Master Spirit. By Sir William Magnay.

Social and political life as it appears in London to-day is portrayed in this novel. There is plenty of adventure in the plot.

The Girls of Pineridge. By Charlotte Curtis Smith.

As indicated in the title, this is a book for girls, the chief purpose of which is to inspire a love for the works of nature. The book is illustrated by Beatrice Baxter Ruyl.

Donald Barton. By Amos R. Wells.

A tale of club life among boys. The doings of the Ajax Club in a country town will be found interesting and exciting to youthful readers. Josephine Bruce is the illustrator.

Old Home Day at Hazeltown. By A. G. Plympton.

A little girl and her grandmother, whom unkind relations had made feel most unwelcome guests on "Old Home Day," are the pleasing characters in this story. How a happy ending is arrived at is left to the discovery of the reader.

The Silver Crown. By Laura E. Richards.

Another book of fables, taking its title from the initial story. Forty-three tales are included.

Brenda's Ward. By Helen Leah Reed.

A bright, lovable Western girl is the chief character in this sequel to *Amy in Acadia*. The story is issued in the "Brenda" series.

Last Verses. By Susan Coolidge.

As the title indicates, this is a posthumous collection of poems by Susan Coolidge. A short biographical sketch prefaces the work.

Literary By-Paths in Old England. By Henry C. Shelley.

These eleven papers make no attempt at criticism; through them the author has endeavoured to point out the pleasant places in the lives of those writers with whom they deal. Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, William Penn, Gray, Gilbert White, Goldsmith, Burns, Keats, Carlyle and Hood are the men discussed. There is, also, a chapter upon Royal Winchester. There are a large number of illustrations.

Forget-Me-Not. By Anna Mellen Stearns and Clara Bancroft Beatley.

A thought for every day in the year is included in this book, the object of which is to keep God and His gifts before the minds and hearts of young people.

From Dream to Vision of Life. By Lilian Whiting.

The keynote of this work is found in the question asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury—"The life beyond, what is it? What is its bearing on these present working years?" Miss Whiting's books need no introduction to readers of religious literature.

The Flight of Puss Pandora. By Caroline Fuller.

The story of an apartment house cat. Pandora plays important parts in the fortunes of several persons with whom she comes in contact. These and other experiences are described by the author of *The Alley Cat's Kitten.*

Boy Blue and His Friends. By Etta Austin Blaisdell and Mary Frances Blaisdell.

A book for boys and girls between six and eight years of age. Mother Goose characters appear in new rôles.

The Story of Scraggles. By George Wharton James.

The friendship between Mr. James and a crippled little song-sparrow which he found is the theme of this story. Scraggles was the constant companion of Mr. James during the writing of *In and Out of the Old Missions of California.*

A Sheaf of Stories. By Susan Coolidge.

Eleven stories are included in this sheaf. The title of the first is A Thanksgiving Pie; others are Nanny and Her Valentine, The Horse and the Wolf, The Two Goats, The Fox and the Stork, The Two Little Missionaries, etc.

The Dear Old Home. By Sara E. Ambler.

The scenes of this story for boys and girls are laid in one of the Amish settlements of Pennsylvania. The amusements enjoyed by Serena and her brother Dick, who are visiting their grandmother, and Beppie and Pharaoh, two little Dutch children, make an interesting story.

Janet: Her Winter in Quebec. By Anna Chapin Ray.

Ronald and Janet Leslie and Day Argyle and her brother Rob are the important characters in this book for young people, the second in the "Sidney" series. The adventures of Janet and her friends take place in the quaint old city of Quebec. A very pretty and interesting story.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Hearts and the Cross. By Harold M. Kramer.

A lively story of Indiana. The hero is an itinerant preacher who supports himself by working in the fields while he ministers to a neglected parish. The story depicts the struggle which he undergoes to make a success and to win the woman he loves, both of which he accomplishes against great odds.

The President of Quex. By Helen M. Winslow.

The inside life of an up-to-date woman's club is the theme of this novel. The principal character in the tale is a beautiful young woman, bereaved of all her loved ones, who seeks to nurse her sorrow in the quiet of her home. Her acceptance of the office of president in Quex, the name of the club, changes her life. Two romances are interwoven into the story. Mr. W. L. Jacobs has drawn sixteen illustrations for the book.

Blind Alleys. By George Cary Eggleston.

A novel of New York life. The heroine, who has been left a fortune by her father, endeavours to use her wealth for the betterment of mankind. Her efforts lead to "blind alleys" and her problems remain unsolved. A double love story runs through the book.

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

The Historical Bases of Religions. By Hiram Chellis Brown.

The Primitive Religion, the Babylonian Religion, and the Jewish Religion are the ones with which this work deals. The reader will find many phases which differ materially from what he has been taught to believe, but the author claims their truth from the standpoint of modern research.

Borderland of Psychical Research. By James H. Hyslop.

While the scientific student may find much to interest him in this volume, it is the layman who wishes to "Understand the difficulties that attend the conversion of the more educated world to the more recondite problems of psychic research" for whom it is intended. It is, for the greater part, devoted "to normal and abnormal psychology, with philosophic reflections bearing upon the problems of both."

James H. West Company:

The Evolution of Immortality. By C. T. Stockwell.

"Suggestions of an individual immortality based upon our organic and life history." The foregoing sub-title gives an idea of the purpose of this work, which is here presented in the fourth edition.

CHICAGO.

Laird and Lee:

English Spelling Simplified.

"A history of the reformed spelling

movement to date, including the 300 words adopted for immediate use in the Government Departments, together with 3,500 amended spellings, rules and other valuable information."

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Good Fairy and the Bunnies. By Allen Ayrault Green.

The purpose of this juvenile is to comfort those children who have lost pets by suggesting that good animals are, after death, transported to a beautiful star-land. The full-page illustrations in colour give the book an attractive appearance.

The Goose Girl. By Lucy Fitch Perkins.

"A mother's lap book of rhymes and pictures." An attractive juvenile in which each verse is illustrated by a full-page drawing in black and white.

The Fairy Queen. Rewritten in simple language by Calvin Dill Wilson.

Canterbury Tales. Rewritten in simple language by Calvin Dill Wilson.

Two volumes in the series of "Old Tales Retold for Young Readers." In the first book Mr. Wilson has told in prose the first story in the original work; in the second he has given the Prologue and some selections. The books are decorated and illustrated.

Memories. By Max Müller.

This story of German love, translated by George P. Upton, is issued in a new illustrated edition. Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong have made the pictures and decorations.

Makers of Japan. By J. Morris.

If this volume gives the reader a general impression of Japan and the Japanese, and of the workings of reform, as exemplified in the lives of some of her patriots, it will have accomplished its purpose. The author has also tried "to supply History through the medium of Biography." Two dozen pictures illustrate the work.

Golden Poems. Edited by Francis F. Browne.

A new and enlarged edition of poems selected from the best British and American authors.

With Byron in Italy. Selected and arranged by Anna Benneson McMahan.

"Being a selection of the poems and letters of Lord Byron which have to do with his life in Italy from 1816 to 1823." There are over sixty illustrations from photographs.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

Made in His Image. By Guy Thorne.

The disposal of the great host of unemployed in a city is the basis of this novel. This problem has become the question of the hour when Charles Bosanquet, said to be an Atheist, becomes Minister of Industrial Affairs. His plans to overcome the difficulty meet the approval of some, but the Christian people are loud in their expressions of horror. How these plans work is told in the story. A romance runs through the book.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Lion and the Mouse. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Dream and the Business. Hobbes. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

Second List.

1. Prisoners. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Lion and the Mouse. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Prisoners. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Distraction of Martha. Harland. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Balance of Power. Goodrich. (Outing.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Daughters of Destiny. Staunton. (Reilly & Britton Co.) $1.50.
6. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Ridolfo. Williams. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5 Love's Master Key. Swan. (Jennings Graham.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Bob Hampton of Placer. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton. $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Lion and the Mouse. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. Power Lot. Greene. (Musson.) $1.50.
2. Ring in the New. Whiteing. (Musson.) $1.50.
3. Seeing France with Uncle John. Warner. (Musson.) $1.50.
4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (Musson.) $1.25.
5. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Musson.) $1.25.
6. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Musson.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
3. Richard the Brazen. Brady & Peple. (Moffat, Yard & Co.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Leader. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The County Road. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50	234
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	202
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	150
4. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50	127
5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50	94
6. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50	73

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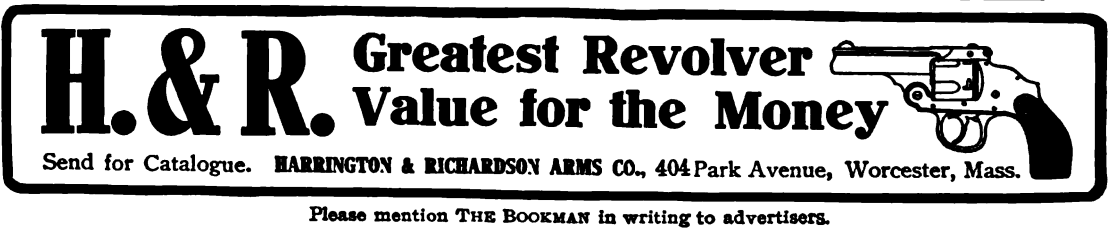








Read the "Chase of the Golden Plate"
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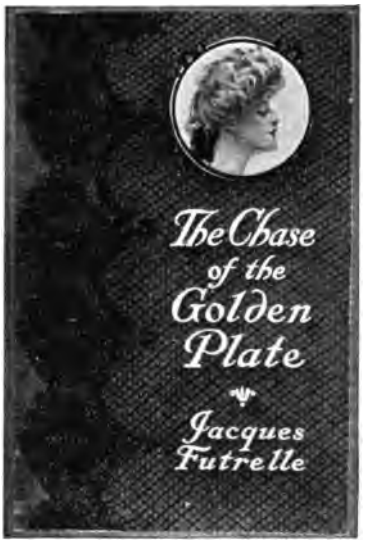
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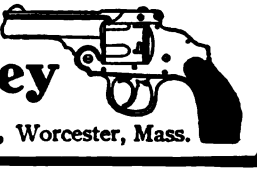
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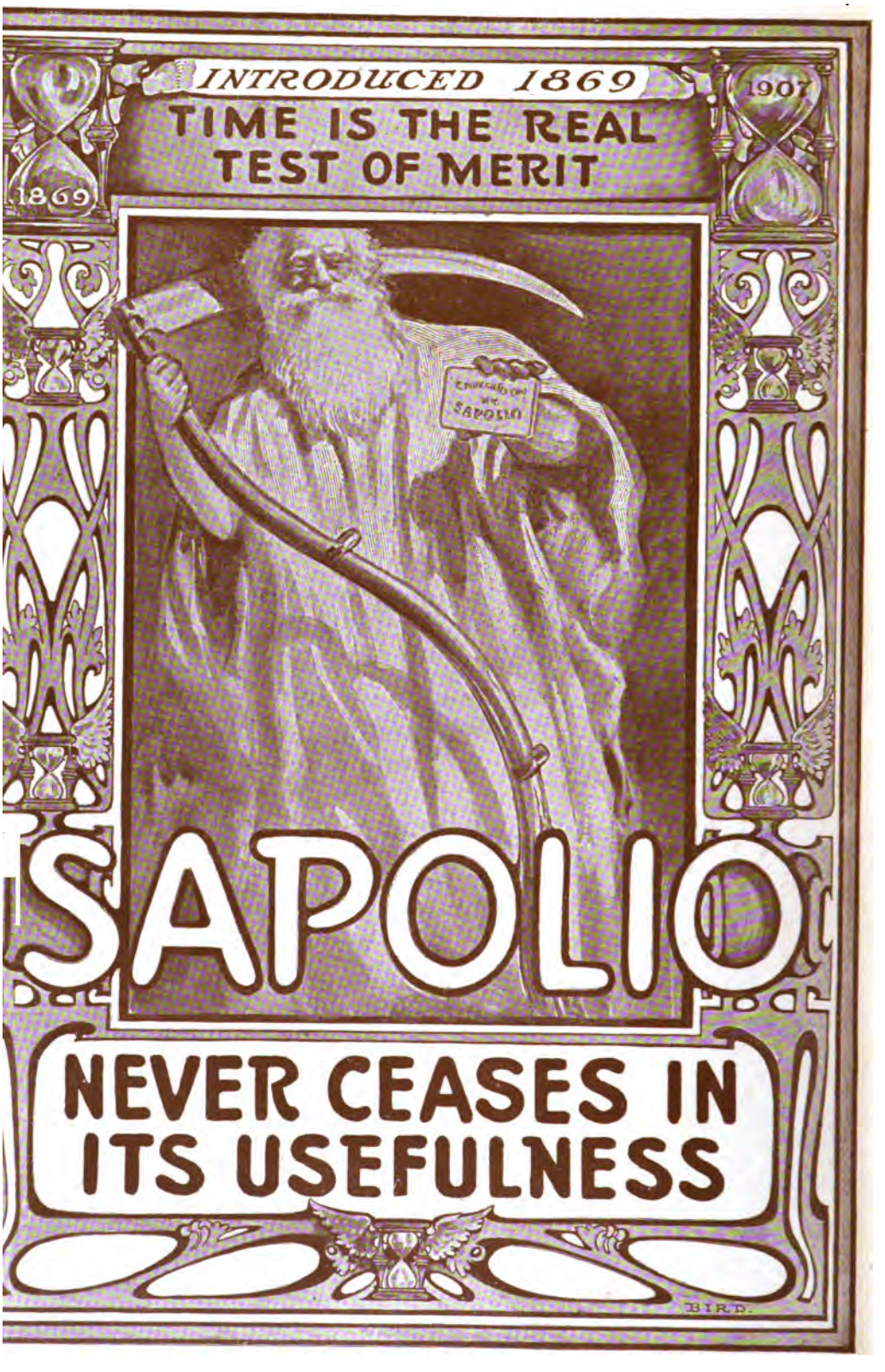
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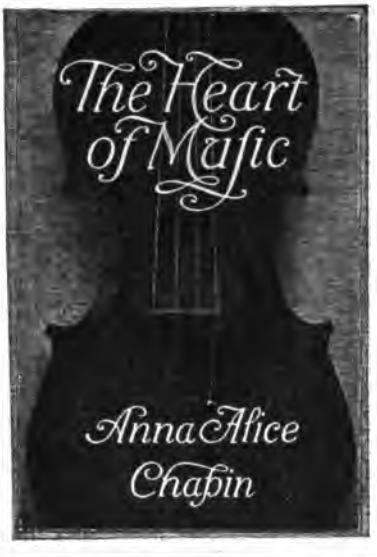
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The Bookman for 1907

With the January number THE BOOKMAN completes the twelfth year of its existence. During these years it has been concededly the foremost literary magazine of this country. Now it is not merely that. It is the only one. And that being the case, its publishers and editors feel an added responsibility. The magazine must maintain its position as an exponent of American Letters.

While THE BOOKMAN is primarily A LITERARY HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES, a glance at some of the special features that have been planned for 1907 will show that its appeal is not limited to those of bookish tastes alone. It is a magazine of Literature, but it is also a magazine of Life. In its pages will be discussed not only books and authors, but Music, the Drama, Painting, Education—in fact, all the varied activities of our modern world.

Maurice Hewlett's New Story
THE STOOPING LADY

For distinction of style and aristocracy of touch Mr. Hewlett is second to none among living English writers.

In this, as in all his novels, the human interest is predominant. It is a vivid and absorbing love story. The lady "stoops" to one far beneath her in station, but a man genuinely worthy of her devotion. As always, too, the life and local colour of the period are most vividly painted. The scene is laid in London in the earlier part of the last century, the time of the great Napoleon. How the reader is made to realise the supercilious and almost inhuman attitude of the privileged classes toward the common people and how the injustice of it is brought home to him is hinted at in the title *The Stooping Lady*. The story is brought to a most powerful and dramatic conclusion, one which perhaps has never been equalled by Mr. Hewlett and which will bear favourable comparison with anything in English literature.

THE STORY OF MODERN BOOK ADVERTISING

A series of two or three papers showing by text and pictorially the device by which the most notable books of the past twenty years have been exploited. It is a common and probably sound argument that the advertising of a book differs from other advertising in that it is not cumulative and that for each new book a new and special campaign must be planned and carried out. The story of these campaigns in connection with the most striking of modern novels will be told in these articles, which will be illustrated with reproductions of the posters and other pictorial designs which have been used for the purpose of attracting the attention of readers to such books as *Ben Hur, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, David Harum, The Prisoner of Zenda, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, Richard Carvel, When Knighthood Was in Flower*, etc.

ARBITERS OF PRECEDENCE. Europe's Social Registers.

Every reader of Thackeray will remember that the worthy Major Arthur Pendennis held a sound knowledge of Burke's Peerage or De Bretts to be a greater asset to an ambitious Englishman than a brilliant career at Cambridge or Oxford. Every fairly educated American understands that the Almanach de Gotha speaks with an authority that is positively international. Yet how many of us have more than a superficial acquaintance with these books? The story of them —of their making, of the tremendous power they wield, makes a stirring tale of intrigue. To be dropped from the Almanach de Gotha in certain circles of European life means social and political obliteration.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE THEATRE

The story of the play from the playwright's scenario to the finished production, describing in detail every move in the campaign for success; planning the tours; the players and their salaries; the ethics of rehearsal—in a word, the complete picture of the inner side of the theatre.

THE EXPATRIATES

I.—The American Colony in London. II.—The American Colony in Paris. III—The American Colony in Berlin.

Tens of thousands of American men and women are living permanently in the European capitals. They represent every condition of life. There are those who are expatriates through social ambition. Then there are the American business men and the American students at the technical and art schools, and the artists and men of letters who find abroad a more congenial environment for their work. In fact, there are colonies within colonies. These papers will tell the story of these tens of thousands, what their lives are, what are their relations toward one another and toward the natives of the cities in which they reside.

MONARCHS IN EXILE

The modern world offers no figures more pathetic than the King and Queen without a throne. In a corner of England there is living in obscurity the woman who was once Empress of the French. Paris is the home of a former Queen of Spain and of countless banished Grand Dukes and serene Highnesses. Some have yielded to the inevitable; others still cling to tradition and even in exile and comparative poverty try to surround themselves with the atmosphere of a court. Twenty years ago Alphonse Daudet drew a wonderful picture of this life in *Les Rois in Exile*. These articles will tell of the Monarchs in Exile of to-day.

THE MODERN HEROINE IN ILLUSTRATION
THE MODERN HERO IN ILLUSTRATION

In the making of the modern popular novel the illustrator is a factor hardly second to the author. The latter may describe his men as stalwart and brave and his women as beautiful; it remains for the artist to present the visible effects. These papers will treat of the lines along which the illustrators work in order to make the heroes and heroines of modern romance convincing in a pictorial sense.

SHORT STORIES

As heretofore there will be published several short stories during the year, and a high standard of merit for this important feature of THE BOOKMAN will be maintained.

All Regular Departments of the BOOKMAN,

which include book reviews, "Chronicle and Comment," "The Bookman's Table," "The Bookman Letter Box," "The Book Mart," will, of course, be continued.

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FOR 1907



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PRIMITIVE MAN

THE January number will contain a full account, by Robert F. Gilder, of his recent finding, in a grave mound in Nebraska, of the skull of a human being of lower cranial development than any other yet unearthed in America. A similar discovery, some years since, in Java, and another in Switzerland, give special significance to this skull as indicating the existence of a race of inferior intelligence to any other of which records exist, and Mr. Gilder's important find is attracting the attention of the leading biologists of the country. The discoverer's personal narrative, together with supplementary papers of a scientific character, will be appropriately illustrated.

CUBA IN AMERICAN POLITICS

By C. M. Harvey. In connection with a similar article by Richard B. Knight, printed in January, 1853, in the first number of Putnam's, this paper strikingly marks the first as an interesting prophecy of Cuban history.

GREAT CHARACTERS OF PARLIAMENT

By Henry W. Lucy, the well known "Toby M. P." of "Punch." Illustrated by a distinctive series of Portraits.

QUACK JOURNALISM

By Mrs. H. L. Harris. A particularly pertinent and timely study of newspaper methods when these systems are to be devoted to the furthering of large political schemes.

LIBERAL CULTURE: Athenian and American

By President Schurman, of Cornell University.

AMERICANS IN ENGLAND

By Miss Hester Ritchie, granddaughter of W. M. Thackeray.

THE EMILY EMMONS PAPERS

Miss Carolyn Wells allows her humorous pen to make a series of piquant sketches of her first impressions of England and France during the summer of 1906.

THE GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

George S. Street, in a series of papers, presents noteworthy figures who have been connected with London's famous thoroughfare. The illustrations are characteristic of the sketches.

SALVINI AND RISTORI

A series of essays on matters connected with their art, by Signor Salvini, the most eminent living actor, and by the late Mme. Ristori, the most famous actress of the recent past. The latter discusses the question of the endowed theater; while the former gives his views on the famous characters he has impersonated.

A STATESMAN OF THE SOUTH

Professor H. Parker Willis, under this title, pays a tribute to the life and service of the late William L. Wilson.

CARL SCHURZ

By Professor Henry L. Nelson. The writer was associated with Mr. Schurz in the management of Harper's Weekly and succeeded him as editor of the paper.

THREE EXCELLENT SHORT STORIES

"Shattered Idylls," by Fogazzaro, the author of "The Saint;" "Mortmain," by H. G. Dwight, and "The Barge," by Arthur Colton.

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MAY 3

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JANUARY, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A Refuge from Newspapers

It seems odd that so little has been said about the tendency of American magazines to assume newspaper functions. With *McClure's* doing purely newspaper work for several years past and the new *American Magazine* starting out effectively in the same field; with *Collier's* thumping vigorously every week and *Ridgway's* and *Everybody's,* it has come to pass in New York at least that a man feels he may safely skip the morning and evening editorial pages and wait for some weekly or monthly disquisition. This is partly due, of course, to the prevailing contempt for the present breed of editorial writers, who have most lamentably dwindled, having neither personal convictions nor any verbal charms to hide the horrid cracks in their understandings. The late Mr. Dana had wit and no conscience; the late Mr. Godkin had both; but since their day there has been no New York daily leader-writer fit either to head a movement or make a joke. But apart from this natural repulsion is the very reasonable preference for weekly or monthly rather than daily counsels. Even if a man writes no better for taking thought, it at least puts off the evil day of reading him. But who can doubt in the present condition of newspaper writing that any writer would be the better for putting off till to-morrow the things that he thinks he can do to-day? We are strongly in favour of weekly or monthly intervals in the labour of moulding other people's opinions. We cannot speak for the country at large, but we assure our readers that in New York City there is no expression of editorial opinion that could not to the public advantage be deferred for a week or a month or possibly forever. In this respect, if in no other, the new sort of magazine journalism has been a blessing. Unless a man is very virtuous or very clever, rapid writing will make of him either a liar or a bore. At present the daily editorial page seems a Satanic device for goading estimable gentlemen into a lavishness of expression far beyond the resources of their intellects. There is a fiction among newspaper men that Heaven is merciful to an empty head, sending it something just in the nick of time to turn in as "copy." Many of them will tell you that they always do their best under "pressure." They admit the law that *ex nihilo nihil fit,* but hope by a miracle to be exempted. There are no more superstitious people under the sun.

*

Hence those sonorous rebukes or eulogies of the President's conduct by writers who have not yet had time to ascertain how the President has behaved, and those moral lessons from the things that did not happen, and those large conclusions drawn from little guesses, and that whole sad business of assuming a needless certainty to-day in the hope that by good luck it will not seem too ridiculous to-morrow. Hence, too, the good-natured indifference of readers generally, who nowadays neither scoff nor scold,

but appreciating the embarrassment of the situation, merely avert their eyes. And any one who has approached an editorial office in the awful hours of incubation will find it still easier to be charitable. What a groping in manly bosoms for emotions appropriate to the calendar; what wrestlings with unwilling thought in the endeavour to impart what has not yet been acquired or to pose one's self like a statue on the tight rope of some momentary conviction! Obviously it has long been an uncongenial form of activity, cruel to the performers and unnecessary—possible only in better days, when occasionally men of talent were engaged in it. It is, therefore, most fortunate that the magazines have been making good use of their advantage and saying the rational or effective things on "timely topics" for some years past, whether Standard Oil and insurance scandals or smaller vermin, like Hearst and *Town Topics,* and that they have already drafted such men as Peter Dunne, William Allen White, Norman Hapgood, Lincoln Steffens, Samuel Hopkins Adams, and will gradually draft still others till a New York newspaper "policy" shall follow the totem-pole and its editorial "views" shall be as extinct as other barbarous rites of human sacrifice.

The Story of the "Times" Book Club.

With the exception of a few brief news paragraphs, and an occasional isolated editorial, a matter of very considerable importance in the history of modern book production, and one which has stirred the English reading public as perhaps nothing has ever stirred it before, has been comparatively ignored by the American press. We refer to the open war which, during the greater part of 1906, has been waged between the London *Times* "Book Club" and its supporters on the one hand, and the English publishing houses, the booksellers, and the greater part of the press on the other. In the course of the controversy some very bitter charges have been brought, and many Englishmen profess to believe that the *Times,* as a political factor, will soon be a thing of the past. That, of course, is a matter of opinion, but that the dignity of "the Thunderer" has been seriously impaired, and that the charge of lending its name to an "American syndicate" has injured it in British eyes more than anything since the publication of the spurious Parnell letters, seems to be beyond question. As our position is merely that of an interested spectator, we shall not venture any opinions about the rights and wrongs of the matter, beyond quoting from the English press. We shall treat it as pure narrative, and to begin properly shall go back to the connection of the *Times* with the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Ten or twelve years ago two enterprising Americans, a Mr. Hooper and a Mr. Jackson, having carried out successfully some book schemes in this country, decided upon an invasion of England. They planned to reintroduce the ninth edition of the *Britannica,* which had, by various means of exploitation, been sold extensively in America, to the British public. It is said that a great part of this work was completely out of date, but they felt that this would not matter if they could secure the name and coöperation of the *Times.* Now, Mr. Kipling once wrote a story about three journalists, an American, an Englishman and a Dutchman, who, after a great submarine upheaval somewhere in the South Atlantic, witnessed from the deck of a tramp steamship the death of the sea serpent and the grief of its mate. The American's heart was set upon seeing his story of the affair in one of the "fat columns" of the *Times,* and on his arrival in London immediately started in the direction of Printing House Square. At the door of "the Thunderer," however, he turned back. His courage failed him. As he explained afterwards, he felt sure there would be a bishop in the office. Messrs. Hooper and Jackson were by no means so sensitive. They went right in and if, perchance, they found the bishop, he proved to be a bishop with a keen commercial sense. The *Times,* in coöperation with the so-called "American syndicate," undertook the sale of the *Encyclopædia,* and there began a campaign of exploitation without precedent in the annals of the English book world. The

amount of printed matter spread broadcast was immense. The author of "Musings Without Method" in *Blackwood's Magazine* a few months ago wrote:

No artifice was neglected which should persuade the unsuspecting citizen to purchase a work which was begun a quarter of a century before it fell into the hands of the *Times*, and which therefore could not be expected to embody the most recent research. There were eloquent advertisements; there were private letters; in the last gasp there was the telegraph boy's thunderous knock upon the door. Breathlessly we were told that the last chance of enlightenment was slipping from us. And so pliable is the will of man that thousands, who should have known better, fell into the snare of the advertiser.

Perhaps because of its high price, perhaps because of the steady improvement of its more sedate rivals and the enterprise of the half-penny newspapers, the circulation and advertising of the *Times* have been dwindling of recent years. The success of the *Britannica* scheme led the proprietors of the paper to entrust to the American syndicate the task of reviving its popularity. Accordingly, Messrs. Hooper and Jackson launched a scheme to obtain subscriptions to the *Times* for two or three years at a reduced price, payable, as was *Britannica*, in instalments. Then followed the withdrawal of the offer and the formation of the *Times* Book Club, which gave to subscribers to the *Times* exclusively the use of a new circulation library, better than Mudie's or Smith's. It promised:

i. That every subscriber should have every book which he or she asked for, *at once*, as the *Times* was to purchase a larger stock than any other library.
ii. That copies were to be offered for sale second-hand at an earlier date after publication; at a lower price; and in a cleaner condition than by any other library or bookseller.
iii. A catalogue superior to all others, for the use of readers, was to be established.

At the beginning the publishers were not unwilling to aid the scheme. They offered to supply their books at the most favourable rates; they sold to the *Times* large editions of books at "exceptional" prices; and they refunded to the paper 15 per cent. of what it spent in exchange for advertising.

The *Times*, on its side, was apparently quite frank in speaking of its intentions. "We wish to double the circulation of the *Times*," the manager of the Book Club is reported to have said, "and if the circulating library service costs us £100,000 we are quite prepared to spend that sum in order to double our circulation." But this spirit of harmony did not last long. The natural working of a library carried on as proposed was to accumulate an immense stock of new books, but little used, and the club began to offer at second-hand important books—notably Winston Churchill's *Life* of his father—at a fraction of the published price. In the claim of the *Times* that it had a right to sell the books which it bought at whatever price it chose, the publishers saw a vital blow at their interests. Thus the quarrel began. The *Times* began the fight as the champion of cheap literature. It raised against the rival publishers and booksellers the cry of "Monopoly." It published figures to prove the publisher's rapacity, arguing that as a book listed at 36*s.* costs for paper, type-setting, making the plates, printing, and binding, not more than 4*s.* to produce, the all around profit should amount to eight hundred per cent.

This seems to have been on the part of the *Times* a serious blunder. The fallacy of this estimate was so obvious that newspapers and periodicals which might otherwise have stood aloof hastened to take a hand in the fray. The "eight hundred per cent. profit" displayed in heavy type made an imposing side head. But to quote from Mr. Labouchère's *Truth*:

The *Times* does not pay much compliment to the intelligence of the reading public that it hopes to enlist in its club by seeking to delude them with such rubbish. It must surely occur to some of them that the author of a book ex-

pects to make something out of it as well as the publisher. Nor can they be so ignorant of business matters as to suppose that a publisher's working expenses are limited to the cost of the raw material of the volumes he publishes, and the mechanical processes by which the raw material is manufactured into books. To the ordinary expenses of maintaining an office and conducting a business, which every wholesale producer has to bear, must be added in this case an exceptionally large outlay on advertising; and it is strange that the *Times* should affect to overlook this element in the cost of putting a new book on the market, considering what a handsome revenue, by the evidence of its own columns, it must draw from the publishers, and considering that one of the conditions which its Book Club has imposed upon the publishing trade is the return of a handsome percentage on every book the club purchases in the shape of payment for advertisements in the *Times*. It is this view of the matter that makes the *Times* attack on the publishing trade such palpable humbug. The Book Club people first extort from the publisher a big slice of his profit for their own benefit, and when he refuses to conduct his business in the way that suits them, they turn round and abuse him unmercifully as a grasping monopolist who is making eight hundred per cent. out of his customers, and hold themselves up to public admiration as disinterested philanthropists who have resolved to put an end to his evil deeds in the interests of cheap literature!

Again, the *Times*, in choosing to make exorbitance the issue, invited attack at several vulnerable points. Its cry of "Cheap books" seemed oddly insincere. The *Times*, it was immediately pointed out, costs six times as much as most of the English daily papers. When it undertook to publish a *History of the Boer War*, it did not scruple to charge a guinea net a volume for the masterpiece. It sold the ninth edition of the *Britannica* at a price considerably higher than that at which it might be had second-hand round the corner. *Blackwood's* argument was that it was not for cheap books that the *Times* was fighting, but for the privilege of selling books cheaper than others—a very different thing. Other papers turned the argument with which the *Times* had been belabouring the publishers against itself. Suppose, said one, that

Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons, who deal extensively in the *Times* and also run a circulating library (and a very good one), were to suddenly announce that every subscriber to their library might read the *Times* at their bookstalls free of charge, and that after certain hours in the morning more or less soiled copies of the paper would be on sale at 1*d.* or a ½*d.*, according to the amount of wear that the subscribers had taken out of them. This would be an immense boon to the reading public. The *Times*, in spite of all the eccentricities that have recently discredited its management, retains many of the features which originally placed it at the head of English journalism. Most people like to have a look at it if they can get the chance, and all that stands in their way is the prohibitive price at which it is published. Such a scheme as I have sketched above would place it at once within the reach of the humblest newspaper reader, who is now limited to the *Daily Mail* or the *Star;* and it might also prove very profitable to Messrs. Smith and Son. But it would work havoc with the *Times* subscription list, and, incidentally, therefore, with the *Times* Book Club; and the proprietors of the *Times* would have every right to say that they would not supply any firm without a guarantee that the paper would be sold at the published price —at any rate within a certain period of publication. If Messrs. Smith and Son were to reply by publishing broadcast calculations showing the disparity between the price of the *Times* and the cost of the paper and printing (based on their estimate of its circulation), denunciations of the greed and stupidity of the proprietors of the *Times*, and invocations to the public to assist them in breaking down a grasping monopoly by subscribing to their library, I think the proprietors of the *Times* would have some ground for resenting their proceedings. The whole business is, indeed, a lamentable exhibition of the ignominious position into which the *Times* has been dragged by its association with the outside enterprises that have been run in its name. When the Book Club project was first in the air I spoke strongly in these columns of the policy on which the proprietors of the *Times* had embarked. There is no impertinence in this, for the *Times* has in the past gained the position of a public institution, in the welfare and good name of



IN THE BOOK-LISTS.

Fame Literature. "WELL, THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FIGHTING ON MY ACCOUNT; BUT I MUST SAY I HAVE MY DOUBTS ABOUT THE CLOCK-FACED GENTLEMAN."

From *Punch*

which we are all interested—and none more than journalists. It was not a good day for English journalism when a paper holding such a distinguished position committed itself to the risky policy of supplementing the profits of its own business by entering into an alliance with an enterprising American for the sale of goods in the name of the *Times* by unstinted use of the arts of the "smart" Yankee advertiser.

Probably the feature of the affair that was most exasperating of all to the average Briton was the idea that a newspaper which had so long been regarded as a national institution was in a measure under the control of "those Yankees." Allusions to "Cheap-Jack American hucksters" and "Yankee flapdoodle" have been so obviously appreciated that the *Times* has tried to obscure the American nature of the whole business. Then the idea of the "Book Club" has caused a flood of British humour, more or less ponderous. Suggestions are offered for "Egg Clubs," "Bonnet Clubs," "Trousers Clubs." In the *Hustler's Almanac,* a humorous anticipatory diary for next year, a new club is started every month by the *Times,* followed by an outcry of the vested interests threatened. The chief *dramatis personæ* are the Judicious Hooper, Mr. Moberly Bell (manager), and Mr. A. F. Walter (proprietor of the *Times*). Then follow closely Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the *Daily Mail,* supporters of the *Times* in the quarrel. Take the "Meat War," which occurs in January—curtailed:

January 1.—Opening of the *Times's* "meat club" and restaurant for subscribers and their friends under the joint management of the Judicious Hooper and Mr. Moberly Bell.

January 2.—Furious protest of the butchers' association, meeting at the Tower under the presidency of the senior beef-eater against the offer of the *Times* to give away hash on the second day of a joint. Mr. Titter of Leadenhall Market describes it as the worst undercut in his experience.

January 3.—Meat war continued. Judicious Hooper sails for America on the *Satanic,* leaving management of "meat club" in hands of his subordinates, Mr. Moberly Bell and Mr. Arthur Walter, "in whom he has every confidence." K. 874 writes to *Times* saying he had never really enjoyed steak before.

January 4.—Meat war discovered by *Daily Mail,* which asks, "Which will win?" Article from Mr. Hall Caine offering as test case to supply everybody visiting his new play at Drury Lane with a veal cutlet from Calf of Man. Violent sympathy of *Daily Mail* with this humane and self-sacrificing offer.

January 5.—Meat war continued. Interviews in all the papers with Mr. Moberly Bell, whose upper lip grows stiffer as day advances. He says that *Times* intends to give away hash until the last trump. W. 1704 writes to *Times* to say, "It is a lovely meat club." A Rutlandshire rector also says that being in London the day before, he had availed himself of the privilege of membership, and enjoyed the first meat meal he had partaken of for fourteen years. Moreover, he added he was taking home quite a quantity of hash in his hold-all.

January 6 (Sunday).—Meat war continued. Pulpit references by Mr. Fred Harrison to the *Times's* "meat club." He says he is positive that were Auguste Comte alive he would become an original member. Speaking for himself he was a confirmed hash, not hashish, eater. (Mild positive sensation.)

January 7.—Meat war continued. Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P. (public benefactor, who made four feathers grow where only two grew before), writes to *Daily Mail* to say that Mr. Hall Caine's offer is no real test, because a great many people dislike veal, and Mr. Hall Caine himself does not stand to lose anything by it.

January 8.—Meat war continued. Mr. H. C., stung by Masonic insinuations, offers a pound of his own flesh to any one who will prove to his own or his son's satisfaction that his play at Drury Lane is inferior to the *Merchant of Venice.*

January 9.—Meat war continued. More interviews with Mr. Moberly Bell, who states that the demand for the *Times* joints has exceeded his most sanguinary expectations. Mr. Eustace Miles writes to the *Daily Mail* drawing attention to a vegetarian restaurant run by himself near Trafalgar Square.

January 10.—Announcement of engagement of peer's daughter to a super at the Rotherhithe Paragon. Meat war passes into complete obligion.

Here is a part of London *Truth's* offer in regard to the Trouser Club:

We will take breeches, which have been associated before now with books. My tailor charges me two guineas for a pair of these indispensable garments. I have long thought it too much, and probably many of my readers think the same in their own case. There is evidence, moreover, that the articles can be produced much more cheaply. Having the highest example in journalism before me, suppose that I decide to start a *Truth* Trouser Club. I offer to all annual subscribers to *Truth* on the usual terms the following privileges, in addition to the delivery of the paper weekly: (1) The use of a pair of two-guinea trousers free; (2) the right to change their trousers as often as they like at this office, or to have a fresh pair delivered at their doors once a week; (3) the option of purchasing club trousers at reduced prices in Class A, B, C, or D, according to the state of repair that the garments are in after the other members have had a turn at them. In Class A the trousers will be undistinguishable from new; in Class D they will be a bit baggy at the knees, but still thoroughly serviceable. Having booked, let us say, a thousand subscribers, I go to Savile Row and that district and order for the club of various firms of high standing a thousand pairs of trousers of all hues and sizes, just to begin with. As I am such a good customer, I shall of course expect a biggish discount, and I shall not fail to stipulate for a batch of trouser advertisements in *Truth*. The tailors at first think it rather good business. As for the members of the club, they enjoy themselves unspeakably. They astonish their friends at their other clubs by coming out in a different pair of trousers every day, and they fill their cupboards and shelves to bursting with garments of the best West End style at Houndsditch prices. The *Truth* Trousers Club catches on. It is recognised that I have conferred, entirely free of charge, a priceless boon upon the trouser-wearing public. To meet the rush of subscribers, and to provide the necessary facilities for changing trousers, I have to take palatial premises in a leading thoroughfare. I inaugurate them with a mammoth sale of brand-new trousers at low prices, buying up for the purpose the stock of half the slop-shops in the Kingdom. As the result of all this, advertised regardless of expense, the circulation of *Truth* goes up by leaps and bounds. The club and its public-spirited founder are in the seventh heaven. But the devil is among the tailors. The demand for new trousers from private customers is found to be vanishing, and the best customers and men who used to have a new pair once or twice a month have disappeared entirely. The club custom is no compensation for these losses. At the end of the year one firm, from whom the club has taken two hundred pairs, finds that it has lost fifty customers who used to be good for five hundred, and so on all down Savile Row and the adjacent thoroughfares. It is easy to see that the club movement will not stop at trousers. Coats and waistcoats are bound to follow. Besides, other papers will join in the movement. The *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph* will soon be going into the second-hand clothes trade, and, by virtue of their colossal circulation, will take millions of customers from the tailors' shops. The tailors and the slop-shops see ruin before them. They do not mind legitimate competition in their own trade, but they object to be undersold by a Trouser Club which is run at a loss in order that a high-priced newspaper may be sold at a profit. Evidently they must take to selling newspapers at a loss in order to sell trousers at a profit, or else they must stop the journalist from giving away trousers. Choosing the second and easier course, the tailors decide not to supply the *Truth* Trousers Club unless it undertakes not to sell off its stock below cost price until it is visibly the worse for wear.

Then I go on the war-path. I show by adding up the cost of cloth, cotton, and buttons, that a pair of two-guinea trousers can be produced for 5*s*. 3*d*. I advertise on all the boardings that an unscrupulous trade is making eight hundred per cent. profit out of its helpless customers. I denounce the indecent greed of the monopolists who would rather kill the *Truth* Trouser Club, and leave its members to take refuge in kilts or blankets, than abate a jot of its profits. I swear that this thing shall not be. *Truth* has promised the world cheap trousers, and *Truth* will see that the world gets them. In the name of public decency, I appeal to all the trouser-wearing public to aid me by filling up the attached form of annual subscription to *Truth*. I publish letters from X 99, Y 999, and Z 9999, members of the club, testifying to the merits of the *Truth* trousers, and exhorting me as the champion of cheap clothing to stick to my guns and smash up Savile Row. Though hitherto a convinced Protectionist, I put up an anonymous "Free Trader" to write letters to *Truth*, proving by means of his ancient shibboleths that two-

guinea trousers stand for all that is most pernicious in the propaganda of the Tariff Reform League. And this is only the opening of the campaign. "Whatever steps I may in future be compelled to take in defending the Trouser Club and the public" (I quote *mutatis mutandis* from last Saturday's *Times*) must be left for the present to the imagination.

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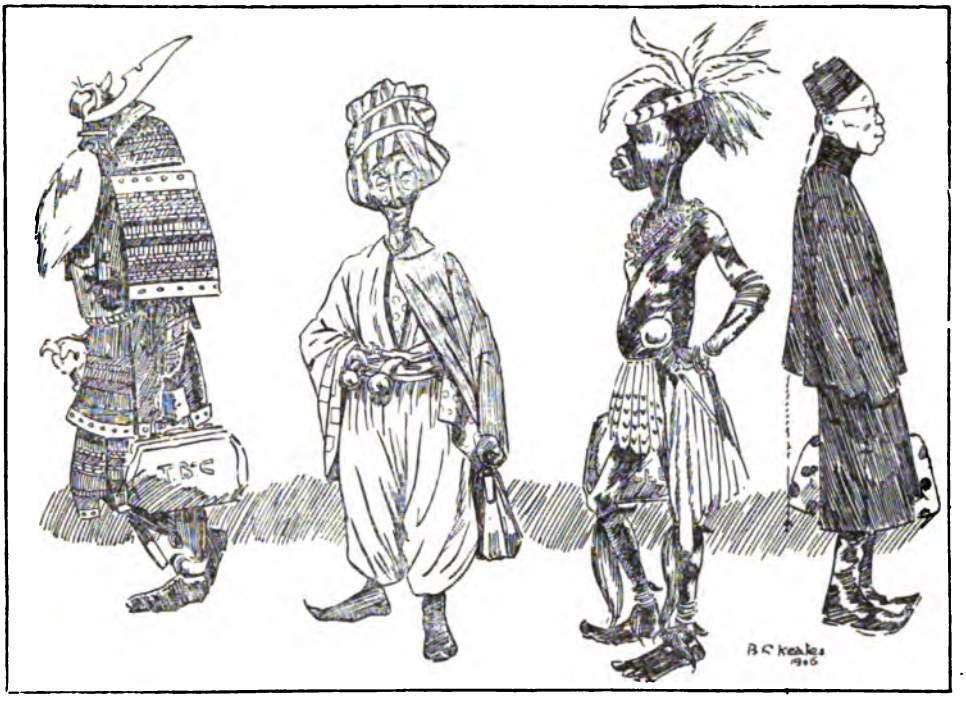
While those who have attacked the *Times* have laid special stress on the fact that the paper in its exploitation of the *Britannica* was lending its name and influence to an inadequate and obsolete edition, the *Times* in its retorts seems to have fought rather shy of this issue, preferring to wage the struggle on the line of its right to sell books when it liked and at what prices it liked. While its partisans have been in the minority, it has enlisted on its side many names distinguished in literature and politics. Mr. Hall Caine took a hand in the struggle in behalf of "the Thunderer," but his support, it must be conceded, was of very doubtful value. Not to be outdone, the irrepressible G. B. Shaw wrote the following characteristic letter to the *Times:*

My friend Mr. H. G. Wells has given you his opinion of your Book Club management in a very pointed manner. What the public now wants from Mr. Wells is his opinion of the Publishers' Association. He says you are greedy for gain and unscrupulous in method. To Mr. Wells and myself as Socialists that is the general character of competitive private enterprise—nay, more, its compulsory character. But the point at issue at present is not between capitalism and Socialism—not between the *Times* Book Club and a public department of literature with Mr. Wells as its president with a seat in the Cabinet, and Mr. Moberly Bell as its permanent chief of staff (severely lectured all day by the Minister), but between the *Times* Book Club and the Publishers' Association.

Now the Socialist or Ruskinian criticism of competitive capitalism may be a very good stick to beat the *Times* with; but every whack of it hits the publishers just as hard as it hits the *Times.* It is true that the spread of literature can be effected by the *Times* Book Club only as an incident of profit making. But that is true of Macmillans also. It is true of all science, art, and industry under our competitive system. There is no other way in which the *Times,* or Macmillans, or Mr. Wells, or myself, can undertake the commercial production and distribution of books or anything else. We have, as a nation, rightly or wrongly, adopted money gain as the incentive, and competition as the regulator, of production and distribution; and for Mr. Wells to call the *Times* greedy and unscrupulous is as little to the point as if the *Times* were to call Mr. Wells a monopolist and a thief because he lives partly by copyrights and partly on dividends unearned by his own labour. Such recriminations are not to the point; they are really criticisms of Adam Smith, not of Mr. Wells and Mr. Moberly Bell. It is really not fair to attack the poor defenceless *Times* with Socialistic arguments, because, not being a Socialist paper, it cannot hit back again.

My own concern in the affair is that of an author who sees many of his fellow-authors being duped by an interested trade agitation into supporting a trumped-up moral case against the *Times* in the mistaken interests of the publishers. Englishmen have a natural facility for virtuous indignation; they think it becomes them. They love teaching one another manners and morals. The temptation to lecture the *Times* is great. I like doing it myself when my business interests are not concerned. But I will not have my moral fervour exploited by the publishers in the interests of the booksellers and against the interests of the authors. What does Mr. Wells complain of? That the *Times* bought as small a number of copies of *Kipps* as it dared. In other words, that the *Times* bought exactly as any bookseller would have bought, except that the number reached by the bookseller on this principle is often zero, whereas the number required by the *Times* Book Club can hardly be less than two figures. I dare say the Club buys as few of my own books as it dares; and I deplore this sordid subjection of first-class literature to mere pecuniary considerations on its part; but for the life of me I cannot see how I should gain by preventing it from buying any at all.

As to the boycott of *Kipps,* what it comes to is this. The *Times,* having a certain power of pushing a book by advertising—whether in its daily columns or in its library lists does not matter—refuses to push unless it is paid. No doubt this conduct is as mercenary as that of a baker who refuses to give the unemployed loaves unless they pay him, or that of Mr. Wells in refusing to let us read his mes-



FOREIGN GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE PURCHASED LARGE BATCHES OF BOOKS LATELY—CAN THEY BE EMISSARIES OF "THE TIMES"?

Said a contemporary the other day: "There is a curious mystery in the endeavours of, seemingly, an Indian gentleman of unknown origin to buy some dozens of high-priced books from publishers who refuse to deal with the *Times*. On Tuesday he paid an unsuccessful visit to Mr. Heinemann to purchase "for hotels in Egypt." Who can it be? —From the London *Sketch*.

sage as to "The Future of America" unless we pay him half a guinea. But the *Times* at least offered its services at a price. Messrs. Macmillan did not think them worth the price. Possibly they were right; in Mr. Wells's case, for instance, no special advertisement is needed, and any attempt to suppress his books would recoil on the head of the library which attempted to ignore him. But if this is to be called a boycott, then every man who withholds his wares or his services until he gets his price is a boycotter. If Messrs. Macmillan have lost by refusing the *Times* terms, then they made a business mistake in not accepting them. If they did not lose, then they have nothing to complain of. Messrs. Macmillan have often enough refused to publish books unless the author signed agreements far more onerous than the terms the *Times* Book Club have sought to impose on them. Messrs. Macmillan are parties, I presume, to the monstrous draft agreements drawn up by the Publishers' Association for the bondage and spoliation of authors—agreements which have been repeatedly pilloried in the journal of the Society of Authors. But sensible authors do not call that boycotting. They simply refuse to sign the agreements, and go to less exacting publishers. Mr. Wells must know that Messrs. Macmillan are as keen men of business as any in London, and in their ordinary course render no service to literature or to authors without getting the full value of it. I do not blame them; I should not recommend any author to deal with them if they were sentimentalists trading with moral claptraps instead of men of business minding their business and expecting the author to mind his. Let them by all means refuse the *Times* terms, and let the *Times* refuse their terms according to their respective judgments in the trade battle now waging between them. But, in the name of common sense, let us have no more moral attitudes and attempts to persuade the public that the publishers are a body of high-minded patrons of literature, organising the book supply *en grands seigneurs* for the benefit of authors, whilst the *Times*

represents a gang of vulgar tradesmen employing Yankee methods for the hideous and unheard-of purpose of making money.

One phase of the affair, which would seem to tend to complicate matters, is the peculiar nature of the ownership of the *Times*. Ever since the paper was established, towards the end of the eighteenth century, its fortunes have been controlled by the Walter family. But at the present time, while the head of this family still sways the majority of the stock, there are said to be several hundred other shareholders. The ownership is divided in all sorts of peculiar ways. One of the proprietors has the revenue from the birth notices; another from the death notices; another from the marriage notices; others have the returns from certain lines of advertising apportioned to them. Under these conditions it would seem that the interests of the shareholders in general must in this controversy be subordinate to those of the shareholder or shareholders deriving a direct profit from the publishers' and booksellers' advertising.

Mr. Chesterton's Critics

Reviewers of Mr. Chesterton borrow all their metaphors from things that whizz and bump, and there is not one of them who does not declare himself "breathless." This has been going on now for five years without any abatement of astonishment, and his *Dickens* has been received by the press with the usual figurative tremours. Newspaper reviewers, though they complain that he shakes them a good deal and makes them "sit up," are not nearly so nervous about him as writers for serious publications like the *Dial* and the *North American*, who return from one of his books as from a slide downhill with a grandson. Were not reviewers notoriously given to exaggerating their symptoms, we should condemn Mr. Chesterton as a menace to health. As a matter of fact, the reading of him is commonly achieved with perfect calmness. Every one who is not professionally "literary" knows him for an entertaining dreamer of dreams and writer of nonsense, a successor of Lewis Carroll rather than of Matthew Arnold. Nobody takes him for a guide, but only for good company. No matter what saint or hero or novelist he chooses, he writes only of himself. The life of Dickens is a diary of the things that bobbed into Mr. Chesterton's head when he might have been thinking about Dickens. Publishers toss him a subject as they might toss a puppy an old shoe. How about Charlemagne or Max Beerbohm or the genius of Christianity? And off he goes, tail erect and legs entangled; of course he gets in his own way, contradicting himself and everybody else, and writes before he thinks, and grapples fiercely with common sense and denies axioms. But at least there is a sign of life about the premises, and the premises, it must be remembered, are the monotonous flats of modern English criticism, wherein no man ventures to differ from the dead. Reading Mr. Chesterton is like meeting somebody as foolish as ourselves in a dreary assemblage of pedagogues. So far from taking our breath away, it merely makes us feel at home.

It has been lamented that Mr. Chesterton has already published several volumes at an age "when many a scholar is, with much self-questioning and many doubts, first venturing to contribute of his accumulated treasure toward the enrichment of the world's thought." It is not the least of our literary misfortunes that our magazines abound in just such pomposities as this. There is no end to the lamentations over Mr. Bernard Shaw's unsound "philosophy" and the "fatal facility" of Mr. Chesterton, and if a man is amusing, there is grief because he is not judicious; and if he is fantastic, it is discovered with sorrow that his works will not fit the high school curriculum. There is no help for it, for we are living in the Chautauquan Era of literary criticism, when we ask of a writer only how highly he is educated, and though it is well known that reading inflates more people than it ever nourishes, we value each author in proportion to the number of other authors he has swallowed whole. It is probable that every American critic hopes some day to be

Commissioner of Education. But, meanwhile, it bears rather hard on unambitious, pleasure-loving folk who read for the mere vile motive of diversion, ignoring for hours at a time the duties of mental growth and moral fortification—a careless crew, no doubt, often indifferent to the useful lesson and the elevation of large bodies of their fellow-citizens and the improvement of their neighbours' minds, but in the main harmless. Leave us Mr. Chesterton, gentlemen of the school board and ladies of the Twentieth Century Thinking Circle, for though only thirty-two and sometimes rather silly, though seldom accurate and never by any chance instructive, he is about the only really living thing to be found in this field of letters. It so happens that the critics with wider knowledge seem half-dead as the result of its acquisition, and the deeper ones are already half-interred. All that we have left is this young man turning somersaults among the tombs.

❧

Jules Verne and E. A. Poe

Amiens, the city in which he lived so long, is to erect a statue to the memory of Jules Verne. In commenting upon this action, *Les Annales,* of Paris, imparts the entertaining information that Jules Verne owes the idea of his most widely read book, *The Tour of the World in Eighty Days,* to his study of Edgar Allan Poe. According to *Les Annales,* Verne, in 1863, contributed a critical paper on Poe to the *Musée des Familles.* In this article the author of *The Mysterious Island* undertook to analyse the entire work of the bizarre American storyteller. He passed in review the famous tales known to all the world, such as "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," "The Gold Bug," "The Purloined Letter," and "The Voyage of Hans Pfall." Before ending his study by a long analysis of the "Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym," Verne wrote the following lines:

I shall end this list by citing the tale entitled "The Week of Three Sundays." It is of a kind less grim but still bizarre.

How can a week of three Sundays exist?

Perfectly, for three individuals, and Poe proves it.

To begin with, the earth has a circumference of twenty-five thousand miles and turns on its axis in twenty-four hours. That is a speed of about a thousand miles an hour.

Let us suppose that the first individual leaves London and goes a thousand miles eastward. He will see the sun an hour before the second one, who remains motionless.

At the end of a thousand other miles he will see it two hours before. At the end of his tour of the world, coming back to his point of departure, he will have gained an entire day over the second individual.

Let the third individual accomplish the same voyage, under the same conditions, but in the opposite direction; after girdling the earth, he will have lost a day.

What, then, will happen to the three personages reunited on a Sunday at the point of departure?

For the first, Sunday was yesterday, the second to-day, the third to-morrow.

❧

Real Soldiers of Fortune

As a book by itself, the collection of "touched-up" biographical sketches by Mr. Richard Harding Davis which has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribners' Sons is of no material importance, and will probably be considered by those who have appraised Mr. Davis's work in the past at its really high value as decidedly disappointing. If, on the other hand, it is read as a book which throws a light on the sources of some of its author's best works of fiction, it is undeniably entertaining. The secret of the power of the real story teller, of our own time at least, is less any sheer imagination than his ability to seize upon a genuine career or some incident of actual life and adapt it to his purposes, heightening the effect by the adroit touch and the discreet elimination. In *Real Soldiers of Fortune* Mr. Davis has said nothing of the filibuster Boynton, who was supposed to have been the original of Captain Burke of *Soldiers of Fortune,* and who, according to a startling newspaper story of a few weeks ago, was credited with the torpedoing of the Russian fleet; but in his account of the career of William Walker one can find the entire foundation for the Honduranian chapters of *Captain Macklin.* Not only do Walker's

invasion and that of General Laguerre run along parallel lines, not only is the ragged, footsore Foreign Legion of the work of fiction modelled after that daredevil group of men with which Walker did so much and which he ruled with so heavy and yet so just a hand, but the unscrupulous American financial interests, with strong influence at the government at Washington, which brought about the fall from power of Macklin and his chief, were exactly the interests which ultimately defeated Walker and re-established in Nicaragua a despotic and unstable government. The Fiske of the story is the Commodore Vanderbilt of fact, and the methods of the Isthmian Company are those employed by the line of steamships controlled by Vanderbilt in the time of Walker.

Another autumn book from Mr. Davis is the collection of his farces which have been presented on the stage during the past two winters. *The Dictator, The Galloper,* and *Miss Civilization* were all comparatively successful as plays, and we read them with some curiosity as to how much of their "go" was due to the acting and stage setting and how much to the cleverness of the lines themselves. *The Galloper* is striking in two respects. In the first place, the satire on the modern war correspondent in the first act is very much above the material of the average farce. Griggs, the Englishman who has served through ten campaigns and witnessed six coronations, and to maintain his dignity as dean of the war correspondents always travels with five horses and thirty-two boxes, is delightful. Then in this act there is a brisk touch where Blanche Bailey, with an eye to press notices, inquires whether Mr. Anstruther writes for a newspaper. "No," replies the American reporter, "he writes for the London *Times.*" The other respect in which, to our mind, *The Galloper* is striking is because it contains the very flattest and the poorest attempt at humour of which Mr. Davis has ever been guilty in print.

Mr. Stewart Edward White, who after two years and a half of life on the Pacific coast is again in New York, brings us a story which is new to us and which has all the elements that will appeal strongly to the most approved Sherlockian. It seems that a certain class was about to be graduated from a medical school. Just before the ceremony of presenting the diplomas the Dean of the Faculty called the class together to listen to a brief informal address. "You are leaving this institution," he was pleased to say, "and you are supposed to be technically equipped—that is, whatever it has been in the power of the college to teach you has been taught. But, gentlemen, the technical side alone is not enough to qualify you for the successful practice of our profession. Medicine demands other attributes—the attribute of courage, the attribute of observation. I believe you to be possessed of these, yet I am going to ask you to submit to a slight test. Here, gentlemen, as you see, is a glass of water. Into it I pour a small amount of vinegar. Now I shall add a considerable dash of asafœtida, topping it with the carbolic acid which I pour from this vial. This is unquestionably a most noxious mixture, yet, gentlemen, as you will perceive, I dip my finger in the mixture and, withdrawing the finger, draw it across my lips. Now I should like to see how many of you are resolute enough to follow my example."

A Sherlock Come to Judgment

Uneasy glances were exchanged, but one by one the students stepped forward and with horrid grimaces underwent the ordeal. The Dean watched them narrowly, and when the last had finished the test he smiled with grim satisfaction. "Gentlemen," he said, "I commend you most heartily. As to your courage I have no longer any doubt. If it were possible to mark you for courage as you are marked for, let us say, anatomy or for chemistry, I should ungrudgingly give you all one hundred per cent. But, gentlemen, while I should mark you one hundred for courage, I am afraid that for observation I should be obliged to give you all zero. You did not perceive, gentlemen, that the finger that I dipped into the glass was not the finger that I drew across my lips."

James Ford Rhodes.

A really important event in the annals of American historical composition occurred last month when the Macmillan Company published the sixth and seventh volumes of Mr. James Ford Rhodes's *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850,* thereby completing a most valuable treatise and one which must remain an enduring monument of patient, accurate and minute research. Mr. Rhodes had intended to carry his narrative down to 1885, the date of President Cleveland's first inauguration; but he found the task of dealing with the careers of men still living to be so delicate and difficult that he finally concluded his study with the inauguration of President Hayes in 1877, which was, after all, in a way, the end of that period which begins with the active abolitionist agitation, which includes the storm and stress of the Civil War and which witnessed finally the resumption of white control in the Southern States. Mr. Rhodes has had an interesting career. Not originally a man of letters, though having had some experience in journalism, he was for many years a business partner of the late Senator Hanna. Having acquired an ample fortune as a business man in Cleveland, Ohio, he retired to private life and devoted himself to the cultivation of political history, in which he had always felt an absorbing interest. His ample resources enabled him to employ a host of assistants who, under his direction, ransacked the national archives, and the great public libraries, made excerpts from newspaper files all over the country, and collected rare documents, letters, and memoranda relating to the subject of his colossal work. No history upon an American subject has therefore ever been so richly documented; and the footnotes of his book are a mine of information for other writers who are treating in detail special parts of the period covered by Mr. Rhodes's narrative. His wealth of reference to original sources recalls, indeed, the monumental history of Gibbon; and he writes with a fairness and impartiality to which Gibbon was a stranger, inasmuch as Mr. Rhodes never indulges in the "solemn sneer" and the subtle irony which permeate the pages of the *Decline and Fall.* Mr. Rhodes's labours have been recognised both by the universities of the United States and in Germany; and the only criticism that can fairly be made upon what he has done is negative in its character. His book is, first of all, a narrative rather than a philosophical study; and in the second place, he has, perhaps, confined himself too closely to Northern sources, neglecting at times the information which could have been derived from the documents and memoranda which are still preserved in portions of the South.

❧

"Why They Married"

We hardly know what to say about James Montgomery Flagg's little book, entitled *Why They Married.* That the sketches and verses are clever is not to be denied. The point is that a good many of these marital romances deal with the author's own friends and acquaintances.



For instance, most persons will readily recognise the illustrator, who is the hero of the accompanying skit.

AND THERE YOU ARE!

The reason Walter Applepie
 Did wed his Nancy fair,
She liked the way his mouth curled up—
 He liked her fuzzy hair!

The Year's Successful Fiction

Surely, if perhaps imperceptibly, changes are going on in the matter of the men and women who write the books that are most successful from the point of great sales. How far-reaching these changes are can be realised only by those who have patience enough to go over the old files. Seven years ago this month, when we printed for the first time the two or three pages of annual summing up which has since been a feature of every January issue of THE BOOKMAN, the names which loomed large were those of Mary Johnston, Paul Leicester Ford, Charles Major, Charles Frederic Goss, Winston Churchill, Robert Grant, Mary Cholmondeley, James Lane Allen, Edward Westcott and Irving Batcheller. All but two of these writers are still alive, but candour obliges us to say that with the exception of Mr. Churchill, who is to be counted on only every other year, and perhaps Miss Cholmondeley, who is again before the public after a long period of comparative inactivity, there is hardly one who is regarded as a really vital factor in the popular fiction of to-day. Many of them are unquestionably doing work as creditable as that which won them formerly wide attention and large royalties, but tastes have changed, and on the score of sheer popularity they have dropped to a class somewhat below —let us say, Mr. McCutcheon and Mrs. Thurston and Mr. Chambers and Mr. Wister and Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Beach and Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Nicholson.

Comparatively speaking, we have no cause for any great dissatisfaction over the novels which have been the conceded successes of 1906. It is easy enough to be generally pessimistic; to deplore the absence of any vital and enduring novel; and to contrast the year with some other twelve months of thirty or sixty years ago to the complete discredit of our modern men and women of letters. But as a matter of fact the novels of 1906, while in no way astonishing, are at least respectable. They compare very favourably with the novels of any one of the eight or ten preceding years, and show an undeniable improvement in the taste of our reading public. Take, for example, the books that have led month by month. There was Mrs. Wharton's *The House of Mirth*, which was first in the lists for December, 1905, and which maintained its lead by a fair margin during the first three months of 1906. *The House of Mirth* was in no sense a great novel, and much of its popularity was probably due to an undignified curiosity about the ethics and deportment of a much exploited New York social set. Yet it was marked with a certain air of distinction which was not to be found in the usual "best seller" of recent years. *The Wheel of Life*, which was at the top of the list for April, was an excellent novel. *The House of a Thousand Candles* was a very fair sample of what it was intended to be. *Lady Baltimore*, which was the leader for June, was a thoroughly dignified book, as was also *Fenwick's Career*, which was its successor in July. *The Jungle* led in August, and *The Jungle* was—*The Jungle*. *Coniston*, which headed the September and October lists, is far and away the best novel that its author has yet written, and that will indicate a comparison with months of earlier years, when Mr. Churchill's other books occupied the same exalted position. Mr. Robert W. Chambers's *The Fighting Chance* is an exceedingly entertaining story, and is fairly entitled to the leading position it has held in November and December.

The six authors whose books have appeared oftenest in the lists for 1906 are Mrs. Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, Owen Wister, Upton Sinclair and Winston Churchill. Close behind these are George Barr McCutcheon, Rex Beach, Robert W. Chambers, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Ellen Glasgow, Margaret Deland, and the Baroness von Hutten. In fact, Mr. McCutcheon has had more representation than any other author of the year, but this has been divided among three different books. While only Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Beach may be classed as new men from the point of success; Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Chambers and Meredith Nicholson are for the first time serious contest-

ants for popular applause, albeit several of Mr. Chambers's books and Mr. Nicholson's *The Main Chance* have attracted considerable attention. In connection with the portraits which print here, it may be of interest to recall that the most successful authors of 1905, according to our lists, were Alice Hegan Rice, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston, George Barr McCutcheon, Thomas Dixon, Jr., and Robert Hichens. In 1904 they were Mary Johnston, Miriam Michelson, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Ellen Glasgow, Henry Harland, Stewart Edward White, Winston Churchill and John Fox, Jr. In 1903 they were Mrs. Humphry Ward, Owen Wister, Alice Hegan Rice, George H. Lorimer, Frank Norris, Anna Katherine Green and Thomas Nelson Page. In 1902 they were Alice Hegan Rice, Gilbert Parker, Emerson Hough, Charles Major, Conan Doyle, Winston Churchill, George W. Cable and Lucas Malet. In 1901 they were Maurice Thompson, Irving Batcheller, Mrs. Ward, Bertha Runkle, Eleanor Glyn, Harold MacGrath, George Barr McCutcheon and Winston Churchill.

In the closing month of 1905 the lead was held by Mrs. Thurston's *The Gambler,* with Mr. McCutcheon's *Nedra* a very close second, and Mrs. Wharton's *The House of Mirth* over one hundred points below. With the first number of 1906 there was a decided change, *The House of Mirth* being at the top with two hundred and sixty-three points, *The Conquest of Canaan* following with one hundred and eighty-three, and *Nedra, The Gambler, Rose o' the River* and *Fair Margaret* following in the order named. In February the first and second books were the same as in January, being separated by a difference of only twenty points. *Nedra* was fourth, having been passed by *The House of a Thousand Candles.* In March, with *The House of Mirth* still first, Mr. Nicholson's book climbed into second place. *The Conquest of Canaan* was third and *Nedra* fourth. In April Ellen Glasgow's *The Wheel of Life,* which had been a poor sixth in March, took the lead with a total of two hundred and thirty-eight points. Sixty-three points below was *The House of a Thousand Candles,* followed very closely by *The House of Mirth* and *The Conquest of Canaan.* In May the same books occupied the four leading positions, only Mr. Nicholson's strikingly vital story had repassed *The Wheel of Life* and held first place by six points. The new books made themselves felt in the lists for June. Of those which had occupied prominent places in the winter and spring, *The House of a Thousand Candles* alone held on. It was in third place, with *Lady Baltimore* first and *The Spoilers* second. Mr. McCutcheon's *Cowardice Court* was fourth, Irving Batcheller's *Silas Strong* fifth, while *The Jungle* was tied with Mrs. Burnett's *The Dawn of a To-morrow* for sixth position. In the July lists first place was held by Mrs. Ward's *Fenwick's Career,* with two hundred and fifty-nine points. *Lady Baltimore* was second, *The Spoilers* third, and *Pam Decides* fourth. *The Jungle,* despite the fact that its wide notoriety had already begun, could not better its position of a month before. In August, however, it leaped to the top, crowding down *Coniston* by a meagre four points, with *Lady Baltimore, The Spoilers, Fenwick's Career* and *Pam Decides* filling the other positions in the order named. But *The Jungle* did not hold its lead long. In September it was third, while *Coniston* led with the record total of the year, three hundred and sixty-three points. *Lady Baltimore* was second, and a new book, *The Awakening of Helena Richie,* fourth. *Coniston's* total for October was only twenty-nine points below that of September. *Lady Baltimore* had dropped to fifth place, and in the second, third and fourth positions were *The Awakening of Helena Richie, The Jungle* and *Pam Decides.* Coming with a rush, Mr. Chambers's *The Fighting Chance* took the lead in November and held it in December. In November it had a margin of supremacy of eighty points over *Coniston,* but in December it was rather closely pressed by Mr. McCutcheon's *Jane Cable,* which promises to be a dangerous competitor.

JANUARY	POINTS
1. The House of Mirth	263

2. The Conquest of Canaan..... 183
3. Nedra 149
4. The Gambler..... 148
5. Rose o' the River..... 57
6. Fair Margaret..... 53

FEBRUARY

1. The House of Mirth..... 183
2. The Conquest of Canaan..... 163
3. The House of a Thousand Candles.... 102
4. Nedra 64
5. The Gambler..... 46
6. The Man of the Hour..... 34

MARCH

1. The House of Mirth..... 260
2. The House of a Thousand Candles.. 206
3. The Conquest of Canaan..... 174
4. Nedra 80
5. The Gambler..... 76
6. The Wheel of Life..... 73

APRIL

1. The Wheel of Life..... 238
2. The House of a Thousand Candles.... 175
3. The House of Mirth..... 160
4. The Conquest of Canaan..... 156
5. Barbara Winslow, Rebel..... 100
6. A Maker of History..... 88

MAY

1. The House of a Thousand Candles.. 179
2. The Wheel of Life..... 173
3. The House of Mirth..... 96
4. The Conquest of Canaan..... 94
5. The Truth about Tolna..... 91
6. Barbara Winslow, Rebel..... 76

JUNE

1. Lady Baltimore..... 263
2. The Spoilers..... 131
3. The House of a Thousand Candles.... 117
4. Cowardice Court..... 99
5. Silas Strong..... 72
6. { The Jungle..... 61
 { The Dawn of a To-morrow..... 61

JULY

1. Fenwick's Career..... 259
2. Lady Baltimore..... 221
3. The Spoilers..... 177
4. Pam Decides..... 146
5. The Woman in the Alcove..... 131
6. The Jungle..... 69

AUGUST

1. The Jungle..... 190
2. Coniston 186
3. Lady Baltimore..... 120
4. The Spoilers..... 97
5. Fenwick's Career..... 96
6. Pam Decides..... 75

SEPTEMBER

1. Coniston 363
2. Lady Baltimore..... 157
3. The Jungle..... 152
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie.... 150
5. The Spoilers..... 141
6. Fenwick's Career..... 97

OCTOBER

1. Coniston 334
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie.... 228
3. The Jungle..... 109
4. Pam Decides..... 91
5. Lady Baltimore..... 87
6. The Fighting Chance..... 81

NOVEMBER

1. The Fighting Chance..... 302
2. Coniston 222
3. The Tides of Barnegat..... 188
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie.... 176
5. Jane Cable..... 142
6. The Treasure of Heaven..... 84

DECEMBER

1. The Fighting Chance..... 234
2. Jane Cable..... 202
3. Coniston 150
4. The Call of the Blood..... 127
5. Sir Nigel..... 94
6. Bob Hampton..... 73

The following is the result of comparisons from the above tables:

Five Times Mentioned

The House of Mirth, The Conquest of Canaan, The House of a Thousand Candles, Lady Baltimore, The Jungle, Coniston.

Four Times Mentioned

The Spoilers.

Three Times Mentioned

Nedra, The Gambler, The Wheel of Life, Fenwick's Career, Pam Decides, The Awakening of Helena Richie, The Fighting Chance.

Twice Mentioned

Barbara Winslow, Rebel; Jane Cable.

Once Mentioned

Rose o' the River, Fair Margaret, The Man of the Hour, A Maker of History, The Truth about Tolna, Cowardice Court, Silas Strong, The Dawn of a To-morrow, The Woman in the Alcove, The Tides of Barnegat, Sir Nigel,

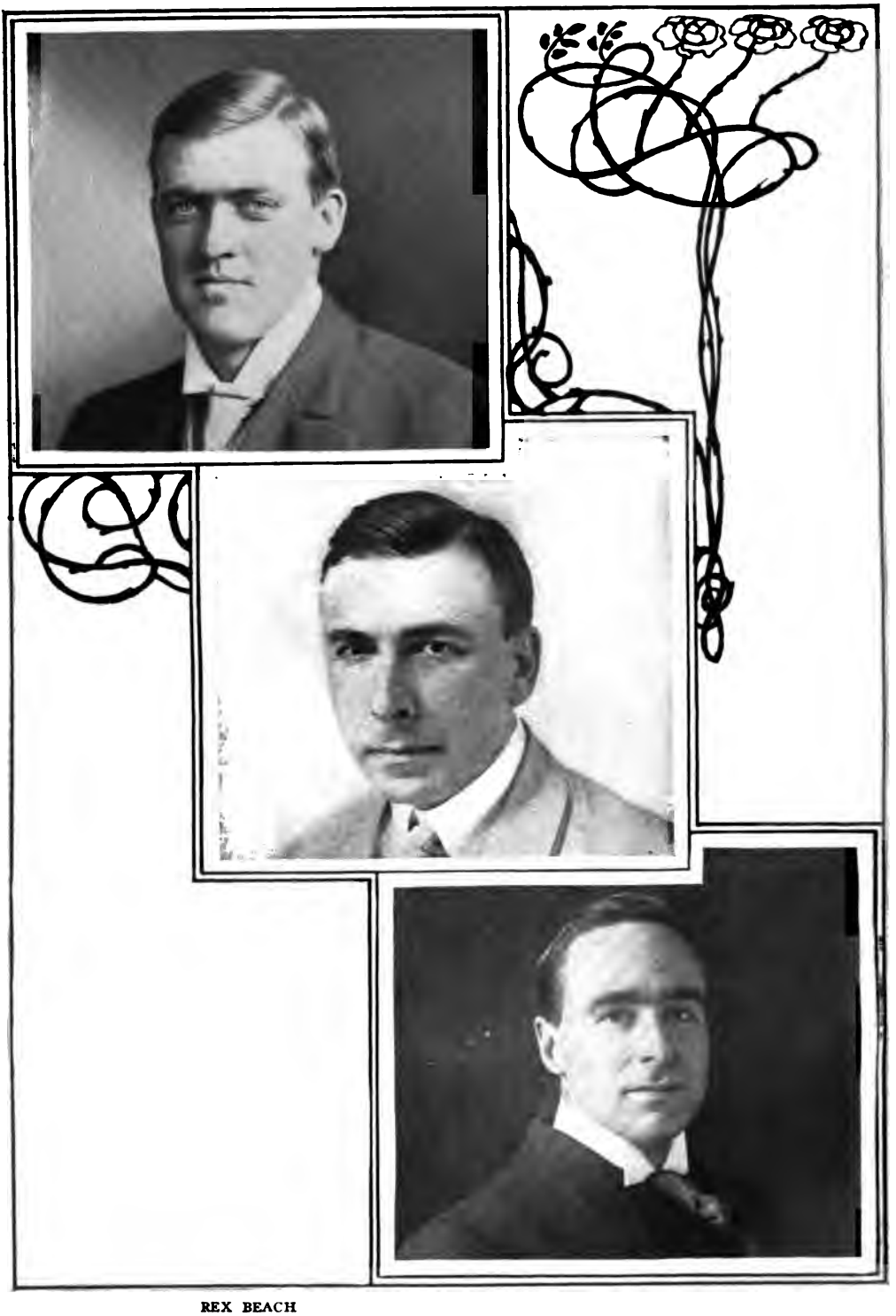


MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

EDITH WHARTON

ELLEN GLASGOW

The Year's Successful Novelists



REX BEACH

BOOTH TARKINGTON

WINSTON CHURCHILL

The Year's Successful Novelists



GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON

OWEN WISTER

UPTON SINCLAIR

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

The Year's Successful Novelists



GILBERT WHITE GEORGE BARR BAKER

The Treasure of Heaven, The Call of the Blood, Bob Hampton.

There is but little change from year to year in the number of books represented in these lists. It has been as low as twenty-six and as high as thirty-four. In 1906 the number was thirty. Twenty-three of these books were by American authors and seven by British authors. In connection with this we must explain that we are claiming Mrs. Burnett as an American woman. Of the very popular novels, all but one were of American origin. The proportion of women represented was much greater than in any other year, thirteen books being of feminine authorship as against seventeen written by men. For the first time in some years there is no book on the list which is the result of collaboration. This is due to the inactivity of Mr. and Mrs. Castle and Mr. and Mrs. Williamson.

Collaborators in Lighter Vein

Among the lighter books of the holiday season there are several which strikingly illustrate the value of happy collaboration. For instance, among the large number of little volumes devoted to the modern prevalent madness, the automobile, we have found nothing more quaint or more delightfully whimsical than *The Auto Guest Book of Mobile Maxims,* which is the joint work of Ethel Watts Mumford and Richard Butler Glaenzer. Another collaboration which has resulted in a book of its kind very much above the average, is that of George Barr Baker, George C. Chappell, and Oliver Herford, with drawings by T. Gilbert White. This volume, *Mother's Geese,* we understand has already gone into a second edition. We are reproducing here one of the illustrations and the accompanying verse:

"Mother, may I go out to play?
Oh yes, my darling daughter;
But remember the things you'd like to do
Are the things you hadn't oughter."

We have received the following letter from the author of *Joseph Vance:*

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

GENTLEMEN: May I trespass on your space to qualify a few personal particulars about myself in your last issue, which has only just reached me. But first allow me to thank you most cordially for your generous appreciation of my book, which has also just come to hand.

I am not yet seventy years of age, but hope to be so some day, and to write several



WILL PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "WHEN LOVE SPEAKS." REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE



From the drawing by Gilbert White

Joseph Vances, as far as bulk goes, before that time comes.

I am in no sense connectible with the per-Raphaelite brotherhood, and can scarcely be said to be an artist at all, as far as picture-painting goes. Probably the work of my wife (Evelyn de Morgan) is responsible for the association of ideas, though why her work should be spoken of as "pre-Raphaelite" I am quite at a loss to understand. The Art-Critic knows about these things, and if he seems to me to fling language about at random, no doubt it is my defective judgment that is in fault, not his accuracy.

I plead guilty to thirty years of Ceramics. But it is not the case that I have given them up. The fabrication of tiles and pottery continues as formerly at Wandsworth Bridge Road, Fulham. It is conducted by myself in conjunction with Messrs. Iles and Passenger, who have been engaged on it with me from the beginning. and it deals with the same processes, and reproduces the same designs as formerly.

"The secret," so far as there is any secret, is still in operation, and I am not responsible for any statements that have been made to the contrary.

As such statements are detrimental to the present manufacture, I shall esteem it a great favour if you will publish this contradiction.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

I, The Vale, King's Road, Chelsea, London.

*

Professor Migrans.

It has become an established custom to compare our universities with factories, to speak of this or that educational "plant," to designate libraries and laboratories as "tools," to call bachelors of arts and doctors of philosophy an "output," and

to calculate the cost per man, per examination, per degree. This admirable organisation being in full activity, it is remarkable that no one has yet pointed out that the producing mechanism of professors and tutors is likewise of modern machine design. All parts are interchangeable. You may slip out a professor where you will, slip one from some other cerebro-spinal factory on the old shaft. His cogs will engage, the whirr goes on. There is of course nothing novel in having students receive instruction from professors of several different universities. It has long been the custom in Germany for young men to pass from one institution to another, so as to profit by the best to be obtained in each. In fact, one of the things that seems most remarkable to visiting Germans, is our habit of referring to different prominent individuals as "Harvard men," "Yale men," and the like. In Germany they would be simply university men. There the migration of students has long been in vogue; our novelty is the international changeling professor. Let us consider for a moment whether he is a desirable innovation.

THE BOOKMAN, being a critical journal with literary tendencies, is of course a great admirer of flattery. Now, Professor Migrans is very flattering to faculties, presidents and potentates. This is one strong point in his favour. And there are several others. For instance, it is much more economical to transfer one professor than a whole audience of students. It is also probable that the honour involved in the appointment as a representative of his university and his country will cause Migrans to exert himself to the utmost. It is conceivable that a lecturer who has merely been repeating for several years an almost unchanged series of discourses to successive generations of students may really go to work again, and produce a far more valuable contribution, the product of riper knowledge and newly stimulated ambition. Somewhat less attractive features of the plan also present themselves. It may happen that a man will at times be imported into a locality where there is already a native professor of greater authority on his subject than is Migrans. Jealousy might thus awaken, and we abhor jealousy as much as we love flattery. Extremely careful selection, both of men and subjects, should always be made a paramount consideration; otherwise what is in its essence good may come to be productive of mischief in the end. It is of course still much too soon to form a decided opinon on all these points. Not until the plan has been in operation for several years can its effects be estimated with any sort of approximation to accuracy. If we have ventured to begin our consideration of the subject with something of an appearance of levity, let us close with the hope that time will only serve to strengthen the good and destroy even the possibility of evil in Professor Migrans.

The Late Ferdinand Brunetière

The death of Ferdinand Brunetière two weeks ago was a decided loss to French letters. He was probably the most influential member of the French Academy; he directed the most authoritative periodical in the world, and for years he had been recognised not only in his own country, but throughout Europe and America, as the unswerving champion of the classical tradition. Naturally combative, in his disdain of the men and books of the present he went at times to apparently unjustifiable extremes. Theophile Gautier used to say that if he found one line of Victor Hugo's verse to be bad, he would not acknowledge it to himself, if he were alone, in the dark, at the bottom of a pit. Brunetière would have been just as reluctant to concede merit to anything later than the middle of the eighteenth century. Among his successful contemporaries, Zola, in particular, exasperated him, and it was probably his unyielding opposition more than anything else that kept the author of the *Rougon-Macquart* from being elected to a seat among the Forty.

A good many of our readers will remember M. Brunetière's visit to this country nine years ago. The interest shown in his lectures was very general, and was by no means confined to Uni-

versity circles. Perhaps this interest was just a little bit stimulated by a newspaper story to the effect that he had found the society French of Baltimore, where he lectured before Johns Hopkins University, exceedingly amusing. The most complete and interesting series was that which he delivered in New York just before sailing back to France. In the last of these lectures he made the long-awaited attack on Zola, mercilessly arraigning the realist as guilty of violating every reality and verisimilitude, and of outraging in his books every phase of French life and character.

The Chosen Thousand.

We are compelled to confess with regret that we have been giving too little attention to experimental psychology. Not so the experimental psychologists with respect to us. These have at last, and avidly, seized upon our suggestions, and followed our attractive lead. It is true that we have been innocent in the matter —quite subconscious, though conscientious. We can understand Molière's famous Frenchman now, the one who was suddenly made to know that he had been speaking prose for years. The new



THE LATE FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

direction which we have given to psychologic work is one of method—our method of ascertaining each month what are the best-selling books. The truly "scientific" people have adopted this method, and it has resulted in what we believe is destined to be a classic "paper," *Homo Scientificus Americanus.* As a kind of by-product of this research, a large scientific *Who's Who* has also been prepared. In this latter an asterisk is affixed to one thousand names, and these are to be regarded as the best one thousand—the aristocracy of American science.

In applying our method to their problem, the psychologists have followed us very closely. Ten judges were selected in each branch of science, just as we select booksellers in our investigations; and each judge was requested to arrange the names of his colleagues in the order of their merit. We presume the number of judges for each subject was fixed at ten because the decimal system is so scientific. However this may be, the ten judgments were averaged, and every man's place in his own department of science was thus determined. It was then decided how many asterisks should be distributed to each subject. It was settled, for instance, that one hundred and seventy-five asterisks should go to chemistry, while less lucrative anthropology was fobbed off with only twenty. The lists so obtained for the several branches of science are stated to have been then combined into a single list by "interpolation"—we presume a process similar to what ordinary people call "shuffling the cards." Thus has science at last come into possession of what has for so many years been nothing but a hope—a classification of individuals in order of merit, based on a true psychologic method (our own), and possessing a high degree of accuracy. If we did not have a furtive feeling that such a thing is impossible *à priori*, we should recommend Homo Scientificus to use as his *vade mecum* this book about himself.

"The New York Idea"

Mr. Langdon Mitchell has written an uncommonly good farce. The newspaper comments implied that it was, if anything, too witty for the stage, and that the brilliancy of the dialogue was not only beyond anything that the characters could legitimately have achieved, but blinded the audience like strokes of lightning. It was nothing of the sort. It was full of an easy gaiety, abounded in the better kind of nonsense, and though no more related to New York than to Paris or Sioux City, was a most cleverly devised variation on a very hackneyed theme. In its situations it is like *The Surprises of Divorce,* which M. Coquelin played here some years ago, and its lines recall Wilde's *Importance of Being Earnest,* though there is less straining after epigram and more dependence on verbal exaggeration.

"The uncouth modern young woman—eight feet high—with a skin like a rhinoceros and manners like a cave-dweller—an habituée of the race-track and the divorce court. . . ." "Hm—shocking attack by the President on vested interests. Hm—too bad! But it's to be expected. The people insisted on electing a desperado to the Presidential office—they must take the hold-up that follows Hm—his English is lacking in idiom, his spelling in conservatism, his mind in balance, and his character in repose." . . . "I'm not a patch on that woman. Do you know her life? Do you know the things she did to Philip? Kept him up every night of his life—forty days out of every thirty—and then—without his knowing it, put brandy in his coffee to make him lively at breakfast. . . ."

Such is the prevailing tone of the dialogue, and it would be obviously unfair to quote more of it, for its effectiveness on the stage is largely the result of the clever and sympathetic rendering by the members of Mrs. Fiske's excellent caste, especially Mr. Arliss, Mr. Mason and Mr. Harbury.



AN ETCHING OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

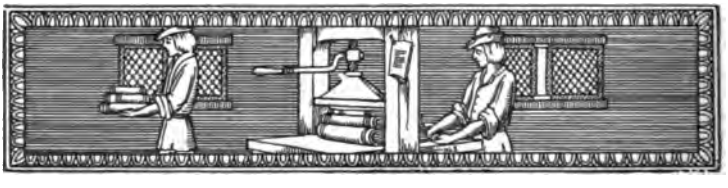
We reproduce on this page a notable example of an etched portrait of President Roosevelt, by Sidney L. Smith, which has recently been published by Charles E. Goodspeed, of Boston, Massachusetts. For more than a decade the work of Mr. Smith has held a high place in this country, and at the present time stands unique among American etchers on account of its artistic handling and faithful results in por-

traiture work. The present portrait is the result of careful studies from life, with the approval of the President, and as a likeness as well as a work of art it is, without question, the most satisfactory etched portrait of our strenuous and popular President that has yet been made.

The artistic career of Mr. Smith is most interesting to follow, particularly from the fact that he was self-educated so far as his early training in the profession was concerned. He began his career with engraving and designing, then became interested in etching, but took up painting and stained glass as an assistant of John La Farge in his mural work in the late seventies. After Mr. La Farge's removal from the Seventeenth Street studio in New York City, Mr. Smith again returned to etching and the designing of stained-glass windows, and has continued work as an etcher for several years, during which he has covered every phase of this branch of art. The designing and etching of book-plates has been an important part of Mr. Smith's work, and he has produced a number of these, which represent some of the best examples we now have in that line of work. Mr. Smith also enjoys the distinction of having made the first etched plates in this country of bric-a-brac. These plates illustrate eight specimens of jade from the noted Heber R. Bishop collection, and have been unreservedly endorsed for their truthful and artistic handling by leading art critics and authorities of this country. They were ordered by Mr. Bishop and executed several years before his death, but owing to some idiosyncrasy were never published, nor are they included in the sumptuous catalogue of his collection which has recently been issued. For this reason they are very rare and particularly attractive to *connoisseurs*. Undoubtedly they represent some of the best examples of Mr. Smith's work.

The present portrait has been published in three editions: one signed by the artist, with remarque, on imperial Japan paper, limited to one hundred and twenty-five numbered impressions; another signed by the artist and printed on India paper, limited to two hundred numbered impressions, and another consisting of plain impressions. The dimensions of the plate are 17½ by 24 inches.

Laurence Burnham.





MADAME ALLA NAZIMOVA

The Russian actress whose interpretations of Ibsen's heroines have been so widely discussed



THE DEATHBED SCENE



THE DINNER AT THE STAR AND GARTER

Two scenes from George Bernard Shaw's much discussed "The Doctor's Dilemma"



THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE



CHARLES KLEIN'S "THE DAUGHTERS OF MEN." ACT III



THE MUCH DISCUSSED DRESSING-ROOM SCENE IN JAMES FORBES'S "THE CHORUS LADY"

"The Chorus Lady," which has proved one of the most vital of the season's plays, has served to introduce a new American playwright



MRS. FISKE IN LANGDON MITCHELL'S "THE NEW YORK IDEA"

CHRISTMAS DAY

BY G. K. CH*ST*RT*N



HAT it is human to err is admitted even by the most positive of our thinkers. Here we have the great difference between latter-day thought and the thought of the past. If Euclid were alive to-day (and I dare say he is), he would not say "the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another." He would say, "To me (a very frail and fallible being, remember) it does somehow seem that these two angles have a mysterious and awful equality to one another." The dislike of schoolboys for Euclid is unreasonable in many ways; but fundamentally it is entirely reasonable. Fundamentally it is the revolt from a man who was either fallible and therefore (in pretending to infallibility) an impostor, or infallible and therefore not human.

Now, since it is human to err, it is always in reference to those things which arouse in us the most human of all our emotions—I mean the emotion of love—that we conceive the deepest of our errors. Suppose we met Euclid on Battersea Bridge, and he took us aside and confessed to us that whilst he regarded parallelograms and rhomboids with an indifference bordering on contempt, for isosceles triangles he cherished a wild romantic devotion. Suppose he asked us to accompany him to the nearest music-shop, and there purchased a guitar in order that he might worthily sing to us the radiant beauty and the radiant goodness of isosceles triangles. As men, we should, I hope, respect his enthusiasm, and encourage his enthusiasm, and catch his enthusiasm. But as seekers after truth, we should be compelled to regard with a dark suspicion, and to check with the most anxious care, every fact that he told us about isosceles triangles. For adoration involves a glorious obliquity of vision. It involves more than that. We do not say of Love that he is short-sighted. We do not say of Love that he is myopic. We do not say of Love that he is astigmatic. We say, quite simply, Love is blind. We might go further, and say, Love is deaf. That would be a profound and obvious truth. We might go further still, and say, Love is dumb. But that would be a profound and obvious lie. For Love is always an extraordinarily fluent talker. Love is a wind bag, filled with a gusty wind from Heaven.

It is always about the thing that we love most that we talk most. About this thing, therefore, our errors are something more than our deepest errors: they are our most frequent errors. That is why for nearly two thousand years mankind has been more glaringly wrong on the subject of Christmas than on any other subject. If mankind had hated Christmas, he would have understood it from the first. What would have happened then it is impossible to say. For that which is hated, and therefore is persecuted, and therefore grows brave, lives on forever, whilst that which is understood dies in the moment of our understanding of it—dies, as it were, in our awful grasp. Between the horns of this eternal dilemma shivers all the mystery of the jolly visible world, and of that still jollier world which is invisible. And it is because Mr. Blatchford and the writers of his school cannot, with all their splendid sincerity and acumen, perceive that he and they and all of us are impaled on those horns as certainly as the sausages I ate for breakfast this morning had been impaled on the cook's toasting-fork—it is for this reason, I say, that Mr. Blatchford and his friends seem to me to miss the basic principle that lies at the root of all things human and divine. By the way, not all things that are divine are human. But all things that are human are divine. But to return to Christmas.

I select at random two of the more obvious fallacies that obtain. One is that Christmas should be observed as a time of jubilation. This is (I admit) quite a recent idea. It never entered into the

tousled heads of the shepherds by night, when the light of the angel of the Lord shone about them and they arose and went to do homage to the Child. It never entered into the heads of the three wise men. They did not bring their gifts as a joke, but as an awful oblation. It never entered into the heads of the saints and scholars, the poets and painters of the Middle Ages. Looking back across the years, they saw in that dark and ungarnished manger only a shrinking woman, a brooding man, and a child born to sorrow. The philomaths of the eighteenth century, looking back, saw nothing at all. It is not the least of the glories of the Victorian era that it rediscovered Christmas. It is not the least of the mistakes of the Victorian era that it supposed Christmas to be a feast.

The splendour of the saying "I have piped unto you, and you have not danced; I have wept with you, and you have not mourned" lies in the fact that it might have been uttered with equal truth by any man who had ever piped or wept. There is in the human race some dark spirit of recalcitrance, always pulling us in the direction contrary to that in which we are reasonably expected to go. At a funeral the slightest thing, not in the least ridiculous at any other time, will convulse you with internal laughter. At a wedding, you hover mysteriously on the brink of tears. So it is with the modern Christmas. I find myself in agreement with the cynics in so far that I admit that Christmas as now observed tends to create melancholy. But the reason for this lies solely in our own misconception. Christmas is essentially a *dies iræ*. If the cynics will only make up their minds to treat it as such, even the saddest and most atrabilious of them will acknowledge that he has had a rollicking day.

This brings me to the second fallacy. I refer to the belief that "Christmas comes but once a year." Perhaps it does, according to the calendar—a quaint and interesting compilation, but of little or no practical value to anybody. It is not the calendar, but the spirit of man, that regulates the recurrence of feasts and fasts. Spiritually, Christmas Day recurs exactly seven times a week. When we have frankly acknowledged this, and acted on this, we shall begin to realise the Day's mystical and terrific beauty. For it is only every-day things that reveal themselves to us in all their wonder and their splendour. A man who happens one day to be knocked down by a motor bus merely utters a curse and instructs his solicitor. But a man who has been knocked down by a motor bus every day of the year will have begun to feel that he is taking part in an august and impressive ritual. He will await the diurnal stroke of fate with the same lowly and pious joy as animated the Hindoos awaiting Juggernaut. His bruises will be decorations, worn with the modest pride of the veteran. He will cry aloud, in the words of the late W. E. Henley, "My head is bloody but unbowed." He will add, "My ribs are broken but unbent."

I look for the time when every morning we shall wish one another a Merry Christmas; when roast turkey and plum pudding shall be the staple of our daily dinner, and the holly shall never be taken down from the walls, and every one will always be kissing every one else under the mistletoe. And what is right as regards Christmas is right as regards all other so-called anniversaries. The time will come when we shall dance round the Maypole every morning before breakfast —a meal at which hot-cross buns will be a standing dish—and shall make April Fools of one another every day before noon. The profound significance of All Fools' Day—the glorious lesson that we are all fools—is too apt at present to be lost. Nor is justice done to the sublime symbolism of Shrove Tuesday—the day on which all sins are shriven. Every day pancakes shall be eaten, either before or after the plum-pudding. They shall be eaten slowly and sacramentally. They must be fried over fires tended and kept forever bright by Vestals. They must be tossed to the stars.

I shall return to the subject of Christmas next week.

Max Beerbohm.

THE COLLAPSE OF SIMPLIFIED SPELLING



RITING very briefly in the pages of this magazine four months ago concerning Mr. Roosevelt's ill-advised attempt to foist a freakish form of spelling upon his countrymen, we said:

"No one will very seriously object, as no serious harm will have been done. . . . The great Half-Baked, who constitute the majority of Professor Matthews's constituency, will chortle merrily and will imagine a vain thing. But nothing will really happen. . . . It is, indeed, quite possible that this attempt of a political personage to employ his official power to force an offensive mode of spelling into use may do more to squelch the whole Simplified Spelling movement than any other single cause."

This was an expression of opinion and was also in the nature of a prophecy. We think that already the opinion has been justified and the prophecy fulfilled. A leading Simplified Speller asked us a month or two ago why we did not seriously give our reasons for objecting to the Matthewsian innovation. Our principal reason was that the burden of proof was upon the Simple Spellers. Why, in other words, should eighty million people alter their accustomed mode of spelling and bother their heads about a list of three hundred words which a self-appointed committee, made up of a few theorists, savings-banks' presidents and publishers recommended to them, especially when the theorists themselves refuse to spell after their own grotesque and foolish fashion?

Scholars generally have not taken the trouble to argue seriously about Simplified Spelling because it was not, and could not be, a serious thing. Four months ago the newspapers were in a ferment, mainly because the President of the United States had sought to force this spelling into use. But after all, what has come of his attempt? The press has had a good deal of fun with it. For a while it provided excellent "copy" for squibs and jokes. Americans as a people were made to appear somewhat ridiculous. Here and there a back-country newspaper began to spell in this fashion to gain a little notoriety; and Mr. John Wanamaker had his advertisements couched in cacographic form, so that people out of curiosity would read them. But presently the whole thing came to be a bore. The elections early in November furnished another topic for discussion, and Simplified Spelling passed rapidly into the position of a faded fad, than which nothing can be more depressing to behold.

The Simple Spellers recognised the failure of their movement by displaying an unnecessary irritation. Mr. Brander Matthews had a public set-to over the subject with Mr. Rossiter Johnson. President Jordan of the Stanford University, who was once himself a Simple Speller, quarrelled with his fellows, accusing them practically of bad faith. The one important publisher who was mixed up in the affair reprinted two novels of his own production, the titles of which we do not at the time remember, and failed to use the sort of spelling that he earnestly prescribed for others.

Lately the movement seems to have been knocked completely on the head. The Chief Justice of the United States has in open court rebuked a lawyer who handed in a brief in the Rooseveltian form of spelling. A committee of the House of Representatives has passed a bill forbidding the Government Printing Office to put forth public documents spelled otherwise than in accordance with the standard dictonaries. Even the President's own personal messages and letters are altered by the newspapers which publish them so as to conform to ordinary usage in the matter of their spelling. The Board of Education of the city of New York has voted down by a large majority the proposal to adopt the Sim-

plifiers' scheme. Finally, President Roosevelt himself, stubborn and opinionated as he is, has executed a complete backdown, and has rescinded his order to the Public Printer—an order which never should have been given. The whole subject has, therefore, been ignominiously "dropt." There is really nothing left of it but a tainted memory. Let us put it away and give it in parting a good-natured kick.

Just one thing alone we find it difficult to forgive the faddists, and that is the misrepresentation of fact which they have allowed themselves. Many of them have asserted that the American Philological Association has given its approval to the list of three hundred spellings, whereas in fact the Association has done nothing of the sort. There are, indeed, only three members of that Association who take any active and pernicious interest in the thing. These are Professor Francis A. March of Lafayette College, Professor Hempl of the University of Michigan, and Dr. C. P. G. Scott, a well-known amateur of cacographic novelties. Simplified Spelling has always been a hobby of Professor March, just as Simplified Grammar was a hobby of some of the Alexandrian scholars in the pedantic age of Græco-Roman literature. Professor March is an aged scholar who is personally liked by his associates, and hence no one wished to hurt his feelings by burking a project which, after all, was far less radical than any which he would himself have fathered. And so the whole matter was quietly referred to a committee of the Association, in whose portfolio it will slumber peacefully and die still-born. This is the plain truth about a circumstance as to which too many Simple Spellers have gone beyond the bounds of strict veracity. A cause, indeed, is in a bad way when its advocates have to bolster up its pretensions by arrant fiction.

Eight years ago, long before Mr. Roosevelt had turned his thoughts to Simple Spelling, long before Mr. Carnegie had wasted money in subsidising it, and long before the newspapers had thought the matter of sufficient interest to set their jokesmiths hard at work upon it, we wrote in the pages of this magazine the following paragraph, which we here set down once more and which we think contains the gist of all that is necessary to be said.

"The written forms of English words will change in time, as the language itself will change. It will change in its vocabulary, in its idioms, in its pronunciation, and perhaps to some extent in its structural form. For change is the one essential and inevitable phenomenon of a living language, as it is of any living organism. And with these changes, slow and silent and unconscious, will come a change in the orthography. But all these gradual modifications will be the work of new necessities, of new influences, of new conditions; and when they come they will come as a part of the history of English.

"While our native speech still thrives and flourishes, they will mark the progress of its grand development and growth; and when it sinks to its decline, they will trace the history of its decay. They will be like the changes in the later Latin, made quite unconsciously on the lips and pens of those who vainly strove for classical perfection, and whose very errors are to-day so fruitful in the scientific study of Romance philology. But they will never to any extent be due to the whims of frantic faddists, nor will they ever be mechanically injected into universal usage at the whim of a little group of language-tinkers; for against these ludicrous attempts true scholarship and right reason will interpose an adamantine barrier, and will successfully defend the dignity, the purity, and the permanency of our noble mother tongue."

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE INDISCRETIONS OF HOHENLOHE



OT wholly indiscreet was Prince Hohenlohe, however, for he took the precaution of dying before the publication of these precious volumes, and in this he was more wise than some of his predecessors. Else had he assuredly found time to complete in prison the volumes cut short at Ragaz. You recall the eminent Professor of International Law, Geffken, who edited some pages of the Emperor Frederick's diary, which pages were intrusted to him for this very purpose by said Emperor's widow, a daughter of Queen Victoria. There was no doubt about the genuineness of the manuscript, the authority of the editor, or the patriotism of all concerned, but Bismarck sent Professor Geffken to gaol, and there his health suffered so much that he survived his sentence but a few weeks. It was my fortune to know this illustrious jurist before his sentence and to welcome him into my home on its completion; and when I heard of his premature death, it seemed to me as though a coroner's jury could have given but one verdict—"Another Bismarckian victim." Geffken's memoirs have not yet appeared—his family are afraid to publish them—and in Germany are many, like the Geffkens, who dread the displeasure of those in power.

Thank God for Hohenlohe! cries the historical student, or rather let us rejoice that Hohenlohe is of a princely family so prosperous financially and so independent politically that it dares publish a book without first sending a copy to the police in order to have it expurgated for the benefit of sensitive royalty. No book since the accession of William II. has stirred official and royal Germany so curiously as these most gentle revelations of Prince Hohenlohe. France and England are rich in memoir literature. Why is Germany so sterile? The answer is afforded by the manner in which the Hohenlohe book is received in Berlin. You ask, again, the reasons for this, and you have to seek them in a hundred personal or dynastic sensibilities. The administrative and courtly machinery of Germany is still regarded as something of a holy arcanum, unfit for the uninitiated. To be sure, Germany has the outward forms of manhood suffrage, public law sessions and responsible ministers, but these are only the outward show. The Emperor is master of the fighting force of his country, he directs the foreign policy, he holds in his hands the threads of official promotion, and in practice, if not in theory, the German people are invited not to discuss, but ultimately to ratify, the measures which he or his agents have prepared in secret session. Hence the irritation at Court when a high priest of official orthodoxy, an aristocrat by birth and inclination, an ex-Chancellor of the empire no less than an intimate of royalty, ventures to lay bare by innuendo, if not directly, hundreds of little embarrassing items which singly are trifles, but together do much to undermine the legendary props of several thrones.

Bismarck and Hohenlohe affected to be on intimate terms. Bismarck knew the value of binding to his cause a prince of the blood who was not merely a Roman Catholic and Bavarian, but who at the same time was enough of a man of the world to appreciate the material advantages which could not fail to follow the union of South Germany with Prussia. But this memoir lays bare the fact that for Bismarck Hohenlohe had no genuine admiration or affection. The two men were opposite in character, in breeding—indeed, their very superficial similarity induced irritable comparisons. Bismarck became a prince. Hohenlohe was born one. Both were landholders, and both Royalists, and both outwardly cultivated the ideal of German unity. Bismarck, however, was of the narrow Pomeranian farmer aristocracy, poor and proud, not to say offensively domineering.

Bismarck rattled his sword in the scabbard when addressing a parliamentary audience, and his diplomacy consisted mainly in stating his demands and pointing out that in case these were rejected the Prussian soldier would attend to the rest. Bismarck was a man dear to the heart of William I., detestable to his son, Frederick III., and necessarily unsympathetic to Prince Hohenlohe. For Hohenlohe was a gentleman and a cosmopolitan as well.

The first volume of the Memoirs* brings us down to the war against France, when the prince was in his fifties, and when he was to South Germany what Bismarck was to the Northern section. In those years Bismarck hardened into the Prussian military official. Hohenlohe, on the contrary, broadened out into the courtly cosmopolitan. Bismarck needed his salary. Hohenlohe had ample revenues and the tastes of an English peer.

Just a glance over Hohenlohe's life to the opening of 1870—it is a bewildering memorandum of cosmopolitan experience.

To say nothing of minor journeys, we have him fitting for the University at Erfurt in Thuringia, where Napoleon offered Talma his parterre of kings in 1808. Then he has a winter at Lausanne, perfecting his French and doing some mild flirtation. Then he studies at Heidelberg and afterwards enters the Prussian administrative service, first on the Rhine at Coblenz and then at Potsdam, which he cordially dislikes, no doubt for the reason that in Prussia every alleged gentleman wears a sword and every civilian is assumed to be a cad. Potsdam has changed little since 1844, when Hohenlohe, in his twenties, first settled there with the intention of becoming a Prussian. Note, too, that already the young prince has lived under four different flags. Note, also, that his parentage is Austrian and Roman Catholic, and that of his family his two sisters were brought up as Protestants, he and his only brother as Catholics.

Barely, then, on the threshold of his official career, he had tasted of life from so many sides that it is no wonder that the narrow, swaggering barrack-yard puppets which surrounded the Berlin Court of that day filled him with anything but comfort. Note, too, that in his day Bavaria and Prussia were foreign countries, had been at war one generation before, were to be at war once more in 1866. Austria and Prussia were likewise, as to-day, Germany and France. Therefore, for a young man to step from Austria into Bavaria and then into Prussia meant such indifference to conventional patriotism as to startle the orthodox of that time. But he wearies of Potsdam and Berlin, leaves the Prussian service in ill temper, or rather after an interview, in which the Prussian minister treats the prince with marked coldness, and then, in 1846, he becomes a settled Bavarian and commences to learn to talk his home German!

Then comes the Revolution of 1848, and he accepts an Imperial office at the hands of the so-called Pan-Germanic Federation at Frankfort, and he, a prince of the blood, is sent as the agent of a revolutionary assembly to open diplomatic relations with the Vatican and Greece. Here is a glimpse into the hurly burly of that anachronistic time, when a King of Prussia paraded the streets of Berlin with a revolutionary cockade in his hat and when a hater of republics suddenly becomes the right arm of a Democratic junta. So off posts Hohenlohe to hunt for the Pope, who, meanwhile, has been chased from Rome. At Marseilles he alters his course and embarks for Athens, and then, to kill time, accepts the invitation of the British admiral and steams to the Holy Land and Egypt, whence he returns to Athens. He finally reaches Gaeta, and is warmly received by the genial Pius IX., who is pleased with Hohenlohe's assurances that the revolutionary German ambassador speaks for all Germans, irrespective of creed.

Hohenlohe in 1849 was only thirty years old, yet had seen the great world to rare profit compared with the young Monsieur de Bismarck, whose social horizon had lifted scarcely over the level of a beer table and a string of sausages. Hohenlohe was not merely a prince—he lived as such, he travelled as such, he was received as such. Wherever he went he

*Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schilling-Fuerst. Vol. I. New York: Macmillan Company, 1906.

was the guest of royalty, welcomed as a cousin, and at every step he absorbed knowledge of the highest importance to one who appreciates what personal favour means amongst monarchs.

Then the German Imperial Revolutionary Republic dissolved, its supporters were hunted down, sent to gaol, or exiled, and Hohenlohe found it convenient to leave Germany and make Paris his headquarters, where, of course, he at once entered into personal relations not merely with the prospective third Napoleon, but with other possible candidates to the throne. Thence he sought more seclusion on his Russian estates, where, in 1851, he wrote as though he intended making there a permanent exile. And though he does not say so, he no doubt intended seeking admission to the Russian service, after the manner of the great Baron Stein in the days of the first Napoleon. However, there is no evidence of his having received any proffer from Russia, although he made a lengthy visit to St. Petersburg and spent a year or more on his Lithuanian estates.

In 1856 we find him a part of Roman society, then in Berlin seeking some favour of the Prussian Court; then comes his first visit to London, where Queen Victoria received him into her family as kinsman, and where he noted many sensible remarks of Prince Albert. Next year he was again in Russia on his estates, the next doing social life in Vienna, then (1861) Munich, and next year Berlin, where old King William I. received him kindly. Next year in Paris, then to a congress of princes in Frankfort, and in 1864 in Munich, permanently, or at least down to 1870, when Volume I. closes.

Here in a nutshell is the education of a prince—more than that, a prince of princely purse. At this point we may say that there is nothing more for him to learn along his chosen path, he has spent the first fifty years of his life learning all that can be learned from intercourse with kings, queens, courtiers and a very few statesmen. An ardent Roman Catholic, he becomes the chief servant of a Protestant monarch; an enemy of self-government, he holds office at the hands of a revolutionary congress; national boundaries had no significance to him. The Prussian, Bavarian, Austrian or Russian services were to him as indifferent as the creed of the patient to a surgeon. Indeed, he records an effort he made to become English. From cover to cover it is this that strikes us, the negative, objective, impersonal quality of his utterances. We cannot speak of his actions, for he had none. Look on his portrait and then on that of Bismarck. This saves me the need of amplification. Note the weak chin, the lofty cranial dome, then note the animal jaws, the prize-fighting nose, the taurene neck of the Pommeranian squire! Comparisons are odious, so is the truth, and ours is an odious task at times.

He was a rhetorician of the Greek school, a philosopher of the book shelf. He wrote magnificent treatises on German unity; then he was sent to Berlin. Bismarck listened to him impatiently. The prize-fighting nose sniffed at his phrases, cut him short and told him in a few words what he must do or be damned. Hohenlohe rolled up his prepared speech and obeyed orders, and in obeying the orders of a Bismarck he earned the laurels of a Bavarian statesman. Hohenlohe, like many scholars, most statesmen and all priests, hated violence and bloodshed. He wanted to arrange the matter of German unity by suasion and diplomatic indirectness. Bismarck was confident that the Prussian army could thrash that of France, and therefore (p. 350) wasted no words in diplomatic fencing.

The eager student of modern history will be disappointed at strange lacunæ in a memoir which bristles with "indiscretions." For instance, the prince is a man of Munich; he was there when the fascinating Lola Montez upset the ministry, created a revolution, and finally caused the King to run away and abdicate. Of all this not a word—the name Lola Montez is not once mentioned—yet he lived within a stone's throw of her palace. Fritz Reuter was in jail, the liberal movement was everywhere preparing a revolution—of all this Hohenlohe records nothing. In 1846 and 1847 were horrible famines in Prussia, riots and shootings, Virchow was arrested for charging the fault to the Government—of all this not a

word. The prince made a long visit in England in 1859. Not a word of the great men then adorning the noblest period of the Victorian era. British art, poesy, literature, science, discovery, jurisprudence—these all are apparently unknown to him, though he notices some drunken men on his street and tells at length of insipid aristocrats whom he met at dinner. In Paris he gives no hint of the wealth of intellectual power developed at the French capital, he sees only diplomatic puppets—merely externals—and the same is true of his Vienna, Munich, Petersburg, Berlin, or Roman experiences. The American is a modest man, and he will therefore not resent American eclipse in a volume of this kind. But it is none the less curious that a great statesman could live in Europe and discuss world questions and apparently know nothing of America save its discovery in 1492. George Bancroft was our minister in Berlin during Hohenlohe's visit, and he is mentioned casually as present at a dinner, but that mention is obviously due to the fact that the American was an official, not a man of letters. The period of Hohenlohe was America's most glorious era in discovery, in expansion, in letters. It was the age of Hawthorne, of Longfellow, of Washington Irving, of Prescott, of Whittier, of Bryant. In discovery it was the time when steam travel on the ocean was inaugurated by an American, when the cotton gin was affecting every market; when sewing machines, reapers and hundreds of labour-saving implements were making the Yankee a benefactor of mankind, and before the protectionistic palsy had attacked our commercial courage. The telegraph of Morse would alone have entitled this country to honourable recognition as worthy to succeed the age of Benjamin Franklin. In national expansion, the war with Mexico had added to our boundaries and power a vast and wealthy empire; our opening of Japan was an epoch in economic progress and our Civil War one of the landmarks in the development of mankind. Of all this Hohenlohe remained indifferent, if not ignorant, whilst he found space in plenty for chatter suited to the columns of a society paper!

Once at a Court function the writer of these lines had his attention called to this prince, then Chancellor of the German Empire. He was making a bow to a brother of the Russian Czar, and that bow was so low, so long in point of time, and so abject in point of quality, that I had to think of something in Morocco or China before I could draw a parallel.

"Why does the prince make so servile a bow?" I asked of a courtier at my elbow.

"The prince has large estates in Russia!" was the comprehensive answer, which needed no further explanation, for it was a moment when the Court of St. Petersburg was disposed to make life intolerable to Germans owning estates in Russia. There was in this bow to the Slav a clew to much in these Memoirs—the courtly not to say Jesuitical attitude of a statesman who seeks to attain his end without a blow—to remain friends with all his enemies at once.

We scan these Memoirs in vain for evidence that Hohenlohe ever originated or carried out a political purpose. He finally was made Prime Minister of Germany, for Prussia at a certain moment needed a conspicuous Roman Catholic in order to assure the Pope that henceforth his wishes would be kindly considered at the Court of William II. Hohenlohe was handy—he was *persona grata* not merely in Berlin, but in Rome as well. Protestant Prussia is now in sympathetic partnership with the Vatican, and Hohenlohe acted as quasi-Papal secretary *pro tem.*

Let me quote here and there a few indiscretions.

Old Emperor William as King of Prussia (in 1862) is thus referred to in a conversation with Augusta (his wife):

> She confessed to me frankly that she was greatly depressed. She had never imagined that ruling was so difficult or that the circumstances of her new position would present themselves to her in so wretched a light after so short a time. The King was irritable and dispirited, the outlook was very gloomy, the people with whom one came in contact, the party leaders, seemed to her so unpleasant, so far from being gentlemen, in the English sense of the word. They all seemed up in



PRINCE HOHENLOHE IN HIS STUDY



CHANCELLOR VON HOHENLOHE (FUERST CHLODWIG ZU HOHENLOHE-SCHILLING-FUERST)

arms against one another, so that she was thoroughly anxious, especially as she heard from all sides that the situation was critical.

"The King and I," she continued, "are old people. We can hardly hope to do more than work for the future. But I wish I could look forward to a happier state of things for our son" [later Emperor Frederick, who died in 1888].

What is there indiscreet in all this? asks the man of simple life. Only this. The King of Prussia had then been but one year on the throne of the absolute Hohenzollern. Already in 1848 he had been chased by the German mob into exile, and now only a few years later was meditating abdication as the only solution of his royal difficulties. Hohenzollerns do not like to be reminded that rulers by right divine are affected by a noise in the streets.

In 1849 he noted in his diary dated Mt. Carmel:

The East knows nothing of Germany. We

must have a German Catholic Consul in Jerusalem. Influence in the East would give more power to Germany, increase of German commerce and perhaps of colonisation. In order to establish this influence, we must make use of the religious element of the Catholic clergy. More attention must be paid to this!

All emigration, all colonisation, all deporting of men to foreign lands, even with abundant subsidies, is in last resort nothing but a convenient kind of traffic in souls, unless comprehensive treaties are concluded between the several governments.

If this is effected, . . . there is no reason that we should not turn from the already thickly populated and not particularly fertile North of America and come back to the East.

What silly stuff! exclaims the man who knows the world as it is, and not the cosmos of the German professor! Here is your real indiscretion! Why, O worthy editor, did you permit such rubbish to be printed, and why, instead, did you not give us a page or two about Lola Montez in Munich! Think of the great stream of German emigration being turned aside from New York to Asia Minor through a consul more or less or a treaty more or less!

On the same page he writes, referring to the near East:

We must do all we can to check the Russians and English there, to which end it is essential to send out no Protestant bishops and missionaries, but to make it a station for the Catholic world in the East. A consul in the East must be a Catholic.

This he wrote in his diary when accredited envoy of a Germany whose chosen head was a Protestant Hohenzollern!

On self-government in general he notes unbounded contempt for Switzerland:

But the fellows plume themselves upon their wisdom, boast of their fine republic, and so forth. I never felt so strong an aristocrat as in this republic. I hate the Radicals more than ever, now that I have been behind the scenes and learned the nature of their egotistical projects (p. 10, aged twenty).

Of his own Radicals he forms about the same opinion. He refers to the Legislature as this:

Idiotic assembly. These chattering institutions have never made me so angry as now. If I ever get an opportunity of venting my indignation against them and their like, I shall seize it (1840, p. 13).

His philosophy leads him to define happiness as the product of self-study:

In other words, one must be contented to remain a psychologist, an investigator of mental powers.

Only thus can one retain one's own character in the presence of a scoundrel, one's small intellectual powers before a fool and one's cheerfulness before a grave digger!

To his mother he wrote in 1844 (aged twenty-five):

I have been almost every Sunday to dine at Court [Berlin], and to my astonishment have secured the favour of exalted personages.

Yesterday the King [Frederick William IV.] actually offered me his snuff-box, from which I took a pinch with delight.

But outside of snuff-box politics he has no compliments for the King, for he notes confidentially to his mother next year (1845):

My few conversations with the authorities [of Prussia] have shown me the confusion and want of intelligence prevailing in the highest circles [which means the King and his intimates] where every popular desire, if it does not coincide with the wishes of the government, is regarded as treason.

These lines are indiscreet from the palace point of view, but from mine there was indiscretion in printing some maudlin verses written the same year, when peasants were starving all over Eastern Germany. Those peasants were paving the Revolution of 1848, but Hohenlohe could not see them from the windows of a palace.

Here is a pendent (anno 1861) on a visit to Russia:

At Vilna the hurrahs of the Jews were most peculiar, sounding exactly like the bleating of sheep. It is not surprising that despite their demonstrations of loyalty they should be considerably cuffed and knocked about by the police, for a more impudent lot than these Polish Jews I have never seen, thrusting themselves in everywhere like wild beasts, even where they have no business whatever!

Next page he says:

I remarked [diary 1861] to Prince that it seemed to me strange to speak of Hungarian nationality as opposed to German, seeing that the Hungarians are mainly Germans!

But peace to further extracts, save to quote the one compliment to Bismarck in the first volume (anno 1867), when Hohenlohe enters in his diary after a conversation with the iron Chancellor:

He spoke openly and not like a horse dealer!

The reader will find in these precious volumes that Hohenlohe has been wrong in nearly every opinion he has expressed. He was a man of the world in the opera box and champagne supper sense, but of the great working and voting and fighting world he was as innocent as a nursery maid in a conning tower.

Our grateful thanks to the editor Friedrich Curtius for his indiscretions. We hope he may not be sent to gaol after the manner of so many of his eminent colleagues, but if he does suffer punishment, let him take comfort in the thought that these Memoirs, whilst hard upon Hohenzollerns, are vastly more so upon Hohenlohe. Herr Curtius suggests that he has suppressed much—this gives us hope that a later volume may undo some of the mischief done to-day. For tell me, kind editor, how could a man like the Prince Chancellor live the whole of the Victorian era, meet the cream of high society in every important capital, write a diary, and never once say anything worth repeating, never quote anything worth remembering, never jot down a single anecdote. Think of these names as the men of Hohenlohe intercourse—I take them at random—Prince Albert, Queen Victoria, the late Emperor William, Bismarck, Guizot, Napoleon III.—the aristocracy of each country—the heads of missions, the chief ministers of state at every court, and the opportunity of meeting every eminent man of literary, artistic, or scientific position!

All this and not an anecdote!

As for the English translation, it calls for no praise—it makes us lament that we had not the German original before us. The work has the normal number of typographical blunders, suggesting pardonable haste, but these are largely with the spelling of German names and cause no serious difficulty to a German student.

In conclusion, we beg to recommend this work to the political student as an admirable exponent of the important man in contradistinction to the great man of his time.

Poultney Bigelow.



SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Lord Rosebery's "Lord Randolph Churchill."*

After the harvester come the gleaners; after the exhaustive and definitive life of the great man it is the turn of the dealers in reminiscence. Too often the poor subject of these unauthorised revelations has reason to turn in his grave at his betrayal by professed friends. Not always does a politician's posthumous honour rest in the hands of a friend so acute, so discreet, so brilliantly sympathetic as the statesman who has in this book paid his tribute to the late Lord Randolph Churchill. The fact that Lord Rosebery belongs to the political party which was the object of Lord Randolph's savage onslaughts, may, on the whole, be counted an aid to fairness. It places him on his guard, if need were, against misinterpreting the political motives of his one-time opponent, and makes for a certain detachment still impossible to those of closer political affiliations with the late leader of the Fourth Party.

It is doubtful, indeed, whether Lord Randolph, were he still alive, could find

*Lord Randolph Churchill. By Lord Rosebery. New York: Harper and Brothers.



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

a single indiscreet or unjust word to complain of in this study. Differences of opinion, of interpretation, he might, indeed, find; but never a lapse in the generous sympathy of a true friend. With all its critical tone, the work is in the best sense a tribute. It places Lord Randolph's remarkable character, and much of his political career, in the best possible light under the guise of rendering him mere justice. Its interest is no less for those who are curious of the secret of a strange personality than for the student of political history. It is as remarkable for its reticences as for its revelations. Where it fails completely to illuminate the life and career of its subject, it gives us interesting sidelights on that scarcely less interesting personage, its author.

Undoubtedly there will be some disappointment for those who expect at last to find the whole secret of Lord Randolph's life laid bare. The tangled skein of motive is too complex to be easily unravelled. Even the son, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, could not wholly accomplish it in that admirable biography—one of the most fascinating written in modern times—which Lord Rosebery declares is "to be marked among the first dozen, perhaps the first half dozen, biographies in our language." Perhaps only a poet could do



LORD ROSEBERY

entire justice to a career so unaccountable according to our rough every-day measurements. Lord Randolph's life was, indeed, in a strict sense the stuff of tragedy —the life of a man whose collapse at the moment of his highest attainment was brought about by the strain of weakness in a character undeniably great. The elements of the drama are striking: the meteoric rise, the moment of intoxicating power, the dizzy fall. The poet might complain only that the climax of the play was too diffuse. For nearly ten years Lord Randolph survived his own political death; in Lord Rosebery's striking phrase, "he was the chief mourner at his own protracted funeral, a public pageant of gloomy years." Such tragedy has for stage purposes a fatal defect. The drama of actual life shows poor constructive skill.

The baffled sense of pathos in this life that promised so much is strongly evident in Lord Rosebery's account of his friend's character. Yet he is philosophical withal, and candidly interested in pointing out the political mistakes that led to Lord Randolph's downfall. In spite of the calm detachment Lord Rosebery has always cultivated, he betrays more than once the preoccupation of the "practical" politician, keenly alive to the workings of the party machine. Nothing in his brief study is more admirable than his analysis of the "Tory Democracy," which Lord Randolph professed. He shows, what the leading exponent of this faith must sometimes have dimly suspected, that Tory Democracy is a contradiction not only in terms, but in essence. It is quite true, too, as he insists, that Lord Randolph Churchill, aristocrat by breeding and Tory by party affiliation, was at heart a radical of radicals. He was always in advance, not only of his own party, but even of the Liberal Party of his day. His aristocratic birth gave him a hearty contempt for the pushing, commercial middle class; but he neither despised nor hated the men who work with their hands, and by a sort of justice it was from them that he received his most enthusiastic, if not discriminating, appreciation.

The fact that he was a radical, dropped down by the accident of birth in the Tory camp, explains the obvious steps in his career—the steps that need no explaining. With his brilliant gifts conceded, it explains the remarkable power exerted for a time by the Fourth Party. It explains largely how, having led Toryism so far, he was unable to carry it further. It explains wholly why Lord Salisbury and other real Tories always distrusted him, and so accounts in large part for the clash that led to his resignation. But in the nature of the event itself, in the completeness of his political ruin following on what he had actually accomplished, there is a residuum of unexplained motive not to be dissolved by any single reagent.

It is worthy of note that in his comments on the resignation Lord Rosebery does not once mention the only justification for it ever put forward by Lord Randolph. Every one conceded that the trifling dispute over the Budget was merely a pretext on the part of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues. It seems to have been as generally assumed that Lord Randolph was equally disingenuous. His assertion that he had pledged himself to economy, and was therefore compelled to make an issue of a slight increase in the army estimates, does not, apparently, commend itself to the politician in Lord Rosebery as covering the whole ground. Pledges to voters are usually somewhat vague, and subject to "interpretation" in the light of subsequent events. Yet Gladstone, who had no reason for considering Lord Randolph overscrupulous, conceded (in a letter to Mr. Morley, quoted in the latter's *Life of Gladstone*) that the reason may have been genuine.

It may well be that those who knew him best in the days of the Fourth Party are least able to understand the difference between Lord Randolph as a member of the Opposition and Lord Randolph as a minister. The first phase of his career Lord Rosebery outlines admirably. He sketches the reckless, irresponsible, *insouciant* obstructionist, the maker of claptrap catchwords, the harrier of Mr. Gladstone and the darling *enfant terrible* of the Tory Party, in words that place the man vividly before us. His appointment by Lord Salisbury as Chancellor of the



THE NEW WHITE HOUSE IN 1907

Exchequer and Leader of the House was only a fair recognition of his services. But his associates did not anticipate, nor could they ever realise, the sense of responsibility that came with his accession to office. The change was, indeed, little less than revolutionary—such a change as Shakespeare has denoted in his Henry V. The mischievous youth was instantly sobered by the sense of his first real responsibility. He entered on the important and difficult duties of his office with boundless enthusiasm and determination to accomplish something worth while. His brief leadership of the House was marked by patience and moderation and foresight in addition to all his old skill in debate. His ill-fated Budget, which he never introduced and which was first given to the world by his son in the *Life*, was in many respects an admirable document, the most revolutionary features of which have since been justified.

Yet he failed because of the distrust of his own colleagues. As Lord Rosebery points out, from their point of view they were undoubtedly right. Whither he would have led the Tory Party, had he been permitted his own way, it is idle to speculate; certainly to something quite different from Toryism. But that his motives were not wholly inspired by personal ambition is, it seems to me, as plain as that he worked from motives and not mere impulse. In one of his most delightful and characteristic passages Lord Rosebery describes him as "half aristocrat and half Bohemian; the aristocratic part was in his blood; his Bohemianism came from the fact that he was, inexplicably enough, if his home and early association be considered, born and bred a rebel, as much as any Bohemian a rebel against the accepted and conventional standards of life." The charm of this characterisation must not blind us to the fact that it is but a half-truth; that in so far as Bohemianism implies irresponsibility and *laissez aller*, it is positively unjust to one phase of Lord Randolph's career. The corrective must, indeed, be found in a later and purely incidental admission: "When invested with power he took grave and large views."

With all deductions made, however, it is a lifelike as well as brilliantly attractive portrait that Lord Rosebery has sketched in this book. To its making he brings large views of statecraft, ample knowledge of history and wisdom in the ways of men, in addition to a style of singular charm, a mastery of the happy phrase. The rarely fortunate conjunction of author and subject could not fail to produce a fascinating work.

Edward Clark Marsh.

II

Professor Peck's "Twenty Years of the Republic."*

The period treated in this history covers the twenty years from the rise of Cleveland to the rise of Roosevelt. That is, the period begins with the beginning of Cleveland's first administration and ends with the popular endorsement of Roosevelt as an elected President. It is a period doubtless familiar personally to the larger half of Dr. Peck's readers, to readers of the age of forty-five and upwards. For forty-five is the age at which reminiscence begins to interest, when the thoughtful person likes to "get a line" on experiences and transitions of which he feels himself to have been a part—this as distinguished from impersonal history and the academic interest which appeals to those who care for it. The personal element makes the historical treatment of such a period as Dr. Peck has chosen a task of peculiar difficulty and delicacy. On the other hand, the lively assent or dissent surely challenged by all disputed statements and conclusions adds a certain piquancy of zest which is an alert writer's best incentive. This venture in recent history fills also a place of special utility. As was remarked by a reviewer more than twenty-five years ago, on the publication of Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*, the events which have occurred in one's own time, "which linger vaguely in the recesses of memory," are the hardest to substantiate as to facts and to place in proper relations. To find them means a painstaking hunt of newspaper files, correspondence and other "annals and chron-

*Twenty Years of the Republic, 1885-1905. By Harry Thurston Peck, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, $2.50.

icles." When found they are isolated or fragmentary events, "not having yet adjusted themselves to the historical perspective." *Per contra,* to reach a satisfactory conclusion on the fall of Greece or Rome is simply a matter of consulting recognised authorities, and using one's own best instructed judgment.

In the twenty years from Cleveland to Roosevelt there were many dramatic situations. These were in part due to the surprising masterfulness of Cleveland's personality, directly or indirectly; in part, to unforeseen contingencies and unexpected crises arising out of seething conditions of storm and stress below a surface of apparent calm. The period, as Dr. Peck has emphasised, was one of transition from the old sentimental, ethical issues inherited from the Civil War to the new economic issues of to-day; from an old social order toward a new. This last is the product of a slow-growing appreciation by the people of the possibilities of the United States as a world-power, and of the possibilities of "high finance" and "captained industries" in enabling crafty and unscrupulous brain power, not only to heap up mountains of personal wealth, but also, which is far worse, to appropriate, through combination and manipulation, the common instruments of acquisition, thus closing the door of equal opportunity. To tell the story of such a period so that its significance shall be plain to the uncritical reader requires evidently two gifts, of both of which Dr. Peck is possessed, the gift of analysing and picturing a personality, and the gift of tracing and describing the slow working of those social forces whose evolution may be recognised only after its results are accomplished—in short, to trace and describe "history in the making."

Dr. Peck has also the gift of a lively narrative style, and he is not deterred by a false sense of the dignity of history from making use of any lively anecdotes which have come his way. He has drawn upon newspaper comment and gossip and club-talk equally with public documents and State papers for colour and picturesqueness. If in this he may seem at times to go too far, he at least secures the general effect he aims at—that vividness and variety which fix and keep the reader's attention. Dr. Peck is evidently fascinated by the study and dissection of a personality, and, naturally, is at his best when he is summing up his conclusions. Committing himself as unreservedly as he does to these conclusions, it is really remarkable with what an even hand he treats Trojan and Tyrian. Of all the welter of miserable scandal, for example, that befouled the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884, nothing, however nauseous, is ignored. Yet mud-bespattered as they were, both Blaine and Cleveland are drawn fairly and fully as they looked, each to his own supporters. The same fulness but fairness of treatment characterises Dr. Peck's studies of Harrison and McKinley, and no less of other incidental worthies, such as Charles A. Dana and E. L. Godkin. To step out of the beaten track in order to tell what two leading edi- contributed to history-making is, it is worth noting in passing, a good example of modern history-writing. In explaining the break between Blaine and Harrison, when Mr. Blaine retired so sensationally from the Cabinet just before the Minneapolis Convention, Dr. Peck accounts for its origin principally by resentment at President Harrison's refusal to make Walker Blaine an Assistant Secretary of State. This may be supplemented by another story, perhaps true and perhaps not, that the immediate cause of the break was President Harrison's refusal to promote Mr. Blaine's son-in-law, Colonel Coppinger, to a brigadier-generalship, at the request, particularly, of Mrs. Blaine. This, if it be true, adds curious interest to the fact that Colonel Coppinger was later, at Mr. Blaine's request, made a brigadier-general by President Cleveland. In turning from the personal side of the book, which is one of its distinguishing features, one cannot forbear at least a single quotation—this:

> Jay Gould was one of the most sinister figures that have ever flitted batlike across the vision of the American people. Merciless, cold-blooded, secretive, apparently without one redeeming trait, this man for many years had been the incarnation of unscrupulous greed. A railway-wrecker, a corrupter of the judiciary, a partner of the notorious Fisk, the author of

the dreadful panic of Black Friday in 1869, when he drove hundreds of victims to ruin, to self-murder, or to shame, Jay Gould, even at the present day, typifies so vividly all that is base and foul, as to cause even the mention of his name to induce the shudderings of moral nausea.

That characterisation of Gould's career gives in a few damning sentences the all that has been said of him.

Dr. Peck has, with admirable clearness, told the story of the politics of these twenty years from the politician's point of view, in contrast with the larger view of politics as determined by the clash of personalities and the evolution of the forces of transition. He, however, in one instance, has failed to emphasise the significance of Harrison's election in 1888, in that it was so close a contest, despite the handicap of Cleveland's sensational tariff message; and in that, had Cleveland won, his tariff policy, inaugurated at a far more favourable time, might have justified itself, and might have so changed subsequent financial conditions as to avoid the extreme crisis of 1893 and, possibly, the fierce silver struggle of 1896. Incidentally, an interesting feature of the fight in the pivotal State of New York, which resulted in the election of D. B. Hill for Governor and Harrison for President, was the paramount issue of the saloon—to which Dr. Peck does not refer. On the morning after his nomination, the New York *Tribune*, in its leading editorial, characterised Hill as "the favourite son of the saloon," and "the darling of the rum power," because of his veto of Republican high license bills and related temperance legislation. The Democratic platform forcibly voiced the other side in its plank opposing "all sumptuary laws needlessly interfering with the personal liberties and reasonable habits and customs of any part of our people." The issue thus joined made every saloon in the State a centre for promoting the Harrison-Hill trade in votes, and left Warner Miller, Hill's opponent for Governor, lying prone "outside the breastworks," in the phrase of Harrison's rhetorical message of condolence. Thus the possibility of inaugurating Cleveland's tariff policy at an auspicious time turned on the "peanut politics" of a "saloon deal" in a pivotal State.

Again, in his graphic and detailed story of the McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1896, Dr. Peck alludes rather slightingly to the alleged attack on the United States Supreme Court in the Democratic platform as a contributing cause of Bryan's defeat. That platform, referring to the decision declaring unconstitutional the income tax provision of the Wilson Tariff Law, called on Congress to use all the power left it by the Court, "or which may come from its (the decision's) reversal by the Court as it may hereafter be constituted," to compel wealth to "bear its due proportion of the expenses of government." In the then excited state of the public mind, and interpreted by the platform's attack on government by injunction—regarded by many as a bulwark of law and order from its effectiveness in ending the "Debs revolution" at Chicago—this plank was regarded as a threat to pack the Supreme Court. Justifiably or not, it beyond question drove from the support of Bryan not a few conservative Democrats whom the silver issue could not stampede.

Passing to concerns more vital, Dr. Peck traces from its inception the unrecognised and even unsuspected growth of a new ambition to share in world-power, through the Samoan complications, the Chilean imbroglio, the Hawaiian intervention and the Venezuelan defiance of Great Britain, to the culmination of the Spanish War and its resulting constitutional departure in the acquisition of colonies—anomalous possessions for the general Government to hold, as being neither States nor Territories. In this connection it should be said that one of the most interesting passages of the book is that in which Dr. Peck speculates on the outcome of the war had Great Britain accepted Cleveland's Venezuelan challenge; and that one of the most convincing is the passage which treats of the ratification of the treaty of Paris. With this lead, Dr. Peck might well have discussed the moot question whether the idealism of the American colonial policy is wise or practicable in its hope of developing through common school education the capacity for self-government in semi-civilised peoples.

This departure, as exemplified by the Taft policy in the Philippines, is, whatever one's view of its chance of success, distinctively American. It is in its essence the same spirit that led many to criticise as "bullying" and "jingo" the transmission to Congress of President Harrison's Chilean message, when there was, in the State department, in process of translation, a note from the Chilean minister which might (though it did not) have met the demands of the American ultimatum; or that led many to applaud President Cleveland's attempt after his deposition of Liliokulani, to restore the *status quo* in Hawaii—an attempt, as Dr. Peck has pointed out, that might have resulted differently but for the unfortunate choice of Mr. Blount for so delicate a mission. This spirit, however, halting or inconsistent in expression, or futile in achievement, is born of revolt against the cynical doctrine that less powerful peoples exist for the purpose of decent exploitation by more powerful peoples. When embodied in a protectorate over an independent Cuba, or in a diplomacy that saves China from dismemberment, it is a spirit to evoke the applause of decent international sentiment. Its significance, as characterising the advent of the United States as a world-power, surely deserves an adequate emphasis.

It is the same spirit of the new Americanism, seen on another side, which revolts from the doctrine that it is no concern of government if the few, who are financially competent, take advantage of their competence to appropriate and exploit the opportunities of the rest. The incidents marking the spread and increasing strength of this revolt, scattered throughout the period and finding strong championship to-day in the policies of President Roosevelt, are strikingly marshalled by Dr. Peck as interpretative of the trend toward an economic readjustment. The mere naming of the more familiar of these incidents impresses their sequential significance: The tie-up of the Gould railway system at St. Louis led by the incendiary Martin Irons; the Pullman strike at Chicago which incited anarchists to dynamite the police; the great vote polled in New York for Henry George when he was a candidate for mayor in 1886; the rise of the Knights of Labour under Powderly; the rise of the Standard Oil Trust through railroad favouritism to the destruction of competitive interests in Pennsylvania and elsewhere; the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act; the relation between the high tariff doctrine of the Republican Party and the heavy campaign contributions by the favoured interests; the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law; the rise of the Populist party; the high-handed and bloody suppression of the strike against the Carnegie Company at Homestead; the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act; the hold-up of the Wilson Tariff Bill in the Senate by the Sugar Trust; the suppression by injunction and by Federal troops of the railway strike at Chicago, captained by Debs; the profits of the Morgan syndicate from underwriting bonds issued to protect the gold reserve; the free silver frenzy of the Bryan campaign; the promotion of huge combinations in industrial enterprises, of which the United States Steel Corporation is an example, attended by the creation of equally huge private fortunes, aided by the manipulation of banks, trust companies, insurance companies and railway systems; the revelation of the "true inwardness" of it all in the anthracite coal strike.

The philosophy of the revolution whose course is marked by these and other like incidents, partly political, partly sociological, and often apparently unrelated, is the theme of Dr. Peck's closing chapter. In it he discusses with clearness and sanity the new American attitude as it is disclosed in literature, a changed sex status and a different manner of living, no less than in legislative enactments, the modification of political traditions and an altered direction of social movement and protest. Dr. Peck's philosophy is one of justification as well as of repudiation. It, for example, takes account of the gains to American life from "the discovery of Europe" by the new wealth, while it arraigns as the chief menace to American life that new wealth's lawless encroachments on the common heritage. It is a philosophy of optimism, giving as its final word in looking to the future a word of cheer from Lincoln. Supplementing that word for "patient confidence in the ulti-

mate justice of the people," from the great American, comes another word from a great Englishman. It was spoken by Gladstone in 1866, while facing foreshadowed defeat on that Reform Bill which Disraeli was so soon to appropriate and pass after radical enlargement. This was Gladstone's word, as given by Morley:

"You cannot fight against the future," he exclaimed with a thrilling gesture. "Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you; they are marshalled on our side; and the banner which we carry in this fight, though perhaps at some moments it may droop over our sinking heads, will yet soon again float in the eye of heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to certain and to a not far distant victory."

Arthur Reed Kimball.

III

Ibsen's Letters*

During the later years of his life Ibsen had more than once promised a book which would be in the nature of an autobiography. In his own words, it should "connect his life with his works, and make of them one self-explanatory whole." But the book was never written. Never did poet heed more completely than did Henrik Ibsen Goethe's injunction to the artist to create and not to talk about it. In this age of quickly won fame there is apt to be more talking about work to be done than there is actual work done. Ibsen did the work and let others do the talking. A preface now and then to a play, an occasional private letter which he permitted to be made public; this was his only concession to that part of the world which prefers to hear a poet talk about his works than to read the works themselves. The fight might rage about him as it liked, he himself remained silent, and sent as only answer to the discussion aroused by one play . . . another play.

*Letters of Henrik Ibsen. Translated by John Nilsen Laurvik and Mary Morison. New York: Fox, Duffield and Company. $2.50 net.

Now comes this collection of letters as the first personal note, the first contribution on Ibsen's side to the tempest he has raised in the literary world. And as it must now of necessity remain the only autobiography we can have, its value cannot easily be overestimated. The compilation of the volume is excellently well done. The introduction gives the data necessary for a comprehension of the Letters, the outer circumstances of the poet's life at the time most of them were written, nothing more. There is no editorial opinion expressed, no foreign point of view obscures our vision of the portrait painted here. Ibsen alone has the word, and therefore, in spite of the scattered and sometimes fragmentary nature of the letters, we have the picture of a personality complete, of a character as strongly defined and clearly outlined as the rocks that tower beside the cold fjords of the Northland. The Letters are scattered over a period of fifty years, and during this time the writer's opinions and tastes change, as all progressive minds must change in the natural course of development. But the keynote of Ibsen's character remained the same from the first gropings of his awakening intellectual life until the last utterances of his authoritative old age. It was truth he sought, and truth alone. He did not split hairs as to the nature of truth, he tried only to live out the truth as far as he could see it. As long as one did not lie, nothing else mattered. In a letter to a young authoress who had sent him her first book he says: "The great thing is to become honest and truthful in dealing with one's self—not to determine to do this or determine to do that, but to do what one *must* because one is one's self. All the rest simply leads to falsehood."

Ibsen took his mission very seriously, believing that any gift brings with it a responsibility that must not be shirked. He writes from Rome to his friend Björnson: "Is it not an inexpressibly great gift of fortune to be able to write? But it brings with it great responsibility; and I am now sufficiently serious to realise this and to be very severe with myself." Ibsen's religious and political creed was that of the most pronounced

individualism. Through the development of the powers of the individual alone can come the salvation of the individual and therefore of the nation. This is the creed which can be plainly read in his works. But the letters show us that it was his artistic creed also. He believed that a talent demanded the serious application of the whole man to its development, that this talent was given a man for a reason; but that only as he understood all of what his art was capable could he preach through that art for the good of mankind. It might make him selfish according to conventional ideas, but this selfishness was necessary. In an ardent letter of encouragement to George Brandes, in whom Ibsen most profoundly believed, the dramatist writes:

> What I chiefly desire for you is a genuine, full-blooded egoism which shall force you for a time to regard what concerns yourself as the only thing of any consequence, and everything else as non-existent. Now don't take this wish as an evidence of anything brutal in my nature! There is no way in which you can benefit society more than by coining the metal you have in yourself. . . . There are actually moments when the whole history of the world appears to me like one great shipwreck, and the only important thing seems to be to save one's self.

Another little article of Ibsen's artistic creed goes far to show his point of view towards his art:

> Everything which I have created as a poet has had its origin in a frame of mind and a situation in life; I never wrote because I have, as they say, "found a good subject." . . .
>
> During the time I was writing *Brand* I had on my desk a glass with a scorpion in it. From time to time the little animal was ill. Then I used to give it a piece of soft fruit, upon which it fell furiously and emptied its poison into it . . . after that it was well again. Does not something of the same kind happen to us poets? The laws of nature regulate the spiritual world also.

The letters of the first twenty years are naturally the most expansive and the most intimate. When success came and brought with it the opportunity for carefree work, and all the distractions of business dealings and social obligations, the poet had little time and energy left for correspondence. What he writes then, except in a few rare cases, are instructions concerning his plays, slight explanations where he deems such necessary, and thanks to those friends who have understood him and interpreted his thoughts. In this Ibsen was most punctilious. During the time when his letters to more intimate friends show how busy he was, he never neglected to acknowledge gratefully any favourable criticism, any expression of interest.

An interesting detail not generally known is that Ibsen made an altered last scene for *A Doll's House* because he had been told that some German theatre was about to give an adaptation of the play. Ibsen fought any changes that he did not make himself, . . . and he was not willing to make many of these. In order to prevent the possibility of any outside alteration, he himself sent to the manager of the theatre in question an altered last act in which Nora does not leave the house, but is forcibly led by Helmer to the door of the children's room, and after a short dialogue has taken place, Nora sinks down at the door and the curtain falls. Ibsen characterised this change as "barbaric violence" to the play. It was given but once in Germany, after that the play became popular in the original ending. When Eleanora Duse wished to play Nora she had the question of a similar alteration put to Ibsen. But the dramatist was so decided in his refusal that the great actress finally accepted and played the part as first written.

Ibsen himself made all the changes necessary to use *Peer Gynt* on the stage, as he knew that the poem in its original form was not possible for practical theatrical purposes. In his letter to Grieg on the subject of the music he wished written, it is interesting to note that some of the alterations proposed by Ibsen are not the ones finally made when the play was performed. Another little remark may help the many who are pondering over the so-called mysterious character of Hedda Gabler. Ibsen writes to his French translator, "The title of the play is *Hedda Gabler*. My intention in giving it this name was to indicate that Hedda as a personality is to be regarded rather

as her father's daughter than as her husband's wife."

It is impossible within the limits of a review to suggest a tithe of the interesting things in this valuable human document. Suffice it to say in closing that the translators have done their work in a most praiseworthy fashion.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

IV

Mr. Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life"*

Whoever has read George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man* has probably read it many times. There was something about it which had an indescribable fascination. In the first place, it was very vital. It was very frank. It seemed to be, and probably was in great part, the spontaneous jottings of one who still retained the zest of youth and the freshness of feeling which enabled him to recall not only memories but sensations. Its very formlessness gave one pleasure, because it passed lightly from elusive bits of narrative to quite irrelevant criticism, and because both narrative and criticism were set down as genius sets things down offhand. In it all, perhaps, there was considerable pose, and Mr. Moore had evidently been an assiduous reader of Maurice Barrès. Nevertheless, it was a curiously suggestive piece of work and gave one food for thought; since here was a modern Franco-Irish Rousseau, without the sentiment and frequent triviality of his prototype.

The present writer must have read that book at least a score of times, and he came to the reading of this second quasi-autobiographical volume with hopes and expectations that were perhaps too great for realisation. They have, at any rate, been wholly disappointed. Only Mr. James Huneker, who seems to like George Moore's later works far better than his earlier ones, can feel the slightest enthusiasm over a book which is certainly as dead as the dead life of its title. In the *Confessions* one used to read because he really had to. One reads the *Memoirs* now, because long ago he derived enjoyment from the *Confessions*. Here we find a series of experiences, all practically relating in some way to the allurements of women, yet in which the narrative has no allurement whatsoever. It sometimes happens that one hears a graceless old man telling over the amatory adventures of his youth, and one is always sorry for him. The adventures do not interest, for the eroticism of senility is unpleasing even if it be not actually repulsive. A little of this feeling sways the mind when one digests the pages of this last book by George Moore. There are clever things within its chapters—bits of phrasing, tricks of speech, now and then something which recalls the great French masters with whose literature George Moore is saturated. But on the whole it is not worth while. Only in fragments does one remember it; whereas in the *Confessions* there were whole passages that glowed with a colour that cannot fade. Who that read that book can forget the exquisite passage in which the violin-like cadences of Gustave Kahn are rendered into written music? Who, in another way, can ever forget the slavey, the "awful Emma," who brought Mr. Moore his breakfast in his shabby London lodgings? But in the *Memoirs*, whether it be the lovers of Orelay or the man-crazy girl who played the "Brooklyn Cakewalk," what is there that is worth remembering?

We have spoken of the bits of clever phrasing and description. A few of these may here be quoted to show that the author's hand has not wholly lost its cunning. Here, for instance, is a picture of Paris as seen from the Butte Montmartre:

> "Beyond the houses that surround these gardens, Paris spreads out over the plain, an endless tide of bricks and stones, splashed with white when the sun shines on some railway station or great boulevard; a dim, reddish mass, like a gigantic brick-field, and far away a line of hills, and above the plain a sky as pale and faint as the blue ash of a cigarette."

In another vein is his comment upon Rodin and Gounod:

*Memoirs of My Dead Life. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

"Rodin often introduces a trivial voluptuousness into art; and his sculpture may be sometimes called *l'article de Paris*. It is occasionally soiled by the sentiment of which Gounod is the great exponent—a base soul who poured a sort of bath-water melody down the back of every woman he met: Margaret or Madeleine, it was all the same."

Curious though unwholesome, or at least unusual, is his study of the love which an old woman excites in a young man:

"As a flush of summer lingers in autumn's face, so does a sensation of sex float in such an affection. There is something strangely tender in the yearning of the young man for the decadent charms of her whom he regards as the mother of his election, and who, at the same time, suggests to him the girl he would have loved if time had not robbed him of her youth. There is a waywardness in such an affection that formal man knows not of."

These quotations may possibly induce some to read the book; though we must be frank and say that they are about the best things in it. Who cares, for example, whether Mr. Moore thinks that American women are sensual or whether he declares that the life of a fat chicken is an admirable thing, and that the end of a fat chicken is one of glory? We do not imagine that Mr. Moore has put much of his true self into these so-called *Memoirs*. In form they are more autobiographical even than his *Confessions;* but in fact we believe them to be less so. Indeed, if one wishes to get at the author's actual point of view, this can be gained far better from one of his novels, which ostensibly is fiction, but which we imagine to contain an immense amount of fact; and that is the brutal, hopeless, but haunting story which bears the unprepossessing title of *Mike Fletcher*.

Perhaps the most enlivening part of the *Memoirs* is the preface, in which the author gives his opinion of the Messrs. Appleton for having expurgated some of his most salacious passages. Here he is writing with a certain vigorous purpose which will be found lacking elsewhere in the book. The Messrs. Appleton good naturedly allowed him to say just what he thought. For our part, we cannot believe that any expurgation was worth while. No one but an admirer of George Moore's earlier and better work (to which, by the way, he himself makes no allusion) would ever wade through the pages of this volume. And these are persons who have passed the years of adolescence. What interests us most is to find Mr. Moore writing as though his literary career began with the publication of *Esther Waters,* whereas, in truth, that novel marked the beginning of his decline. Only he and Mr. Huneker, we think, still cling to the belief that *Esther Waters* and *Evelyn Innes* and *The Untilled Field* are anything but murky milestones in a sure descent from the unusual to the commonplace. As for the *Memoirs,* the collection is a rather sickening blend of Henry Harland at his fluffiest and of Goncourt at his feeblest.

H. T. P.

V

Anthony Fiala's "Fighting the Polar Ice"*

Mr. Anthony Fiala's account of his attempt on the North Pole in 1903-5 is another exhibit in the evidence against the method followed recently in America, of choosing the members of an Arctic expedition. Consider for a moment this method and its results. There is no lack of material; no lack of healthy young men who are eager to undertake the adventure of the Arctic Sphinx. The leader has only to choose his score of comrades from hundreds of volunteers. He uses what care he can in making his selection. There are now in this country some hundreds of men who have been tried out in Greenland, or Spitzbergen, or Franz Josef Land, and one or two of these usually form the nucleus of a party. For the others, at the dinner of departure, they turn out a fine, clean-limbed, clear-eyed set of young men, imaginative, enthusiastic, untried, unused to discipline, and for the most part strangers to their fellows. Of team work, they have had none. And the welding together of these well-appearing parts to

*Fighting the Polar Ice. By Anthony Fiala. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

form such a compact force as is demanded in an Arctic sledge-journey must take place in a region where the forces of nature search for a man's weakest point as unremittingly as water searches for a flaw in a diver's uniform. Before the great effort of their enterprise is at hand—the "dash" with sledges and dogs over the polar ice pack—they must pass through the Arctic night—four or five sunless months. Every one knows to what a grotesque horror a waking nightmare may grow in a few hours of darkness; conceive, then, the mind of a man in the course of three thousand hours of obscurity. And the more alert the man, the more active his imagination, the greater the mass of discontent that this imagination can pile up. The tendency of imagination must be toward discontent, for the body as well as the mind is harassed—not only by the nervous ailments which come of mental stress, but also by lack of the nourishment furnished by sunlight to the blood. Before the middle of the darkness, the explorer is anæmic; turns green in the face. If he has heart disease, he dies. The wonder is, not that reports of disagreements have come from most of our Arctic expeditions, but that the parties have held together at all. For in these depressing conditions the small, insidious relief that comes of blaming some one for whatever has gone wrong is too tempting not to prevail. And there are plenty of persons at hand to be blamed—a dozen, or perhaps a score of men, unavoidable. They are cooped up together in a hut barely large enough to hold them, in inescapable and unwonted intimacy. Each of them is a potential subject for blame; but the shining mark must be the officially responsible man, the leader. And again, the more intelligent the subordinate, the more alert and independent in mind, the more themes for disagreement with comrades and leader will he discover. If the spirit of criticism once lays hold of a party organised as our recent expeditions have been organised, then farewell to morale; for the members of such a party have not the lifelong habit of discipline which tides over many hard thoughts. In its place, to be sure, enthusiasm for the discovery of the pole usually blooms forth as the day of the sledge-journey draws near. That it outlasts the winter at all is surprising; that it has proved not to be a hardy plant, that it has wilted with a first or second defeat in the heart-breaking struggle, on strange rations, to force a sledge over the diabolically perverse ice-hummocks of the polar pack is not surprising. The men who refused to volunteer for a third sledge journey with Mr. Fiala, after the first and second had failed, are perhaps not to be admired; but they are not to be blamed. It is the haste of our American plan of preparing for an expedition that is to blame—a haste which involves the enlisting of untried men. From such an experience a few come out staunch. But the weight of the deadwood is too heavy for an Arctic expedition.

There are several methods of solving this problem. Commander Peary has solved it by choosing Eskimos as his assistants. They are adapted by nature for the winter, they are good dog drivers and they are biddable. But they are not within the reach of every leader. Our English rivals have adopted a simpler method; they have merely relied for the rank and file of their parties on men of lesser intelligence, perhaps, but accustomed all their lives to hardship and to unquestioning obedience—in a word, sailors. Their polar exploration has for the most part been carried on by the navy. The leaders have found time, amid the multifarious duties of preparation, to select the crews with particular care. When Captain Scott was making ready to explore Victoria Land, he asked every naval officer of his acquaintance to contribute a list of desirable tars; and from these lists he chose a ship's company that did more brilliant work with less friction than has ever been accomplished by another party in the South Polar region. The inconveniences of confined quarters were no new cause of dissatisfaction with them, as the similar inconveniences of an Arctic tent must be to men unused to living cooped together with other men. Sailors spend much of their lives in puting up with the queernesses of unavoidable fellow-men. They grumble, of course —sailors always grumble, but their discontent does not mean defection; the habit

of obedience is too strong for that. And they have what Mr. Fiala describes as the main virtue in Arctic work: patience. It is interesting to note that among those of Mr. Fiala's party who volunteered and were accepted for a second winter and a third sledge-journey, two-thirds were members of the ship's company, men who were in no way responsible for the success of the sledge work. And Mr. Fiala himself, in sketching plans for a future expedition, suggests that the party be composed of soldiers or sailors, though as an alternative suggestion, he presents a plan for trying out miscellaneous volunteers by a preliminary course of hardship in this country.

It is for his plans and the description of his equipment that the book is mainly valuable. His narrative is a simple tale of not very thrilling adventures—as Arctic adventures go. It is a record of disaster and defeat. The expedition, which was sent out by William H. Ziegler in 1903 to reach the pole from a land base in Franz Josef Land, lost its ship, made three attempts to cross the polar pack by sledge, none of which lasted more than two or three days, and returned home. The main achievements of the expedition were a reconnoissance by Mr. Porter in Zichy Land, and a series of meteorological observations conducted by Sergeant Long. The passages in the narrative which are likely to inspire popular interest are the leader's description of a fall into a crevasse and Mr. Porter's lively account of a tough sledge-journey.

Albert White Vorse.

VI

Mr. Wells's "The Future in America"*

One wonders after reading this book whether its author will not repent its publication on sober second thought, it is so hasty, so superficial; above all, so inconclusive. Mr. Wells is the most ingenious and interesting of fortune-tellers of the day; he crossed the ocean with the avowed purpose of casting our social, political, and economic horoscope; the work of no foreign visitor since James Bryce was anticipated with so much expectancy and popular curiosity as his; the resultant disappointment is therefore proportionately great. The signs he was able to discern are but the signs that we all see, the signs that have been pointed out time and again in current books of our own, in magazines and newspapers. He has not looked conscientiously enough into our past; he has ascribed to evils of the moment a British tenacity of life which in their American origin they cannot possess; he has not been able to adjust, perhaps he has purposely refrained from adjusting, his European viewpoint to our sudden decisiveness of action when once we make up our minds. He ascribes to the promising movement towards social, political, and economic betterment that is the hopeful symptom of the day a vagueness of purpose that it certainly does not possess; he accepts as final the discouragement that does not prevent our idealists from working undismayed for the elevation of our national life; he distrusts our optimism, our faith in "destiny," because in the glow of its oratory it leaps obstacles instead of stopping to remove them. He has failed to see that the very removing of those obstacles has become the task, performed with ever-growing success, of the "vague" idealists.

He forgets that Rome was not built in a day, that the future of a country cannot be predicated from the advances and retrogressions, the achievements and failures of a generation or two. Evolution is not a straightforward movement; it has its atavistic side, its sloughing-off processes, as well as its upward development.

Mr. Wells has been unable to see anything but the chaos that every busy nation presents to the first view of the newly arrived foreigner, his later systematic investigations failing to dissipate that initial impression of "haste without speed," of headlong hurry without clearly defined aim and purpose. He plainly considers us at entirely too primitive an evolutionary stage to allow of any safe forecasting of what we are to be. At the same time he feels, in a none too precise, but for all that rather positive, way, that

*The Future in America: A Search after Realities. By H. G. Wells. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers, $2.00 net.

the prospect for us is dark rather than bright, but, having grown wise in the practice of his ingenious application of the ways of evolution to the future of humanity, he refrains from ultimately committing himself, whence the inconclusiveness of his book. Whatever may be the opinion of England and the Continent of the informative and speculative value of this hasty glimpse at our present, with its implied inability to foresee our future, its value and interest to us are of the slightest. While we have diminished greatly Mr. Wells's ignorance of the United States, he has added nothing to our knowledge of it, or of ourselves. He has familiarised himself somewhat with the surface of facts; the truths underlying them have escaped him. Indeed, his is the least interesting of the many books of prominence that have been written about this country by foreigners, from Mrs. Trollope downward. The best of them, the *American Commonwealth,* and perhaps Professor Muensterberg's *America and the Americans* excepted, are from French pens, and some of the best of these, strangely enough, have never been translated. The sanity, the preciseness, the clarity of the French mind gives them a more permanent meaning and usefulness than are found in the similar books by writers of other nationalities.

Trusts, life insurance and beef packing scandals, commercial and political graft, "frenzied finance," the flood of the lowest class of immigration, the negro and his future—these are the problems uppermost in the national consciousness to-day. By direct reflection, they form the substance of Mr. Wells's book, as probably the free silver craze would have done if he had visited us a decade ago, but he adds not one original idea to their discussion, he makes not a single helpful suggestion for their solution, he has no deduction to draw regarding their "future in America." He sees the evils we have laid bare, he misses the "uplift," the awakening conscience at the root of the exposures. He raises "Hinky Dink" of Chicago to fame: he believes in the firmness of the man's power. He does not realise that it can be ended in a moment as easily as a candle is snuffed out. He has no perspective view of the far more formidable "Hinky Dinks" of our politics of twenty, of fifty years ago. Preoccupied with the future, he lacked in this strange country the knowledge of the course of its evolution in the past that would have given balance and proportion to his views. He evidently never stopped to realise the importance of acquiring it. Mr. Wells's *Future in America* is but the present that tomorrow will be the past. We had a right to expect from him a more philosophical, a more scientific, a farther-seeing book.

Naturalised Americans (of whom the present writer is one) will give it a smile of recognition; it contains so much that went to the formation of their own first impressions, their earliest positive opinions, abandoned one by one as understanding came, as adjustment to environment and its fundamental causes and origins was slowly acquired. The American of foreign birth sees the danger of unrestricted immigration perhaps more plainly than the native; yet more plainly than the native, too, does he see the wondrous success of the only class of American women whom Mr. Wells honours with a word of notice in his pages—the "school ma'ams" of our public schools. Our system of free education may not be so thorough as that of England or of Germany, as he suggests, but this may well be because no small part of its energy must be diverted from teaching to the transformation of aliens without tradition into youngsters loyal to the flag. The desirable immigration of earlier years has practically stopped, because, Mr. Wells infers, its source in northern Europe has been exhausted. His suggestion (it is not a prophecy) of an ultimate blond American aristocracy and a swarthy proletariat, however, while it lies well within the bonds of possibility, is not supported by evidence as yet. The southern newcomer has already begun to demonstrate his ability to rise, and it is likely, therefore, that if hereafter a strong line is to be drawn here between patriciate and plebs, blond and dark will be found side by side in both divisions.

Meanwhile, natives and immigrants, we are as yet still little more than nomads in

our own country. The distribution of the population of the United States Mr. Wells, who is not the only or the first foreign observer to refer to this, considers entirely haphazard and utterly uneconomic. The observation of the Dutch geographer, that by a wise decree of Providence great rivers always flow by great cities, has been verified by our own development thus far. Had the old scientist lived in a later age, his observation would probably have been extended to railroads as well. But beyond that, we are still in a very early stage of our existence, says Mr. Wells, especially in the growing disproportion between our urban and rural population, a state of affairs which our visitor might have discovered also in long-settled Europe. However, "essentially, America is still an unsettled land, with only a few incidental good roads in favoured places, with no universal police, with no wayside inns where a civilised man may rest, with still only the crudest of rural postal deliveries, with long stretches of swamp and forest and desert by the trackside still unassailed by industry."

A chapter that deserves a closing word is that on our culture. Mr. Wells opines that with us culture is still an exotic, carefully and assiduously forced in hothouses, but as yet with no root firmly planted in our native soil, not acclimated yet to the rigours of our social climate.

A. Schade van Westrum.

VII

Mr. Train's "The Prisoner at the Bar"*

If the average layman will commune with *The Prisoner at the Bar*, he will learn something to his immediate advantage. The same is true of the average lawyer. Either may gain the information in other ways, but they are not apt to be agreeable and amusing, and this book is both. Of the popular interest in crime there can be no question, for the daily press devotes an enormous amount of space to the reports of criminal trials and to police news in general. Nevertheless, if there be one subject on which newspaper readers are more thoroughly misinformed than another, it is the practical administration of our criminal law, and it is high time that some one, speaking with authority, should set the public right. This Mr. Train, of the present New York District Attorney's staff, does most entertainingly and effectively, in his account of *The Prisoner at the Bar.* Here the whole process, from arrest to sentence, is vividly pictured in untechnical language, so that any intelligent reader may see for himself just how the system works in a large city like New York.

It is a story told from the inside with all the skill of an experienced writer who knows the dramatic value of facts, understands the handling of lights and shadows and has the knack of gripping the attention of his audience by a well-told tale. The author's style is easy, colloquial, conversational—that of a good talker who knows what he wants to say and how to say it. Occasionally he conveys his information in the form of fiction, and his diverting account of Mr. Appleboy and the cook who stole the family teapot, is well calculated to instruct and discourage citizens who rashly consider it a duty to make an example of petty offenders.

Those who have never been in a police court have no idea of the amount of business transacted by the magistrates or the rough and tumble justice they administer. Statistics do not tell the story, and the atmosphere in which the work is done well-nigh beggars description. Mr. Train, however, supplies a fair working knowledge of the situation, using figures with nice discrimination to supplement his facts. Perhaps the most important pages of his book are those which deal with the legal harpies and wolves who haunt the police courts and prowl around General and Special Sessions and the Tombs ostensibly guarding, but really abusing, the rights of prisoners, bleeding them until their money is gone and they are thrust back into prison or out into the street. Certainly nothing could be more dramatic and pitiful than the story which the author tells illustrating the methods of these human jackals—a story that may well seem incredible to the inexperienced,

*The Prisoner at the Bar. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

but which is familiar to all who have stood in General Sessions on Fridays and watched the long line of prisoners awaiting sentence. If, by some happy chance, the Tombs could be emptied of its usual tenants and refilled with those who prey upon them, the safety of the community would be better assured. Should some philanthropist act upon the author's suggestion and found a society to supplement the work of the Prison Association and give the same help to worthy prisoners which the Legal Aid Society offers to the poor of the metropolis in the civil courts, this book will accomplish a high public service.

As long as the author keeps strictly to his theme, as he does in the main—particularly in such chapters as "The Arrest," "The Police Court," "The Grand Jury," "The Law's Delays," "The Trial of Felonies," "The Verdict," "The Sentence," and "The Tricks of the Trade"—he is always instructive, and his well-chosen stories, clear illustrations and copious excerpts from famous trials are absorbingly interesting. He might, indeed, have added other chapters on the Coroner's Court and the Children's Court without risk of tiring his readers. It is only when he discusses crime in general that he becomes convincing. His theme is *The Prisoner at the Bar,* and his view point is that of a conscientious public prosecutor. He has not, however, given sufficient thought to the prisoners *behind* the bars to qualify as an expert upon our prison system, and those who have studied the subject will not be inclined to accept all his conclusions upon penology, which, after all, are *obiter dicta.*

The main point is that he has written an authoritative description of the machinery of criminal justice and has done his work so well that even he who runs may see the wheels go 'round.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

THE VALUE OF CONTRAST AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



N Rudyard Kipling's *Letters from the East* you will find the story of the Nikko Bridge. It relates how, once upon a time, a certain great-hearted king came down to Nikko River, and, struck with the beauty of the rushing torrent, the fields and trees and the soft outline of distant hills, felt the need of some dash of colour in the foreground, some sharp, contrasting note to bind the whole together. And while he was still revolving this problem in his mind, an aged beggar rashly asked for alms. Inasmuch as in those days beggars were of small use save to keep in practice the sword-arm of the mighty, this great-hearted king absent-mindedly swept off the beggar's head with a single stroke, sending a spurt of vivid crimson across the granite stepping-stones of the ford. This chance solution of his perplexity filled the king with joy. "Build the bridge here," he commanded the court carpenter, "of just the same colour as that stuff on the stones." Hence the sacred bridge of red lacquer which no foot may tread but that of the Mikado.

Now this story of the Nikko Bridge might be defined as a parable upon the artistic value of contrast. No matter what art or craft we practise, whether it be the painting of landscapes, or building of bridges, the decoration of tea-cups or the writing of novels, we cannot hope for fine results without invoking the aid of contrast—the dash of red to give tone and harmony to the greens and blues of nature, the touch of pathos that adds a deeper meaning to the sparkle of comedy, the grave-digger's

jests that intensify the tragedy of Ophelia's death. Without contrast, we have no unit of measure, no criterion of size or distance or the flight of time, nothing to help the eye distinguish between a Giotto's Tower and a column of carved ivory, between a Mont Blanc and a cone of sugar. All cats are grey in the dark, says the proverb; all pictures are sombre if you paint in monochrome; all stories are boresome that chronicle the petty daily happenings of dull lives, without a touch of unforeseen joy or sorrow to shake them out of their rut. If you are content to be the apostle of the Uneventful, if you prefer to be a painter of grey cats, then you are a poor artist, with your eyes fast closed to the methods of nature. For nature uses contrast everywhere, and with a lavish hand, not counting the cost. Like the great-hearted king at Nikko Bridge, she, too, strikes off heads for the sake of a dash of colour. She sends a blighting frost throughout a whole countryside, to paint the fields and hillsides in crimson and gold. She draws a brush-stroke of flame across the darkness of night, and countless lives go up in the smoke of a forest fire or a burning city. There are no lives so turbulent that they do not have their hours of tranquillity, no habitations so secluded that the noise and rush of human progress will not sometimes reach them, no corner of the globe so isolated that love and jealousy, happiness and death, will not sooner or later find it out. And not only in the big, fundamental, universal truths of life do we find the law of contrast everywhere at work, but in the smaller, homelier details of daily routine. The petty failures of yesterday give an added zest to the success of to-day; the cloudy morning makes the afternoon sunshine fourfold more welcome; past illness and pain make present health an inestimable, heaven-sent boon.

This insistence upon the value of contrast would seem trite and purposeless were it not for the fact that it is so often lost sight of by makers of fiction. It is lack of contrast as often as any other cause that makes some novels impress you as dull and isolated and altogether out of the general drift of human movement, even though the action may take place in London or Paris or New York; while other novels, with their scene in a New England fishing village or a Western frontier town, give you a sense of their being a complete, well-rounded little cosmos in themselves. The fact is, that it is never enough in a novel to show you simply how certain people look and talk and live. To get the right perspective, you must know also something of the things they would never think of saying and doing, the phases of life from which their particular environment excludes them. It is often of more significance to know that a man has never ridden on a trolley car than that he can plough a field; to be told that a woman has never seen the inside of a theatre than that she always goes to church; to learn that a village has never been visited by a circus than that it is the seat of the annual county fair. In other words, it is only when a novelist begins to measure his men and women, his rural village or city street in terms of other streets and villages, other men and women from the outside world, that his picture takes form and proportion; only then that it gets the dash of colour which binds the whole together.

If we run over in our minds some of the admitted masterpieces of fiction, we shall see that the great novelists have always felt the necessity of emphasising this sense of contrast. Take, for instance, our old stand-by, Dumas: is not one of the charms of *The Three Guardsmen* due to the fact that we are made to see the adventurous life of the French capital, with its intrigues and its corruption, through the unsophisticated eyes of a young Gascon stranger? Take Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*. Is there another novel in the English language in which the effects of contrast are so numerous and so carefully balanced? You see Rome through Anglo-Saxon eyes; you measure American manners and customs by Roman standards; Donatello and ancient paganism are weighed in the balance against Hilda and the Christian faith. From whatever side you view it, *The Marble Faun* is a wonderful study in contrasting light and shadow. Or take again the typical English novel of manners, Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda* or Thackeray's

Vanity Fair. In satirising the foibles and frailties of London life at the opening of the nineteenth century, Miss Edgeworth lets us behold them through the clear eyes of an unspoiled girl from the country. The author of *Vanity Fair* half a century later in like manner showed us the London of his day through alien eyes—the less innocent but equally clear-sighted green eyes of Becky Sharpe, who for all her trick of the downward glance took the measure of the fashionable world and matched her inborn wits against it.

But however essential contrast may be in fiction—contrast in form and colour, in character and plot—it is most effective when achieved without violence. The average author does not need to resort to the primitive brutality of cutting off heads in order to get his dash of pure vermilion. Since Poe first set the model, many a writer of average ability has worked up grim contrasts in fiction with the help of bloodshed. But it takes a Maupassant to evolve a tragedy that will wring the heart over so trivial an act as that of an old man picking up a bit of string from the dust of the road. As a good, safe-working rule, the quieter methods are the better. Nature, as has been said, is spendthrift in her contrasts. But that is no reason for sinking a transatlantic steamer with all on board, or wiping out a populous city by earthquake just because the heroine's husband is scheduled to die in the twenty-third chapter. Apoplexy or pneumonia would be equally effective and far more convincing.

"The Viper of Milan"

Of all the books this month, there is none which so strongly suggests the story of Nikko Bridge, both literally and symbolically, as *The Viper of Milan*, by Marjorie Bowen. Looking across the green Lombard valley at the fair city of Milan and the soft line of distant hills beyond, the author seems to have felt that here was need of a dash of highly coloured narrative across the centre of the scene to bind it all together into a spectacle which should rivet attention. And as she pondered on the problem, there came to her the memory of the beggared house of Della Scala, whose wrongs at the hands of Visconti, Duke of Milan, left a crimson trail along the valley of the Po. "Here," she seems to say, "I will build my bridge of words, and I will make them of the self-same colour as the stain upon Visconti's memory." It is not so much the clever blending of history and fiction which makes Miss Bowen's book remarkable; it is the rare atmosphere of reality which permeates it. There is about it something of the flavour of old Italian chronicles; and in the development of plot and the portrayal of character there is a grimness, a treachery, a gratuitous cruelty that paradoxically wins your credence. You tell yourself these things must have happened just as they are narrated; they are too inhuman, too diabolically ingenious to be fiction; only the brutal reality of the Middle Ages could have begotten them. The story opens shortly after the sack of Verona, in which Della Scala was supposed to have perished, and his wife, Isotta d'Este, was taken prisoner by Visconti, tyrant of Milan and murderer of his own father and mother. But Della Scala, as it happened, was not dead; and Miss Bowen's book chronicles his efforts to effect the rescue of his wife, the recovery of Verona and the ruin of Visconti—efforts that for a time bore brilliant fruits, but in the end brought him only defeat, dishonour, and the lifeless body of the woman for whom he betrayed his friends. And throughout the story the tragedy of it is accentuated by the contrast offered by the sunshine, the blue sky, the artistic charm of Italy.

"Paul"

Another novel of the month which has Italy for a setting is *Paul*, by E. F. Benson, best remembered as the author of *Dodo*. Frankly, it is a purposeless book and an unpleasant one. Its interest suddenly drops at the half-way point, like an underdone loaf of cake, and what is meant to be its most solemn chapter is more apt to provoke a desire to laugh. Norah Ravenscroft would have married Paul Norris if her mother had not gambled away her money. As it was, she married Theodore Beckwith instead. Mr. Benson expects us to like Norris; he is just a strong, clean-limbed, clean-

minded young Englishman, a good-natured, grown-up boy, and on the whole rather colourless. Beckwith, on the contrary, we are expected to dislike; he is a weak, undersized, obnoxious little animal, almost uncanny in his ability to gather strength and energy from those around him, sapping their vitality in a manner almost vampire-like. But unpleasant as he is, Beckwith has the merit of being original, and when, half way through the story, the author strikes off his head with a sweep of his pen, the interest of the book dies with him. A husband who is not only devoid of jealousy, but actually foresees that his wife is likely to fall in love with another man, and makes that man his secretary so as to secure his constant presence in the house, and amuse himself by watching the struggles of the luckless couple against their growing infatuation, is at least a novelty in fiction, although a rather morbid one. But after Paul has simplified the situation by running an automobile over Theodore, there follows a wearisome delay while Paul is mentally outgrowing his boyhood and becoming enough of a man to decide whether he really meant at the last moment to run over Theodore, and if he did mean to do so, whether it is his duty to confess to Norah that he is the murderer of her husband. And when he finally does muster up the courage to tell her, she just looks at him and intimates that she has known it all the time and loves him all the better for it. This ought to satisfy Paul, but it doesn't. He continues to feel that he ought to make some sort of atonement for his sin. The idea stays by him, even after he and Norah are married. But the dead Theodore has left behind him a constant reminder in the shape of an infant son; and after the manner of infants, it learns in time to use its feet, and one day manages to toddle away from its mother across the railway tracks, directly in the course of an oncoming express train. Paul knows at once that the hour for his atonement has come. He flings himself before the train, fishes Theodore's child from under the engine's wheels and tumbles headlong beyond the tracks. Then the train is gone, and Norah is saying to him, "You gave your life for the child. You gave it to Theodore!" And Paul answers in all seriousness, "Yes, at least I meant to." Mr. Benson must have lost the last vestige of that sense of humour which he apparently possessed when he wrote *Dodo.*

"The Breath of the Runners"

The Breath of the Runners, by Mary Mears, owes much of its strength to an appreciation of the value of contrast. There is, to begin with, the contrast of stage setting, the scene shifting from the art circles in New York to the studios in Rome and Paris. And secondly, there is a more significant contrast between the two principal characters in the story, two young women whose careers are traced from the hour when the ambition first comes upon them to study sculpture down through the years of toil and discouragement and uncertain progress until they work out their respective destinies. In her symbolic title the author would apparently say that the struggle for fame in art is like the desperate straining of runners in a race, whose breathing comes in quick, painful gasps as they press onward towards the goal. As in other races, there are among those who run for fame some who would win by foul means if not by fair, and others who count a clear conscience a higher victory. Such is the contrast between the natures of Beulah and Enid, the one deliberately flinging away a golden opportunity rather than take an unfair advantage of her friend; the other contemptibly creeping into Beulah's studio and wantonly destroying the patient work of months because she felt herself being distanced in the race. In the end it is the unscrupulous runner who reaches the goal, but only after passing through the gateway of death; while the other, who has been distanced on the path to fame, finds a truer contentment in a husband's love. There is much knowledge of the art world, much keen insight into the hearts of men and women, and no small amount of healthful philosophy of life in this unpretentious story, *The Breath of the Runners.*

Chippinge Borough, by Stanley J. Weyman, obtains its chief contrast by setting a placid, arcadian little romance

against a stormy background of political strife. The historical colouring, painted in with the assured touch of Mr. Weyman's maturer method, gives us the England of the early Victorian days, the days when people were still content to travel by coach, the days of Lord Gray and the Reform Bill. There is, perhaps, nothing better in the book than the sense of tension everywhere prevailing on the eve of an election; the snatches of political argument, the acrimonious jibes and sneers, the suggestion of latent revolt, that any moment may burst forth in mob violence. Such is the moral atmosphere of the scene Mr. Weyman shows us on a bright, sunshiny, idyllic day, as the coach bowls along green English lanes, carrying young Vaughan down to Chippinge Borough to exercise his privilege of voting, little thinking that he himself is destined to be returned as the member from Chippinge Borough. In fact—and here is where the contrast comes in—Vaughan is not thinking of anything for the time being except of the simple grace of a young girl sitting next him on the coach—a young girl whom he never saw before, but whom he promises himself definitely not to lose sight of in the future. Now, in real life, aged beggars do not offer their heads to the knife every time that an artist is perplexed about his colouring; in real life the unknown young woman who occupies the adjacent seat on a coach or in a trolley car seldom turns out to be the missing daughter of the wealthy cousin whose rightful heir you had always supposed yourself to be. Yet no one may say that such things cannot happen; and if an author possesses Mr. Weyman's gift of plausibility, then out of such unlikely situations he can weave such a thoroughly readable story as *Chippinge Borough*. The romance begun so placidly is not an unbroken idyl. The rancour growing out of the Reform Bill for a time threatens to raise a lasting barrier. But after following hero and heroine through many a turbulent scene, culminating in the brutal Bristol riots, what you like best to remember as you lay the book aside is that coaching trip through a peaceful English landscape, with the electric tension of political storms all around them and the first sense of awakened emotion in their hearts.

"Chippinge Borough"

In a criticism which draws upon Japan for its opening text, the inclusion of one story thoroughly Japanese in theme and treatment seems peculiarly apposite. Mrs. Mary McNeil Fenollosa is reputed to have an intimate knowledge of Japanese life and thought and customs. As in the case of all writers who lay their scenes in remote and exotic lands, her accuracy in detail must be taken largely on faith. But in its broad general effects, in the ultimate impression which it leaves upon the reader, her new book, *The Dragon Painter*, carries credence with it. You feel that a story of that peculiar quality could not have germinated in any brain that was not already more or less imbued with the Japanese mode of thought, the Japanese way of looking at things in general. There have been so many stories of the *Madame Butterfly* and *Madame Chrésanthème* type that whenever a new novel is announced as laying its scene in Japan, you take for granted that it deals once more with the same old problem of mismated marriages and disastrous racial intermixture. But *The Dragon Painter* has nothing in common with these stories; there is not a character in it that is not pure Japanese, not an action or motive that is not based upon Japanese custom and tradition. Now, in writing a story dealing wholly with an alien civilisation, the average writer finds himself beset with difficulties. He feels the need of at least one English character to act, as it were, the rôle of interpreter; to ask questions, to call attention to the peculiarities of manners and customs; in short, to serve us as a standard unit by which to measure the contrast in the mode of life. Mrs. Fenollosa obtains her measure of contrast in a far cleverer, far more natural manner; indeed, it is an integral part of her central plot. Kano Indara is the last of his race, an ancient race of mighty painters. All his art he has taught to his daughter, but at best she is only a woman. She never can carry on the great traditions of the line. But there comes to him a

"The Dragon Painter"

rumour of a strange, mad painter who lives like a wild creature among the inland mountains, and, when the mood is on him, paints strange, weird, wonderful pictures of the visions that come to him when the forces of nature, the wind and storm and lightning, are raging unheeded around him. Believing that this wild mountain painter is the successor whom fate has ordained for him, Kano Indara summons him to Tokio. Nothing ever before has drawn Tatsu, the dragon painter, from his mountains; but now he comes, drawn by an instinct that in Tokio he is to find the beautiful Dragon Maiden of his visions—the Dragon Maiden whom he has so often painted in the fever of inspiration, and whom he now finds incarnate in Kano Indara's daughter, Umè-ko. To keep Tatsu in Tokio is like trying to cage and tame any other wild, undisciplined mountain creature. He knows nothing of the polite usages of society, nothing of the elaborate and complicated Japanese ceremonials. He lacks even a sense of the obligation of tradition, a sense of reverence for one's ancestors. Even his art he does not love for its own sake, but only as a means of satisfying his desire to give the Dragon Maiden a tangible form. Kano Indara's offers to teach Tatsu all the accumulated skill of a mighty line of painters, to adopt him, to make his name famous, fall on deaf ears. The mountains are calling Tatsu back, and on only one condition will he stay—namely, as the husband of Umè-Ko. But when the bargain is consummated and Umè-Ko is Tatsu's wife, he finds that he can no longer paint. His art was only an expression of an unattained desire; the possession of that desire has destroyed it. But Kano Indara is not only a great artist, but a wise and subtle old man as well, and he does not mean to be balked of his hope of a successor. If the possession of Umè-Ko has robbed Tatsu of his inspiration, then, he argues, Tatsu must be deprived again of Umè-Ko. And the relentless purpose with which Kano Indara puts his theory into practice is the theme which gives the book its chief strength and pathos.

The contrast offered in Will Payne's *When Love Speaks* is that between two different standards of civic honour. Winthrop Holmes, the ambitious young district attorney of Sauganac, sets an absolute standard; he does not know the meaning of the word compromise; he will not admit of any excuse, any claim of friendship, family or party loyalty, to swerve him from strict duty in the punishment of bribery and graft. David Donovan understands and admires this standard, but he cannot follow it. It conflicted with the inborn traditions of his race. He had grown up among the crowd of petty, unscrupulous politicians who frequented the bar of his father's hotel; as a mere boy he had been initiated into the methods of the "big game," and although he had raised himself gradually above his class, he could not shake off the old ties, the old way of looking at life, the old fashion of meeting the world gaily, "with a ready, practical, undelicate competence." This is the man with whom Louise Holmes, the sister of the lofty-minded district attorney, falls in love; yet even after she marries him she still regards him as something of a "Red Indian;" she cannot quite forget that he does not share her scruples about buying votes and stealing ballot boxes. Sooner or later it is inevitable that the two will clash seriously, because David is in a position to give Winthrop Holmes just the inside information he needs to convict the "men higher up," and this is precisely what David's standard of civic honour will not permit him to do, even though his refusal should cost him his brother-in-law's friendship and his wife's love. The problem of the book, as implied in the title, of course, is whether, whenever the inevitable clash comes, the voice of love will speak strongly enough to outweigh the voice of the wife's inherited convictions. It is worked out with Mr. Payne's usually strong grasp of the affairs of men and the emotions of women.

"When Love Speaks"

The Plow Woman, by Eleanor Gates, is a capital story, in spite of an indulgence in contrast amounting almost to an abuse. The scene is northern Dakota, in the days when buffalo were not yet rare, nor the "prairie schooner" extinct; days

"The Plow Woman"

when Indian outrages, growing more and more frequent, were about to culminate in the Custer massacre. To Dallas Lancaster the whole landscape is one great, constant, joyous contrast; for all her girlhood has been passed on an arid *mesa* far to the south, amid the thorny mesquite of western Texas. It was only after her mother died and her father, a section boss on a spur of railway track, had been brought home with both legs permanently crippled, that they hitched their two lean old mules to their rickety old wagon and journeyed northward to a more fertile region. The picture of the rude life of the pioneer, the motley crowd of miners, cattlemen, adventurers, Indians, hostile and peaceful, gamblers and missionaries, passes before us in a vivid, convincing, constantly shifting panorama. The strong interest of the book centres, of course, in the girl, Dallas, cheerfully doing a man's work at the plow on the small claim which may be wrested from her on a mere technicality; bravely stifling her fears, though she knows that the man who would take the land from her has enlisted the Indians in his behalf; and hardest of all, patiently bearing the unjustifiable temper of her crippled father, who turns from his door the man she loves and the officers of the neighbouring who would have provided much needed protection. But quite apart from the main story, there are just two episodes which almost any novelist might feel a thrill of satisfaction to have written. One is the description of sufferings from cold and hunger, where a family are imprisoned by a blizzard, without food or fuel. The second is the dramatic scene in which Squaw Charlie, an unfortunate Indian who became an outcast and general drudge of his tribe because he once weakened and cried out under torture, at last redeems himself in an exhibition of splendid courage and self-sacrifice. One envies Miss Gates the privilege of having created the character of Squaw Charlie.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



THE STOOPING LADY*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH WE PLACE THE HEROINE.



N the 21st of January, 1809, Miss Hermia Mary Chambre and her brother, Ensign Richard—as the Countess of Morfa's chariot brought them for the first time to Caryll House, St. James's, within those great gates, into that gravelled court where the statue of a late earl stands and admonishes London†—on this day, and on the very threshold of this Sanctuary of the Constitution, Miss Chambre, I say, and her brother, a beautiful and healthy girl of twenty and a fine young man of rather less, were witnesses to a disagreeable incident, a vulgar brawl and scuffle, calling for the interference of the police.

Orphans, Irish by a deplorable father's side, and therefore in special need of grace, this was the grace they got. Recalled within the pale of Family—that Family which their poor mother had forsworn—they were to see Family put to the blush. A rout of satyrs—a boors' comedy—in which an incensed young giant of the lower classes was hero and two tipsy gentlemen the sport of his heroics; in which Jacob Jacobs, elderly, gold-laced guardian of the gates, was choragus; in which footmen in canary yellow and powder, a groom of the chambers, a butler hovering for the carriage, took their cues from him, and waited, lifted their eyes to Heaven, wagged their polls, called for constables as he guided them with agitated hands. Beyond them and around them—with a ring scrupulously kept for the "turn-up"—surged and thundered the mob, intent only on the play, with raucous cries directed solely to that, with eyes afire for the rules of the great game. "Time! Time!" "Let my lord get his wind—Now they're at it—a mill, a mill!—ding-dong!" "What, you'll rush it, my lord? By God, that's stopped him!" "Six to one on the butcher—I lay." "Keep the ring, gentlemen, please—fobbed him fairly—gone to grass!" It was, indeed, at this crowning moment, when one gentleman lay bleeding on his back, and the other, slighter gentleman, "spitfiring like a tomcat," it was afterwards averred, struggled fruitlessly to escape the enemy's grasp of his coat-collar—that the family chariot of the Morfas loomed heavily at the far end of Cleveland Row and, advancing, displayed to the eyes of our young lady and her brother one of the sights of London—as they no doubt supposed it. Hardly seeing what certainly was not fit to be seen, no doubt for a second of time those startled

†As this monument has now been removed, I feel bound to record the inscription which it bore, long though it be.

ON
This Spot
where formerly stood
CARYLL HOUSE
and where
on the Fourteenth of October
1688
The Right Honourable
RUPERT
Fourth Earl of Morfa Viscount Wrest
Baron Rhos and Ruegg K.C. Lord Lieutenant
and Custos Rotulorum of Flintshire etc. etc.
Returned Public Thanksgiving
to
Almighty God
For the Declaration of His Majesty
King William III
That truly Constitutional Monarch
and
FATHER of his COUNTRY
This Statue
Has been erected by his admiring
Descendants to record for the
Admiration and Instruction
of
MANKIND
His Patriotism his Piety
and
His Prescience.

The lapidary has, in a pardonable enthusiasm, perhaps magnified his Lordship's act. What he is stated to have done upon the occasion recorded is to have slapped his thigh and said, "Thank God, we've dished the Tories!"

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eyes of hers gazed upon the havoc, and upon the flushed young Saxon, bareheaded and fairheaded, the hero of it—a noticeable young man performing noticeable feats with gentlemen. No doubt but that she, too, was gazed upon in her turn, and that that second of time seemed by seconds too long. These encounters of the eyes stay by one, though in this case there were sights to come. Within the gates lay another—a dead horse, weltering from the issue of a terrible wound; whereat, indeed, the bright-eyed Miss Chambre shrieked and clung to her brother, and he, after one sagacious look, said, "Staked, Hermy," and then, "Poor devil. So that was the meaning of it."

And thus 1809, thus London, thus England and Caryll House arrayed themselves to greet two young Carylls (by the mother's side) very newly from Ireland. A mob at the Gates! A dead and mangled horse within the Precincts! A tipsy gentleman scruffed by a butcher's man! The scene was significant. As the French would say, It was 1809.

The arrival of the carriage brought order back to the shattered wits. The canary-breeched footmen aligned in the vestibule, the groom of the chambers mounted the inner steps, the butler hovered for shawls. Servants of the Chambre pair—Gibson, a red-cheeked maid, and Simcox, a red-haired valet, descended from the rumble; Ensign Chambre, tall, slim, and lady-faced, got out and handed out his sister. "Here we are, my dear—Caryll House. What a shindy, eh? Let's get out of it all." But that was not possible to her.

"Oh, Dick, the poor horse—no, no! We must find out something. We can't possibly——" She turned to the butler, half in and half out of the carriage, collecting wraps. "What has happened? Who killed the horse? Who were those people? Please let me know." The butler's head and shoulders came from the interior, deprecating inquiry; his hand humoured his chin. He really could not say; it was hardly for him to say. Perhaps her ladyship—but he would inquire. Before he could reach that last refuge of Secretaries of State and butlers alike, Miss Chambre had turned to the powdered array. "Did any one see what it was? Was any one present? Surely something was known?" The giants stiffened and stared; one was seen to blush, and another betrayed, by a slight twitching of the fingers, that this was the most awkward moment of his life. Miss Chambre's eyes, which were grey and very clear, insisted on response; they had to be met. And so confused mutterings were heard, as one giant looked at the other, as deep calleth unto deep. She caught the words—"His lordship"—"young Vernour"—"thirty-guinea 'oss"—"no take-off for an 'oss," and "lashed 'isself into strips." She was young, she was impatient, and used to obedience. She stamped her foot.

"It's very extraordinary that nobody seems able to speak here. I don't understand it at all." Then she turned flashing upon the careworn butler. "Whose is that horse?"

"I believe—they tell me, miss—it is young Vernour's horse."

"Oh! And who is he?" The butler looked sideways.

"He's the butcher, miss."

"Oh, then that was he—that young man——"

"Yes, miss."

"And who were the other two, the two cowards attacking him?"

But the butler's agony was now for all to see.

"I really—it's not for me, miss—but I'll inquire."

"Oh! Inquire!" She stamped again. Her brother was appealed to. Dick must go and find out; she insisted on knowing what was the matter; and while Dick stalked out to do her commands she chose to wait, tapping her foot in the vestibule, quite regardless of the canary-coloured giants about her, of hovering butler or groom of the chambers at his post. She had had no great experience of these gentry; she had lived in Ireland all her twenty years, and certainly her poor, pretty, helpless mother, Lady Hermione, whose runaway match with Colonel Chambre—Handsome Dick, Dick of the Gallop, and what-not—had been productive of little comfort besides these two children, certainly her mother had not been able to show her any such state. Why, except for McFinn—coachman in boots by

day, footman in slippers by night—and the maids—three of them—there had been no indoor service at Chambre's Court. But there may have been traditions, and, of course, there was blood, to go upon. She had her Norman prerogative, *sa haulte franchise,* by the mother's side; and these stockinged emblems were so much furniture to her—now that she had found out that they could not pretend to be men. Not so to Gibson, her red-cheeked maid—but apparitors, wielders of the torture of silence and suspense. Gibson told her young mistress afterwards what she had endured in those awful moments of arrival. "If one of them yallows, Miss Hermy, had advanced a leg or put forth a finger, I should have died with the scream in my throat—so lifelike they was." One sees what she meant.

When Dick did return, he looked bothered.

"I can't make much of it out. They all talk at once. There was a row with a butcher about his horse—good horse, too—I could see that for myself. Somebody's been riding it, and staked it. Some gentleman, they say—or, at least, he thought so." Here he grew grave, reserved, made himself as old as he knew. "They *say*—but I don't know anything about that. The horse is dead, the fellow's gone to gaol. The two gentlemen will prosecute. Their servants are with them, I believe. At any rate, they've been sent for. They weren't seriously hurt, either of them. I say, Hermy, I do think we might go in—now, you know."

But Miss Hermia had opened her eyes and wouldn't budge.

"To prosecute, my dear! To prosecute the butcher! How can they prosecute him for staking his own horse?"

"You don't understand me. He didn't stake the horse. I thought I had made that clear."

She did not choose to see. "Very well, then, I suppose they will prosecute him for owning a horse at all. Is that what you mean?"

Dick put on his Ensign's manner—his last refuge against this sort of attack. "Why, you see, my love, it is rather an awkward business. The fellow began it. Of course, the whole affair might have been settled if he had taken it reasonably."

"Reasonably!" Really, for a girl only two years his senior, she caught him up. "How do you take a staked horse reasonably?"

"My dear child, this fellow had hold of a gentleman—of a peer, they say—by the collar, and gave the other no end of a smack in the nose. Well, you know, you can't have that, can you?"

Miss Chambre, after staring at her brother for a trying moment, turned her back upon him, and walked up the array to the house. She threw him a Parthian shot. "You can have what you deserve—and be called a gentleman—and not take it like a gentleman—or so it seems."

Dick followed her nervously. He knew his sister, but he knew more. He knew the names of the two gentlemen; she must never get at them, whatever happened. But he had his birthright in him, too. "One was a peer, remember—and the other a peer's eldest son. I can't say any more. And they were both drunk—you ought to remember that." She marched on.

"Pooh!" she threw at him, "I don't believe you. And if it's true, it makes it all horrible."

"They were drunk as owls," says Ensign Dick.

"As pigs, you mean," flung back the lady.

The groom of the chambers mutely implored—his long, white face was a study in the tragic: that of a good man contending with circumstances. He turned the handle of a door. "Miss Chambre, my lady. And Ensign Chambre."

At the further end of a long and dimly lighted room, full of pictures and cut-glass chandeliers and high-backed chairs, there was to be seen Grandmamma Morfa, the withered, the eagle-faced, crutch in hand, enthroned before a sea-coal fire.

Miss Chambre stepped lightly forward. She walked as young women do who have been free of moor and heather all their lives, carrying her head high. "How do you do, Grandmamma Morfa?" she said, and took up the white old hand to kiss.

"The better for the sight of you, my dear," said the great lady, like the wolf in the fable.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH WE BRING HER INTO PLAY.

Miss Hermia had the better of her brother in wits as well as in years, and at tongue-work he had never pretended to touch her, even when he had been freer than he was now—with no Ensign's commission burning in his breast-pocket and hobbling every step he took, so to speak, with reminded dignity. Lady Morfa may not have been entertained, but could not fail to have been instructed by her granddaughter's vivacious narrative of the voyage from Kilbride. She said little, not being herself ever very free of speech, but she listened to every word, and at the end of it, as will be seen at the end of this chapter, proved that she had learned something. It would not have been Miss Hermia's fault if she had not.

It had been, then, a stormy crossing, but a quick one, with a following wind. She had not been ill in the least, had been on deck all the time, in oilskins lent her by the captain; only her hair had got wet—nothing else. But that had been drenched—like seaweed—and had had to be dried before the inn fire at Holyhead. That place had been full of people drinking brandy-and-water; they, too, had been very kind, making room for her while she knelt and dried her hair. They offered her brandy and water; she got some bread and milk. Simcox and poor, dear Gibson had been dreadfully ill—prostrate! Simcox said that never, in his born days—but she here perceived that Lady Morfa took no interest in Simcox or his days, and pursued her own adventures. What did grandmamma think? It was rather a wet morning, but not very; so she and Dick rode *outside* the coach, and put the servants inside. It had been the greatest fun—they saw the dawn, but not in England as they had hoped, for they were still in Wales. The coachman was very kind. He told the guard that Dick was "a bit o' blood," and the guard had said, "Bless your life, that liquor's bound to show"—wasn't that fun? It was three in the morning when they were off, and not a soul out of bed, once past the inn-yard.

She touched but lightly on the landscape, flashed upon by the coach-lamps and swiftly blotted out; slumbrous villages, shaly banks, lanes endless and tortuous, strong ascents and breakneck gallops down into blackness, gaunt finger-posts to hidden ways—a chance-caught "To Chester," another "To Carnarvon," and then "To Ruthin," where lay, she knew, Morfa Mawr, the cradle and chief seat of all the Carylls—dripping trees, rivers, narrow bridges. She had lived through the dark upon these, but they were not for her tongue to tell of. Nor, when the five dark hours had been past, and with the pale winter sun striving with the rain, they had looked out upon the heart of Wales—and there was Ogwen Lake, all black under the storm-cloud, and all that litter and slide so shining wet under the splintered mountain: a quarry of slate! Not for her untried speech all this. She spoke rather of their fellow passengers, and as one who knew them well; the young usher for Rugby, with a painful catch in his breath, who had shown her the portrait of his mother; the sea-captain homing to wife and child at Wem; the wine-merchant whose head had nodded onto her shoulder, and whose apologies had been so frequent and profound; and lastly, and with fervour, she told of Mr. Aloysius Banks. Kind! He had been more than kind—he had gone out of his way to be kind—and had accompanied them to London.

"Do you mean," asked Lady Morfa here, "that this—ah, person—was going out of his way when he came on to London?"

Miss Hermia was not so innocent as to fail to understand what Lady Morfa meant by a "person."

"He's not a person—what you would call a person—grandmamma, at all. And, of course, he lives in London. I am surprised that you don't know him—indeed, he told me that you did. He had met you at Lady Crowland's, he said. He was able to do you some trifling service. You bowed. There can be no mistake. Mr. Aloysius Banks, an Edinburgh Reviewer."

Grandmamma may have meant to name Mr. Banks a personage, but did not look as if she had. She denied his acquaintance. Miss Chambre sketched him free-hand.

He was extraordinarily ugly, and seemed to feel the cold. His eyebrows looked very odd when the rime was thick upon them. He wore a plaid scarf so tightly round his neck that Dick had said, and she could not but agree, that he looked like a skull tied up in crossbones. He had been snappish at first, but they had done their best to make him happier, and she believed they had succeeded. Nobody could have been kinder than he. He was a poet and critic—most severe—but that was forced upon him. He was a Whig, of course; and he said that all the ministerial poets, and, above all, the Jacobin poets, were so deplorably bad that he felt it his duty to be stringent. He had been charged, he said, but unjustly charged, with having caused one young man to die of mortification, or (as he hoped it might be said) of remorse. Mr. Banks denied it, but said that he hoped that he should never shrink from his duty to the Constitution, however painful that duty might be. He had the profoundest respect for the Constitution, and for great families. Anecdotes! He had one for every fine house he passed. There was Sir Tancarville Tancarville's: he had married his cook. Stokeheaton's mansion reminded him of a very sad affair—how young Lord Wilmer had called out Colonel Despard, and how the Colonel had shot him; Mr. Banks had to be excused the reason. Then there had been Lady Diana Meon, who ran away with——

"And we saw Wolseley Hall, grandmamma, where papa had often stayed, with Sir Charles. They saw the fall of the Bastille together, you know—but I forgot! You didn't agree with papa about that. Nor did Mr. Banks, by any means." Lady Morfa considered that that was the best thing she had heard of Mr. Banks so far; but she did not say so. She was learning this free-spoken granddaughter of hers.

On the whole, it seemed that Mr. Banks was at his best upon the subject of noble birth and what he called "Franchise."

Lady Morfa took Mr. Banks's charms as best she might. She went so far as to ask what the gentleman had been pleased to say of herself, and accepted with grim acquiescence a tribute to that combination in her ladyship's person of exalted birth and enlightened principles which set England, our happy country, apart from all European nations. If her granddaughter did not report him exactly, that is what he had said. Miss Chambre remembered also how he had praised Mr. Fox, the Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne, Lords Grey and Grenville. Lord Crowland he was proud to call his Mæcenas. All this should have endeared him to Lady Morfa, for all these were her allies; but she was staggered with what followed. Miss Hermia, owning that she knew nothing of these gentlemen, had asked him concerning others—"friends of papa's"—with less happy results. "When I asked him," she said, "if he had known Lord Edward, he said, 'Good God!' and had no more to say."

"I don't wonder," said Lady Morfa, and, like Mr. Banks, said no more; for Lord Edward could only be Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom she was accustomed to describe as "that little renegade who married the Frenchwoman," and who signified for her the three things in this world most detestable to her—enthusiasm, slackness of fibre, and treachery. She kept a keen ear for Miss Hermia's chatter after that; but all went passably well until the end.

"And so, grandmamma, we got to London at last, and met the carriage, and oh! I must tell you of a most disagreeable thing—which I think you ought to know about."

Out it came, the whole of it, and Lady Morfa bristled and stiffened as she heard. A staked horse! The battle at the gates! The ring, the prostrate gentleman. "Dick tells me he was a gentleman, but I can't believe that. He was tipsy and one of two. The other I couldn't see, because the butcher had him by the coat-collar; he was tipsy, too, and, Dick says, a peer. He was using very bad language, but couldn't possibly get away. The butcher was a splendid young man." And then, she added, "His eyes give him that proud

look. I mean that they see you, and see that you are nothing."

"You are talking sad rubbish, my dear," said Lady Morfa with decision. "What's all this? I've heard nothing of it."

Dick Chambre, very red and uncomfortable, put in his word. "I don't think it need disturb you, ma'am. It was some vulgar attack. They sent for the constables, and, no doubt, it's all over. I think Hermy was upset."

If she was, it became her. It gave her starry eyes and a colour of flame; it lifted her head and gave a thrill to her voice. "No one can bear injustice," she said. "It's horrible. Oh, grandmamma, what do you think? They've taken the man to prison because they staked his horse. Why, papa would have—Oh, grandmamma, what can we do?"

Lady Morfa, after blinking and working her tightened lips, put an end to the conversation. "We can do a number of things, my dear, and one of them is to refrain from discussing subjects of which we know little or nothing. If you will kindly ring the bell, I'll have you shown your rooms. I'm an old woman, as you see, and not above owning when I'm tired. Ring the bell, my child."

Miss Hermia was taken in convoy by the housekeeper; but Ensign Dick remained to show his commission, for which he had to thank his grandmother, to talk of the Army of Portugal, which he was soon to join, of the levee, of uniforms, of his horses, and other glories of youth. He was a simple, well-spoken lad, much to her ladyship's taste. She liked young men to be good-looking, to call her "ma'am," and to agree with her. These were Caryll qualities; and she could manage the Carylls, or, at least, had never met with one whom she could not. Dick Chambre proved no exception, and with his help she flattered herself that she could deal with the girl. The girl was Chambre—that was evident; but Lady Morfa meant to do her duty by her. What was this wild story of the butcher's horse? What had Dick to say about that? The unhappy Dick had much to say which nothing would have induced him to reveal. That she guessed; therefore, after letting him flounder and blush into incoherence, she gave him his orders. "My dear boy, it's clear that you have great good sense. These vulgar things are not to be wondered at in the time we live in; insubordination, however, must be checked. I remember that I speak to a soldier. Your sister is excited because she is tired. To-morrow she will have forgotten all about it. Give her my love and say that I shall excuse her at dinner to-night. Let her have her sleep out—she shan't be called in the morning. And let us have no more talk of fighting butchers and their horses. Truly, a 'splendid' young man! Remember, Richard, we must have no more wild speeches. And the less of your Mr. Aloysius Banks the better. Progers will show you your quarters if you ring. You will find your man, no doubt." So away with Ensign Richard and his commission.

But her ladyship had more to do. After a time of bleak survey of the fire, she rang her handbell. Progers, the careworn butler, the velvet-footed, came in.

"Ah, Progers," said the lady, "has his lordship returned?"

"Yes, my lady. His lordship has returned. His lordship have asked me to say that he is feeling himself indisposed, and will not dine."

"No, no. I will see his lordship presently. Has Dr. Noring been sent for?"

"Dr. Noring is here, my lady. He is with his lordship."

"Very well. That will do, I think. And—ah, Progers——"

"My lady?"

"There was, I understand, a disagreeable scene this afternoon. Vernour, the butcher, was concerned in it."

"Yes, my lady." Progers of the furrowed brow!

"Let orders be given that Vernour is not to call again for custom. Let that be done at once. And let there be no talking about this, if you please. Miss Chambre was greatly upset by the affair. I don't wish anything said to Miss Chambre—or to anybody in the house. Understand that, Progers."

"Very good, my lady."

Dr. Noring reported that the young Earl of Morfa was suffering from a severe shock to the nervous system, and

must have rest. The low diet could do no harm; but rest was imperative.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH, IF YOU PLEASE, YOU MAY CONTEMPLATE HER FAMILY.

It is possible that the annals of the politicians may enshrine the person of a stauncher Whig than that of Jane (born Botetort) Countess of Morfa, but if they do I have never heard of it. It is highly improbable; she was not only all that a Whig should be, she was all that he could ever be and remain a man. She was a Whig of the Whigs, dotting all the *i's* in the sacred words *British Constitution;* she was Whiggism incarnate, for she added character to principle, and what she professed, that she was. Where Mr. Fox had doubted, she had affirmed; where Lord Crowland shook his head, she shook her fist; where my Lord Grey was tempted to inquire, she held her nose. Thus she was the sublimity of the Whig position, which was not one of compromise, but of despair. For the Whigs took kings into favour, not because they were estimable, but because without them the families could not govern; and though many of them may have believed it, and some may have said it, I know of none to whom it was so much bone of the bone as to Lady Morfa, of none who said it so stoutly and lived it so hard as she did.

In 1809, when we first make her acquaintance, she was in her seventieth year, and the twentieth of her widowhood; she had married all her daughters —one of them, Miss Chambre's mother, had, to be sure, done that for herself—and was still queen of Caryll House, St. James's, and of all the Caryll Castles and demesnes, until such time as Earl Roderick, her only son and her last-born, should marry into Family and reign alone. In person she was thin, not tall, and very much like an eagle, with a nose sharp, bony, and prominent, with eyes black, hard and deeply set, which were capable of unswerving, unblinking, and rather terrible scrutiny of persons and things. She could blink them, too, bitterly, when she chose; and her lips, which were thin, had a way of twitching very elfin to behold. Lastly, she stooped to a crutch, called you "My dear," said exactly what she pleased, never concealed her opinions, and was absolutely candid as to her tastes, which were coarse, and her dislikes, which were three. I have mentioned them before: enthusiasm, slackness of fibre, and treachery to Family. These things really disgusted, and one of them really shocked her. Have I spoken of her religion? She was punctilious in that matter, for she was, of course, an Erastian. It was a question of drill.

I find that I have very little to say of the young Earl Roderick, her son. Born late, he had grown up sickly and passably vicious. He was twenty-five years old, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, a Knight of the Garter, and unpopular. Up to the time when this tale begins he had done nothing commendable, and a good deal of which I shall be charitably silent. He had the reputation of being niggardly, and Mr. Sheridan is said to have hated him. The two things are by no means incompatible, and are very likely connected.

But I want to direct your attention to the Chambre connection, which is of serious moment to you who read, and was the heaviest blow ever dealt at the doughty Countess of Morfa. Miss Chambre was in this positon: Lady Morfa was her grandmother and practically her owner for a term of years yet to come. Colonel Chambre, her father, had never had a shilling, not even on the day when he ran off with Lady Hermione Caryll, her mother, made a Scots marriage of it, and prepared to be happy; but that Lady Hermione had had some thousand pounds a year in her own right. When Colonel Chambre died, in 1807, his widow was not long in following him—and yet she was not soon enough for his children's liberties. For between his death and her own, my Lady Morfa interposed a dictatorship, spending a year in Ireland for the purpose, with the result that Lady Hermione disposed of her thousand as follows: Dick, her son, was to have half when he came of age. If he died unmarried, his portion was to be added to the other. But Hermia's share and contingency were not to be hers until she was five-and-twenty, or married with the con-

sent of her grandmother. If she died under that age, or married after the fashion of her mother, her five hundred, or whatever more she might have, was to return into the coffers of the Carylls, whence it came. The money was paltry enough, but the tutorship was not—and that was what Lady Morfa was after. She did not intend, if she could help it, that Hermione's girl should grow up either a pure fool like her mother, or a fool adulterated with knave, as she was convinced Colonel Chambre, her father, must have been. He was a man whom she as heartily despised as she heartily hated; and certainly, from her point of view, the Colonel's record was not comfortable. He was both enthusiastic and a traitor to Family. He could only have had one other vice—and Lady Hermione had that, poor soul!

Colonel Richard Chambre—Dick, handsome Dick, Firebrand Dick, Dick of the Gallop, all these things they called, who loved, him—was a cadet of a good English house settled in Ireland in the planting times. As a boy he had read as he rode, as a young man in the —th Foot, if he had a sword in his right hand he had a book in his left. Yet he served with distinction in the American War, got his step rapidly and with dash, and might have risen high, but for two things. At Charleston he came to love Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and it was a fault (I suppose) of his nature to desire to be that which he loved. Hence he found himself sympathising with the rebels, and as good as a rebel himself. Tom Paine did the rest for him. There was no half-way house for the likes of Handsome Dick; he broke his sword, he threw up his commission; they say that it was Lord Edward—with a bright eye on France—who persuaded him not to bear arms against his own blood in a quarrel whose issue was certain, but to keep them unrusted, rather, against the time coming. But for that he would either have settled in America or died for the Americans. As things were, he returned to Europe with his beloved friend, with him in due course went into France, improved acquaintance with Tom, and shared in the great design of remaking Britain as the Rights of Man demanded. His English adventures were not happy, as revolutionaries conceive of happiness. The last king was not hanged in the entrails of the last priest; no blood was shed, but quantities of ink; even the honours of an indictment for sedition were denied him. He consorted with Godwin, and found him squalid, with Mr. Tooke, and thought him unpardonably dry. However, from that gentleman's house at Wimbledon he did concoct a private adventure, with danger in it, excitement, and, as it turned out, with fruit. From Wimbledon it was that he rode into London on a still summer's night in 1788, tethered his horse, scaled the wall of Caryll House garden, and affixed to it a rope-ladder. At the stroke of midnight pretty Lady Hermione, all blushes, terrors and fluttered heart, fell panting into his arms. He had met her, it seems, but three times in his life, had loved her at sight, and found means to make her love him. He helped her over the wall, put her up behind him, and galloped away to Finchley and an awaiting carriage. Dick of the Gallop—this feat was the occasion of the nickname. At Carstairs, in Scotland, he proclaimed her his before God and the innkeeper's family; he took her to Roscommon and his house of Chambre's Court; and next year Hermia Mary was born into the world—a daughter of debate—one hundred and one years to a day since Rupert Earl of Morfa had thanked God publicly for the British Constitution.

The subsequent feats of Galloping Dick did nothing to reconcile him to his mother-in-law. He went back to France, and (Lady Morfa believed) procured the fall of the Bastille; he showed himself in England in 1794, and was only saved from the High Treason trials of that year by the fact that he was full of schemes for a rebellion in Ireland. The failure of that, its tragic absurdity, its treacheries, hidings, women's clothes, and bedside arrests, above all, the death in delirium of the adored and adorable little incendiary at the heart of it, went near to breaking Chambre's own heart, and quite broke his spirit. He galloped no more, but cultivated his few acres, bred foxhounds, and gave his children of his best. Hermia Mary (as he always called her) was his favourite; I believe he told her everything

he had ever done—and he might well do that, for he had no reason to blush for his misdeeds. He had ever been too ardent to have time for rakehelling; he ate vegetables and drank water with his wine. Towards the end of his life he took to prophecy, stroking his girl's hair or playing gently with her hand. He had hopes that she would in her person justify all that he had loved and served in the world. Should she, the child of Privilege, show Privilege powerless, before the Rights of Man! That was his prophecy. "I see you a woman grown, my child; I see you a lover. Manhood—womanhood—and the call of the heart between; you will never be false to that. Love worthily, love well, love the best. Love truth, love justice, my Hermia Mary; hate like the devil those three children of his—Cant, False Privilege and Treachery to the Truth that is in you." Pretty sentiments these for a man to die in, connected by marriage with the House of Caryll! Pretty for Jane Countess of Morfa to see the fire of them still smouldering in this girl's grey eyes. But there it was, though guarded, when that beaked great lady came to Roscommon in 1807.

She came in her chariot and four, like an eagle that had scented carrion from afar and had swooped directly the watchers had departed. Pretty, tearful Lady Hermione—if she were a watcher—had resigned without a struggle to the tearing of her entrails; young Dick, a more delicate image of his father, fair-haired, slim, and falcon-like as he had been, swallowed his ensigncy and became a noble Whig; but Hermia Mary kept an open mind. She, too, had something of her father—his hot colouring and his dark, grey eyes—but in all else resembled the Carylls. She had their dark tresses, their easy carriage, bold voice and imperious judgments; she was afraid of nobody, and always spoke the truth. All these things commended her to her grandmother, who loved her order, loved beauty, and loved courage, even when displayed at her own expense. This girl fulfilled all her loves; she had remarkable beauty of face and person, she showed Family to the finger-tips; and she had wit. Lady Morfa left Ireland full of promises; Dick was to have his Ensigncy—that would get rid of Dick; but Hermia Mary was to be brought out in London, a Caryll beauty and a Caryll heiress—she would see to that. The times were hopeful. The old king was known to be incurable, the Prince would be Regent. His friends were her friends. There would be a Whig administration, and—here we see the finger of Providence—a child of the House of Caryll would again be Maid of Honour, as she had not been since 1689. Thus Lady Morfa conceived that the gods of England would dispose and govern the hearts of princes whom the Whigs had set up. One might credit them with more grandiose designs; but there is a story of an Eastern mystic which is to the point.

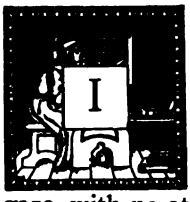
This enthusiast, they say, chose out for himself a place in the desert under a palm-tree; and lying there supine and entirely naked, concentrated his sight upon his own navel, and at last, after some thirty years' toil, had the reward of seeing the whole wheeling order of the Cosmos—all Time and all Existence—centred and revolving there. And whether your Whig statesman hide himself behind the ramparts of the British Constitution and its spiky frieze of privilege, or within the walls and double gates of Caryll House, St. James's, he is apt to mistake Providence for the gardener, and to see in the soft-footed messengers of his chambers Angels and Ministers of Destiny.

When Hermia Mary left Ireland it was said that she had emptied the county of its most beautiful woman. It may well be so. I have seen her portrait by Lawrence, which gives a face of high seriousness and rich hues of carmine, ivory, and dark brown. Her figure is certainly exquisite, her hair like a sable cloud. Her rivals in Dublin, and afterwards in London, used to say that she had too much composure for a *débutante*. They all implied by that that she had her own ideas.

(*To be continued*)

AL-AZHAR THE BRILLIANT

THE SPIRITUAL HOME OF ISLAM



N the very centre of the native quarter of Cairo, reached by tortuous meandering byways, stands Al-Azhar the Brilliant. Hard to find, as if put away from the vulgar gaze, with no attempt to make its beauty or its extent tell upon the imagination, is situate the great school of Mohammedan theology, the spiritual home of Islam. It wields no authority but that which a free assent of the Mohammedan world confers upon it. From every corner of that world students flock thither; from furthermost Asia to southernmost Africa—perhaps one of the few signs of the unity of the faith preached by the Arabian prophet so many centuries ago. From every class of men, from every shade of colour, from pauper even unto prince, all are there—one of the few remaining marks of democracy in Islam. Verily, the prophet was right: in the embracing arms of his faith all distinctions are effaced, all diversity blotted out. As I carefully threaded my way through the crowded groups of kneeling, crouching and lying forms, I could catch a sense of the power they must feel in so much greater a degree—as well the teachers as the taught. For behind the seeming calm of Oriental quiet there burned the intense fire of an absolute conviction. Beneath the stolid manner of exquisite politeness there glowed the certainty of a God-given law. Even in lighter moments, when the stern rigour of study is relaxed, anything beyond the level tones of ordinary conversation is rapidly repressed. It is this sense of an all-pervading earnestness that fills Al-Azhar the Brilliant with an awe-inspiring reverence. The little children in some parts of the outer courtyard over their Alif-va-jim, the older ones knotted together within the mosque itself over their Koran or their grammar, exhibit the one common feature—intense earnestness. They rock themselves to and fro in furious, nay, ferocious, study; learning by rote, it is true, but exercising the memory to do these feats of prodigious learning which our printed and note-book erudition has driven from the field; the ring of students squatting themselves around the teachers, intent upon his every word; no marking system, no grading, no show commencements, no degrees—none of the ordinary paraphernalia with which we in the West need to sugar-coat and soften the realities of instruction. Only at the end of eight long years or twelve is the *venia legendi* given as the result of an examination.

In Al-Azhar the Brilliant there are students of all ages, from little tots that rock themselves into the primary knowledge of reading, writing and the Koran that is necessary for entrance, up to the "Bermostes Haupt" that is found in every high school, and whose age is known only to himself. Nominally the age of fifteen is requisite before the student can pass the commission that examines for entrance; but one is not very particular in the Orient as regards age, nor too careful in its remembrance. It was told to me that the number of students is so large because the certificate of Al-Azhar the Brilliant frees the holder from military service; but we must add to that the very certain fact that the desire for knowledge is strongly implanted in the Mohammedan world and that the professions of fakih, mudarris, and hakim are surrounded with glory by the faithful in Islam.

It is a very sea of students. The whole liwan, the mosque itself, is littered with groups deep in study, and the whole of the uncovered sakhn without is strewn with clusters and packs resting from their work, some eating, others chatting or sleeping upon the bare floor. All is scrupulously clean, hardly a speck of dust is seen on the matted floor where so many human beings are living and working. All is strictly neat and ordered where no semblance of order can be traced out beforehand, and there are hundreds, even thousands of students; for Al-Azhar the

Brilliant describes its scholars in larger numbers than any university in either Europe or America. The official statistics give for the year 1319 A.H. (1901) the number of 10,040 students and 250 teachers.

No languid ease is the lot of these students, nor is there any unseemly rush. From early morn until the end of the second hour (ten o'clock) there is work; after this is the time for eating. One half hour of further study, and then rest finishes the morning. The programme is the same in the afternoon. From the third hour until the sinking of the sun there is no work—at most a little arithmetic or geography is gone through. From the sinking of the sun until night there is again a study period.

Al-Azhar the Brilliant has its tragic corner, as has the rest of the world. In a room separated from the rest of the mosque is the class for the blind. Here those for whom the brilliancy of Al-Azhar can only be spiritual come in for their share of the prophet's teaching; and the number of students who see their lives pass in complete darkness is not small in a land where diseases of the eye are perennial. Some of the teachers in the mosque itself are blind, which matters little, seeing that memory so much supplies the place of sight in Eastern learning. Both teachers and pupils looked the extreme of contentment; they were conscious of meritorious action.

It is the fashion to call Al-Azhar the Brilliant a university. Of set purpose it has not been that, nor is it in reality. The programme does, indeed, mention certain voluntary studies, such as composition, history, geography, and natural science. But to my knowledge they are seldom taught. Voluntary classes for such subjects are made up in one or two other mosques of Cairo; but such instruction finds little favour with the leaders, whose bent is all theological. Al-Azhar the Brilliant is in reality a theological school, a seminary, but with a slightly wider reach. For theology and the actual or reputed sayings and doings of the prophet form the basis of all studies and of all instruction in Islam, and the graduates of the school profess in after life the functions not only of religious teachings, but also of religious judges. The departments of instruction comprise Arabic linguistics (syntax, grammar, rhetoric, logic, metrics), the science of tradition, Koran exegesis, dogmatic theology, ethics, and jurisprudence. If one considers the wide extent of these sciences, their endless intertwining and subtle interlacing, the scholastic spinning out of human mental gymnastics, one will no longer wonder at the time it takes to acquire the requisite degrees. As there are four chief schools of Mohammedan jurisprudence, so there are four forms in which it is taught in Al-Azhar the Brilliant, and the student of canon law is bound to know something about the other systems in addition to the one to which he belongs.

There are many that would hint a fault at a society which prolongs the scholasticism of the Middle Ages of Mohammedan religious thought. The subjects taught are the same as those taught in the many centuries that have gone before; but the times are not the same, and there are among the leaders of Islam in Egypt today some few men who have felt and have recognised this. They know that if Islam is to keep the place won for it by its brilliant achievements in the past, it must find the synthesis with the modern world of thought as it did during the Middle Ages with Aristotle. Such an enlightened leader was Mohammed Abdu, Mufti of Egypt, who only lately has died—much too soon to make his provident interest and unostentatious piety gain the distinguished success which it must have gained had a longer lease of life been granted to him. If the physical signs of what we call progress are worth anything, such signs are not wanting. The post-office in Al-Azhar the Brilliant brings this home of ancient learning into contact with the world at large, and even the telephone has stolen its way in, to intrude the bustle and the wakefulness of modern life upon the quiet of a scholastic home. Oriental seclusion is now as impossible in Al-Azhar the Brilliant as it is in other parts of Egypt. Under the fostering hand of English rule—the mailed fist in the velvet glove—the doors are kept open. The formality of a Tezkereh is all that is needed to get

past the gate; the simple device of a large slipper over one's boots silences the scruples which forbid one to carry the dirt of the common street into the holy place. In the hands of a guide one can freely move from place to place. The students are accustomed to the sight of strangers, both men and women; the professors are supremely indifferent. But they both demand, as is their right, a respectful inquisitiveness. Once only did a lady in my party forget what we ourselves would demand of visitors to our own high schools, and we were loudly hissed. We might have fared badly had I not sat down and talked earnestly with the students upon the rights of hospitality so inviolable to the Semite. They listened with much eagerness, and showed an appreciation of the attempt to know their speech and to understand their faith. Soon I was the centre of a circle, in the periphery of which were several hundred craning necks; and when the students saw that I could write their script their joy knew no bounds. Though I was not permitted to become a regular student, as I had wished, I have spent many an hour listening to the clear and logical teachings of the professors; if anything, too logical for our modern and Western minds.

Many have been the centenary celebrations held by the ancient universities during the last few years, but few of us have in mind that in Egypt there is a high school of learning which in point of age can almost rival those of Bologna, Ravenna, and Pavia. Built in the year 972 by Jauhar, general and minister of Muizz al-Din, the founder of the schismatic dynasty of the Fatimides, the mosque named Al-Azhar the Brilliant has been devoted to instruction since the year 988, with an almost uninterrupted sequence. It is a continuous witness to the Moslem faith, throughout the varying rule of heretical Shi'ites and orthodox Sunnites, Berbers, Kurds, Turks, Mamlukes and Albanians. Very little of the original mosque can be seen; successive restorations have beautified that which at first was dignified only by its simplicity.

Abbas Hilmy II, the present khedive, has himself shown much interest in the future welfare of this great school of learning; not quite in the same sense as the enlightened Mufti, Mohammed Abdu, but in a more material one. In the northeastern corner he has caused a number of rooms to be built, which in their architectural effect compare well with those erected by his predecessors. He has brought medical aid to the service of the students, and would perhaps have done more (so he told me) had he not met with an opposition which he did not feel called upon to break at the present moment. Of course, there are parties in Al-Azhar the Brilliant as there are everywhere else, tendencies to conserve the old because of its antiquity and to see the new with the spectacles of suspicion because of its novelty. In Al-Azhar the Brilliant the new blends curiously with the old, the modern and somewhat florid style with the more ancient and severe. This is also seen in the library of the mosque, two large wings at the chief entrance being appropriated to the books which formerly lay scattered upon every hand in the various cloisters of the ancient mosque. The wing on the right-hand side is used merely as a storeroom, that on the left as the library proper. As one enters by this "Gate of the Barbers"—so called because in former times the students were shaved at this corner—now the chief entrance, one comes into the antechamber, in which sits the chief librarian, a stern-countenanced man, who seems to do little but give general directions upon the work that is to be done, and then into the fore-room with the superb prayer niche, dating from the fourteenth century. It is here that the manuscripts of the library are copied; the copyist sits upon the floor and at a table that would seem perilously low, copying in that beautiful Arabic script which at all times has been the delight of art-loving people. From the antechamber one descends a few steps into the library proper. Around the walls of the large carpeted room are modern glass-doored bookcases, in which prints and manuscripts are carefully guarded. There must be some ten thousand volumes here, well ordered and catalogued, though according to an Eastern system. It is a library characteristic of the purposes which Al-Azhar the Brilliant serves; nothing in the way of European

science or even of European works dealing with Mohammedanism has penetrated into this corner. Even the editions of Arabic masterpieces which have been published in the lands of the Giaour are carefully excluded. Only when they have been republished upon the thick white or yellow paper which the Egyptian Mohammedans seem to love, do they find a place in this collection. Showcases of quite modern construction contain the most valuable of the manuscripts —some of the few that Western greed and plunder have left in the East. In the centre of the room stands a small meridian telescope—the gift of some khedive—a discordant ornament in these theological surroundings. Here sits the assistant librarian and loans out the books—or parts of books, if I must be accurate. For they have found a way to discourage the excessive love for library books which seems to be bred into students. Whole volumes are never loaned: only a few gatherings at a time; and thus temptation is avoided.

Al-Azhar the Brilliant is nominally under the guidance of a rector—the Sheikh al-Azhar, who is assisted by the executive board of five members, three ulemas (theologians) and two government officials, all appointed by the khedive. In point of fact this executive board is not always the chief authority. That may be centred in one of the various commissions, or in the mufti, as it was during the lifetime of Mohammed Abdu. The Westerner looks in vain for class rooms, seminars and studies. None are to be found. With the exception of one or two rooms, in which special lectures are held, all work of this teeming hive is done in the long covered hall of the mosque itself. It would be more proper to speak of lecture pillars than lecture rooms. The rector assigns to each teacher such a pillar. The teacher sits himself on the ground (only a few of the more important are permitted to squat upon a settee) with his back to the pillar and his face turned religiously toward Mecca. The students circle on the ground before him. He opens his lecture or his reading with a prayer, and in the same spirit closes it. The hearers may interrupt him to put questions; so that by the interplay of dialectic wrangling the wits of both the teacher and pupil are sharpened. One would imagine that the swelling clamour of tongues in each group would disturb the others. It is not so; by a remarkable power of concentration each little group is a law unto itself and proceeds upon the even tenor of its disputing way, with its neighbours quite out of mind.

Al-Azhar the Brilliant is no unkind Alma Mater. It demands no fees of those that seek its welcome. It even goes beyond this, and provides in part for their material welfare. All learning is in itself an act of piety to the Mohammedan, an end devoutly to be sought after; and even present-day Islam has preserved something of the austerity which the desert has instilled into the Bedouin habits. Moslem piety has in the past ages been liberal, and has so endowed Al-Azhar the Brilliant that it has a yearly income of eight thousand pounds, to which the government adds something over two thousand. This suffices to provide instruction and partly to feed, lodge, and dress the many students. A certain stipend is given to each and bread is distributed in the daily rations. Upon festivals other food and dress are bestowed or their equivalent is given in money. Nearly all of the students sleep in the mosque itself—packed away in the different riwaks or cloisters that run around the outer court.

The professors emulate their pupils in the truly simple life. Even in Cairo and in the native quarter their modest pay of 100 to 300 piastres a month (from $5 to $15) compels a modest existence. My own sheikh, Ahmad Omar al-Mahmasani, the sub-librarian of the mosque, lived, cooked, slept and studied in his own room and in the company of his books. I advised him to put the money I paid to him for his lessons into the bank; but this he refused to do, interest taking and usury being synonyms for the pious Moslem.

In such manner do the teachers of Islam gain their training. Only during two months and one-half is the life of al-Azhar the Brilliant hushed. The students return to their homes or lazy away their days in Cairo itself. How can they



MIHRAB (PRAYER NICHE) IN AL-AZHAR THE BRILLIANT



SHEIKH AHMAD OMAR AT HOME



WITHIN THE LIBRARY. THE SUB-LIBRARIAN, HIS FRIENDS AND THE ATTENDANTS



A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY

STUDENTS AT LUNCH IN THE OUTER COURT

POST OFFICE OF THE MOSQUE

THE CENTRAL PART



THE OUTER COURT

STUDENTS AT WORK

MUHAMMED ABDU, THE LATE MUFTI OF EGYPT



THE ENTRANCE

A WELL-FED ATTENDANT

THE COURT

work in the month of Ramadan, when the mortification of the flesh, at least during the day, makes every effort irksome? Out of the remaining ten and one-half months they have thirty-five days' holiday—a proof that they are not wearied, notwithstanding their feverish concentration at study time.

When at last the student has finished his lectures and his studies, he appears before the University Board of examination to prove his diligence and to receive his certificate. There are no means of knowing what percentage of those that enter pass through to the very end. I have the conviction that it is small. At the end of three years the student may obtain his first certificate, which frees him from military service. After eight years he may be examined for a second certificate, which empowers him to lead in prayer, to preach and give elementary instruction. It is only after a course lasting twelve long years and a severe examination that the real and most coveted diploma is given which enables the holder to "profess" in Al-Azhar, or in any of the other teaching mosques in Egypt. In addition, a special certificate is necessary if one desires to return to his home and there to teach and give ritual decisions.

In many of the native circles of Cairo the wish has been expressed of late years that Al-Azhar the Brilliant ought now to emerge from its seclusion and become vitalised as a university for the Mohammedan people in the modern acceptance of that term. But the more moderate among both the native and the English populations recognise the unwisdom of any such course. Whatever evolutions Mohammedanism as a political and social power may be called upon to undergo in the future, its theology and its canon law must remain intact, or at least be developed upon its own lines. This need Al-Azhar the Brilliant must continue to serve in the future, as it has served it in the past. The late Munchawy Pasha —an Eastern replica of the American trust magnate—had at one time the intention to found a university distinct from the old theological school. The project has died with him; but it seems more probable that the English will realise it in a somewhat different manner. At the present moment the government supports schools of agriculture, engineering, law and medicine, a veterinary school and a training school for teachers at Cairo. It is only necessary to combine these into one institution, adding to them a school of the humanities. The record made at the Gordon Memorial College in Khartoum is an earnest of what can be done when the rightful susceptibilities of the native are not ignored. No Mohammedan can object to such a proposal; for has not the prophet said: "Whoso pursueth the road of knowledge God will direct him to the road of Paradise?"

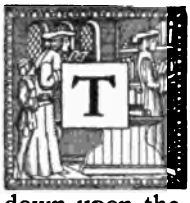
Richard Gottheil.



CHRONICLES OF THE IMP

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

IV.—MOON-MAGIC



THE Three Jolly Anglers is an inn of a distinctly jovial aspect, with its toppling gables, its creaking sign, and its bright lattices, which, like merry little twinkling eyes, look down upon the eternal river to-day with the same half-waggish, half-kindly air, as they have done for generations.

Upon its battered sign, if you look closely enough, you may still see the Three Anglers themselves, somewhat worn and dim with time and stress of weather, yet preserving their jollity through it all with an heroic fortitude—as they doubtless will do until they fade away altogether.

It is an inn with raftered ceilings, and narrow, winding passageways; an inn with long, low chambers full of unexpected nooks and corners, with great four-post beds built for tired giants it would seem, and wide, deep chimneys reminiscent of Gargantuan rounds of beef; an inn whose very walls seem to exude comfort, as it were—the solid comfortable comfort of a bygone age.

Of all the many rooms here to be found I love best that which is called the Sanded Parlour. Never were wainscoted walls of a mellower tone, never was pewter more gleaming, never were things more bright and speckless, from the worn, quaint andirons on the hearth to the brass-bound blunderbuss, with the two ancient fishing-rods above. At one end of the room was a long, low casement, and here I leaned, watching the river nearby, and listening to its never-ceasing murmur. I had dined an hour ago; the beef had been excellent—it always is at the Three Jolly Anglers—and the ale beyond all criticism; also my pipe seemed to have an added flavour.

Yet despite all this I did not enjoy that supreme content—that philosophical calm which such beef and such ale surely warranted. But then, who ever heard of Love and Philosophy going together?

Away over the uplands a round, harvest moon was beginning to rise, flecking the shadowy waters with patches of silver, and, borne to my ears upon the warm, still air, came the throb of distant violins. This served only to deepen my melancholy, reminding me that somebody or other was giving a ball to-night; and Lisbeth was there, and Mr. Selwyn was there, of course, and I—I was here—alone with the brass-bound blunderbuss, the ancient fishing-rods and the antique andirons on the hearth; with none to talk to save the moon, and the jasmine that had crept in at the open casement. And noting the splendour of the night, I experienced towards Lisbeth a feeling of pained surprise, that she should prefer the heat and garish glitter of a ball-room to walking beneath such a moon with me.

Indeed, it was a wondrous night! one of those warm, still nights which seem full of vague and untold possibilities! A night with magic in the air, when elves and fairies dance within their grassy rings, or hiding amid the shade of trees, peep out at one between the leaves; or again, some gallant knight on mighty steed come pacing slowly from the forest shadows, with the moonlight bright upon his armour.

Yes, surely there was magic in the air to-night! I half wished that some enchanter might, by a stroke of his fairy wand, roll back the years and leave me in the brutal, virile, Good Old Times, when men wooed and won their loves by might and strength of arm, and not by gold, as is so often the case in these days of ours. To be mounted upon my fiery steed, lance in hand and sword on thigh, riding down the leafy alleys of the woods yonder, led by the throbbing, sighing melody. To burst upon the astonished dancers like a thunder-clap; to swing her up to my saddle-bow, and clasped in each other's

arms, to plunge into the green mystery of forest.

My fancies had carried me thus far when I became aware of a small, furtive figure, dodging from one patch of shadow to another. Leaning from the window, I made out the form of a somewhat disreputable urchin, who, dropping upon hands and knees, proceeded to crawl towards me over the grass with a show of the most elaborate caution.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed, "halt and give the counter-sign!" The urchin sat up on his heels and stared at me with a pair of very round, bright eyes.

"Please, are you Mr. Uncle Dick?" he inquired.

"Oh," I said, "you come from the Imp, I presume." The boy nodded a round head, at the same time fumbling with something in his pocket.

"And whom may you be?" I inquired, conversationally.

"I'm Ben, I am."

"The gardener's boy?" Again the round head nodded acquiescence, as with much writhing and twisting he succeeded in drawing a heterogeneous collection of articles from his pocket, whence he selected a very dirty and crumpled piece of paper.

"He wants a ladder so's he can git out, but it's too big fer me to lift, so he told me to give you this here so's you would come an' rescue him—please, Mr. Uncle Dick." With which lucid explanation Ben handed me the crumpled note.

Spreading it out upon the window-sill, I managed to make out as follows:

DEAR UNKEL DICK: I'm riting this with my hart's blood bekors I'm a prisner in a gloomie dungun. It isn't really my hart's blood it's only red ink, so don't worry. Aunty lisbath cent me to bed just after tea bekors she said i'm norty, and when she'd gone Nurse locked me in so i can't get out and i'm tired of being a prisner, so please i want you to get the ladda and let me eskape, please unkel dick, will you.

yours till deth,
REGINALD AUGUSTUS.

Auntie was reding Ivanhoe to us and i've been the Black Knight and you can be Gurth the swine-herd if you like.

"So that's the way of it?" I said. "Well! well! such an appeal shall not go unanswered, at least. Wait there, my trusty Benjamin, and I'll be with you anon." Pausing only to refill my tobacco-pouch and get my cap, I sallied out into the fragrant night, and set off along the river, the faithful Benjamin trotting at my heels.

Very soon we were skirting blooming flower-beds, and crossing trim lawns, until at length we reached a certain wing of the house from a window of which a pillow-case was dangling by means of a string.

"That's for provisions!" volunteered Ben; "we pertended he was starving, so he lets it down an' I fill it with onions out of the vegetable garden." At this moment the curly head of the Imp appeared at the window, followed by the major portion of his person.

"Oh, Uncle Dick!" he cried in a loud stage-whisper, "I think you had better be the Black Knight, 'cause you're so big, you know."

"Imp," I said, "get in at once, do you want to break your neck?" The Imp obediently wriggled into safety.

"The ladder's in the tool-house, Uncle Dick—Ben'll show you. Will you get it, please?" he pleaded in a wheedling tone.

"First of all, my Imp, why did your Auntie Lisbeth send you to bed—had you been a very naughty boy?"

"No-o!" he answered, after a moment's pause, "I don't think I was so very naughty—I only painted Dorothy like an Indian chief—green, with red spots, an' she looked fine, you know."

"Green, with red spots!" I repeated, "she certainly must have done so."

"Yes, only auntie didn't seem to like it."

"I fear your Auntie Lisbeth lacks an eye for colour."

"Yes, 'fraid so; she sent me to bed for it, you know."

"Still, Imp, under the circumstances I think it would be best if you got undressed and went to sleep."

"Oh, but I can't, Uncle Dick!"

"Why not, my Imp?"

"'Cause the moon's so very bright, an' everything looks so fine down there, an' I'm sure there's fairies about—moon fairies, you know, and I'm miserable."

"Miserable, Imp?"

"Yes, Auntie Lisbeth never came to kiss me good-night, an' so I can't go to sleep, Uncle Dick!"

"Why that alters the case, certainly."

"Yes, an' the ladder's in the tool-house."

"Imp," I said, as I turned to follow Benjamin, "oh, you Imp!" There are few things in this world more difficult to manage than a common or garden ladder; among other peculiarities it has a most unpleasant knack of kicking out suddenly just as everything appears to be going smoothly, which is apt to prove disconcerting to the novice. However, after sundry mishaps of the kind, I eventually got it reared up to the window, and a moment afterwards the Imp had climbed down and stood beside me, drawing the breath of freedom.

As a precautionary measure we proceeded to hide the ladder in a clump of rhododendrons hard by, and had but just done so when Benjamin uttered a cry of warning and took to his heels, while the Imp and I sought shelter behind a friendly tree. And not a whit too soon, for, scarcely had we done so, when two figures came round a corner of the house—two figures who walked very slowly and very close together.

"Why it's Betty—the cook, you know—an' Peter!" whispered the Imp. Almost opposite our hiding-place Betty paused to sigh heavily and stare up at the moon.

"Oh, Peter!" she murmured, "look at that there orb!"

"Ar!" said Peter, gazing obediently upward.

"Peter, ain't it 'eavenly; don't it stir your very soul?"

"Ar!" said Peter.

"Peter, are you sure you loves me more than that Susan thing at the doctor's?" A corduroy coat-sleeve crept slowly about Betty's plump waist, and there came the unmistakable sound of a kiss.

"Really and truly, Peter?"

"Ar!" said Peter, "so 'elp me Sam!" The kissing sound was repeated, and they walked on once more, only closer than ever now on account of the corduroy coat-sleeve.

"Those two are in love, you know," nodded the Imp. "Peter says the cheese-cakes she makes are enough to drive any man into marrying her, whether he wants to or not, an' I heard Betty telling Jane that she adored Peter, 'cause he had so much soul! Why is it," he inquired, thoughtfully, as he watched the two out of sight, "why is it, Uncle Dick, that people in love always look so silly?"

"Do you think so?" I asked, as I paused to light my pipe.

"'Course I do!" returned the Imp, "what's any one got to put their arm round girls for, just as if they wanted holding up—I think it's awfull' silly!"

"Of course it is, Imp—your wisdom is unassailable—still, do you know, I can understand a man being foolish enough to do it—occasionally."

"But you never would, Uncle Dick?"

"Alas, Imp!" I said, shaking my head, "Fortune seems to preclude all chances of it."

"'Course you wouldn't," he exclaimed; "an' Ivanhoe wouldn't——"

"Ah, but he did!" I put in; "have you forgotten Rowena?"

"Oh!" cried the Imp dolefully, "do you really think he ever put his arm round her?"

"Sure of it," I nodded. The Imp seemed much cast down, and even shocked.

"But there was the Black Knight," he said, brightening suddenly—"Richard of the Lion Heart, you know—he never did!"

"Not while he was fighting, of course, but afterwards, if history is to be believed, he very frequently did; and we are all alike, Imp—everybody does sooner or later."

"But why? Why should any one want to put their arm round a girl, Uncle Dick?"

"For the simple reason that the girl is there to put it round, I suppose. And now, Imp, let us talk of fish."

Instinctively we had wandered towards the river, and now we stood to watch the broad, silver path made by the moon across the mystery of its waters.

"I love to see the shine upon the river like that," said the Imp, dreamily; Auntie Lisbeth says it's the path that the Moon-fairies come down by to bring you nice dreams when you've been good. I've got out of bed lots of times an' watched an'

watched, but I've never seen them come. Do you think there are fairies in the moon, Uncle Dick?"

"Undoubtedly," I answered; "how else does it keep so bright? I used to wonder once how they managed to make it shine so."

"It must need lots of rubbing!" said the Imp; "I wonder if they ever get tired?"

"Of course they do, Imp, and disheartened, too, sometimes, like the rest of us, and then everything is black, and people wonder where the moon is. But they are very brave, these Moon-fairies, and they never quite lose hope, you know; so they presently go back to their rubbing and polishing, always starting at one edge. And in a little while we see it begin to shine again, very small and thin at first, like a——"

"Thumb-nail!"

"Yes, just like a thumb-nail; and so they go on working and working at it until it gets as big and round and bright as it is to-night."

Thus we walked together through a fairy world, the Imp and I, while above the murmur of the waters, above the sighing of the trees, came the soft, tremulous melody of the violins.

"I do wish I had lived when there were knights like Ivanhoe," burst out the Imp, suddenly, "it must have been fine to knock a man off his horse with your lance."

"Always supposing he didn't knock you off first, Imp."

"Oh! I should have been the sort of knight that nobody could knock off, you know. An' I'd have wandered about on my faithful charger, fighting all sorts of caddish barons, and caitiffs, an' slaying giants; an' I'd have rescued lovely ladies from castles grim—though I wouldn't have put my arm round them, of course!"

"Perish the thought, my Imp!"

"Uncle Dick!" he said, insinuatingly, "I do wish you'd be the Black Knight, an' let me be Ivanhoe."

"But there are no caitiffs and things left for us to fight, Imp, and no lovely ladies to rescue from castles grim, alas!" Now we had been walking on, drawn almost imperceptibly by the magic thread of the melody, which had led us, by devious paths, to a low stone wall, beyond which we could see the gleam of lighted windows and the twinkle of fairy-lamps among the trees. And over there, amid the music and laughter, was Lisbeth in all the glory of her beauty, happy, of course, and light-hearted; and here, beneath the moon, was I.

"We could pretend this was a castle grim, you know, Uncle Dick, full of dungeons an' turrets, an' that we were going to rescue Auntie Lisbeth."

"Imp," I said, "that's really a great idea."

"I wish I'd brought my trusty sword," he sighed, searching about for something to supply its place; "I left it under my pillow, you know." Very soon, however, he had procured two sticks, somewhat thin and wobbly, yet which, by the magic of imagination, became transformed into formidable, two-edged swords, with one of which he armed me, the other he flourished above his head.

"Forward, gallant knights!" he cried; "the breach! the breach! On! on! St. George, for Merrie England!" With the words he clambered upon the wall and disappeared upon the other side.

For a moment I hesitated, and then, inspired by the music, and the thought of Lisbeth, I followed suit. It was all very mad, of course, but who cared for sanity on such a night—certainly not I.

"Careful now, Imp!" I cautioned; "if any one should see us they'll take us for thieves, or lunatics, beyond a doubt."

We found ourselves in an enclosed garden with a walk which led between rows of fruit trees. Following this, it brought us out upon a broad stretch of lawn, with here and there a great tree, and beyond, the gleaming windows of the house. Filled with the spirit of adventure, we approached, keeping in the shadow as much as possible, until we could see figures that strolled to and fro upon the terrace or promenaded the walks below.

The excitement of dodging our way among so many people was intense; time and again we were only saved from detection by more than one wandering couple, owing to the fact that all their attention was centred in themselves. For instance, we were skirmishing round a clump of laurels, to gain the shadow of the terrace, when we almost ran into the arms

of a pair; but they didn't see us for the very good reason that she was staring at the moon, and he at her.

"So sweet of you, Archibald!" she was saying.

"What did she call him 'bald for, Uncle Dick?" inquired the Imp in a loud stage-whisper, as I dragged him down behind the laurels. "He's not a bit bald, you know! An' I say, Uncle Dick, did you see his arm, it was round——"

"Yes—yes!" I nodded.

"Just like Peter's, you know."

"Yes—yes, I saw."

"I wonder why she called him——"

"Hush!" I broke in, "his name is Archibald, I suppose."

"Well, I hope when I grow up nobody will ever call me——"

"Hush!" I said again, "not a word—there's your Auntie Lisbeth! She was, indeed, standing upon the terrace, within a yard of our hiding-place, and beside her was Mr. Selwyn.

"Uncle Dick," whispered the irrepressible Imp, "do you think if we watch long enough that Mr. Selwyn will put his arm round——"

"Shut up!" I whispered savagely.

Lisbeth was clad in a long, trailing gown of dove-coloured silk—one of those close-fitting garments that make the uninitiated, such as myself, wonder how they are ever got on. Also, she wore a shawl, which I was sorry for, because I have always been an admirer of beautiful things, and Lisbeth's neck and shoulders are glorious.

Mr. Selwyn stood beside her with a plate of ice cream in his hand, which he handed to her, and they sat down. As I watched her and noticed her weary, bored air, and how wistfully she gazed up at the silver disc of the moon, I experienced a feeling of decided satisfaction.

"Yes," said Lisbeth, toying absently with the ice cream, "he painted Dorothy's face with stripes of red and green enamel, and goodness only knows how we can ever get it all off!"

Mr. Selwyn was duly shocked and murmured something about the efficacy of turpentine in such an emergency.

"Of course, I had to punish him," continued Lisbeth, "so I sent him to bed immediately after tea, and never went to say good-night, or tuck him up as I usually do, and it has been worrying me all the evening."

Mr. Selwyn was sure that he was all right, and positively certain that at this moment he was wrapped in balmy slumber. Despite my warning grasp, the Imp chuckled, but we were saved by the band striking up. Mr. Selwyn rose, giving his arm to Lisbeth, and they re-entered the ball-room. One by one the other couples followed suit until the long terrace was deserted.

Now, upon Lisbeth's deserted chair, showing wonderfully pink in the soft glow of the Chinese lanterns, was the ice cream.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp in his thoughtful way, "I think I'll be a bandit for a bit."

"Anything you like," I answered rashly, "so long as we get away while we can."

"All right," he whispered, "I won't be a minute," and before I could stop him he had scrambled down the steps and fallen to upon the ice cream.

The wonderful celerity with which the Imp wolfed down that ice cream was positively awe-inspiring. In less time almost than it takes to tell the plate was empty. Yet scarcely had he swallowed the last mouthful when he heard Mr. Selwyn's voice close by. In his haste the Imp dropped his cap, a glaring affair of red and white, and before he could recover it Lisbeth reappeared, followed by Mr. Selwyn.

"It certainly is more pleasant out here!" he was saying.

Lisbeth came straight towards the cap—it was a moral impossibility that she could fail to see it—yet she sank into her chair without word or sign. Mr. Selwyn, on the contrary, stood with the empty ice plate in his hand, staring at it in wide-eyed astonishment.

"It's gone!" he exclaimed.

"Oh!" said Lisbeth.

"Most extraordinary!" said Mr. Selwyn, fixing his monocle and staring harder than ever; "I wonder where it can have got to?"

"Perhaps it melted!" Lisbeth suggested, "and I should so have loved an ice!" she sighed.

"Then, of course, I'll get you another, with pleasure," he said and hurried off, eyeing the plate dubiously as he went.

No sooner was Lisbeth alone than she kicked aside the train of her dress and picked up the tell-tale cap.

"Imp!" she whispered, rising to her feet, "Imp, come here at once, sir!" There was a moment's breathless pause, and then the Imp squirmed himself into view.

"Hallo, Auntie Lisbeth!" he said, with a cheerfulness wholly assumed.

"Oh!" she cried, distressfully, "whatever does this mean; what are you doing here? Oh, you naughty boy!"

"Lisbeth," I said, as I rose in my turn and confronted her, "do not blame the child—the fault is mine—let me explain; by means of a ladder——"

"Not here," she whispered, glancing nervously towards the ball-room.

"Then come where I can."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all; you have only to descend these steps and we can talk undisturbed."

"Ridiculous!" she said, stooping to replace the Imp's cap; but being thus temptingly within reach, she was next moment beside us in the shadows.

"Dick, how could you, how dared you?"

"You see, I had to explain," I answered very humbly; "I really couldn't allow this poor child to bear the blame of my fault——"

"I'm not a 'poor child,' Uncle Dick," expostulated the Imp; "I'm a gallant knight and——"

"—The blame of my fault, Lisbeth," I continued, "I alone must face your just resentment, for——"

"Hush!" she whispered, glancing hastily about.

"—For, by means of a ladder, Lisbeth, a common or garden ladder——"

"Oh, do be quiet!" she said, and laid her hand upon my lips, which I immediately imprisoned there, but for a moment only; the next it was snatched away as there came the unmistakable sound of some one approaching.

"Come along, Auntie Lisbeth," whispered the Imp; "fear not, we'll rescue you."

Oh! surely there was magic in the air to-night; for, with a swift, dexterous movement, Lisbeth had swept her long train across her arm, and we were running hand in hand, all three of us, running across lawns and down winding paths between yew hedges, sometimes so close together that I could feel a tress of her fragrant hair brushing my face with a touch almost like a caress. Surely, surely, there was magic in the air to-night!

Suddenly Lisbeth stopped, flushed and panting.

"Well!" she exclaimed, staring from me to the Imp, and back again, "was ever anything so mad!"

"Everything is mad to-night," I said; "it's the moon!"

"To think of my running away like this with two—two——"

"Interlopers," I suggested.

"I really ought to be very, very angry with you—both of you she said, trying to frown.

"No, don't be angry with us, Auntie Lisbeth," pleaded the Imp, "'cause you are a lovely lady in a castle grim, an' we are two gallant knights, so we had to come an' rescue you; an' you never came to kiss me good-night, an' I'm awfull' sorry 'bout painting Dorothy's face—really!"

"Imp," cried Lisbeth, falling on her knees regardless of her silks and laces, "Imp, come and kiss me." The Imp drew out a decidedly grubby handkerchief, and, having rubbed his lips with it, obeyed.

"Now, Uncle Dick!" he said, and offered me the grubby handkerchief. Lisbeth actually blushed.

"Reginald!" she exclaimed, "whatever put such an idea into your head?"

"Oh! everybody's always kissing somebody you know," he nodded, an' it's Uncle Dick's turn now."

Lisbeth rose from her knees and began to pat her rebellious hair into order. Now, as she raised her arms, her shawl very naturally slipped to the ground; and standing there, with her eyes laughing up at me beneath their dark lashes, with the moonlight in her hair, and gleaming upon the snow of her neck and shoulders, she had never seemed quite so bewilderingly, temptingly beautiful before.

"Dick," she said, "I must go back at once—before they miss me."

"Go back!" I repeated, "never—that is, not yet."

"But suppose any one saw us!" she said, with a hairpin in her mouth.

"They shan't," I answered, "you will see to that, won't you, Imp?"

"'Course I will, Uncle Dick!"

"Then go you, Sir Knight, and keep faithful ward behind yon apple tree, and let no base varlet hither come; that is, if you see any one, be sure to tell me." The Imp saluted and promptly disappeared behind the apple tree in question, while I stood watching Lisbeth's dexterous fingers and striving to remember a line from Keats descriptive of a beautiful woman in the moonlight. Before I could call it to mind, however, Lisbeth interrupted me.

"Don't you think you might pick up my shawl instead of staring at me as if I was——"

"The most beautiful woman in the world!" I put in.

—"Who is catching her death of cold," she laughed, yet for all her light tone her eyes drooped before mine as I obediently wrapped the shawl about her, in the doing of which, my arm being round her, very naturally stayed there, and—wonder of wonders, was not repulsed. And at this very moment, from the shadowy trees behind us came the rich, clear song of a nightingale.

Oh! most certainly the air was full of magic to-night!

"Dick," said Lisbeth very softly as the trilling notes died away, "I thought one could only dream such a night as this is."

"And yet life might hold many such for you and me, if you would only let it, Lisbeth," I reminded her. She did not answer.

"Not far from the village of Down, in Kent," I began.

"There stands a house," she put in, staring up at the moon with dreamy eyes.

"Yes."

"A very old house, with twisted Tudor chimneys and pointed gables—you see I have it all by heart, Dick—a house with wide stairways and long pannelled chambers——"

"Very empty and desolate at present," I added. "And amongst other things, there is a rose-garden—they call it My Ladye's Garden, Lisbeth, though no lady has trod its winding paths for years and years. But I have dreamed, many and many a time, that we stood among the roses, she and I, upon just such another night as this is. So I keep the old house ready and the gardens freshly trimmed, ready for my lady's coming; must I wait much longer, Lisbeth?" As I ended the nightingale took up the story, pleading my cause for me, filling the air with a melody, now appealing, now commanding, until it gradually died away in one long note of passionate entreaty.

Lisbeth sighed and turned towards me, but as she did so I felt a tug at my coat, and, looking round, beheld the Imp.

"Uncle Dick," he said, his eyes studiously averted, doubtless on account of the position of my arm, "here's Mr. Selwyn!"

With a sudden exclamation Lisbeth started from me and gathered up her skirts to run.

"Whereaway, my Imp?"

"Coming across the lawn."

"Reginald," I said, solemnly, "listen to me; you must sally out upon him with lance in rest, tell him you are a Knight-errant, wishful to uphold the glory of that faire ladye, your Auntie Lisbeth, and whatever happens you must manage to keep him away from here, do you understand?"

"Yes, only I do wish I'd brought my trusty sword, you know," he sighed.

"Never mind that now, Imp."

"Will Auntie Lisbeth be quite——"

"She will be all right."

"I suppose if you put your arm——"

"Never mind my arm, Imp, go!"

"Then fare thee well!" said he, and with a melodramatic flourish of his lance, trotted off.

"What did he mean about your arm, Dick?"

"Probably this!" I answered, slipping it around her again.

"But you must get away at once," whispered Lisbeth; "if Mr. Selwyn should see you——"

"I intend that he shall. Oh, it will be quite simple; while he is talking to me you can get back to the——"

"Hush!" she whispered, laying her fingers on my lips; "listen!"

"Hallo, Mr. Selwyn!" came in the Imp's familiar tones.

"Why, good Heavens!" exclaimed another voice, much too near to be pleasant, "what on earth are you doing here—and at this time of night?"

"Looking for base varlets!"

"Don't you know that all little boys—all nice little boys—should have been in bed hours ago?"

"But I'm not a nice little boy; I'm a Knight-errant; would you like to get a lance, Mr. Selwyn, an' break it with me to the glory of my Auntie Lisbeth?"

"The question is, what has become of her?" said Mr. Selwyn. We waited almost breathlessly for the answer.

"Oh! I 'specks she's somewhere looking at the moon; everybody looks at the moon, you know; Betty does, an' the lady with the man with a funny name 'bout being bald, an'——"

"I think you had better come up to the house," said Mr. Selwyn.

"Do you think you could get me an ice cream if I did?" asked the Imp, persuasively; "nice an' pink, you know, with——"

"An ice!" repeated Mr. Selwyn; "I wonder how many you have had already to-night?"

The time for action was come.

"Lisbeth," I said, "we must go; such happiness as this could not last; how should it? I think it is given us to dream over in less happy days. For me it will be a memory to treasure always, and yet there might be one thing more—a little thing, Lisbeth—can you guess?" She did not speak, but I saw the dimple come and go at the corner of her mouth, so I stooped and kissed her. For a moment, all too brief, we stood thus, with the glory of the moonlight about us; then I was hurrying across the lawn after Selwyn and the Imp.

"Ah, Mr. Selwyn!" I said as I overtook them, "so you have found him, have you?" Mr. Selwyn turned to regard me, surprise writ large upon him, from the points of his immaculate, patent-leather shoes, to the parting of his no less immaculate hair.

"So very good of you," I continued; "you see he is such a difficult object to recover when once he gets mislaid; really, I'm awfully obliged." Mr. Selwyn's attitude was politely formal. He bowed.

"What is it to-night," he inquired, "pirates?"

"Hardly so bad as that," I returned; "to-night the air is full of the clash of armour and the ring of steel; if you do not hear it that is not our fault."

"An' the woods are full of caddish barons and caitiff knaves, you know, aren't they, Uncle Dick?"

"Certainly," I nodded, "with lance and spear-point twinkling through the gloom; but in the silver glory of the moon, Mr. Selwyn, walk errant damozels and ladyes faire, and again, if you don't see them, the loss is yours." As I spoke, away upon the terrace a grey shadow paused a moment ere it was swallowed in the brilliance of the ball-room; seeing which I did not mind the slightly superior smile that curved Mr. Selwyn's very precise moustache; after all, my rhapsody had not been altogether thrown away.

As I ended, the opening bars of a waltz floated out to us. Mr. Selwyn glanced back over his shoulder.

"Ah! I suppose you can find your way out?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, thanks."

"Then if you will excuse me, I think I'll leave you to—ah—to do it; the next dance is beginning, and—ah——"

"Certainly," I said, "of course—good-night, and much obliged—really!" Mr. Selwyn bowed, and, turning away, left us to our own resources.

"I should have liked another ice, Uncle Dick," sighed the Imp, regretfully.

"Knights never ate ice cream!" I said, as we set off along the nearest path.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp suddenly, "do you 'spose Mr. Selwyn wants to put his arm round Auntie Lis——"

"Possibly!"

"An' do you 'spose that Auntie Lisbeth wants Mr. Selwyn to——"

"I don't know—of course not—er—kindly shut up, will you, Imp?"

"I only wanted to know, you know," he murmured.

Therewith we walked on in silence and I fell to dreaming of Lisbeth again, of how she had sighed, of the look in her eyes as she turned to me with her answer

trembling on her lips—the answer which the Imp had inadvertently cut short.

In this frame of mind I drew near to that corner of the garden where she had stood with me, that quiet, shady corner, which henceforth would remain enshrined within my memory for her sake, which——

I stopped suddenly short at the sight of two figures—one in the cap and apron of a waiting maid and the other in the gorgeous plush and gold braid of a footman; and they were standing upon the very spot where Lisbeth and I had stood, and in almost the exact attitude—it was desecration.

I stood stock still despite the Imp's frantic tugs at my coat, all other feelings swallowed up in one of half-amused resentment. Thus the resplendent footman happened to turn his head, presently espied me, and removing his plush-clad arm from the waist of the trim maid-servant, and doubling his fists, strode towards us with a truly terrible mien.

"And w'ot might your game be?" he inquired, with that supercilious air inseparable to plush and gold braid; "oh, I know your kind, I do—I know yer!"

"Then, fellow," quoth I, "I know not thee, by Thor, I swear it and Og the Terrible, King of Bashan!"

"'Ogs is it?" said he indignantly, "don't get trying to come over me with yer 'ogs; no nor yet yer fellers! The question is, w'ot are you 'anging round 'ere for?" Now, possibly deceived by my pacific attitude, or inspired by the bright eyes of the trim maid-servant, he seized me, none too gently, by the collar, to the horrified dismay of the Imp.

"Nay, but I will give thee moneys——"

"You are a-going to come up to the 'ouse with me, and no blooming nonsense, either; d'ye 'ear?"

"Then must I needs smite thee for a barbarous dog—hence—base slave—begone!" Wherewith I delivered what is technically known in "sporting" circles as a "right hook to the ear," followed by a "left swing to the chin," and my assailant immediately disappeared behind a bush, with a flash of pink silk calves and buckled shoes. Then, while the trim maid-servant filled the air with her lamentations, the Imp and I ran hot-foot for the wall, over which I bundled him neck and crop, and we set off pell-mell along the river-path.

"Oh, Uncle Dick," he panted, "how—how fine you are! you knocked yon footman—I mean varlet—from his saddle like—like anything. Oh, I do wish you would play like this every night!"

"Heaven forbid!" I exclaimed fervently.

Coming at last to the shrubbery gate, we paused awhile to regain our breath.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp, regarding me with a thoughtful eye, "did you see his arm—I mean before you smote him 'hip and thigh'?"

"I did."

"It was round her waist."

"Imp, it was."

"Just like Peter's?"

"Yes."

"An' the man with the funny name?"

"Archibald's, yes."

"An'—an'——"

"And mine," I put in, seeing he paused.

"Uncle Dick—why?"

"Ah! who knows, Imp—perhaps it was the Moon-magic. And now by my troth! 'tis full time all good knights were snoring, so hey for bed and the Slumber-world!"

The ladder was dragged from its hiding place, and the Imp, having mounted, watched me from his window as I returned it to the laurels for very obvious reasons.

"We didn't see any fairies, did we, Uncle Dick?"

"Well, I think I did, Imp, just for a moment; I may have been mistaken, of course, but anyhow, it has been a very wonderful night all the same. And so—God rest you, fair Knight!"

(To be continued.)

HERE AND THERE

I.

The President's Artless Humour.

President Roosevelt's shotgun message of thirty thousand words which was given to the press on December 5th, is unintentionally enlivened by a sentence or two of such extreme naïveté as to make us wonder whether his sense of humour has altogether left him. In speaking of the decision of the Supreme Court, rendered in 1894, to the effect that an income tax is unconstitutional, his Excellency observes with much gravity and with a sapient air that would do credit to Dogberry himself:

> "The decision of the Court was only reached by one majority. It is the law of the land, and of course is accepted as such and obeyed by all good citizens."

Here, as Mr. Squeers remarked, is richness. The President is obviously surprised that wealthy citizens are not growling ominously because the Court exempted them from paying any income tax. Doubtless he would think it natural that the anxiety of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Harriman to force their money upon an unwilling Treasury might lead them to rebel. It is strange. indeed, that thousands of millionaires are not clamouring for the privilege of paying an income tax which the Supreme Court has decided that they need not pay. But it only goes to show that they are "good citizens." However trying it is to their susceptibilities to keep their money in their own pockets, they are willing to do so since such is the law of the land. No doubt if a mob of millionaires should descend upon Washington, laden with huge wads of money, and demanding with all the earnestness of Coxey that the Government accept their contributions, the President would be as firm as ever. To use the phrase of which he is so fond, he would employ "the naval and military forces of the United States" to prevent them from carrying out their lawless purpose. It is reassuring to learn that our wealthy citizens are so law-abiding, and that we have a President who cannot be coerced into accepting the proceeds of an income tax until the Court reverses its decision of 1894.

II.

The Sensitive Japanese.

The President is also willing to employ "all of the forces, military and civil, of the United States" to compel the Californians to allow Japanese scholars to sit side by side with white children in the public schools maintained at the expense of California, and not at all intended for aliens. Here the President has obviously rushed into a situation from which, sooner or later, he will have to withdraw. By the Constitution of the United States, Japanese cannot be naturalised as citizens, for they are neither white nor are they of "African descent." Furthermore, the United States courts in their interpretation of the Civil Rights Act have always held that even the children of citizens, if they be black, may be segregated from the whites, provided only that the treatment which they receive be equal. Thus, negro children are entitled to the same public school education as is given to the whites, but any State may give them that education in different buildings or in different rooms of the same building. Negroes are entitled also to ride upon trolley-cars and other vehicles for transportation; but they may be segregated. Hence, the so-called "Jim Crow cars" in certain Southern States are entirely legal, and do not involve a discrimination against the blacks; for if negroes cannot ride in cars intended for white people, neither can white people ride in those intended for the negroes. It was not long ago that Miss Mildred Lee, the daughter of the great Confederate general, was ejected from a "Jim Crow car" in Richmond, and was actually arrested because she tried to find a seat there, the other cars being overcrowded.

Hence the Japanese, and Mr. Roosevelt also, are getting just a trifle too ex-

cited. We cannot suppress a certain feeling of astonishment at the arrogance of the Japanese in their loud complaints over the fact that in the West their presence is unwelcome. They have themselves been systematically "freezing out" Americans from all positions of influence and emoluments both in Japan and in its dependencies, such as Formosa and Corea. They were willing to employ white engineers, mechanics, professors, and drill-masters, so long as it suited their own purpose; but now that they have learned the game, as it were, they are barring every door of opportunity to foreigners. It is a wholesome thing that the American people have begun to recover from their ridiculous adulation of the Japanese which was, a year ago, so rampant. The Japanese are very clever; but their cleverness, naturally enough, is devoted to their own peculiar interests. They are not altruistic in the slightest degree. They will use foreigners and pay foreigners and welcome foreigners for precisely such a length of time as suits their own interest. After that, they will cast foreigners aside like squeezed oranges; and under their superficial politeness will be as hard and as selfish as any race that the world has ever seen. They are, in fact, an intensely egotistic people, vain to the last degree; and, since their victory over Russia, they are entirely convinced that they can bully and, if necessary, conquer, any other people upon earth. Some day they will run up against a white nation that is not honeycombed with discontent, whose fleets and armies are in superb condition, and whose finances are not, like those of Japan, crippled and hampered by thirty years of extravagance and burdensome taxation. Then the Japanese bubble will be pricked; and the subjects of the Mikado will not be so excessively belligerent because a few full-grown house servants and porters of their race receive a free education in schoolrooms apart from those in which white children are taught by the State of which their parents are native citizens.

III.

The other day Mr. George Bernard Shaw, in one of his whimsical moods, which so many people take with perfect seriousness, declared that his conception of the Deity was better satisfied by regarding it in the light of motherhood rather than of fatherhood. Of course, this made fine copy for the newspapers, whose editors seemed to think that the idea was entirely original with Mr. Shaw. As a matter of fact, it was put forth some fifty years ago in a sermon by Theodore Parker, and at the time was discussed in various fashion by press and pulpit. Yet in all that has been said regarding Shaw, no one seems to have remembered Dr. Parker's pronouncement. This affords one more proof of the short memory which human beings, and especially Americans, possess. Another contemporaneous instance may be found in the hue and cry that has been raised over the book lately published by Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons, in which, according to the newspapers, a system of "trial marriages" was advocated. No one seems to have read the book itself; but without reading it, preachers thundered at the trial marriage theory as "beastly" and "subversive of society"; while the newspapers, naturally enough, set up a loud antiphonal yell.

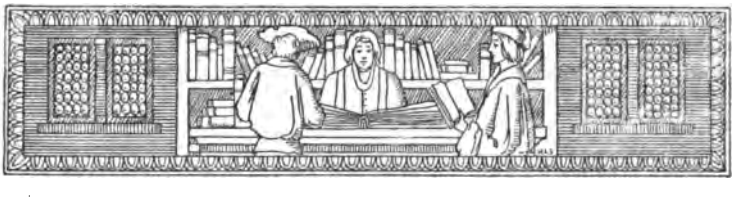
New Things That Are Old.

Now, in the first place, Mrs. Parsons did not advocate anything of the kind; and in the second place, what she did say on the subject was limited to about a dozen lines in a large treatise of a purely economic and sociological character. Whoever buys her book in a spirit of prurient expectancy is going to be ridiculously disappointed. All that Mrs. Parsons said was that divorces should be made easier in proportion to the brevity of the time during which a given marriage is continued. Thus, if two persons, at the very outset of their marital experience, find that they have made a grievous error; if they recognise the fact that they are thoroughly incompatible; and if as yet they have had no children, Mrs. Parsons would make it easy for them to rectify the error by a dissolution of the compact. One may agree or may not agree with this particular view, but surely it is a scientific theory about which there is nothing "beastly." Even, how-

ever, had she advocated a trial marriage, the proposition would have been nothing novel. In the remoter parts of Norway the trial marriage has existed as an institution for many centuries; and in colonial days it was not unknown in portions of New England under the name of "bundling," with regard to which the reader may consult an interesting passage by Washington Irving in his Knickerbocker History. Only three years ago Mr. George Meredith was commending the same thing.

Thus, again, President Roosevelt's crusade against race suicide is merely an echo of what has been going on in France ever since the war of 1870, when the population began steadily to diminish. It is as old, in fact, as the early Roman Empire and the Julian laws passed by Augustus Cæsar. And so it is with Simplified Spelling, in which Mr. Roosevelt, with less scholarship, is following the lead of the Emperor Claudius, who tried to simplify the Latin alphabet; and so, too, it is with the general problem of monopolies and trusts, which was a burning question in American politics so far back as 1661, when English captains of industry exploited the Virginians, and later, in 1803, when President Dwight of Yale came out of his study to ask: "Can the imagination paint anything more dreadful on this side of hell?" The student of comparative history and of the things which interest his fellow-beings, falls not unnaturally into a rather cynical state of mind. Everything seems to be of the moment only. The lessons of the past appear to be ignored. The newspapers, in their frantic hunt for exciting copy, feed out sensations which in reality are so far from justifying even the most minute sensation as to be in truth the most ancient and hoary-headed of all commonplace events and incidents.

H. T. P.



AMONG THE SEASON'S JUVENILE BOOKS



IF there were any doubt as to the truth of the claim, often made, that children nowadays are receiving a degree of attention unheard of in any preceding time, it would be effectively set at rest by a perusal of a single season's "crop" of books written especially for the young folks. And not alone would the numerical showing of individual titles be impressive, but the character of the books themselves—the physical form, as well as the text, would emphasise the fact that children are having their day after a long—perhaps not "night," but a twilight illumined by irregular and infrequent flashes of inspired fire.

The expressions, "juvenile literature," "children's books," and so forth, are a bit misleading for the reason that the words "juvenile" and "children" are themselves without definiteness. In a general way we understand by these terms that books other than those for adults are meant. From the publishers' standpoint and its corollary the standpoint of the purchaser, a differentiation of these general expressions is necessary, having reference to the degree of "juvenileness" of the books and to the age of the readers to whom they aim to appeal. In general this rough approximation is recognised. First, those for Very Little Folks; that is, children of the ages, say, from three to seven years; second, Just Children, from seven to thirteen; and, lastly, the Older Lads and Misses of from thirteen to seventeen. In each of these classes there will be individuals who are equal to books in the next higher class, and in many cases the divisions will overlap—when books are applicable to a wide range of youthfulness—but in the main the rule will hold.

The present season's books show that the little ones have been less recognised than have their older companions, and perhaps this is not to be wondered at; indeed, it is quite as it should be, though doubtless commercial considerations have largely controlled.

Teachers seldom have trouble in interesting their pupils in biography, for, like many of their elders, the children enjoy reading about *persons* when, alas! they are not interested in *things*. This seems to be reflected in the books for the older girls, as many of these titles are the names of the heroines of the stories; indeed, this is the rule, as will be seen below. It is the desire to know just what "Susie" did, or what "Judith's" scrape was, that makes this form of title alluring. It is no reflection on the books, for many such are good reading.

Brenda's Ward, by Helen Leah Reed, a new volume of the "Brenda" books, is something more than a good story book; it contains not a little healthy knowledge of the world, without being priggish. It is well illustrated by Frank E. Merrill. *Helen Grant at College,* by Amanda M. Douglas, perpetuates the "Helen Grant" series. It is fresh and full of the enthusiasm of college life. It is also a bit unusual for a girl's book, in its opening with an offer of marriage, and ending with another virtually accepted. It is a pity that the pictures are not better! By a fortunate coincidence two new books have Quebec as their "locus," for the scene is of infinite possibilities and well worth the familiarity of American girls. One of these books is *Janet; Her Winter in Quebec,* by Anna Chapin Ray, who wrote the "Teddy" books. It is an excellent story and is beautifully illustrated by Alice Barber Stevens. The other book is *A Little Girl in Quebec,* by Amanda M. Douglas. The title is somewhat of a misnomer, for it will interest older girls, not alone for the story, but as well because of the quaint Canadian-French setting, which gives a clear picture of the times.

Polly of the Pines is a thrilling story of Revolutionary days in the South, in which the family side of the great struggle is made vivid and dramatic. *Patty's Summer Days* is by Carolyn Wells. More



From *The Birch Tree Fairy Book.* Edited by Clifton Johnson. Little, Brown and Company

"Patty!" for there are other "Patty" books, and the girls will be prepared to find this as delightful as its predecessors. But what else could be expected from this author's keen pen? A new "Pansy" book is *Esther Ried's Namesake,* which rather "falls down" and is rather goody-goody. The value of a *nom de guerre* of long standing is curiously illustrated by the notice in this book that "Pansy" is a trade mark registered in the U. S. Patent Office. *Merle and May,* by Grace Squires, is a refined story, full of incident, with (again) a wedding looming up as the story ends. It would interest boys, too, and it is better than the title would suggest. Annie Fellows Johnston has written a bright book full of young people's trivialities, though none the less real to themselves, called *The*

Little Colonel. The book deserves better pictures than are some of the illustrations.

There is more snap to the boys' books for readers of the age corresponding to that for which the above-named books are intended. This comes from the fact that there are more things in which boys are interested, and that the things that most interest them are of the exciting sort. From among the new "crop" there is noticed some old favourite authors; George Cary Eggleston, for instance, with his *Jack Shelby,* an exciting, wholesome, adventurous tale of pioneering days. It is of a good kind and well done. James Otis, of course, and he is welcome! He contributes *The Minute Boys of the Wyoming Valley,* which purports to be the diary (edited by Mr. Otis) of the doings of some boys while their fathers were fighting in the Revolution. It is pretty safe to say that their fathers had no more thrilling experiences than their stay-at-home boys.

From Low to High Gear, by Edward S. Ellis, another of the boys' favourites, is a novelty, in a way, as the automobile is in it first, last and all the time. Edward Strathmeyer's *Trail and Trading Post* is a good, typical Western story of early Colonial life, with lots of Indians and shooting in it. A boys' story of more than average merit is Norman Duncan's *The Adventures of Billy Topsail.* Naturally it is a Labrador story, and few can write these so well as Mr. Duncan. *Pelham and his Friend Tim* is a stirring story of adventure, having much to do with a mill strike. The interest never flags and the suspense is kept up to the end. An "Oliver Optic-y" book is *The Young Express Agent,* by Frank E. Kellogg. It follows the fortunes of an ambitious, poor boy who makes his way by attention to his duties, among which is the foiling of an express robber. *The Rival Campers Afloat* is a good book of adventure, and suggests "The Sportsman's Club" of blessed memory thirty years ago, but it is up to date. Another sea story that the boys will like is *Afloat on the Dogger Bank.* Mrs. Florence Kimbal Russell, an army woman herself, has woven into *Born to the Blue* many of her own and her brother's experiences. It is a good, first-hand story by one who knows.

In the realm of travel and instruction the offerings are not so large, naturally, but there are a number of good ones. Among these are *Long Ago in Greece,* by Edmund J. Carpenter, Litt.D., a capital re-telling of the most popular mythological tales. *In Eastern Wonderlands* is a running account of an Oriental trip taken by three children and their father. It loses nothing by being a hurried account of a hurried trip; indeed, the swift-moving scenes make the book attractive to readers who do not care, for the time, to study. An exceedingly valuable book is *Young People's Story of Art,* by Ida Prentice Whitcomb, containing a concise sketch of the Grecian, Roman, Early Christian, Italian, Spanish, etc., periods of art, and it has many pictures to illustrate the text. It is interesting and instructive and will be read quite as eagerly and with as much profit by the older folks. An unfortunate error, however, has crept in; the illustrations of the Venus de Medici and the Venus di Milo are over each other's legends.

A new book by the Beards is an event. Two events can, therefore, be chronicled. The Misses Beard have brought out *Things Worth Doing, and How to Do Them,* which will keep the girls—for it is written for them—busy all through the year. One part is devoted to Things for Parties, Shows and Entertainments, and the other to Things for Home, Gift Days and Fairs. It is bountifully illustrated, and the ideas are novel and easy to make, for the authors are thoroughly practical and actually make the things they describe. Good as this book is, the authors' brother, Dan Beard, has a new book that is even better. It is called *The Field and Forest Handy Book.* It is simply indispensable to any wide-awake, *real* boy. The author is the genial editor of *Recreation,* and, by common consent, the dean of instructors in woodcraft and sports for boys. The book is not a "rehash" of old "stunts," but is full of brand-new things, cleverly arranged according to the seasons to which they are appropriate.

These may be taken as fairly typical of the best of the season's older children's books, and are, in no sense, even an ap-



From *The Court Jester*. By Cornelia Baker. The Bobbs-Merrill Company

proximately full list; and this is true of the books mentioned below in the other classes.

The next category of books in the above rough division is that for children of from seven to thirteen years of age. It is a larger class and the supply is bountiful to bewilderment. First and foremost is a book that so far excels any other that has come to our notice this year that it is almost in a class by itself. It is *The Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales,* by Frank R. Stockton. There are ten of Mr. Stockton's best tales of this kind—and that is alluring enough—and the illustrations in colour and gold, by Frederick Richardson, are simply exquisite and show that accomplished illustrator at his best. The publishers are to be congratulated (and thanked) that they showed the enterprise and sympathy to do this for the children.

Comparisons are odious, and it is not pleasant to give a second place to so beautiful a book as *The Enchanted Land—Tales Told Again,* by Louey Chisholm. The many full-page pictures in colour, by Katharine Cameron, are beautiful, and of



From *Racketty-Packetty House.* The Century Company

a character not usual here—for the book is imported and is issued by the Putnams. Many of the stories will not be familiar, so that the "retelling" is welcomed. Another British importation (by Dutton) is *Fairy Gold, a Book of English Fairy Tales,* profusely illustrated in colour and black and white. Less of a *de luxe* edition than the two just mentioned, but beautiful enough for a present and not too delicate to keep on the children's shelf for their every-day fairy book! While speaking of fairy books, one may not neglect Maud Ballington Booth's *Twilight Fairy Tales.* A strange book, one might say, for so strenuous and effective a worker in other more active lines, but not strange to those who know and love the noble woman who wrote it. Mrs. Booth believes in fairies, as you may see from reading the book. The stories are new and "different."

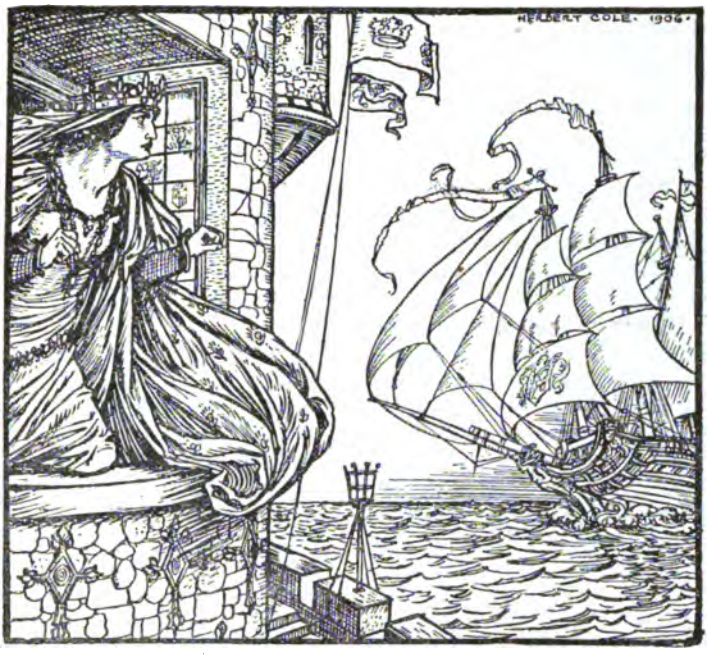
Young folks, a few years ago, had become accustomed to the annual appearance of a "blue," or "red," or "green" fairy book, until it seemed as if the spectrum would be exhausted in providing names for the "series." We are now threatened with—or should one say we view with pleasure—the forming of an arboreal series to rival the familiar polychrome delights of the past. *The Oak Tree Fairy Book* is followed this year by *The Birch Tree Fairy Book,* and the announcement is made of an *Elm Tree* book to come next year. But let it come! If it is as good as the *Birch Tree* it is welcome. These stories, familiar all, or nearly all, have been edited, but wisely so, and the "savagery, distressing details and excessive pathos" have been dropped, without weakening the stories' absurdities and power to thrill. In *The Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales* the editor has cleverly given a large number of Slavonic folk-lore tales an effective Russian setting, as did Joel Chandler Harris his setting for the B'rer Rabbit and Uncle Remus legends. In fact, he acknowledges his inspiration from reading "Uncle Remus."

Not for a long time has Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett written anything for children. This season she has a surprise for them in two little volumes, entitled *Queen Silver-Bell* and *Racketty-Packetty House.* Each book is illustrated with many coloured drawings. They are for the youngest readers, but they are so clever that even the older ones will enjoy them.

It is pretty safe to say that no writer for young folks can write of boarding-school life so interestingly as Ralph Henry Barbour. His latest book for boys is *The Crimson Sweater,* and is the best he has done. The girls will like it, too, for the heroine of the story is the daughter of the headmaster of the school.



From *Queen Silver-Bell.* The Century Company



From *Fairy Gold*, a book of old English fairy tales. Chosen by Ernest Rhys. Dutton and Company

Nancy Rutledge is written and illustrated by Katharine Pyle, an artist in both accomplishments, so one is not surprised to find it good. Miss Grace Squires has written a pleasant little book with the fetching name of *Peaseblossom and Mustardseed,* but the full force of the names and situations is likely to be lost on one who is not familiar with *Midsummer Night's Dream.* A mildly thrilling story of an abduction is *Dorothy Dainty in the City* (another "Dorothy" book!) written and illustrated by Amy Brooks. The text is much better than the pictures. Anything by the author of *The Five Little Peppers,* etc. (Margaret Sidney) will be eagerly read by the children. This is a good little story with an unusual setting—in Norway. *Ready, the Reliable,* is a story by Lily F. Wesselhoeft—a dog story which will be liked by girls who themselves have pets—and what girl hasn't one? Cornelia Baker's *The Court Jester* is a book well worth while. The Middle Age flavour of the interesting story is admirably carried out by the two artists who illustrated it, Margaret Ely Webb and Miss Margaret Deveneau. The similarity of the work of these two "Margarets" is remarkable, and unless one were very familiar it would be impossible to tell one's pictures from the other's. The publishers are to be congratulated on this successful collaboration.

The *Further Fortunes of Pinkey Perkins* is cumulative evidence arraigning Pinkey as one of the most mischievous, good-natured and healthy boys since the happy days of that other bad boy—Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Pinkey is always square and generous and honest, but he keeps the other boys guessing. Boy readers can scarcely help being absorbed in his doings.

A pleasant book is *Marigold,* by Edith Frances Foster, illustrated by the author. Quite as much for adults as for the older Very Little Folk is *Santa Claus's Sweetheart.* A tender little tale of Christmas time, with big type for encouragement, *The Millers at Pencroft* will appeal to the children who can read for themselves, although from a bookmaker's standpoint a better appearing page would have been made from smaller type. However, it is a good little story and nicely illustrated.

Of didactic reading for children of this age there is an excellent choice. Perhaps the most notable being "The Children's Heroes" series and "Told to the Children" series, which are highly to be commended. They are of small size (about 5 by 6 inches) and are illustrated in colour, with a colour picture also on the cover. The "Heroes" series includes The Story of Abraham Lincoln; of Sir Francis Drake; of Lord Clive; of Lord Roberts; of Bishop Patterson, and of Chalmers, of New Guinea. They are only of about 120 pages, and are edited by John Lang. Uniform with these is "Told to the Children" series, comprising *Æsop's Fables; Tanglewood Tales; Arabian Nights; William Tell; Don Quixote,* and *Gulliver's Travels*—all mightily abridged, of course. *When I was a Girl in Italy* describes the every-day doings of an American-Italian girl in Italy before first coming to America. Of a similar character is *Our Little Dutch Cousin,* written and illustrated by Blanch McManus. The visit of a little New York boy to his cousin in Holland is the pretext for much interesting information that an American child would most enjoy.

Young Children in Old Places records a trip to Europe taken by two children with their active and wide-awake grandmother. It is lively and full of interest. A good story is Gabrielle E. Jackson's *Wee Winkles and Snowball,* and is dedicated to Richard Mansfield's little son, Gibbs. Snowball is a white pony, and what Mrs. Jackson can do with a pony all young folks who have read *Ned Toodles* can answer. A novelty is an illustrated chapter on harnessing.

The Very Little Folk have an abundance of the old stand-bys served up to them in new and attractive forms, but there are comparatively few new books for them. There are, however, some good ones, such as *Pussy Cat Town,* by Marion Ames Taggart; *Playtime,* which is practically a primer, but on a new plan. Charming pictures in colour are made the subject of the text, which is livelier and more natural than one often sees in this kind of a book. *The Wise Book,* with engrossed text and colour pictures, and *Baby's Finger Plays,* are attractive little books. In the latter, the five fingers of the hand are made to represent animals which, with the progress of the verse, are turned down, one by one, as the animals in the "story" disappear.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin, oblong in shape, contains many pictures in colour that effectively illustrate this famous poem of Browning.

For nonsense verse and funny pictures the children could not have anything better than *The Toy Village,* while Will Bradley's *Peter Poodle* is a large book, beautifully gotten up, with a picture in colour on nearly every one of its 166 pages. It is whimsical in the extreme, both in text and in illustrations, and it will greatly amuse the little tots. The pictures are caricatures in bold line and colour, and the type page is worthy of an *édition de luxe.*

The season's books unmistakably point to a growing appreciation of the importance of children's reading matter, and to the fact that publishers no longer think that mediocre productions will satisfy their youthful clientele. Kipling once said to Mary Mapes Dodge, who had declined one or two of his stories intended for *St. Nicholas.* "It's no use, Mrs. Dodge, you can't fool the children; they know what they want, and they will be satisfied with nothing else!"

Parmalee McFadden.



THE BOOK IN THE MAKING—III

The bi-centennial of Benjamin Franklin has been fittingly celebrated by Houghton, Mifflin and Company in a handsome edition of *The Autobiography,** which has very sensibly been printed from the authentic text of Franklin's autograph manuscript which was discovered by the Hon. John Bigelow in 1867. Save for a brief biographical introduction, the book contains nothing but the story of his life as it was written by Franklin himself—an unvarnished life story which must ever be interesting to the admirer of the self-made man. Of the numerous editions of this classic which have been published the present one will probably stand alone as particularly appropriate and worthy of the man. The format of the book is simple, and follows a Colonial style that is always consistent and in keeping with the subject. There are numerous portraits beautifully reproduced in photogravure, among the most interesting mentioned being that by Duplessis, which was taken from the original at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts: "Franklin as a Young Man." Also the portrait by Mason Chamberlain, and the Earl Gray portrait, which now hangs in the White House at Washington, a gift from the Governor-General of Canada to the United States in commemoration of the bi-centennial celebration. Besides these there are numerous reproductions and facsimiles of title-pages, which add much to the attractiveness of the volume.

The volume is a quarto, printed on feather-weight paper. The binding is especially well conceived. On the front and back covers are stamped in relief the obverse and reverse, respectively, of the artistic medal designed by St. Gaudens and recently presented to France by the United States to commemorate Franklin's bi-centennial. The original medal was of gold, but one hundred and fifty bronze medals were struck from the same dies by Tiffany and Company, and it is from one of these that the dies used on the cover were made by permission of the United States Government.

The edition is limited to one thousand copies. Altogether it is a volume to commend, without reserve, to those who have not yet possessed themselves of this unusual autobiography of a great American.

*The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1906.

This same house has just issued the second volume in the Series of Biographies of American Writers—that of James Russell Lowell,* compiled by George Willis Cooke, the first volume being *The Biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne.* Mr. Cooke's unrivalled knowledge of the American writers of this period should be sufficient guarantee of the thoroughness of the compilation of the present volume. The book is uniform in every particular with the first book of the series, and as a contribution to bibliography its value is assured. Too much commendation cannot be extended to the publishers of this valuable series for the compilers they have selected to cover the various writers; nor can a more satisfactory format be desired than that which they have adopted for the books.

It is safe to assume that *The Diverting History of John Gilpin*† will always interest and entertain as a juvenile classic of its particular kind, and it is not surprising to learn that a new edition of the book which has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company has had unusual success. Aside from the popularity of the thrilling story, this is probably due, in a great measure, to the quaint and attractive style in which the book has now been brought out. It is interesting to know that the present edition was intended to be privately published, and to that end was begun by Mr. Seaver, who is associated with Houghton Mifflin and Company in their manufacturing department. After a portion of the book was set up it was brought to the attention of the publishers, and they were so confident of its success that they arranged with Mr. Seaver to publish it themselves. The make-up of the book is quaint; a woodcut appears at the head of each page, these being executed by Mr. Seaver himself. The binding is in old-blue paper boards, with a leather back and paper label. The wrapper is of butcher's paper; and the entire effect is thoroughly primitive and in keeping.

*A Bibliography of James Russell Lowell. Compiled by George Willis Cooke. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1906.

†The Diverting History of John Gilpin. Boston and New York: The Riverside Press; Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1906.

BINDINGS BY CHARLES MEUNIER



THAT the decorative arts are becoming more individual and expressive is admirably proved by the work of Monsieur Charles Meunier, the Parisian bookbinder, now on view at Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It is obvious at a glance that M. Meunier has gone far toward modernising his craft, that he has done much in the way of placing the art so consummately practised by Grolier and Maioli in closer accord with latter-day æsthetic developments. Effective and daring to a degree, the bindings of M. Meunier are not, however, a radical departure from, but rather a legitimate enrichment of, tradition. That which he particularly aims to achieve is an artistic and psychological interpretation of the contents of each book bound. A student and thinker, as well as a craftsman, he holds that the chaste and formal bindings to which we have so long been accustomed are unnecessarily impersonal and inexpressive—that they seldom or never bear the slightest relation to the text matter. Proceeding on these lines, M. Meunier combines the restrained purity of the early masters with the bolder invention of the apostles of the *nouveau style*. Any one who accepts his point of view, and it is difficult to avoid doing so, will derive uncommon pleasure from a study of the effects thus obtained. It would be no easy task to conceive of anything more appropriate than the bindings designed for Mistral's *Mireille*, for the famous French version of *Faust* with illustrations by Delacroix, for various editions of Rabelais and Villon, or for certain of the more delicate masterpieces of modern verse and prose. In each instance the spirit of the work is symbolised in floral or pictorial motives, which are not only beautiful in themselves, but are always consistent and significant. Every detail possesses a distinct meaning; there is absolutely no aimless embellishment, and it is safe to say that the innovations M. Meunier introduces with such fearless ingenuity will leave their mark upon an art which was rapidly approaching the hieroglyphic stage. It is a pleasure to welcome to America the enthusiastic proprietor of the *Maison du Livre* and founder and editor of *L'Œuvre et L'Image*, who has already enlisted the interest of a group of Parisian artists and men of letters, which includes such names as José-Maria de Heredia, Gustave Kahn, Camille Mauclair, Louis Morin and also the sprightly and sympathetic Séverine.



THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Thalassa. Baillie-Reynolds. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Prisoners. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Dragon Painter. Fenellosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Dragon Painter. Fenellosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Jewel Weed. Winter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Prisoners. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Dragon Painter. Fenellosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Reminiscences of Henry Irving. Stoker. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Chippinge Borough. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.00.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Rosemary. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The One Way Out. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Seeing France with Uncle John. Warner. (Century.) $1.50.
5. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Page.) $1.50.
5. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
6. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Saul of Tarsus. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Jewel Weed. Winter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Rich Men's Children. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Educative Process. Bagley. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Rosemary. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Jewel Weed. Winter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Saul of Tarsus. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

3. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Upton Letters. Sinclair. (Putnam.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Dragon Painter. Fenollosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Beyond the Rocks. Glynn. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Ridolfo. Williams. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Pass. White (Outing.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
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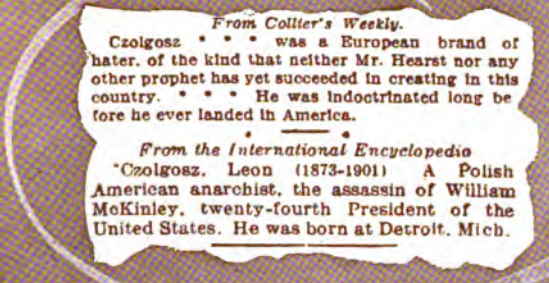
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Editorial Announcement

To announce any particular time as marking the retirement of Professor Harry Thurston Peck from the editorial staff of this magazine would hardly be quite accurate, for his relation to THE BOOKMAN during the past year has been that of an editor *emeritus*, and a contributor of the very greatest importance; a relation which we trust will be maintained for a long period to come. It is due to him, however, to say officially that owing to his many other responsibilities in literature and in University work, he has ceased to take an active part in the direction of this magazine.

Professor Peck has been the senior editor of THE BOOKMAN since its inception in 1895, and it is impossible to overestimate the value of his services to the magazine, both as editor and contributor. The editors and publishers congratulate themselves and their readers that while ceasing to be an editor, he is to continue to enliven and adorn its pages as a contributor.

Kipling in Fiction

Mr. Kipling is obviously the hero of a book by two French writers that has recently been awarded a prize by the Académie Goncourt. The book is called *Dingley, the Famous Author,* and is the study of an Englishman of forty whose verses are sung by soldiers on march, the recognised poet of the Anglo-Saxon martial spirit. The time is that period of the Boer War when England was suffering her severest reverses. Dingley has planned a novel depicting a loafer transformed by the war influence into a hero, and to find his local colour, goes to South Africa, taking with him his wife and child. While the father is absent at the front, the child is taken ill. Dingley, returning, is captured by a Boer, who releases him on learning all the circumstances and helps him on his way. For this kindness Dingley shows little gratitude. Later the Boer is captured by the English and sentenced to death. The author, in whose power it lies to save him, refuses to intercede. The novel is a great success, and the bioscope picture of the Boer's execution is vigorously applauded when shown in a London music hall.

Mrs. Steel

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, white haired and a grandmother, writes with the ease of many of her younger colleagues. She is progressive, too, for her latest book, *A Sovereign Remedy,* deals with money madness and the commercialisation of the British aristocracy. Mrs. Steel, who has lived a very busy life, is now sixty years old, and resides in Talgarth Hall, in North Wales. Recently, in response to the query of an American about her life, she replied: "I have been married. I have borne children. I have ten grandsons. I have therefore lived



TALGARTH HALL—MRS. STEEL'S HOME

through the life allotted to woman, and the only novelty before me is death."

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Another Southern Autobiography

Some curiosity has been aroused in the authorship of *The Autobiography of a Southerner,* which has been running serially in the *Atlantic Monthly,* and this interest is now heightened by the announcement that the biography has been enlarged to the proportions of a novel and will be brought out in the spring, under the title of *Nicholas Worth. The Autobiography of a Southerner* supplies the main facts of the story, which deals with the upbuilding of the South since the Civil War, and has for its principal character a Southerner of the new type, who is neither a negro baiter nor is he disloyal to the traditions of his section. We understand that Richard Wardlaw, the name given as author, is the *nom-de-guerre* of a very distinguished Southerner, who has made a name for himself in literature, and who has been identified with much constructive work in the South.

Guy Thorne and Filson Young

There has been prevalent in this country during the past few months the impression that Filson Young, the author of *The Sands of Pleasure,* and Guy Thorne, the author of *Made in His Image,* were one and the same person. As a matter of fact, they are entirely different persons, and each has done enough work to distinguish him from any one else. Filson Young, or rather Alexander Bell Filson Young, is an Irishman about thirty years of age. He was the war correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* during the struggle in the Transvaal, and later became the literary editor of the London *Daily Mail.* He has published half a dozen books, the best known of which, before the appearance of *The Sands of Pleasure,* was *The Complete Motorist,* a book which was not only of a high order in itself, but which contained a very extraordinary letter from Mr. Kipling, that was widely quoted in this country and in England.

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Guy Thorne's real name is Cyril Arthur Edward Ranger Gull. He is

about the same age as Filson Young. He was educated in a public school near Manchester, and at University College, Oxford. From the University he went to London with Professor York Powell and others, and tried his hand at journalism and literary criticism. Over his own name he published several novels, among them *The Surf* and *The Hypocrite*. He achieved his first real success over the signature of Guy Thorne, which he adopted for books designed to appeal to the popular taste. His real name he uses for the work in which he puts his artistic self. His most popular novel was *When It Was Dark*, which sold over one hundred thousand copies in England.

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Poulteney Bigelow

Mr. Poulteney Bigelow has been so much the subject of violent controversy and his name has so long been associated with great figures and events that most people have lost all definite impression of the personal side of his character.



CYRIL ARTHUR EDWARD RANGER GULL (GUY THORNE)

As a matter of fact, his life at the present time is one of extreme simplicity. His existence is that of a well-to-do farmer. His home is the Bigelow homestead at Malden-on-the-Hudson. He drives fast horses attached to a rickety old farm wagon, a combination which is exceedingly characteristic of the man. He is on terms of cordial friendliness with all the people in the village. His devotion to animals is marked, and in the light of recent events, a good many of our readers will be amused to know that his two pet dogs are named Panama and Colon.



POULTENEY BIGELOW

The death on January 3d of Ernest Howard Crosby took away one of those men who, as Walt Whitman says, do not teach through books and sermons, but through personalities. Born into wealth

and social position, seeing many phases of life as such a man would see it, Mr. Crosby at a comparatively early age cast off from the traditions of his class and devoted himself to a living out of his belief in the universal brotherhood of man. He did not seek to make an example of himself through any theatrical eccentricity of garb or manner of living, but simply through a desire to put the Golden Rule into practice as a law for every-day life. Mr. Crosby did not definitely affiliate himself with any particular line of reform thought to the exclusion of others. As his impulse to think, act, and write as he did came from the promptings of the heart first and from the intellect afterward, the slow processes of practical labour in political reform did not attract him as much as did an ardent generalising of love for justice, a fiery preaching of the gospel of the brotherhood. His pen and voice were always at the service of any political or humanitarian movement based upon a desire for greater justice, and he therefore became a more familiar figure to the general public than men of equal ability who restrict themselves to one line of thought. In the latter years of his life, however, Mr. Crosby came more and more to be known exclusively as a disciple of Tolstoy, whose teachings he had grasped completely, in their most funda-

The Late Ernest Crosby



CHARLES GODFREY LELAND (HANS BREITMAN)
His life is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

mental meaning. This was shown by the consistency of his opinions on war, militarism, imperialism, and kindred subjects. The doctrine of the regeneration of the world through the regeneration of the individual was one which would naturally appeal to a man whose impulse lay toward a living out in himself of his belief. And it was through the intensity and sincerity of his belief, through the clarified charm of an unusual personality, rather than through any intellectual manner of gathering and presenting facts, that Ernest Howard Crosby became what he undoubtedly was—a power for good for all those with whom he came in contact. Of the eight or nine books published over his name—scholarly treatises, biographies of men with natures akin to his, or volumes of poems inspired by sincerity of feeling—there is perhaps no one that could stand alone on sheer literary merit. But they all partake of the warmth and compelling ardour of his personality. Mr. Crosby as a speaker is perhaps better known to the world in general than as a writer. He was an orator of talent and charm. His intellectual attainments, and perhaps, somewhat, his social training, laid a scholarly restraint upon an ardour of opinion that might otherwise have easily



THE LATE ERNEST CROSBY



HENRIK IBSEN'S GRAVE AT CHRISTIANIA

On December 12th an obelisk of black Labrador rock was erected on Henrik Ibsen's grave. The monument cost 400,000 kroner. On the obelisk is a laurel wreath in copper presented by the Italian Authors' Club

slipped into fanaticism, and made his speaking agreeable to listen to even for those who might not altogether share his opinions.

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A Case of Conscience

The editor of a prominent fiction magazine was recently invited to act as one of the judges in a celebrated prize-story contest which a large publishing house had announced. "Is it to be an anonymous contest?" the editor asked. "Yes, indeed. The authors' names will not appear on any of the manuscripts, and will not be known, even by the judges, until the winning story has been selected." "And I suppose all the stories will be typewritten?" "Certainly. We have particularly stipulated that." "I'm very sorry," was the reply, "but I can't possibly." "But—but you will be asked to read only the best of the stories submitted," reminded the publisher. "A staff of competent readers will sift the wheat from the chaff, and——" "I'm very sorry, but I'll have to refuse; and I can't tell you how it grieves me to say this, for I appreciate the great compliment you are paying me, and I would appreciate equally the remuneration you offer; but the fact is this, my conscience would smite me if I undertook the work. You see, I have had about twenty years' experience in editorial work, and during that time I suppose the manuscripts of every popular and unpopular author of the day have come to my desk for attention. I have been in such long correspondence with many of these authors that I know their handwritings well; and even a glance at my morning's mail will tell me who my correspondents are. And —do not smile—I know their *typewriters* equally well! I know the various makes they own, and those who prefer elite type to the ordinary size, and those who use italics and inverted quotation marks. I can even recognise an author's peculiar method of making a caret and his odd manner of punctuation. But all this is nothing to my ability to spot at once an



MRS. ST. LEGER HARRISON (LUCAS MALET)

Her new novel, *The Far Horizon*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue



MRS. DUER, MISS CAROLINE DUER AND MRS. ALICE DUER MILLER



RALPH CONNOR



ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

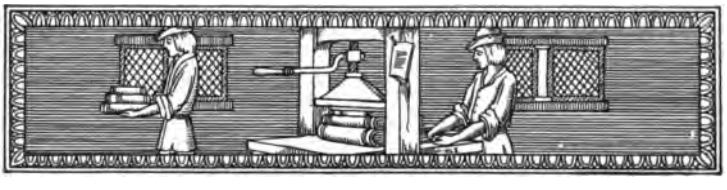
It is just twenty years ago that not to be reading *Mr. Barnes of New York,* in case you had not already read it, was enough to cause people to regard you as something in the nature of a curiosity. If you happened to be travelling on a trans-Atlantic steamship and were to stroll along the promenade deck at the luncheon hour of a fine day you were morally certain to catch a glimpse in almost every deck chair of the gaudy yellow cover which adorned that novel. It was a story pure and simple, and to its qualities as such, and to no sensational attack and defence, it owed its enormous success. Long before its dramatised version was presented on the stage, Mr. Barnes of New York and his companion, Mr. Potter of Texas, had become stock comic figures in the theatre. And this was the book which a few months before had been rejected by half the publishers in America.

The story of the writing and publication of *Mr. Barnes of New York* is an interesting one. As has been told before in THE BOOKMAN, the character of Barnes grew out of a casual remark, be-

ing based upon a man by the name of Banks, a celebrated rifle shot, who once drawled, "Bet you, Gunter, you couldn't put me in a book and make me interesting." The story was first thought out as a play. In the first draught, which was written in New York, the hero was called Thomas Jefferson. The author was obliged to make a sudden trip to San Francisco, and left his manuscript behind him. Finding that his stay in the West was to be of longer duration than he had expected, he began a new version of the tale. But the name of the hero was completely gone from his memory, and so, chancing to meet a New York man by the name of Barnes while he was thinking over the matter, Mr. Thomas Jefferson became Mr. Barnes of New York. After the book had been finished and had met with repeated rejections, Mr. Gunter decided to publish it himself. It appeared in 1886, and its early career seemed to justify the judgment of those publishers who would have none of it. On the first day that it was put out not a single copy could be sold. Within seven months the sales amounted to 100,000 a month. The novel has been translated into nearly every modern language, and Mr. Gunter was once told by the editor of a Scandinavian paper that *Mr. Barnes of New York* had made him the most popular author in Sweden. In England no measures had been taken to protect properly the copyright, and the book was pirated by half a dozen publishers. One of the English editions carried the words, "186th thousand." Ten dramatic companies in England were at the same time playing various stage versions of the novel. Mr. Gunter's own dramatisation has held the American stage for eighteen years and is still being performed. As a book the sale of *Mr. Barnes of New York,* including newspaper editions, must have reached several million copies in the United States.

Frenzied Fiction

Now Frenzied Fiction! Thomas W. Lawson, "of Boston," has invaded literature with the same pyrotechnical vigour that marked his entry into the head of the procession of "muck-rakers." His *February the 13th,* which is a novel of high finance, is to be published next month. The query is offered, is this his "first essay into fiction"? Will the rampant foe of the money devil now settle down to the simple literary life? By an interesting coincidence Mr. Lawson's book is to be published by the same firm that brings out the books of Upton Sinclair and Thomas Dixon. Why not a composite book by these three lurid prophets of incendiary fiction?



THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH IN ILLUSTRATION



WILLIAM COLLIER IN "CAUGHT IN THE RAIN"



GEORGE SPINK AND CLARA BLOODGOOD IN CLYDE FITCH'S "THE TRUTH"



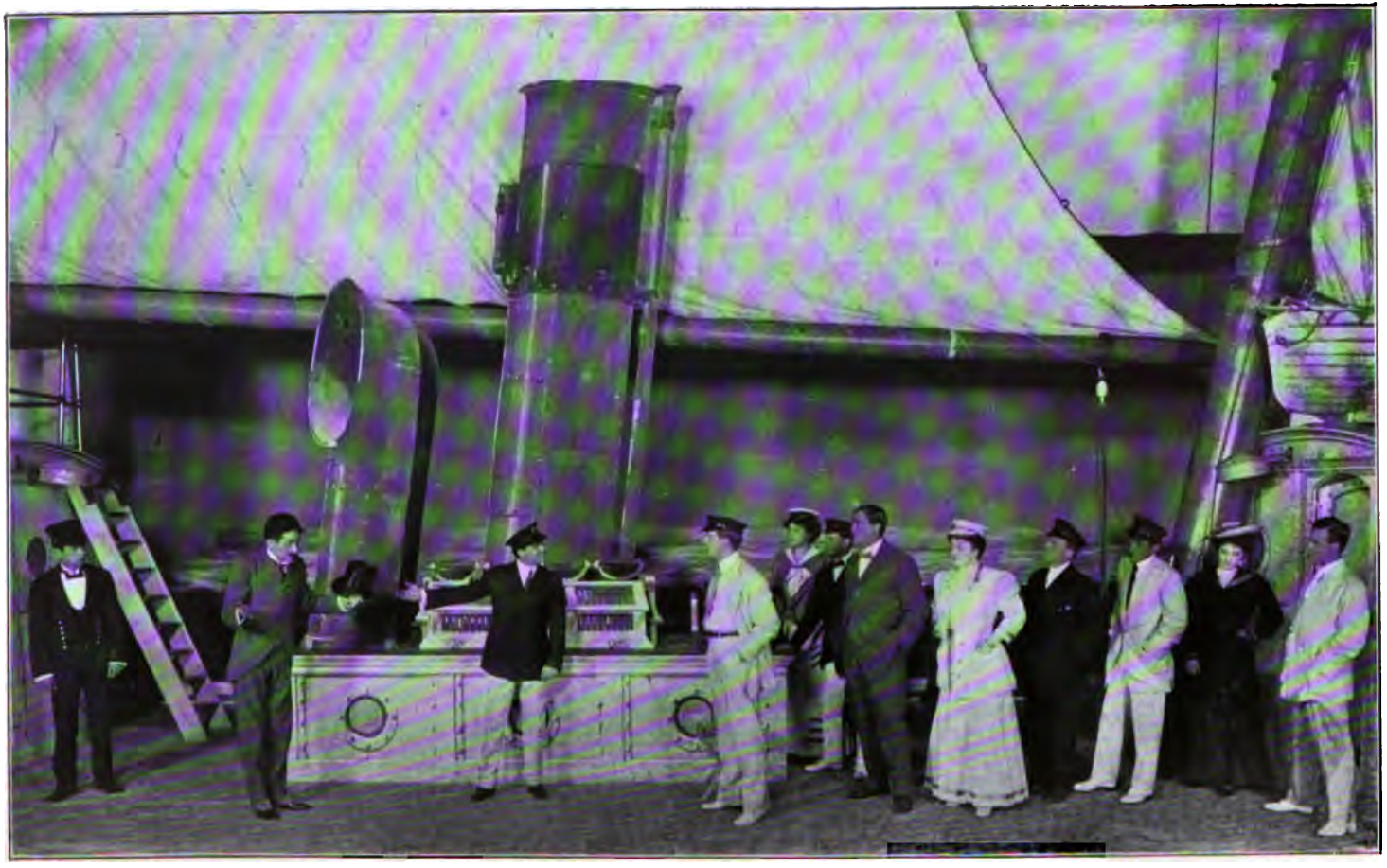
WILTON LACKAYE IN THE DRAMATISATION OF VICTOR HUGO'S "LES MISERABLES"

Act III. Jean Valjean bound in the den of Thénardier



BLANCHE WALSH IN CLYDE FITCH'S "THE STRAIGHT ROAD"

LOUISE CLOSSER	HELEN LOWELL	CHARLES DALTON	BLANCHE WALSH	HOWARD ESTERBROOK	DOROTHY DORR
AS	AS	AS	AS	AS	AS
MISS LANNER	MRS. FINNERTY	BILL HUBBELL	MARY O'HARA	DOUGLAS AINES	MISS THOMPSON



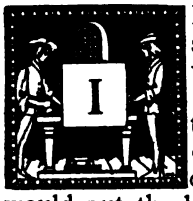
THE FAMOUS YACHT SCENE IN GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON'S "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"

THE INSIDE LIFE OF THE STAGE

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

IN TWO PARTS

PART I



IF one were to ask the sandy-haired gentleman who peers through his wicket in the lobby of the theatre what are the component parts of a dramatic performance, he would put the box office first, the playwright second, and the actors third. Buttonhole the author as he sits in the back of the auditorium taking notes as his drama progresses, and he will declare the playwright should have first place. He does not hesitate or look up, and he has no views whatever about second or third place. This last attitude (and this alone) is shared by the actor, whom one can corner as he crawls up a blind alley to the stage door. There is but one vital requirement to an actor, and that is *the* actor, and while he does not say that it is he, personally, who is the vital requirement, he thinks it.

The actor will cite Shakespeare if not Scripture to prove that he is right, and if he knows the history of his calling, he can go far toward justifying his claim. Many a mummer has devised his own play, pitched his own tent, appeared at the wicket before the performance and on the stage during it. He may have had difficulty in making change (arithmetic is not the strong point of the artist), and the drama probably lacked every essential save the climax, but, vulgarly speaking, "he delivered the goods," and we defy the joint efforts of the box office and playwright to produce like results.

Granted (to avoid back talk) that the actor makes the theatre, what, then, are the essentials for the making of an actor, or, let me say, actress, for in the present day the actor has as little to do with printer's ink as has the male chorus with the front row of an opera. It takes a certain courage to propound this question. One has learned it is not a subject to be disposed of in a paragraph—no, nor around a season of after-the-play supper tables, with ever so lenient a waiter to encourage long arguments.

The summary of dramatic requirements, together with the staggering topic of how much one must "feel a part," is the *crux* of theatrical gatherings. Extemporaneous expression is a gift withheld from many earnest students of the stage, and there is much vague talk of dramatic instinct, mentality, and that long-suffering word, temperament. Now and then a feeble-voiced one will plead that a woman without talent can be shaped into a very good actress indeed providing she has the brains to know, although lacking the emotions to feel, what the situation demands, but the argument is invariably snorted down, and among these scoffers are always to be found the "old 'uns" of the circle—gentle old men who have so long regarded acting as a gift from God that they make no attempt to improve upon His offering, and play unquestioningly through life, sans mind, sans effort, sans success.

ENVIRONMENT AND HEREDITY

But one does not need to dig as deeply amid strange words as does the supper table of verbose strollers to find excellent causes for the existence of an actress. Possibly the simplest reason, and the one most readily accepted by the gentle Old Timer, is that she appeared when she was very young—carried on, in fact, at the age of three months by a famous actor, and when she was not in the play she slept in mother's dressing-room or played with father's grease paints. As she grew older she was given lines to speak, which she did glibly, gladly, self-taught, for she was a child of the profession. Upon reaching the gangly age she was sent to school, and when she had grown old enough to play soubrette rôles she returned to the stage, because she must earn her living, and, naturally, she followed in the footsteps of her people. Be-

yond perfect ease of manner, she may show little aptitude for her work—little liking—but she continues in it, often making a place for herself, but quite as often living in the glory of her more famous parents—so uneven is the law of inherited talent.

But there are much more astonishing causes for the actress than that of environment or heredity, and tracing the Stage Struck Bee backwards over his course to the many towns from which actor folk spring, it is curious to discover at what an early date he first planted his sting and on what remarkable occasions. Who would think that the starched nightie in which the baby appeared as an angel of light in the Sunday-school Christmas cantata would invite the attention of the Stage Struck Bee, or that the baby's worthy parents, who applauded from the front pew, were conniving with the insect! And yet the sting was planted, a pleasant sensation like a certain nervous buzzing in the head when one is highly praised, and the bee went zigzagging up the street to look over certain raw material in the Elite Dramatic Club.

The years passed, and the baby developed into a girl who spoke pieces on all the holidays by special invitation, and was much sought after for the entertainments of the G. A. R. On and upwards she climbed, even to the front rank of the Elite Dramatic Club, which, by now, had become so well disciplined an organisation that it could play *David Garrick* almost without a prompter. Her mother toiled over her frocks, her father cut notices from *The Gazette* and sent them to far-off relatives, the town deemed her a wonder, and there seemed no alternative for the young woman—so cunningly does the poison of the bee inoculate one—no alternative save "to go upon the stage."

Then comes the season of tears and arguments—with her minister, who got up the Christmas cantata; with her teacher, who taught her "Paul Revere"; with her mother, who had made the frocks for her public appearances—but so powerful is the sting of the Bee that she surmounted every obstacle, and with father's money (strictly borrowed) in a little pocket around her waist, she goes on to New York. And as she travels, from all over the country are coming other girls to engage in the same battle, but she does not know this. She feels that she can surely make a name. So does her mother (secretly); so do her town folks (openly).

THE TEST OF COURAGE

Sometimes she does make this name, so that one need not read my recipe for the composition of an actress with curves of sarcasm. And sometimes she doesn't; but mark you, she stays on. The poisonous sting of the Stage Struck Bee may have long worn itself out; the "glamour of the footlights," after years of flitting across the stage in unsympathetic parts, has proven to be a fallacy, but as her ideals drop away from her, the power of the theatre takes firm hold—the joy of the comradeship, the gamble of every engagement, the easy expenditure of emotions in the daily life, even the musty odour which greets her nostrils when the battered door of the stage is swung open. Such are the things she grows to love. If a bit of the divine fire, or histrionic ancestors, or the starched nightie of the Christmas cantata make her an actress, surely it is these last peculiar ingredients which keep her one.

The securing of theatrical engagements when a girl is unknown is the wheel on which to test her courage. If she can stand the morning round of the managers, the impertinences of the office boy, the long hours of fruitless waiting in the outer offices, and does not find her spirit broken, she can go on until the blissful day arrives when her contracts are made through a series of polite notes and one interview—by appointment. There is very little in the world finer than having an "appointment" with a management.

It is often asserted that the feeling between manager and actor is one of natural antipathy, and it has occurred to me from bitter experience that these long morning waits engender the emotion. But this cannot be laid at the door of the manager, figuratively speaking. At least one of the causes of the manager's irritation is the fixed belief of the player that a

manager has very little to do but interview his kind when making a production; whereas the playwright, the scenic artist, property man, electrician, and costumer can all justly claim a large part of his time. Then, too, the keen business sense of the manager and the lack of such acumen on the part of the actor places them at variance with each other. To be sure, if they possessed the keen business sense, the actors would be managers, but the consciousness of this does not lessen a certain contempt, or, with the better class of manager, a kindly feeling of protection for these children who earn his bread and butter. Add to this the wilful sensation of opposition that all tempestuous youngsters entertain toward those in control, and one can see a reason, if not a good one, for the belligerent attitude of box office and player.

THE MANAGER AS TEMPTER

It is worthy of note, however, that the most successful managers financially, as well as the most popular, are those who have a certain understanding of the "temperamental" being. The artist is quick to respond to sympathy, and in exchange for diplomatic handling gives his best efforts to further the success of a play. The most despised manager, to my knowledge, and one who has not advanced either in a worldly way or in the managerial scale, is a man who speaks of his people as "my cattle." And it is a laughing shame to record the instance of a young girl who, having served years of apprenticeship in his miserable companies, was fearful that her new manager was going to "make advances" because he raised his hat in speaking to her.

Since the subject of Manager as Tempter has inadvertently crept into this mild but honest discourse, let it be disposed of with the brevity it deserves. Managers are much like all business men who employ women in their offices—no better, no worse, save that they are busier and are so continually associated with the actress in a business way that the sex values are often entirely lost sight of. It is a soft-hearted and soft-headed producer indeed who will hazard the success of his play by casting a girl for a prominent part because her eyes have bewitched him. No; the far-off mother may well be troubled over the regularity and quality of her daughter's meals, but the managerial bugbear need cause her no uneasiness.

Besides, the young girl who elects to go upon the stage can generally take care of herself, given the gift of humour which Kipling regards as the salvation of all women. A certain actress, now of prominence, once related her experience several years ago with a foolish old gentleman who was backing a failing venture. It became necessary to cut salaries, and the company one by one went into the sacred inner office to resign their contracts or refuse the cut. The young girl accepted a reduction from thirty-five dollars to twenty-five dollars a week with great philosophy, but when, to seal the contract, the foolish old gentleman grappled for a kiss, the girl pushed him away. "Nix, nix!" she said, grimly. "Not for twenty-five!"

THE EVOLUTION OF THE PLAY

The waiting in the outer office for an engagement is not the beginning of a production. While the young actress was still the leading lady of the Elite Dramatic Club, the play in question was being painfully evolved from divers notes and an elaborate scenario. If the author is unknown to the world, his play may fall into the right hands, thanks to his friends, to his perseverance, or through sheer luck, before it has been declined by every manager who can be bullied into hearing it. All plays do not suit all managers, though no office would return a play that would be guaranteed a success, even though the firm goes in for simple productions, plays for male stars, or any style that this "Sure Thing" is not.

It appears to be as difficult to judge a play from the manuscript as it is to pick a winning horse on "form." Within the last few years practically all of our great successes went the rounds of the offices before a manager saw the value in them; and the first years of a young playwright are as hard as that of a young actor, for he enters an office with his script clasped to his breast and insists upon reading, not

leaving it. He fears that the play will be sent back unread, and that it will not be read through he may be certain if the first few pages have not the qualities of sustained interest and crisp dialogue. Many theatrical firms employ readers—good judges of plays, if there be such a thing—who pick out the most promising of the manuscripts and hand them over to the producers for perusal when all the rest of their daily tasks are completed.

Should the play be accepted, and the author one young in experience, he may be induced to sell outright for a small sum, possibly five hundred dollars. If he is more astute than his years, or if the manager is not assured of the play's success, he may accept a still smaller sum and a royalty on the weekly gross receipts, varying from four to six per cent. If his play succeeds, the author becomes another person. His next work is in demand. Sometimes, if his style appears to fit a certain star, the manager begs a scenario—an outline of a play for her. The scenario accepted, a sum of money is paid before the play is undertaken, a larger sum when the play is finished, and a royalty on the gross receipts that often reaches fifteen per cent.

ROYALTIES AND RETURNS

The popular playwright is still more arbitrary. Year after year a manager may send him a blank contract with no reference to terms, begging for a play for one of his stars. Year after year the playwright will send it back—he does not "feel" that he can write for the lady. If he signs the contract, and terms are decided upon, he does not and will not submit the outline of the play. His judgment must be depended upon, and not until the script is sent to the office does the manager or star know what they are receiving for the sum varying from $2500 to $5000 which they are expending. This amount, to be paid before the production, is but a tittle of the playwright's profits should his effort succeed. His royalties could easily amount to $1500 or $1600 a week on a single play, and one young man of to-day of no great mentality, but with a certain facility for turning out musical comedies, is harvesting at least $175,000 a year. Small wonder that the writer of books is turning his hand to the making of plays.

With the acceptance of a drama follows the contracts for its production, the finding of a metropolitan theatre, and the arrangement for booking "on the road" in case there is no playhouse in New York for the purpose. Unless a well-known star has established her "following," a new play has little chance of making money through the country until it has been produced at some one of the large cities whose daily papers control certain territories. Often a manager cannot be assured of a New York house until the performance has been witnessed in some of the little towns around the city by members of the great theatrical syndicates who control the theatres, both in and out of the city. If the play is good, it will be given the first opportunity to supplement some failure in town; if it does not pass muster, one of the syndicates will continue to book it through the country so long as the manager is willing to pay the percentage which the "octopus" demands upon the receipts. Although, on the other hand, the portion of a well-paying attraction while on tour varies from 65 to 80 per cent. of the gross. In New York percentages are controlled by a sliding scale, as the receipts creep from $5000, $8000 to $11,000 and above a week. Again, if a manager is eager to play his star in New York, and the syndicates are disinterested, he may be obliged to rent the theatre outright at a sum varying from $2500 to $3500 weekly. And there is no gladder sight than such a manager with a surprising success to his credit and a larger part of the profits flowing into his pockets.

THE SCENIC ARTIST

Coincident with the booking comes the long hours spent with the scenic artist—a well-dressed man of the world, who works in a little office off his great bare studio, where the scenes are painted. With a copy of the play before him, he faithfully designs the sets in miniature, and if the playwright has arrived at the stage commanding serious consideration, he is conferred with as to the colour

scheme. No doll's house was ever so beautifully executed as are these minute stages—a foot and a half high, but in perfect proportion—when they are ready at last to be taken to the manager's office for criticism. One longs to be a child again, and I often wonder who gets them all after the measurements are made and the real canvas scenes are stretched upon the paint frame in the studios.

Managers who lease theatres in New York, and make productions also, often have their scenery painted in their theatres, although the fire laws compel the building of the frames over which the canvas is stretched to be done outside of the play house, as it necessitates the use of lumber. Properties, too, are made by men under the firm's employ, and the head property man is a sculptor of no mean quality. He models first in clay, from which plaster casts are made, and into the cleft mould are packed layers of papier-maché and glue; afterward comes the gilding or painting, and at last the ancient drinking vessels, or whatever may have been his effort, are placed upon the shelf in the property room ready for the dress rehearsal.

INVADING THE MANAGER

By the time a manager has made his preliminary arrangements, if it is not well known on the Rialto that a play is soon to be produced, he is a man of great cunning. "I hear there's something doing over at H. & L.'s," reports one of the seekers, who has possibly seen a scenic artist with a model under his arm enter the office, and that is quite sufficient for the Rialto. They clamour at the door, they invade the outer office, leaning against the walls, sitting on the window sills and fearlessly guying the box office. Actresses who have been with them in previous companies enter, and there is much subdued greeting and gossiping.

It is into this bewildering company that the young woman of the Elite Dramatic Club may be ushered on her dread first day, if, indeed, she has had the courage to advance that far, for the defiant girl who, smiling through her tears, waved a confident farewell to her townspeople a week or so ago is not the same young lady who slips from a side-street boarding-house to begin her search for fame. In the first place, her clothes do not look as well as they did when she left home, although they were of the very best back there—even too advanced in style. Now she admits that the sleeve *should* have been shorter, and she pulls it up above the elbow and stretches her glove to cover the void. Then her assurance, her magnificent faith in herself, seems to be oozing out of her fingers' ends. There are so many of them—all with sleeves above the elbow—and they all know one another, and talk in so high and glad a key.

"There's confidence for you!" thinks the novice to herself.

A season or so later she learns that the high, glad key is part of the game, and the elbow-sleeved ones are just as busy concealing anxious, beating hearts as is she. But for the moment she is staggered, and she slips into the farthest corner of the waiting room, accepting a chair that an actor has given her by the side of two highly befurbelowed actresses. He seems a happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow, this actor, and she envies him, but when the office boy suddenly turns upon him and with a jerk of the head directs him toward the sanctum, he loses all his carefree manner, and with his hat crushed nervously in his hand, goes into the cigar-smoking gentleman with very little to say for himself beyond the fact that he is there.

While the girl waits, scraps of conversation reach her ears.

"That is what maddens me," the woman next to her may be confiding to her friend in a very, very undertone, as the young actor is ushered into the Presence. "That we should feel poor, miserable things when we are out looking for engagements. I go into an office and I keep saying to myself, 'You are a capable actress, the manager needs you just as much as you need him. Somebody's got to fill the part, and he's trying to get somebody. It's a perfectly fair exchange, so don't be a goose.' And yet if I do get as far as his desk, and those fishy eyes are turned on me, I feel just what he's trying to make me feel—that I'm nothing but an impostor trying to take up his valuable time."

"Well, they're not all like that, thank the Lord," responded the friend. "I like to go across the hall. He's nice in there. If he's busy he says so, and asks you to come again. He doesn't keep you waiting for hours and then have the office boy yip out, 'He's gone for lunch!' And when you see him he's always positive, but pleasant. It's yes or no with him; no jollying and keeping you on the string and sick with hoping, or no treating you like a dog in order to scare you into a bad contract."

"The thing that scares me into a bad contract," the first actress replies, "is to see about one hundred and thirty-five million other girls after the same part, not one of them, of course, who could touch *me* in it, but all of them with just as good a chance, owing to influence, or good clothes, or better looks."

"That's it!" asserted the friend, after a pause. "There are too many of us—the good mixed in with the bad. Of course, in the end the good come out ahead; but oh! the fight. You see if there weren't so many to choose from that devil fish in there would have to take the cigar out of his mouth and hustle for us."

This interview, hair-raising to the novice, might be concluded by the appearance of the office boy with her card in one hand and the letter which she had presented in the other, and before her turn—before her turn, I repeat—she is ushered into the Presence.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION

One may notice a certain reticence on my part in referring to "the letter." One would like to feel that the girl had taken this first step unaided, but in interviewing many of my acquaintances, I found only one who secured a position upon the stage without the smallest influence. She was pretty, and, lying like Sapphira as to her years of previous experience, she was given, and moreover retained, an engagement. Many of the others had begun in small towns, joined companies as they were passing through, or, alas, played in the "Juvenile Pinafore" and became indelibly associated with the stage. Some of them had married actors or business managers, and began by playing maids or super parts in order that their fares could be paid, permitting them to travel with their husbands. Excellent actresses have developed from this worthy attempt to keep together, and, sadly enough, it is then that the parting of the ways must come as each one strives to find a place, a separate place, upon the shaking, slippery ladder of fame.

Those young people who have been graduated from a New York dramatic school have had the advantage during the year of rehearsing under many of the best stage managers, and if their work has been promising, they are often assisted by these men. The directors themselves guarantee no engagements, but do what they can to help the pupils, and certain firms are in the habit of sending to the school for their small fry in the casting of a play. Much can be forgotten that is learned in a school of dramatic art, but in one of the oldest institutions, at least, there will be found a joy, a reverence and an enthusiasm for the noble workshop of the stage that will not be effaced by years of sordid travelling in sordid companies.

To return to the girl with the letter, or, rather, to the letter with the girl, it may be but a word of greeting from a friend who once did the manager a good turn; or, more simply, who once did the manager; or, even more likely, the other way round. Possibly the village editor sent a line to the city editor dwelling with surprising warmth on their boyhood days, and begging for any favour that the city man can do the country girl for the sake of old times. The city editor, with a view to getting rid of his responsibility, indites a hurried note to a manager he may know, and the letterhead of his newspaper passes in the young lady out of her turn before all the other actresses, even those with sleeves way, way above the elbow.

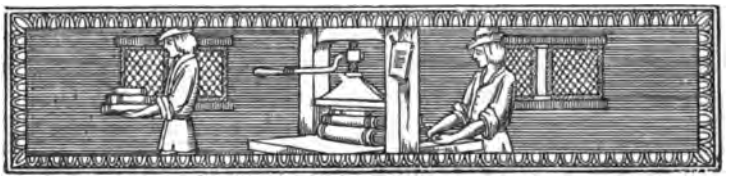
If she is a lucky girl, the kind that always catches instead of misses a car, he may have a part, a very small one, to be sure, but one that "stands out," he will tell her, ready for her acceptance, and she will go back to her boarding-house on air and send her folks a night message telling the good news. If he has nothing of the sort, he may "sic" her

(a managerial expression, not mine) on to a firm on the floor below, and there she may read a sign to the effect that all engagements have been made, which will turn her away—but not the searchers of the Rialto. They take small stock in such weak, well-worn efforts for seclusion, and they continue to cluster around the windows and lean against the walls and guy the office boy.

Possibly the newspaper letterhead will induce the first manager to give her even another letter, and this to a dramatic agent, and the agent, for the sake of the manager's letterhead, may look out for the girl, and, eventually, after a shake of the head for many mornings in succession, accompanied by a laconic "Nothing doing," he may send her, along with several others, to a firm which is making up a company. In that way she may secure her first engagement just as her best gown is getting shabby, the money in the pocket around her waist dwindling, and the weight on her heart increasing.

The forbidding sign, "All engagements made for the season," that greets the sophisticated Thespian's eye upon his entering an office, is sometimes more than half a truth, though the scenic artist is rushing in and out and the stenographer is obviously copying parts from a manuscript. There is a clause in the contracts of some of the best playwrights permitting them to select their casts, providing the actors, banking on the management's engaging them perforce, do not jump their salaries from a modest sum to that of a railroad president. Long before the script is finished the principal characters have been engaged. We hear a greal deal nowadays about an actress "reading a part" before she will accept it, and it is a fair arrangement, but one not generally permitted save with a very big actress and a very small playwright. However, if the author has no definite one in mind, or has not the power to demand his cast, the manager is frequently obliged to offer to his principals for reading the parts he is desirous of their playing. Frequently they are read and handed back "with thanks," and so difficult is it to judge of the value of a part that the poor rejected rôle "is the hit, my dear, the hit of the whole performance, *and I turned it down!*"

Even longer than the telling of it is the preparation of a production, but at last the day for the reading of the play has arrived, and the novice, who, thanks to a series of letterheads, has secured that most remarkable of all things, a metropolitan engagement (eight lines, all the understudying, and $25 a week), trembles into her refurbished best, and questions her way to the theatre, new hope in her heart—and considerably less vanity.



THE STOOPING LADY*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH WE HEAR FROM HER, AND OF HER—AND PRESENTLY A CRY OF THE HEART.

Caryll House, a great pile of building in the Augustan style, stood in its own garden, surrounded by its own spiked wall, and abutted on the Green Park, as nearly as I can judge, somewhere south of the Bridgwater House of our day. You drove in from Cleveland Row between a fine pair of wrought-iron gates, which dragon-crested pillars upheld, which a porter in a lodge jealously guarded, and which no commoner might pass unquestioned and alive. It was said of this porter that he had never, in a service of thirty years, been mistaken in a peer or a peer's son, though he admitted in moments of confidence that he was not so sure as he had been of third generations. Jacob Jacobs was the name of this valuable Argus, and he had been given to understand his value. Once a year, on Saint George's Day, he was bidden to the house by the steward, received into the housekeeper's room, where the wine and cake stood upon the table; and after an interval of not more than half an hour, heralded by two footmen and the butler, Lady Morfa herself appeared, leaning on the arm of her appointed companion for the time. All rose to their feet. The butler advanced to the table, poured out a glass of brown sherry, and handed it to her ladyship. She took it, and herself handed it to Jacob Jacobs, who received it with a profound salutation and a careful bow. Meantime, the housekeeper had cut up the cake. "Jacobs," said her ladyship, "I desire that you will drink this to the health of the House. It is Saint George's Day."

"I thank your ladyship kindly," was the time-honoured reply. "Here's Fame to the House and stability to the British Constitution." Those are difficult words—we know they were made a test case for topers—but Jacob Jacobs had never failed in them yet. He drained his glass, and handed it back to his lady, who retired. The cake and wine might then be consumed by the assistant at the ceremony, no one of whom had ever been graced so highly as this. Once, many years ago, the house-steward (father of the man of 1809) had led her ladyship out in Sir Roger de Coverley. But that had been after the christening of his present lordship—and that had been in the country, where manners are more relaxed.

These particulars will serve to show what kind of state was maintained within that massy approach guarded by the privileged Jacobs, and perhaps to explain the fact that it was found to be excessively irksome by Miss Hermia Mary, after the slippered ease, the hunt-breakfasts, the barehead-scampers, and firelight readings of Chambre's Court, after the domestic calm—chicken-rearing, egg-marking, gardening, and what-not of her more recent experience, in the home of Cousin Mary Fox, at sweet Kilbride. In an early letter to this lady—always her dearest friend—we catch some hint of it. "A giant to each door, and a row of white-headed, flaming-breeched giants in the gallery; a groom of the chambers to herald any silly errand to grandmamma—vexatious, Mary! I feel like a parcel from the country—fresh butter, perhaps—handed about from man to man, from coach to coach, and delivered at last, greasy and thumbed, to my purchaser. She, of course, gives me over to a secretary or a maid to be opened and put away.

"Oh, Mary, Mary," she wails in her comical way, "we have six men to feed us, and each man has his office. One hands clean plates, one must touch dirty plates only; if the butler has toothache, nobody can have any wine. At least, I suppose not, but as yet he has escaped it. We have a clergyman to say our prayers for us—who says twice a day, 'Thou Who didst bring order out of chaos, and say

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unto Thine Elect, *Come, ye blessed,* and unto others, *Depart ye,* bless this noble family, which Thou hast set up, prosper it exceedingly,' etc. Upon my honour, Mary! And instead of my dear old Gibby to sit on my bed and scold me while I get ready for it, I am now undressed and put there by a Mrs. Moth, and I can't get out of the place at all unless Mr. Jacobs chooses to unlock the gates and somebody goes with me to see that I don't run away. They say, Lord Rodono says, that Carlton House is a lodge in a garden of cucumbers compared with ours, and grandmamma says, 'Very probably.' She calls the royal family 'a horde of Germans,' and says that they eat sausages in the Throne Room. She thinks that very bad, but I see no advantage in being a prince unless you can do as you please—and if you like sausages, why not where you can eat them? We are to go there on Wednesday week, so I shall be able to judge. I shall certainly eat sausages if I'm asked. Dick likes all this parade, or says he does. It makes me think of dear papa, who taught mamma to run away from it, and I cry my eyes out at night sometimes when I know there won't be a footman there to hand a handkerchief or catch my tears in a bottle. Truly, that's the *only* time I am alone."

She has something more to say of Mrs. Moth, her new maid.

"Grandmamma has sent away poor Gibson—there was such a scene! The dear girl sobbed and clung, vowed she'd be cut off me in pieces; but 'her ladyship' was not to be moved, so she went yesterday, and now I'm without a friend in England. I'm glad to say that she has gone to her old aunt's at Plashetts—Cousin George Goigne's place in Hertfordshire—and I'm promised faithfully to see her once a year. 'Moth' is the name of my new maid—like a person's in Shakespeare! Mrs. Moth. She is a very fashionable young lady, rather pretty, I suppose, with quick, black eyes, which she knows how to use, I can see. She minces her words, calls china *chaney,* and me Miss *Cheembre.* You should have seen her picking over my clothes, raking about with finger and thumb. She and grandmamma fingered them together, and bickered over them like two hoodie crows. I was furious, but it made no difference. Madame Pelerine, or some name of the sort, was sent for to make me 'fit to be seen'—that will take half-a-dozen gowns at least, according to Moth. If they are to be like some I saw at Lady Jersey's last night I shall die of shame. My sweet cousin, you never saw such gowns, or such absence of gowns—literally *abandoned!* Mrs. Fancourt was there, like Venus rising from the sea—happily somewhere near the waist she thought better of it, and the rest remained under water. As for Lady Oxford—but my pen refuses its office—*burns my hand.*"

It is about this time that we meet with her in some of the gossips, diarists of the time. Lady Susan C——, who had known her in Ireland, writing to the Duchess of L——, "I met Hermy Chambre at D—— House, the dear sweet. She was looking lovely—radiant—with her hair done up *à la Grecque,* and her beautiful shoulders slipping in and out of her bodice. Her roses put us wicked old Cockneys to shame. She has a very bold way of speaking, I must say—she always had—and will give Lady M—— some trouble, I doubt. I hope she will. That's a proud old mouse-trap of a woman, my dear soul. . . . Mervyn Touchett, too, was greatly taken with her. . . . 2nd February. Dined at Caryll House—a large party — Sussexes, Badlesmeres, Crowlands, Rogers, of course, Lady Embercourt, Moira and his *flame,* Hertford, without his, etc. The *débutante* was in fine *verve,* coloured like a ripe peach—melting ripe, M. said: a charming as well as a lovely person. Prinny is said by Tom C—— to be mightily struck, and she is quite to his taste: beautiful! She has wit, or, rather, raillery, but can be seriously scornful when she chooses. We talked politics—old Stanhope's; *perpetual motion* about the State of the Nation, condition of the people, and what-not. She said that we talked of England as though it were a 'gentleman's seat,' and the people the rabbits in it. Why did we always treat 'the people' *en bloc* like a head of game? I replied that Bonaparte had made us think in continents, but that you always heard of a man, however obscure, when he was hanged. 'Yes,' says

Miss, raising her fine brows, 'we're all noble when we're dead—all peers then.' Not much in it, of course, but she intended to snub me—and did."

Here you have her, then, as a strong young swimmer breasting the current of London's tide. "I have seen," she writes, "Lord Crowland, Saint Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the lion at Exeter Change, and Madame Catalani. I put them in the order of their coming, though it is that of my appreciation, too. Lord Crowland is strikingly handsome. Do you know the story of his marriage? It is most romantic. He had loved her for *years,* though she was the wife of another, and finally, when they were travelling abroad somewhere, his feelings overcame him, and he spoke to her. She confessed the state of her heart, and they have been married quite a long time. . . . There was a divorce, naturally, and I believe a meeting between the gentlemen. I have seen her, too; she was very kind to me. I think *him* cold, and, though you may not agree, extremely *correct.* Of course, he is a chief of the Whig clan, which Lord Rodono calls *plus royaliste que le roy,* because it considers itself to be king of kings. Lord R. is in the House of Commons, and pretends to be a *Jacobin;* but Captain Ranald—Lord Clanranald's son and a real hero—says that he's nothing of the sort. I am great friends with both of these personages. Mr. Ranald is the bravest man that ever lived since papa and Lord Edward died; he is a sailor and, Lord Rodono says, a pirate. He uses very strong language—hates the Government, but says that nothing can be done *without pikes.*"

She goes about, here to a great house, there to a great assembly—to Almack's, for instance—wondering, watching, judging out of her young clear eyes. She is taken to Court, and kisses the old Queen's hand, and even there can find a moment in which to pity "the poor, faded, kind princesses." She is at Carlton House, kissed by the Prince of Wales. . . . "He was sadly flushed, Mary, and smelt of brandy; but you could see the ravages of beauty in him—his eyes, for instance, are extraordinary, bright blue, and not cold, but hot and impetuous, like that young butcher's I told you about, who fought two gentlemen at once—and I must say that he was charming. He talked to me, standing, for ten minutes at least, neglecting a whole herd of people who were waiting to kiss or to be kissed, and then led me into another room and sat by me on a divan. Grandmamma came, too, of course—she never lets me out of her sight (as if I were a jewel-case on a journey!)—but he hardly noticed her. He talked for nearly half an hour, I suppose, and if I could believe a word he said I should call him a perfect *Jacobin.* He might lead England to Liberty, Mary, if he chose! He said that he had loved Lord Edward like a blood-brother, and that he loved papa for being on his side. But he owned that, situated as he was with the King and Ministers, he could do nothing—as yet. Some day, he said, he hoped and prayed might see him King of the *English,* not of England, which 'nobody,' he said, most impressively, 'has ever been since the death of King Edward the Confessor, my revered ancestor.' This may have been blarney, my dear, to suit my Irish upbringing, but it was very beautiful, and made grandmamma snort. I own that it made me near crying. Then the rather disagreeable but most witty Mr. Sheridan came up, and said something in a low voice, and the prince kissed my hand before he went off with him. Mr. Sheridan's eyes are burning black. Grandmamma was very gracious as we drove home—said I had had a great success. . . ."

All very pleasant so far; but a week later we get a taste of her quality, where it conflicts with my Lady Morfa's. I dare not omit it.

"I have had a passage of arms with grandmamma," she tells her Mary, "rather unpleasant while it lasted, but I got my way. It was all about Harriet Moon, who is her companion and secretary, it seems, though I never knew it before. Well, the day before yesterday, when I came upstairs after luncheon, I found a girl standing, bonneted and pelissed, in the corridor leading to grandmamma's wing—as if she was waiting for somebody. I hardly glanced at her, but just noticed that she looked thin and

pale, and had mournful eyes, very large —brown, I thought them, and so they are, beautiful eyes indeed. I read for an hour, and then Moth came to dress me for a drive—and when I went down, there was the girl still standing in the corridor. I asked her, Did she want anything? And she thanked me very nicely, and said 'Oh, no.' So I drove until it was dusk, and then came back and went upstairs—and there was that poor girl still standing! This time I asked her if she would not come in and rest in my sitting-room by the fire; and she refused for a long time. But I insisted, and she began to cry—so I settled it by leading her bodily in. I put her by the fire with her toes on the fender, and sent Moth down to get her some cake and a glass of wine—for she looked *famished.*

"The wine revived her. I was as kind to her as I could be, and made her tell me everything. She was Harriet Moon, she told me, who had been to her people in Shropshire—nursing her mother, I think—and had overstayed her leave by two or three days. And this, if you please, was 'her ladyship's' way of showing her high displeasure—to keep that miserable girl, after two days and a night in the stage-coach, waiting in the corridor from half-past one to half-past four, without bite or sup. Apart from the savagery of the revenge, apart from the hatefulness of stooping so far for vengeance, think of the terror of that shivering wretch, who dared not move even when the tyrant was out! It gave me a horror, but made my cheeks burn like fire. I do so *detest* power used like that.

"Well, Harriet Moon was in a terrible fright as to what 'her ladyship' would say or do when she found out what I had done; and, as it happened, her own woman did come in presently to say that 'Miss Moon was wanted'! I sent a message to say where she was, and that she would come; and then, as the timid creature was quite white and trembling, I decided to go with her. And I did it—took her arm, and marched into grandmamma's boudoir as bold as you please. I said, 'Grandmamma, I've brought Miss Moon to you, but you mustn't tease her to-night. You've made her quite ill enough as it is. I think you've been most unkind—and if you are going to be cross with her, I shall punish you.' Of course, I made her think that this was said for impudence, but I meant it. I had a plan—what do you think? I had made up my mind that, unless she was pleasant to the girl, I should threaten to tell the Prince the whole story!

"Grandmamma's head began to shake, as it always does when she's put out; she shook like a poplar leaf when I told her about the staked horse and the fight at the gates—and she wagged her hand about on her crutch. I could see that she was very vexed with me, but she pretended that she hadn't known Miss Moon was there. She calls her 'Moon'—did you ever hear such arrogance? She told me to go away, but I said that I could not until she understood that I had insisted on taking Miss Harriet into my room, etc., etc. And then I went on to talk about all sorts of things, 'in my airy way,' as Cousin George Fox calls it, and made her laugh. That ended it. Harriet came to me late that same night, after I had returned from Almack's, and thanked me. She had pretty ways, and lovely brown eyes—quite lovely. I think she's *cowed* here, and driven to various concealments and subterfuges, poor, pretty creature. She is two or three years older than I am, but has the spirit of a mouse. The whole affair has made an impression upon me. It is very hateful, I think. How furious my dear papa would have been. I saw him really angry once over some such cold piece of cruelty. 'If you stoop, Hermy,' he said to me once, 'stoop nobly.' "

Miss Chambre seems here to have begun her championing of the oppressed, and she continued it long. She is to continue it, I tell you fairly, until this book is done, in various ways and by divers expenditures of person, name, and fame. She is to retire from the fray—I scorn concealment; leave that to poor Miss Moon—sane and whole, but not without bruises. Bruises are to be looked for, unless you follow the practice of Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons. She and her virgin cohorts, we know, maimed themselves before battle. Miss Hermia Mary never stopped for that.

The note deepens from this point, the

letters cry. Here is one extract, torn from the girl's heart: "Behind all this enormous parade I seem now and then to be guessing, groping after monstrous shapes which evade me—an indifference, an ignorance, a callousness to rights, sufferings, private torture, which almost pass belief. I'll tell you more later, when I know more; just now my heart is on fire. Love me, Mary, love me still, before I am past all loving, and nothing but a silver-papered parcel on a high shelf in a cabinet. Now and till then, your Hermy."

Here is a "p.p.s.," with a comic wistfulness in it—serio-comic, as I believe. . . . "I have seen the place in the wall of the garden over which mamma climbed when dear papa came for her. His horse stood immediately below, in the park. The iron spikes which he broke off have never been replaced. I see a glimmer of hope through the gap." Now comes a break of more than a week, and then a real cry of pain. The girl is shocked. . . .

"Oh, Mary! Oh, Mary! I can hardly write for shame. You remember what I told you of the scene outside the gates—of the murdered horse? You'll never believe me. Those two young men were my Uncle Morfa and his friend, Lord Edlogan. This is literally true. They now own to it. They were tipsy, but that is no excuse for what is going on now. They have sent the owner of the horse to prison, and mean to keep him there, without a trial. He's a Radical, I hear, I can't tell you any more just yet.—Your disgraced HERMIA MARY."

CHAPTER V

IN WHICH, AT LAST, WE GET THE FACTS

So we are back again, dead-up against the butcher's horse with which we opened, and that incident which had so discouraged Miss Hermia Mary, and over which the eagle-beaked Countess of Morfa, with her little angry, intolerable eyes, had proposed to herself to take a soaring flight. The gentlemen had been lunching, the person had been grossly impudent—what more need be said. And at least let nothing whatever be said to an ardent Miss Chambre unstrung by travel. And nothing was said—and yet the affair was not laid. To treat it as though it had never been proved a counsel of perfection, with circumstances fatally against it; for first Lord Morfa, a sickly youth, fell ill, as we know, and kept his bed, and next Lord Edlogan, his friend—Beauty Edlogan they called him, and Marquis of Edlogan he was, the Duke of Wentsland's son—discovered an inflammation of the nose; and, thirdly, the butcher was taken to the Marshalsea, and lay there awaiting his charge. Lastly, the worst of all, politicians settled down in clouds, and the various wounds began to fester—and then Lady Morfa lost her temper, and determined not to charge the butcher at all, but to keep him where he was. By degrees and degrees, the facts obtruded themselves, by degrees took shape and got themselves in motion, until at last all London seemed to be swirling round a maëlstrom-gulf, at bottom of which you might, if you had had a head to look with, have discerned the mangled remains of a horse. Round and round, nearer and nearer in, swirled our actors and a hundred more; and some of them were sucked down and had to battle for dear life to win the free air again, and some went under, heels first, and were known no more—and all because a tipsy gentleman staked a butcher's—? Not at all, but because Family came into conflict with the Mob, and out of the Mob a head uplifted and discovered itself to be that of a person, not to be treated *en bloc,* like rabbits in a park. It is a sign of the breaking-up of things old when the Mob—that *colluvies*—segregates into persons with souls to be lost or won. But let us take the facts of the case, as Miss Chambre got them out.

The facts were that Lord Morfa and his friend Edlogan, after a generous meal together, were about to enter the curricle of the first and proceed to the park, when they saw the famous young horse tethered to the railings, and with that eye for a fine animal which nobody of their acquaintance could refuse them, they admired. They did more; they examined it point by point, and became inflamed by its perfections. They were touched, they were pricked in their hon-

our, they were affronted. Damn the fellow, where did he get such a horse, a blood horse, a pacer? Put a saddle, which you could call a saddle, on that horse, and a man might air him in the Row. One had seen a fellow on a worse horse in Pall Mall, and taken no notice. It was a start, a rummy go—whose was the horse? Jacob Jacobs, his gates open, touched his hat at this point. It was young Vernour's, the butcher's, my lords. The butcher's! Damn the butcher—this was no horse for him. Lord Morfa's offended eyes interrogated those of his friend. What the deuce were we coming to? he required to know.

Edlogan briskly said that he must try the horse—and did. Round and about he cantered, to the admiration of all. A perfect action, a great goer! The horse had a mouth. Morfa, who was undoubtedly drunk—everybody admitted that—and when drunk very nettlesome, was now for putting him at the railings round the grass-plat. This kind of horse, he told Edlogan—Irish, he would swear—could jump like a cat. Would Edlogan bet upon it? Damn it, a man should back his opinion, hey? And here Jacob Jacobs, finding himself under the enquiry of his master, again touched his hat and said, "Certainly, my lord." He blamed himself for that afterwards. The carriage-drive, you must know, formed a great circle of grit, and in the midst had an enclosure of grass, round about the statue of the prescient Earl Rupert, fenced in by stout iron rails not more than five feet high—close rails, as sharp as spears.

Lord Edlogan, who owned to having been fresh, but denied that he had been drunk, had laughed his friend to scorn. "You'll cut his head off, Roddy, and break your neck—sure as a gun you will. You've a bad seat at the best, my boy, but when you're drunk you've no seat at all," and so on; whereat, and at jeers from beyond the gates, possibly also on a view of the concerned eyes of Jacob Jacobs, anxious for the welfare of a peer, Lord Morfa grew hot. Damn the horse! damn Edlogan! he'd show what could be done. He flung his caped overcoat to the gate-keeper, and, after a brief but glorious struggle, was able to mount the nervous little animal. He gave him a couple of smacks on the flank with his glove, pushed him with his knees, dug his heels in sharply, and went round the gravel court at an easy canter, which he increased to a sort of a gallop as the murmurs from the gates struck his ears. Jacob Jacobs had got back to his post, lest the mob should invade the sanctuary, "and God knows what next," as he put it. From there he saw, and quaked to see, my lord take a couple of turns, rocking dangerously in his seat; "and the daylight you could see betwixt his lordship's fork and the saddle would have mended a Sunday afternoon," said he. But the madness of high blood! After that turn or two about and about, all of a sudden "his lordship took and screwed the hoss's head round, and in with his heels; and he put him at the rails *with a short rein,* did his lordship." Words failed him here to describe the queer silence that followed, as the gallant little beast did his gallantest. But the run was absurd, the take-off next to nothing. He swerved as he refused, and disposed of his rider; but then, as if startled by the howls of the audience he had, he gathered his legs under him and tried the fence. There was no howling now—it was too horrible—nameless. Indeed, though he lashed himself free, it was but to die—and at that moment the butcher came out from the shrubbery which concealed the tradesmen's door. Lord Morfa was by that time at the great gates, very shaky, tense and white, being helped into his overcoat of many capes by his servitor, and Edlogan, half crying with excitement and honest grief, was standing by him, adjuring him "for God's sake" to get out of this. The mob was distracted for the moment by watching what the horse's owner would do.

His name was Vernour, David Vernour; he was the "son" of Vernour and Son, family butchers, of Brook Street, Hanover Square. He was a fine young man, broad-breasted, tall, and well made; he may have been five or six-and-twenty. He was of the Saxon type, blue-eyed, fair-haired; one who flushed easily and had not much to say for himself. Yet it came out afterwards that he was "superior," and something of a public

speaker—also that he was a Radical—but even Tories might have done what he did. His friends averred that he did not know Lord Morfa by sight, but most of them were constrained to add that, had he known him, it would have made no difference to his conduct. He was admittedly hot-tempered.

At first he grew very red, and ran forward to the fallen horse, knelt by it and put his cheek to its nostrils. It was still alive then, but breathing faintly; it lay in a pool of bright blood—arterial blood. With "a kind of sob," as it was afterwards told to Miss Chambre (and no harm done to his case), he bent his head over his horse—then threw it up, and stiffened at the shoulders as he looked over to the gates to find out with whom he must reckon. He seemed to decide quickly, for he rose to his feet and strode over the gravel; and he must have been beside himself when he, bareheaded, in his blue frock and apron, could touch the young Marquis of Edlogan on the shoulder, and bring him sharply round as if he had been stung. Good heavens! and had he not been stung?

"Who did that?" Jacob Jacobs would swear that he never said "my lord." He never once used the word "lord," and only once said "sir." He might have been talking to any common person.

Edlogan, not liking his tone, which was curt, nor, perhaps, his question, which was to the point, replied, "Couldn't say, my man," and turned his back. It is supposed that he meant to be loyal to his friend—and, at any rate, he had not done it. Whereupon Vernour rounded on Lord Morfa with his "Is that your work, sir?" He was more respectful now, and all might yet have been well had not the mob answered the question. "'Twas my lord as done it. That's your man, butcher," and so on.

Morfa never looked at him at all; he swore at large. "Damn it all," said he, "it was the——horse's fault, and this ——mob here."

"I left the horse tethered to the railings," says Vernour, and Lord Morfa jumped about.

"Who the hell are you? I wish you'd go to the devil," he snapped at him.

"If I do that," said Vernour, "I take you with me;" and with that he scruffed the young peer with so firm a grip that nothing in the power of Edlogan, no adjuration from the shocked lips of Jacob Jacobs—whose "For the Lord's sake, Vernour, for the Lord of Mercy's sake loose my lord!" should have been double-edged—would induce him to let go. Lord Morfa, not a cleanly young man, used atrocious language; Lord Edlogan stormed and argued, was heartily ashamed of the whole affair, and the more ashamed he was the more angry he got. "The fellow was unreasonable," he afterwards explained. "He'd have been paid, of course—I'd have paid him if Roddy wouldn't—and I know Roddy don't like to part—but, damn it! he had him like a rag-doll—and a man can't stand that." Moved by such feelings, he certainly attacked Vernour—and with spirit; the crowd swarmed and serried for the fight; a chimney-sweeper and an unshaven man with no voice whatsoever formed and kept a ring. Vernour, with but one hand free, stopped Edlogan's rushes; and as the great Caryll chariot came rumbling in, had just sent him on to his back. In the breathing pause which he obtained his eyes, fierce with battle, met those of Miss Hermia Chambre, dwelt on them, and were dwelt upon. The carriage rolled on, the mob surged and serried; and Jacob Jacobs, powerless to serve his gods, fled for the constables.

Upon their arrival, David Vernour released his limp victim and went quietly to the Marshalsea. That is the truth of this very disagreeable affair, which her ladyship wished to ignore, but could not.

CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH LORD RODONO MISHANDLES THE BAG AND MR. RANALD STROKES THE CAT

Lord Morfa had kept his room for some days, and the house his counsel—so well that uncle and niece met, when at last they did meet, in very friendly fashion. Miss Chambre had not the least suspicion that the slight, pale, black-haired, dark-chinned, and suffering young man in a dressing-gown of preposterous elegance had last been under

her eyes swinging like a dead cat in the hold of the flushed butcher. Searching, as she was fond of doing, for character, she seemed to find it in his laconic manner. She liked his "How do, Hermy?" and two fingers from the sofa, and returned him a cheerful "Quite well, thank you, Uncle Morfa," with a stoop downwards, and a fresh cheek to touch his own. She was sorry for the fevered youth, had felt his cheek to be dry and hot, was very ready to excuse his irritability with his mother and his valet, and set herself to work to smooth out his "creases," as she called them.

There was plenty to say: apart from the coach at Holyhead and Mr. Aloysius Banks, who were ancient history by this time, there were the new conjuror, the Prince of Wales, and Madame Catalani singing "God shave the King." Lord Morfa, who liked women, liked them to be pretty, vivacious, and, above all, plump—"well covered," as he put it—was certainly amused. He lay back on his cushion, his hands behind his head, and fixed her with his fever-bright eyes. "Good gel—that's capital! Egad, ma'am, I must keep that for Prinny—oh, he'll be a proud man, by George!" He was certainly pleased—and so her tongue ran on. "And oh, Uncle Morfa, I quite forgot to tell you. As we came in—that first day—there was a fight. . . ." Lady Morfa called sharply, "Curtis," and sent the valet to see if the carriage were at the door. . . . His lordship moved uneasily, but did not turn his eyes away, or cease to smile.

"Yes, a real fight—at the gates. . . ."

"Dessay," said his lordship. "They *will* fight, Hermy, when they're drunk, you know."

"And they were drunk," said she. "Two of them were; but one was not. He was a hero, I thought."

"They fight, you know," he said dreamily, "like the very devil." So he got her off the line.

"But he does it without being drunk. . . ."

"*Ex officio,*" said Lady Morfa; and then, "Come, child, or you'll tire the invalid."

She rose and looked benevolently down upon her victim. "They took a fine vengeance upon the man who wasn't tipsy," she said. "They sent him to prison for it."

"Dessay," said Lord Morfa; "where the devil's my man? Look here, I shall go to sleep, I think." She stooped and touched his forehead. "Poor Uncle Morfa!" she said kindly, and went away with her grandmamma to a party.

And then she forgot the thing, left it. perhaps, forgotten in the recesses of her mind—why, how should she remember it between drastic inspections of gowns by her ladyship, visits to Madame Pelerine, visits to St. Paul's, Lord Crowland's romantic person, Lady Oxford's display of charms? Never was such a whirl as hers—and we were all whirling at once like a set of juggler's tops. Dick must go to the *levée*, she to Buckingham House; Carlton House to follow; a dinner to meet the Prince; Wednesday the opera; Thursday a dinner and a rout; Friday the Duchess's ball—and so forth. She made her little sensation, she was admired, and she knew it. Let heroes languish in chains in the Marshalsea, let Harriet Moon shiver in corridors—but she, the young beauty, would float from rout to rout, and gather her roses, and give them away.

Mervyn Touchett saw her at R—— House. "Saw the little Caryll heiress holding her court. Sedate and glowing on a divan, half a dozen bucks round about her. Stout men, too—politicians, Sandgate, Tom Rodono, Wormwood, and Bob Ranald, very brisk. She waltzed and looked sumptuous." The waltz was stark new that year. . . . "My dear, I have been in a dozen men's arms!" this to Mary Fox. "I'm hot all over. But everybody does it now." In far Kilbride, where nobody did it, Mary Fox felt worried. There were more serious things to worry about, if she had but known.

They say that she was a "man's woman"; and she confesses somewhere that she preferred men's society. . . . "The women, Mary, rather horrify me. They preen themselves like pigeons in the sun—and sit apart as if they were in a slave-market. As for the girls, they are dolls: dolls with palpitations!" She seems to have had a singularly quick judgment, and to have acted upon it

without faltering, to have known instantly when she could afford to be frank. She had decided at a glance that she liked Harriet Moon; and when she met Captain Ranald at a dinner-party, though she had never seen him before, she did not scruple to tell him that she was a rebel in grain, almost before he had time to inform her that he was a Jacobin.

Captain the Hon. Robert Ranald, a gallant, brick-coloured, fiery-haired little seaman, whose acts in the high seas, in the mouths of French rivers and in broken Atlantic roadsteads form a Saga, was at this time in England persecuting the Ministry in the name of commonsense. He was now one of the members for Westminster, and overwhelmingly popular with the mob. As he was quite without virulence or prejudice, he was detested by the Government, which had both in abundance. They battered him, and made him laugh; he hammered them, and they were vowed to his ruin. Mr. Croker, it was said, would cheerfully dance at Carlton House for Bob Ranald's head upon a charger. This spoke a volume for the hero, who confessed himself an outlaw as he handed Miss Chambre down to dinner.

"I'm home to stop thieving," he told her; "I'm in the House to stop it, and every thief's hand is against me. They don't like the facts, and they don't like me. I pound 'em; I go on pounding 'em; I bore 'em to death. Burdett's far too much of a gentleman—besides, he does 'em the honour to disapprove of 'em. He thinks 'em villains, and I call 'em fools. So I'm half an outlaw in the minds of Ministers, and half by my own showing. If the fractions add themselves aright, Miss Chambre, you have the arm of a man who must needs be hanged."

"I have held such arms before, sir," said she. "Lord Edward's was one, and my father's another."

They were seated by this, but Ranald, having looked quickly at his companion, nevertheless got up and bowed to her. "You are Dick Chambre's daughter, and he was Fitzgerald's friend. I'm happily mated." He began to speak of Ireland, and of Lord Edward, whom he described as the bravest little gentleman and straightest rider he had ever seen in his life. But he was a fool, unhappily, because he let those qualities rule his politics. "You can be too brave—you can be too true to the scent. The pace may kill or the field desert you: you die a lonely death. But in my opinion it is better to die in Newgate with Fitzgerald than to reign with Castlereagh in Pall Mall. The little man was a hero, and a Saint."

Her cheeks flushed, her eyes were dewy. "A divine fool—that is what I know. Everybody must know it in time. I can't speak of him without tears——" And then, with a catch in her voice, "My father was just like that."

"Not a doubt of it," he said. "He rode straight and rode hard. But, as you know and I know, he didn't ride hard enough for the Castle in '98."

"He broke his horse's heart," said Hermia Mary, "and couldn't get another. . . . You never knew my father?" He folded his arms, considered them, and his reply. Then he looked her in the face.

"I know more of him now than I ever did before. I know that he must have broken his own heart as well." Miss Chambre was unable to reply.

Her neighbour of the right hand was Lord Rodono, a cheerful, fresh-faced nobleman, eldest son of the Earl of Drem. He was tall, upright, stoutly built, sanguine of complexion, was in Parliament for an obscure burgh, a great admirer of women, and very much esteemed by most of them. His somewhat cold, critical blue eyes, perhaps, gave confidence; his care not to commit himself certainly did. In politics he ranked with the opposition, as became the heir of Drem; but he dallied, never indiscreetly, with the reformers. Like every man now, he talked of himself, and found himself the best joke in the world. He told Miss Chambre that he liked Whig women, but went among the Jacobins for male society. There were, in truth, no male Whigs—that was a contradiction in terms. A man goes by passion, a woman by feelings. Now you can passionately decree that somebody should wear a gold hat, or passionately attempt to knock that off his head; that is as a man is Tory or Radical. "But no man of my acquaintance," he said, "will choose to crown his fellow with straw, and then insist that it's every

bit as good as gold—in fact, much better, because it's the same thing, only cheaper. For that charming fantasy we look to your sex, Miss Chambre."

"But you are a Whig, Lord Rodono? You crown the King with straw."

"Pardon me, madam, I am a servant of Whigs," he said, with a bow which she felt to be too pronounced.

She avowed herself a Jacobin, and he applauded the confession. A pike would become her; Bob Ranald was all for pikes. He questioned, however, her grandmamma's view. The peerage impaled—eh?

"Grandmamma has never talked politics to me," said Hermia; but Lord Rodono was looking at the venerable lady, who sat upon their host's right hand, and was talking of Mr. Clark. Thus it was that the cat came out of the bag.

"How under the eyes of Heaven she allowed you to be entrusted to Bob Ranald," he said musingly, "passes belief. She thinks him poisonous, she calls him 'unfortunate.' Now that's nonsense, of course—poor Bob's as wholesome as a March gale; but he's not judicious—he thinks with his heart. He's gone red-hot into that affair of yours."

"What affair of mine?" she asked, thinking more of Ranald, whom she admired, than of herself.

"Oh, the butcher's horse, you know." His eyes twinkled with friendly malice and seemed to have their reward. He brought her round in a flash.

"My affair, Lord Rodono! Indeed, it was no affair of mine. It was very hateful."

"I beg your pardon. I meant of your family's. Your grandmother's—Roddy's affair. And then there was Edlogan's nose—that was in it, too. Very awkward business indeed. Now Bob Ranald——"

But Miss Chambre was now moved in earnest—she was flooded with colour. "Uncle Morfa! Lord Edlogan! Do you—can you mean that they——?" She made him stare.

"Good God, didn't you know that? Why, it's all over town. Now I've put my foot in it."

He certainly had, as far as she was concerned, for she had nothing more to say to him. She was really scandalised, but she was startled also—shocked, alarmed. Her feelings were tumultuous—why had this been hidden from her? What was going on? Of what sort were these smooth-voiced, courteous people she was among? Flesh and blood? Her flesh and blood? To grind the faces of the poor—and to smile, and bow, and be witty—and enormously at ease—served on bent knees! That was a veritable cry of the heart when she said, "Oh, Lord Rodono, that cannot be true!"

He had to assure her that it was true, and to make out a case.

"The man attacked Roddy before he'd heard what there was to say. Nothing much to say, I grant you—but no doubt he'd have been paid, not the slightest doubt. And, of course, he *will* be paid in the end—if politics are kept out of it. But he's known to Ministers as a speaker in the Forum, and those sort of places—Crown and Anchor, and all that; and he attacked a smaller man in his own place—and the constables were fetched, as they ought to have been. They did the rest: the rest was not Roddy's doing—Roddy was abed. I think that you'll find it will all settle down—unless Bob Ranald makes a hash of it. And, as I tell Roddy, he must keep Sandgate from hearing of it." Such talk as this had no effect on her at all; she was quick enough to see that the speaker was extenuating, making smiling apologies, as it were, for shutting the prison-doors. "Really, if there's going to be all this to-do—if you'll allow me, I'll just—I feel myself in need of repose!" She grew hot all over as she felt the spiked walls of Caryll House closing in upon her, and, in her mind's eye, saw Jacob Jacobs in his gold-laced hat and shoulder-knots, sorrow upon his face, locking the great gates. Hateful thought—and she the daughter of Dick of the Gallop! And she who had stood open-armed, warm-bosomed to England! And this was England! And those proud eyes of the strong fighter—she remembered them now—were to be purblinded in the dark—while the Carylls smiled at ease! Angry, indignant, sore, alarmed, the *débutante* looked fiercely at her world.

"Forgive me"—this was Ranald's voice—"I heard Rodono talking. It's

true, what he said of me. I am not judicious. I believe I'm glad of it. If every one were judicious, justice would never be done. I know Vernour, and intend to help him—indeed, I'm bound to that, for he's in my constituency. He's a Westminster freeman, and a fine fellow. No offence to you."

"Offence—no, no!" She was fingering breadcrumbs, looked very uncomfortable—but raised her fine eyes to his. "Captain Ranald, I must not talk about it—now—now that I know——" She couldn't finish; and then he spoke vehemently to her, but under his breath.

"This place—this country—London, England—is not fit for the likes of you to inhabit. A rat-pit of a country! Who dares be honest? Privilege, privilege, privilege! There's the sound of your horse's hoofs—and down goes young Vernour. I should like to tell you about him—some day."

She blushed, but she said, "Tell me now." But he would not say much.

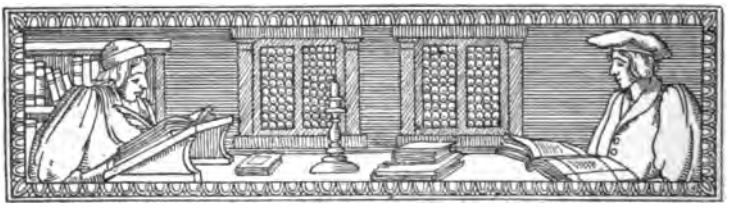
"When I'm free to speak—when I've got him out. I'll tell you this, though: he's the last man in the world to be served in this way, because he's sensitive. He's quick. He feels himself strong—and that kind get dashed, and hurt themselves. They kick at the pricks—and injustice, or what's worse, indifference, bites inwards and corrodes. They may poison the man through before they've done with him. But there! he's Mob—and you're Family—and justice must be done, God save us! And they wonder that I'm a reformer—and say that I wield a muck-rake. Well, you must!"

She was regarding him now so earnestly, was so absorbed that he checked himself. "Let me advise you, keep out of this affair. You can do nothing, absolutely nothing. Nobody can do much but patchwork. We have to fight with unhallowed swords. You—if you ever come into battle—must come like Joan of Arc, with a sword pure from the altar. I'll follow you then. Ah, you are going? Good-bye."

The ladies rose. Hermia took her place with the procession, but, as if by intention, her grandmother waited for her, took her hand, and led her from the room. He saw the girl blush, bite her lip, lower her eyes.

"All your troubles before you, my dear," he said to himself. "She'll get mauled, but she'll come out somehow." Then he helped himself to the claret.

(To be continued)



EUROPE'S SOCIAL REGISTERS

THE ALMANACH DE GOTHA, BURKE, DEBRETT, AND SOME OTHERS



HAT was said in these pages some time ago of *Baedeker* is true in far greater and more significant measure of the *Almanach de Gotha*—it is not a book, but an institution. And it is a firmly established institution, which, essentially aristocratic in its origin and the more ornamental part of its functions, has yet managed in the course of its already long career in an increasingly democratic world to gain steadily in importance, usefulness, and prosperity, thanks to notably able editorship. It is an august institution having authority beyond appeal in matters of rank and title, because that authority is ever based on exalted sanction: it is the organ of the fountain-heads of all honour in Continental Europe. At the same time, the thoroughness and accuracy of its statistical and diplomatic fourth part make it a most democratic publication, indispensable in every newspaper office and reference library as in every chancellery, embassy, and consular agency of the civilised world.

THE ALMANACH DE GOTHA

It is not, however, as the best of year-books that the *Almanach de Gotha* claims our attention here, but as the modern Golden Book, the official annual gazette of the royalty and the high nobility of Europe, the most exclusive of the innumerable genealogical publications of Christendom. It is of interest, also, as a flourishing survival from an older social order, which promises to endure, whatever social and political changes may pass over the face of Europe, because it appeals to a human instinct that appears to be ineradicable. It is safe to say that the *Almanach* will survive even the final abolition of the monarchical principle of government, whenever that shall come to pass, for a world of republics would still stand in need of the year-book with its unequalled equipment for the gathering and orderly presentation of governmental information; and a world of republics would increase a thousandfold the numbers of those claiming social distinction based upon birth or achievement. The *Almanach de Gotha* may yet come to include in its sacred list of the exalted of this earth, if not *Americans of Royal Descent*, at least the families of this country's builders, economic as well as historical. This glorious republic of ours is already freely represented in its pages on the distaff side; the spear side may follow, even though the weapon of old be replaced by the plane-table or the cheque-book. Would there be anything incongruous, for instance, in placing the family of an American railroad builder who linked the Atlantic to the Pacific by the side of the house of a man like the new-made Prince von Buelow, whose great service to his country lies, according to himself, in the many imprudences which, *maugre tout*, he has yet succeeded in preventing his Imperial Master from committing? or in the mention of the fortunate recipients of the unearned increment of New York real estate by the side of their no less favoured London fellow-rent collector, the Duke of Westminster? Stranger things than these have come to pass already in the pages of the *Almanach de Gotha* itself. They teem with romance for him who cares to look for it. The *Almanach* has already chronicled during the hundred and forty-three years of its existence many a rise to grandeur, many a decline to insignificance. It has registered the extinction of many an old historic name, the establishment of many a new one.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ALMANACH

Frederick the Great, Catharine of Russia, Maria Theresa, Louis XV. were the great rulers whom it noticed in its first issue, that of 1764. In reality it had been begun in the preceding year, but under another name, that of the *Gotha*

Genealogical and Writers' Calendar. It survived in its early years the shock of the French revolution and the impetuous wave of Napoleonic conquest, both of which it ignored, the Revolution completely, Napoleon with but very poor success, since he demonstrated that he could find time, amid all his gigantic activities, to teach the editor exactly how the *Almanach* should be edited, if it were to survive at all. The house of Bonaparte thereafter led all the rest until the collapse. It reported the Conqueror's insolent changes in the kingdoms and rulers of Europe, and the no less autocratic and radical reconstruction of the map of the Continent decreed by the Congress of Vienna. It saw the gradual destruction of the elaborate provision for the continued peace and submission of Europe made by M. de Metternich, and reported the process from year to year. Of the great American republic it took no cognisance until the issue of 1824. It saw the Turk driven from Greece, Holland from Belgium, Austria from Germany; it saw Italy united, an old empire reborn. It witnessed the triumph of Hohenzollern over Hapsburg and Bonaparte, the making and unmaking of kings, the rise or ruin of dynasties. It was ready, no doubt, to give, at the proper time, his proper place to the general who might have been George I., Emperor of the French, but who failed to see his opportunity, or dared not grasp it, and lost. This year it welcomes a new king and a new kingdom to its pages—Haakon and Norway. And through it all the *Almanach* has recorded, step by step, the quiet, steady rise in fortune of the able house, one of whose many branches was its protector in the days of its beginnings.

The grand romance of the *Almanach de Gotha* is, indeed, mostly concentrated in that first section devoted to royalty. From this point of view, at least, the two parts that follow, the second devoted to the mediatised princes of the old German Empire, and the third registering the cream of the nobilities of Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, Belgium, England, Spain, Italy, and Russia, are less fruitful, although here, too, historico-romantic associations are numerous, of course, and the names are often far finer sounding. The mediatised German princes have settled down in their semi-royal position contentedly, and little beyond their deaths, successions, marriages, and births, and their services to state or sovereign is chronicled from year to year; but the third part, inclusion in which must be applied for, is subject to the constant changes, additions, abbreviations, and omissions which are the object of so much secret or overt aspiration and envy, the cause of so many disappointments and so much social chagrin, the subject of so much international gossip. There are endless *nuances* to be employed by the diplomatically trained editor of the *Almanach* for the expression of even the slightest shades of difference in importance, progressive or retrogressive—the exact degree, at any given time, of firmness of courtly favour, official standing, and social footing. A *notice*, to use the official term of the *Almanach*, may be made significant in a hundred subtle ways—by shortening and lengthening, by emphasis or its reverse. It may dwindle to a mere mention of a name, continued from year to year, with a brief reference of the reader to an earlier edition; the name may ultimately disappear, or, again, it may be dropped suddenly. This was the case, several years ago, with the great Russian house of Gortchakoff, on account of several notorious family scandals. On the other hand, a family scandal may be the very reason for inclusion in this third part of the *Almanach*, provided the scandal be participated in by an august personage.

INFLUENCE AND THE ALMANACH

There is speculation from year to year in that greater European family of birth which ranks just below *the* European family of royalty, regarding the outward consequences in the pages of the forthcoming *Almanach* of more or less private untoward events, such as will proverbially happen in the very best families, or of successes won. The little red volume has its piquancy as a "society paper"; it is full of *potins* for those who hold the key. Occasionally expectancy rises to fever heat, as when the Emperor broke with



CATHERINE OF RUSSIA



FREDERICK THE GREAT



MARIA THERESA



LOUIS XV.

The rulers whose influence dominated the first *Almanach de Gotha*



THE GREAT GORTCHAKOFF

The Russian Gortchakoff family was suddenly dropped some years ago from the *Almanach* on account of scandals

Bismarck, and Count Herbert was married to his Austrian bride in Vienna.

The Emperor Franz Joseph stayed away from the wedding to avoid giving offence to his ally, William II.; the German ambassador in Vienna, Prince Reuss, too, was absent, as in duty bound. But his wife attended in all the pomp and circumstance of her rank and position, because, as she explained with malicious frankness, her husband, while serving the German Empire and representing the person of its Emperor at the Austrian Court, was, as the reigning Prince of Reuss, the equal and ally, but not a vassal, of William II., whose orders did therefore not apply to her. It was, indeed, a succulent bit of the most exalted gossip imaginable. Would the Emperor prevent the insertion of the Bismarck *notice* in the next issue of the *Almanach?* He was known to do rash things in those days. But nothing came of it. William not only did not interfere; he probably never dreamed of interfering.

Then there was that other morsel of gossip and speculation started by the bestowal by Queen Victoria of the title of "Royal Highness" upon her son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg. Would this unprecedented use—this straining—of prerogative by the very imperious royal lady be recognised by the other courts of Europe? That was the question to which the new volume of the *Almanach* (1886) might bring the authoritative answer. The editor simply chronicled the fact of the bestowal of the dignity, as in duty bound. The small regard in which it was held outside the Queen's dominions (which was shared, by the way, by some important members of her own family) was made known through other channels.

THE BATTENBERGS

The romance of the Battenbergs is, indeed, worth noting. Of morganatic birth, they have fluctuated constantly between the first and third parts of the *Almanach* through a quarter of a century, and more. Originally they appeared in the first part, in the *notice* devoted to the house of Hessen, their father's. Then Prince Henry of Battenberg married into the royal house of England, and thus was enumerated among its members. The able and stalwart Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who would unquestionably have made himself king, instead of prince, of Bulgaria, if Russia had not



HENRY OF BATTENBERG

interfered and punished him for his spirit of independence, figured for several years in the *Almanach* as the ruler of a semi-independent state, but, as such, in its fourth, diplomatic part, not in the first. Bismarck, who frustrated the budding love affair that would have given Alexander a bride of the imperial house of Hohenzollern, and consequently a powerful family interest that might have proved dangerous to the friendly relations between the Empire and Russia—Bismarck, who thus robbed Alexander of a place in the Hohenzollern genealogy to match that of Henry in the English house, had cynically advised him, when the Bulgarian throne was offered him, to take it, because it would always be "an interesting experience to look back upon in later years." But it proved to be not even that. Alexander died soon after his deposition and his marriage to an Austrian actress.

Most exalted of a successful family, Ena of Battenberg, Prince Henry's daughter, now occupies the Spanish throne as consort of King Alfonso XIII., yet, strangely enough, in this very year of the chronicling of its crowning triumph (1907), the house of Battenberg, as such, is banished from its niche in the notice "Hesse" in the first section to the third part.

Verily, the true romance of the *Almanach de Gotha* is found among its royalties, among the recent ones as well as among the houses hoar with antiquity. Most romantic of all remains the meteoric house of Bonaparte, with its fast waning fortunes, its chances of a third conquest of the throne of France dwindled down to an infinitesimally small possibility.

THE FORTUNES OF THE BONAPARTES

One wonders if the families that shared the fortunes of the Bonapartes are not doomed also to share ultimately their fate. Chief among them, the house of Bernadotte has already been shorn of half its kingdom within less than a century after its elevation to the purple. And of the First Empire little remains in the *Almanach* beyond a few names—Junot, Ney, Murat, Davout, Bassano, Bellune, Massena, Fouché. But for its aged Empress, living in exile, the Third Empire is already of the dead past in the pages of this interesting and suggestive genealogical handbook. "Morny," said the edition of 1906, "v. l'edition de 1905." But the edition of 1907 is more explicit.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." This is strikingly illustrated by contrasting the troubled histories of the royal houses of Europe with the calmer, more even fate of the noble families enumerated with them in the *Almanach*. The fortunes of the old races in its second and third sections have been affected by the wars and revolutions of the modern era to a far less notable degree. As for the mediatised princes, they were rulers in so small a way, and they were deposed with so much consideration, that their last state appears to be almost preferable to the first. Through nearly a thousand years many of the great houses in the second and third sections have maintained themselves at the top, rich in goods and lands as in honours and power. Arembergs, Chimays, Esterhazys, Schwarzenbergs, Salm-Salms, Hohenlohes without end, one finds them in the early editions of the eighteenth century as in those of the twentieth. The geographical and political face of Europe has been changed and changed again; mankind has revolutionised its every idea of government, but they have survived and remain serenely superior to the fate of common humanity, maintaining the advantage won for them by some early, rude, hard-hitting *parvenu* ancestor, guarding it with vigilance, adding to it by constant endeavour and wise alliances, not seldom nowadays with the daughters of wealth, whose fathers, to quote the clever saying of one of Napoleon's ennobled marshals, *are* ancestors.

The sum of wisdom, courage, endurance, prudence, diplomacy, tact, activity, and knowledge of the value of inactivity represented by these triumphant survivals of a hundred dangers deserves perhaps more consideration than is usually given it. If the nobility of Europe have had privileges innumerable to sustain them in this intense struggle for continued existence, they have also always imposed upon themselves many handicaps, the most serious of which in these commercial days has unquestionably become their tradi-



FOUCHÉ



NEY



DAVOUST



JUNOT

"Of the First Empire little remains in the *Almanach* beyond a few names—Junot, Ney, Murat, Davoust, Bassano, Bellune, Massena, and Fouché"



MASSENA



BELLUNE



MURAT



BASSANO

"Of the First Empire little remains in the *Almanach* beyond a few names—Junot, Ney, Murat, Davoust, Bassano, Bellune, Massena, and Fouché"

tional disdain of "trade" as a means of earning a livelihood or retrieving a failing fortune. This prejudice is disappearing, however, owing, no doubt, in the first place to the influence of a growing necessity that knows no law, but certainly sped and encouraged by the sensible attitude toward the question of such eminent *grands seigneurs* as Edward VII. of Great Britain and Ireland, and William II. of Germany.

FRENCH AND GERMAN EDITIONS

The *Almanach de Gotha* began what was to become a long and increasingly prosperous career in French; the German edition came later. Even now the French edition of the book must be very many times larger than the German one. Indeed, how many to whom it is familiar through constant use in its French form would recognise it under its cumbersome Teutonic title of *Gothaischer Genealogischer Hofkalender?* But in 1764 all German royalties, the smallest as well as the greatest, were under the full influence of the splendours of the French Court. Frederick the Great hardly spoke the language of the race that was to make him one of its national heroes already during his lifetime, and certainly could not write it correctly; his culture, his preferences were decidedly French, and his brother sovereigns of Germany resembled him in this, if in nothing else. Every princeling, however small his realm, however insignificant its resources, had to have his little Versailles, and eke his little Pompadour, if he had to sell his peasants for cannon food or to take the traitor's wage of French or English diplomacy to defray his expenses.

THE COURT OF SAXE-GOTHA

The Court of Saxe-Gotha was no exception to this fashion, therefore the *Almanach* was begun in French. It was the only way of attracting high attention and patronage. The early issues are small, insignificant-looking volumes, resembling in their general contents most of the almanacs of the period. The diplomatic year-book is as yet entirely lacking, and the list of royal and noble houses is printed without attempt at classification according to rank, or even at alphabetical arrangement. Saxe-Gotha leads, that's understood, of course, and then follows a bewildering list of principalities, of which German history itself must have lost memory, a list in which empires and kingdoms are sandwiched between bishoprics and nunneries, a jumble of grand priors of the orders of chivalry and all kinds of little great personages, typically representative of the crazy quilt of eighteenth-century German political geography. For the rest, these early *almanachs* presented the usual reading matter of their day. In 1778, for instance, we are informed that—

> The natural day is counted from sunrise to sunset.
>
> The artificial or civic day is counted by most Europeans from midnight to midnight.
>
> The Italians, the Chinese, and also the Jews, begin the day at sunset, when the canonical day begins.

EARLY ILLUSTRATIONS

In these early issues the illustrations are not, as now, portraits of great personages, but, apparently, any kind of pictures the publisher could secure at little cost. The edition of 1824 throws a vivid light upon the huge popularity of Sir Walter Scott, for its plates are illustrations of "Kenilworth," with accompanying explanatory text. More interesting still is the picture in an earlier issue of the *Almanach*, that of 1790, which represents the Bastille as it was before its demolition in the preceding year. The plate is accompanied by an article describing the famous prison, giving some details of its history as it was told in those days, before M. Funck-Brentano had arisen to discover the truth, and closing with an account of the attack by the populace, the whole in a remarkably liberal tone considering the time and circumstance. This same number is adorned with two pages of pictures of the latest Paris *coiffures*. Petticoat influence must have been strong at the Saxe-Gothic Court of the day, for this millinery fits to perfection a philosophical article on "Idées diverses sur la Beauté."

Decidedly picturesque, in this same edition of 1790, is a spirited picture of the attempted midnight abduction of Stanislaus Poniatowski, King of Poland. There is a great deal of action in this little engraving, and a great deal of midnight. The Polish patriots opened proceedings by driving away the royal escort and then shooting wildly into the coach with their pistols and hacking blindly around in it with sabres. When their first ardour had been somewhat cooled by these impetuous proceedings, they discovered the handsome, amiable, utterly incompetent ex-lover of the great Catharine with a bullet-hole in his hat and a sword-cut on his forehead, quite ready to accompany them. But they, still impetuous, dragged him out of the coach, as the picture shows. Then they put him on a horse, and, afraid to pass through the city gate, made him jump the moat with them. He fell and broke his leg. Several of the patriots thereupon took his diamond star and all his money and valuables away from him, to show to their leaders, so they said, and decamped, leaving but seven of their number with the captive. These seven promptly proceeded to lose their way in the darkness, the king good-naturedly warning them that they were in danger of running into a Russian patrol. In recognition of his kindness, they at once proceeded to discuss the advisability of killing him right then and there. A Russian patrol being really heard in the vicinity, four more ran away, and then there were three. On its return the patrol scared away two more, and then there was one, who gladly acceded to the king's offer of guiding him back to Warsaw and of immunity from punishment. An historical episode worthy indeed of illustration in a *Gothaischer Genealogischer Kalender* of the end of the eighteenth century, a chapter worthy of Stanley J. Weyman. Poniatowski is but a name now in the *Almanach*, with a brief reference to an earlier edition for details.



BOOKS OF LESSER NOBILITY

It was a foregone conclusion that the success of the *Almanach de Gotha* should lead its publishers to extend the field of their profitable and useful activities. They began in 1825 the publication of a year-book of the German Counts (*Genealogisches Taschenbuch der deutschen graeflichen Haeuser*), in 1848 a similar publication devoted to the German baronial families (*Genealogisches Taschenbuch der deutschen freiherrlichen Haeuser*), in 1900 a year-book of the German lesser nobility (*Taschenbuch der adeligen Haeuser*), and, finally, in 1898, a *Handbuch der buergerlichen Familien*—a handbook of burgher families, so that there is now in Germany no social class likely to care for such matters that does not have a genealogical organ of its own. This *Handbook of Burgher Families* reminds one of the similar English *Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland Enjoying Territorial Possessions or High Special Rank, but Uninvested with Heritable Honours* (1833-38). A long title, forsooth, and one, as the reader sees, carefully and conscientiously constructed to avoid all offence to the sense of dignity of the personages enumerated in *Burke* and *Debrett*—a title for "Labby" to play



SAXE-GOTHA

with, or George Bernard Shaw. Those omitted from even these burgher genealogical tomes have, of course, the unrestricted privilege of constructing their own pedigrees, or of having them constructed, and of publishing them at their own individual or the family's collective cost. Ultimately the state will keep the pedigrees of all of us, as we now keep the pedigrees of blooded cattle and horses. At least, that is what certain scientific enthusiasts foretell. In which case genealogy will become a science of the future of the collective race instead of what it now is, a science of the past of some of its most conspicuous individual members.

BURKE AND DEBRETT

If the *Almanach de Gotha* be an international institution, *Burke* and *Debrett* deserve to be called Anglo-Saxon institutions, since they are found, revered and devoutly believed in wherever English is the spoken language, in all of the five continents of the earth, and on its seven seas. In these United States, too, *Burke* and *Debrett* are more consulted and looked up to than the *Almanach,* for it is from them that most of us draw our coats-of-arms, and it is in them that many of us discover long-lost relations, the parent stem of the American branch. The discovery is not always mutual, but no matter.

Next to the English year-books may be placed the *Annuaire de la Noblesse de France,* which was issued during the years 1863-76, but with it the list of noble annuaries comes to an end. Russia, Spain, Italy—in short, every country in Europe has its books of noble families, but they are not year-books, decades often elapsing between the issues of new editions.

The English year-book is inclusive, the German exclusive, but where the *Almanach de Gotha* differs most decidedly from its best-known contemporary, *Burke's Peerage* (the publication of which was begun in 1822) is in its inexorable exactitude in the matter of pedigrees. Burke's extreme liberality in this regard, on the other hand, is notorious, and has given rise to an expression much used by English genealogists, "genealogical window-dressing." The English year-book accepts the pedigrees furnished it without questioning them; the *Alma-*

nach prints claims of antiquity for what they are worth, but sets the stamp of its authority only on the scientifically proved descent without break, what it calls the *filiation suivie*. Still, compared with the pedigrees concocted in the Middle Ages, even the most audacious of modern claims of descent are positively modest, the wildest of them being made nowadays in this country, which, while it supports as yet no genealogical or heraldic yearbooks, possesses at least a sumptuous handbook of its *armiger* families, settled here before 1800, in Count E. de V. Vermont's *America Heraldica*, published some fifteen years ago in New York, and now out of print.

THE BRITISH PEERAGE*

Notwithstanding frequent intermarriages, the British peerage continues to differ in many important aspects from the nobilities of Continental Europe. From the Continental point of view, indeed, it is rather a superb patriciate than a nobility in the traditional, feudal sense. Strangest of all to the Continental European genealogist's way of thinking is its utter indifference toward the importance and value of armorial quarterings: a British peer can and will marry a commoner's daughter without affecting in any way thereby his own status or that of his son and heir. It is far different on the Continent, as was illustrated not so many years ago by the case of a Hungarian prince who fell in love with the daughter of a great British peer, so great a noble, indeed, in King Edward's realm, that the Hungarian did not for a moment consider it necessary to inquire into the quarterings of his bride-to-be. Yet after the marriage, when the time came for the presentation of the new princess to her new sovereign, the Court Marshal of the Hofburg made the discovery that she was not "hoffähig"—that, in other words, she could not be admitted to the intimacy Court Circle because she could not show the required number of quarterings, i.e., unbroken descent from noble houses on both sides for a certain number of generations. There are many weighty tomes on the Continent devoted to this vital subject of quarterings, but they do not come within the scope of this article. To return to the peerage again for a moment, and the light in which it is considered on the Continent, the wholesale creation of peers by a prime minister for the purpose of "dishing" the opposition was a manœuvre that did not conduce to the respect in which the institution was held abroad, nor has the constant bestowal of peerages upon rich men for no other cause than their riches added to it. Since, however, the peerage is insularly well satisfied with itself, and England unquestionably proud of its peerage, the question of Continental opinion of the institution is merely one of latitudes. The difference between the two points of view is incidentally of interest to us here and now as the fundamental cause of a marked divergence in the development of the plots of a certain type of sentimental fiction in English and in German.

*We know in what estimation Major Arthur Pendennis held the social registers of England. "He knew the name and pedigree of everybody in the Peerage, and everybody's relations. 'My dear boy,' he would say to Pen, with a mournful earnestness and veracity, 'you cannot begin your genealogical studies too early; I wish to Heavens you would read in *Debrett* every day. Not so much the historical part (for the pedigrees, between ourselves, are many of them very fabulous, and there are few families that can show such a clear descent as our own) as the account of family alliances, and who is related to whom. I have known a man's career in life blasted by ignorance on this all-important subject. Why, only last month, at dinner at my lord Hobanob's,'" etc.

ORIENTAL GENEALOGICAL BOOKS

A goodly proportion of the vast modern genealogical library is written and published in Germany, one of its most curious productions in the past being the eighteenth-century *Der Mohammedanischen und Heidnischen hohen Haeuser historische und genealogische Erlaeuterung* (1731), a handbook of Mohammedan and Pagan patricians. This work serves to remind us of the fact that pride of ancestry rules even stronger among the non-Aryan races than with us. The pedigree of the Emperor of Japan, tracing his descent through two thousand years, is the best known proof of this. It is not unlikely, by the way, that the *Almanach de Gotha* will make room at

some early date in its third part for the flower of the Japanese nobility. In the interior of China, so we are told by returned travellers, there are families whose authenticated descent rivals in length that of the Mikado. In Mohammedan countries the descendant of the Prophet never loses the memory of his ancestry, however low he may have fallen in his estate. Among Europeans, on the other hand, the loss of station, *i.e.*, of fortune, suffices to cause a noble house to disappear in the multitude after four, or, at the most, five or six generations. A poor lesser nobility has best succeeded in maintaining itself in Germany, a poor country until quite recent years, sometimes by strange devices, strangest of which was perhaps that of the marriage of the head of the house alone, his younger brothers remaining unmarried and staying with him to work the estate and keep it up for no other reward than their sustenance. In England, on the other hand, a poor nobility has never maintained itself at all. There is historical record of an English duke of mediæval times who was deprived of his rank because he lacked the means properly to maintain its dignity.

OLD TESTAMENT PEDIGREES

The elaborate pedigrees of the Old Testament testify to the regard in which ancestry was held by the ancient Hebrews, who appear to have been particularly careful about the descent of their priesthood. The Greeks had their aristocracy of birth, with its claims of descent from half-gods, and the still stranger pretence of some Athenian houses of descent from trees. At the very dawn of history one encounters this ancestral instinct. It is perhaps not too bold a flight of the imagination to ascribe to neolithic man a pride in his descent from paleolithic ancestors, whose rude flint arrow-heads and mace he may well have hung on the walls of his lake-dwelling by the side of his own highly polished jade weapons and implements.

The preposterous pedigrees invented in the Middle Ages have been given up and are forgotten, except by students of what is now almost an exact science. The most picturesque of those that have come down to us is that of the ducal and princely house of Lévis-Mirepoix, whose origin was traced to the tribe of Levy. Consequently the family was related to the Virgin Mary, who was represented, in a picture supposed to be still in the possession of the house, as acknowledging the relationship, by saying, in a legend issuing from her mouth, to the bare-headed Lévis-Mirepoix standing in her presence, "Put your hat on, dear cousin" —*Couvrez-vous, mon cousin!*

It is certain that genealogical works will rapidly increase in numbers in the future, chiefly in the form of the family histories already so familiar in this country. In closing this article, it may be pointed out that the ennobling of ancestors is a custom not confined exclusively to China. On the contrary, it is universal. But whereas the Chinese ennoble their progenitors frankly, officially, the rest of the world does it surreptitiously, and then loudly asseverates that it has done nothing of the kind, because, forsooth, its fathers were noble from the very beginning.

A Schade van Westrum.



THE SUBSERVIENCE OF PLOT AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



HERE is no dictum regarding the requisites of good fiction that is more frequently heard and at the same time more purposeless than that it must contain an interesting story. Considered as advice to the novice, it is either superfluous or misleading. It must mean one of two things: either that an author, in order to interest people in his story, must tell his story in an interesting way—an axiom which touches the limit of banality—or else it means that the interest of plot is paramount over all other interests—and this, if not absolutely unjustified, is one of those half-truths that are responsible for more harm than a deliberate misstatement. A new and clever situation, a climax that does not challenge comparison with half a dozen well-known novels, forms, of course, a good foundation upon which to build. Yet it is the commonest experience for the critic to find an unhackneyed plot spoiled by unskilful development, and a threadbare theme skilfully worked over into the most engrossing novel of the month. The mere epitome of a story may help you decide whether you care to read it; but an attempt to predict from the argument of the plot of the greatest novels ever written their ultimate fate would have been the purest guesswork.

There is a simple, obvious truth which writers of fiction are prone to overlook—that since the novel is a reflex of life, our interest in the people and the events pictured in the novel grows up in precisely the same manner as our interest in living human beings and actual happenings around us. Now, in the social relations of real life there are two kinds of interest which we feel for our fellow-men and women, differing widely in quality and value. There is first the primitive, rudimentary interest which we feel in the unexpected, the bizarre, the tragic, regardless of the person to whom it happens, the interest which gathers a crowd in the street to see a drunken man arrested or a sick woman lifted into an ambulance; the sort of interest to which the make-up editor, with an instinct for news value, skilfully appeals with flaunting headlines. Utterly unimportant persons, whose names we never heard before and whom we shall have forgotten by to-morrow, take on for the hour an absurdly inflated value, due mainly to a morbid curiosity. Between this sort of interest and that which we feel for the men and women to whom we give our friendship and our sympathy there is nothing in common. We do not make up our circle of acquaintances on a basis of the exciting and abnormal incidents which may have befallen them. Our interest in our closest friends does not depend upon the number of times they have been divorced, or saved from drowning, or tried for murder. On the contrary, our interest in all that happens to those who are near and dear to us rests wholly upon our knowledge of their personality, our affection for their kindly qualities, our indulgence toward their faults and frailties. And as it is in real life, so also is it in the world of fiction. The story which has its paramount interest in the plot, which holds you not through your sympathy with its men and women, but simply through your curiosity to know who stole the diamond necklace, where the missing will was hidden, or what became of the poisoned candy, is not the story that you will go back to for a second reading. It is like a stale riddle, an exploded firecracker, the latest horror of last night's sporting extra; it is already consigned to the mental dust-heap. The books which we really delight to remember and to return to from time to time are the books which have won us first by the personalities of their characters. There are not many readers of Dickens or Thackeray who can sit down and give you accurately a detailed argument of *David Copperfield* or *The Old Curiosity*

Shop, of *The Newcomes* or *Vanity Fair*. But there is not one who does not look back to Dora and the Micawbers and little Nell, to Colonel Newcome and Dobbin and Becky Sharp as to people having a real existence and forming part of our conception of the world we live in.

Here, then, is a working rule for the novelist who would fain have his books survive for something longer than the average life of a popular novel: Let him strive to make the reader feel an interest in the plot for the sake of the characters rather than an interest in the characters only for the sake of the plot. If their personalities are such as to arouse in you strong emotions of admiration, affection, indignation, hatred, then every little incident that he chooses to tell you about them will set you tingling; he may even wax garrulous and wander far afield from the main narrative without awakening your resentment or impatience. But if the characters are no more strongly individualised than so many John Does and Richard Roes, if they are so many pawns on life's chess board, working out some new and puzzling form of checkmate, then pray let us have no digressions, no lingering by the way; let us play the game rapidly to a finish and then brush the men all helter-skelter into the box together. Who remembers over night the names or personalities of the characters in Gaboriau's novels or those of Anna Katherine Green?

The great fault with two-thirds of the detective novels, the pseudo-Dumas novels, the tawdry, melodramatic, penny-dreadful type of fiction, is that the authors have been thinking of plot to the exclusion of everything else. Character, racial traits, environment, everything debased and made subservient to the demands of plot—sensational, extravagant, lurid plot! How often you fling a book aside with the disgusted feeling, "How cheap, how unconvincing, how utterly false to life!" And yet every day you read in the papers stranger, more startling, more melodramatic happenings than ever find their way into fiction. When you say that a certain story is false to life, you mean that not one man or woman in a thousand would have done the deed which the author makes them do. And if, according to your experience of life, the book leaves this impression of falsehood upon you, then there is something radically wrong with it. But the wrong is not where you think it is; not in the act committed, but in the portrayal of the character who did it. Had the author understood his craft, had he seen the relative importance of things, had he made the plot properly subservient to the painting of character, you would have said, "I never supposed before that a human being would do such a deed, but it is precisely what this particular man or woman would have done. I foresaw pages ahead that it was inevitable. It is astonishingly, convincingly, triumphantly true to life!"

But while insisting that plot should be made subservient to delineation of character, one must remember, on the other hand, that it is still a vital part of every work of fiction. The amorphous, rambling narratives of the old *picaresco* school are as obsolete as the fantastic, misshapen dragons and griffins conceived in an age that knew not comparative anatomy. The perfectly articulated, symmetrical plot is the skeleton upon which every novelist who knows his art moulds the shapely outward form of his creation; but like the framework of all the higher orders, it should be hidden beneath the living, palpable forms of human life. It is only the crustaceans and the molluscs, only the lower forms of life or of literature, that wear their bony structures upon the surface.

"The Master-Man"

An unassuming little volume called *The Master-Man* comes conveniently to hand to illustrate this question of the relative importance of character and plot. Although issued anonymously, it offers at least substantial evidence that the author's home is or has been in just such a quiet, old-fashioned, altogether charming Southern village as is pictured with simple vividness in its pages. The framework of the story is not complicated, nor thrilling, nor even original. The strong, honest, self-reliant man who remains faithful throughout life to the early love that fate took from him, finding contentment in living for the good of

John Jacob Astor was in Paris, and the journalist was ordered to find out what a man who could afford to spend thousands of dollars per diem actually did spend in two hours. On the whole Mr. Sherard considers the position of the American correspondent far better than that of the English one. He is given *carte blanche* in the matter of expense. Mr. Sherard speaks of spending as much as fifteen hundred dollars on one cable to New York, and says that when travelling, ten dollars a day was allowed him for hotel expenses alone.

The French Senate has decided that the ashes of Emile Zola are to rest in the Pantheon. In noting this the London *Academy* comments that those who dislike Zola may console themselves with the thought that he will not remain there forever. The nature of the fame which is conferred by burial in the Pantheon is somewhat doubtful. It is a church without an altar; a classic edifice designed in the century of Voltaire, in memory of a mediæval saint. The Parisians saw at once that the Pantheon was no church, and they made it a place of interment for distinguished people. Mirabeau was the first to be buried there, but he was not allowed to stay, and the same fate befell Marat. So, too, it is only the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau that are shown: at the Restoration their ashes were flung into the Seine. Lannes, the hero of Saragossa, was more fortunate. Victor Hugo has been there for some twenty years. In 1848 the Pantheon became for the second time a church. It is the Campo Santo or the Westminster Abbey of Paris, but with a considerable difference.

Zola's Ashes

According to the lists to be found at the end of this issue of THE BOOKMAN, Ralph Connor's *The Doctor* has lately been the most widely sold book in the country. The figures given out as to the number of copies comprising the various United States editions are impressive, but by no means astonishing, when one considers what literary popularity may mean nowadays. It is the Canadian success of *The Doctor* that is extraordinary. Canada possesses only about three million English-speaking inhabitants, and an edition of five or ten thousand is considered a large one for any novel. During November, December and January there have been circulated in the Dominion forty thousand copies of Ralph Connor's book.

Ralph Connor's New Book

One evening a few weeks ago, at the end of a publisher's dinner, the discussion turned to the subject of those novels which had been most widely read, and of which the greatest number of copies had been sold. While there was no reason that the argument should have been confined to comparatively recent books, it was significant that with one exception nobody thought of mentioning a book which antedated the publication of *David Harum.* Probably this was due to the generally accepted idea that before modern methods of exploitation were adopted no novel had ever had a genuinely immense sale. The one exception referred to mentioned in turn *Trilby, Saint Elmo, Ben-Hur,* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* but he was emphatically overruled on the ground that the success of the first named, when judged by actual figures, was not so great after all, and that the popularity of the other three was in no case spontaneous, but was the result of steady returns reaching over many years. On the other hand, books like *David Harum, When Knighthood Was in Flower,* and *Richard Carvel* represented a great sweep of immediate success that touched at once every corner of the land. This was undoubtedly sound, but in connection with it no one thought of mentioning the book which achieved a success unparalleled in the history of American book publishing, and probably in the book publishing history of any country—namely, Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Barnes of New York,* the belated sequel to which, under the title *Mr. Barnes, American,* is to be printed some time during the spring.

The Books Most Read

While we are able to recommend the first two books with considerable cordiality, in the third we can find not a single redeeming feature. We are not in the slightest degree squeamish, but *Beyond the Rocks* strikes us as being particularly repulsive. It does not call for any of the arguments *pro* and *con* that have been threshed out so often over the hackneyed subject of immorality in fiction. It is simply nasty, without dignity, and without excuse.

A recent book that is exceedingly rich in literary impressions and anecdotes is *Twenty Years in Paris,* by R. H. Sherard, who has long been a conspicuous figure among the English journalists in the French capital, and whose *Life of Oscar Wilde* was reviewed in THE BOOKMAN two months ago. In some ways Mr. Sherard's book suggests the notorious *An Englishman in Paris,* which appeared fifteen or eighteen years ago; in others it reminds us of the *Memoirs of M. de Blowitz.* But whereas *An Englishman in Paris* was proved to be a huge "fake," and the impudent braggadocio and self-glorification of the former correspondent of the London *Times* provoked the reader's hostility and suspicion at every turn, Mr. Sherard's book will generally be accepted as fairly accurate and sincere. This man had exceptional opportunities, and he made good use of them. At times, when acting as correspondent for some of the yellower American newspapers, he undertook assignments that were in no way very dignified, but it was with an apparent sense of protest, and he seems, on the whole, to have been *persona grata* with the great majority of distinguished Frenchmen and eminent visitors in Paris.

R. H. Sherard's Reminiscences

There is so much that is worth while mentioning and quoting in Mr. Sherard's book that selection must be, to a certain extent, purely arbitrary. A very interesting chapter throws some new light on the unfortunate Guy de Maupassant, much of whose career is shrouded in obscurity. Maupassant, Sherard tells us, despised literature as a *métier,* loathed the professional *homme de lettres* as such, and hated all literary talk. His preference was for the sea, and he was rather proud of the fact that he had rescued from the waves at Etretat the English poet Swinburne, who, though a magnificent swimmer, had outswum his strength. Despite his avowed cynicism, there were those who knew of a love story in which he had showed himself the most ardent and faithful of lovers. There exists a series of letters to the object of his devotion which is said to be absolutely unique in beauty of style and sentiment. Mr. Sherard tells us that *Bel-Ami,* Maupassant's most widely read novel, was not a creation, but a portrait from life. The original of Georges Duray, he adds, still looms large in *Tout Paris.* "Only a few days ago I saw him pass down the Champs-Elysées in a superb carriage. He decries motoring as the sport of the vulgar." Here is Mr. Sherard's picture of De Maupassant as he was in the *Maison de Santé* in the south of France, where he ended his days:

> He imagined himself the possessor of boundless wealth. His talk was all of millions and billions and trillions. He wanted to dig holes in which to bury his immense accumulations of gold. He shouted into an imaginary telephone orders to his stockbroker to buy the French Rentes *en bloc.* At times, flying into mad passions, he would dash round and round the room in pursuit of some phantom thief. The only mercy that was shown to him was that he died in one of these terrible paroxysms. He died while he still had the semblance and the bearing of a man. His friends were spared the spectacle of that awful degradation into a condition lower than anything in animal life, to which general paralysis, where it runs its whole sacrilegious course, brings its victims. There was no very great change in his appearance when he died. Somebody who saw him after his death said to me, "He looks like a soldier who has died on the field of battle."
>
> He certainly bore some resemblance to the popular military type, with his hair cropped *à la* Bressan, his thick moustache, and the scrupulous neatness of his attire. He was always anxious to disassociate himself by his personal appearance and dress from the extravagances and Bohemianism of the professional *homme de lettres.* And though he

would not have liked the comparison, I think that it may be said that, as when he was struck down, he was in full literary activity, Guy de Maupassant died *au champ d'honneur.*

It will probably surprise even the most ardent American admirers of the books of Jules Verne to learn that that writer had at one time ambitions to take his seat in the French Academy, and felt deeply hurt at the indifference of French men of letters to his work. Mr. Sherard met him as the result of an assignment from the New York *World* when that paper was sending Nellie Bly round the world against the record of Phineas Fogg, the hero of the *Tour de la Monde en Quatre-vingt Jours.* It was thought that it would give a good advertisement to the story if on her way through France the young woman could meet Jules Verne in Amiens, and Mr. Sherard was directed to arrange the meeting. The novelist's consent was obtained only after considerable persuasion. After the journey had been accomplished in seventy-two days, Mr. Sherard again went to Amiens to interview M. Verne, and at dinner the host produced a bottle of old wine, with which they drank the health of the young woman journalist. He spoke of working her into a story that was to be called *Lady Franklin.* For his kindness and civility he did not receive a word of thanks from the paper, and Mr. Sherard's protests on this score were met with the reply that "the old man had got good advertising out of it and had no reason to complain." Despite his enormous popularity, Jules Verne never earned from his pen as much as five thousand dollars a year. The reason for this was that early in his career he had arranged with his publishers to supply them with two novels a year for a stipulated sum, and that it never entered his head to ask for better terms.

Very few of the many Americans who are acquainted with the Haussmanised Paris have any definite knowledge of the man whose name stands for so much, who under the Empire transformed the old city of winding and narrow, albeit picturesque, streets into the Paris of splendid sweeps and magnificent thoroughfares. It is true that this transformation was marked by gigantic frauds, such as Zola depicted in *La Curée,* but from any share in these transactions Mr. Sherard hastens to exonerate Baron Haussman. The Haussman that the journalist knew was a lonely, disappointed old man; a celebrity who had disappeared and whom people in consequence thought dead; but who was living in retirement in the heart of Paris. Haussman laid stress on Napoleon III.'s share in the improvements. He said that there was hardly a great change that had not at first been suggested by the Emperor. The Baron represented himself as having been the strongest opponent of the war with Prussia in France. It had been his dream to establish a Franco-Prussian alliance, an alliance which he said had been practically offered by Bismarck in 1864, with the understanding that in return for France lending her influence against Austria, Prussia would cede to France the left bank of the Rhine. The influence which baulked this scheme was the same sinister influence which six years later led France to play into the hands of Prussia and bring on the disastrous war—the influence of the Empress Eugenie.

The irresponsibility of newspaper correspondents in general, and American newspaper correspondents in particular, Mr. Sherard ascribes to the absurd impressions which prevail in the home offices of these papers. Editors of American newspapers are given to cabling their Paris representatives orders to interview the President of the Republic on all kinds of ridiculous questions. As one correspondent expressed it, "I'll get a cable from New York, saying, Cleveland's been seen walking arm-in-arm with a buck nigger, and I'm to find out what Carnot thinks of the situation. They expect me to go to the Elysée and knock up the President and just have a friendly chat. And in that paper they have to get what they expect or you get fired. So this correspondent, having a sensitive regard for the truth, hunted up an old wine merchant by the name of Carnot, whose opinions he duly cabled to New York. Mr. Sherard tells of some of his own peculiar assignments. For instance, at one time

John Jacob Astor was in Paris, and the journalist was ordered to find out what a man who could afford to spend thousands of dollars per diem actually did spend in two hours. On the whole Mr. Sherard considers the position of the American correspondent far better than that of the English one. He is given *carte blanche* in the matter of expense. Mr. Sherard speaks of spending as much as fifteen hundred dollars on one cable to New York, and says that when travelling, ten dollars a day was allowed him for hotel expenses alone.

The French Senate has decided that the ashes of Emile Zola are to rest in the Pantheon. In noting this the London *Academy* comments that those who dislike Zola may console themselves with the thought that he will not remain there forever. The nature of the fame which is conferred by burial in the Pantheon is somewhat doubtful. It is a church without an altar; a classic edifice designed in the century of Voltaire, in memory of a mediæval saint. The Parisians saw at once that the Pantheon was no church, and they made it a place of interment for distinguished people. Mirabeau was the first to be buried there, but he was not allowed to stay, and the same fate befell Marat. So, too, it is only the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau that are shown: at the Restoration their ashes were flung into the Seine. Lannes, the hero of Saragossa, was more fortunate. Victor Hugo has been there for some twenty years. In 1848 the Pantheon became for the second time a church. It is the Campo Santo or the Westminster Abbey of Paris, but with a considerable difference.

Zola's Ashes

According to the lists to be found at the end of this issue of THE BOOKMAN, Ralph Connor's *The Doctor* has lately been the most widely sold book in the country. The figures given out as to the number of copies comprising the various United States editions are impressive, but by no means astonishing, when one considers what literary popularity may mean nowadays. It is the Canadian success of *The Doctor* that is extraordinary. Canada possesses only about three million English-speaking inhabitants, and an edition of five or ten thousand is considered a large one for any novel. During November, December and January there have been circulated in the Dominion forty thousand copies of Ralph Connor's book.

Ralph Connor's New Book

One evening a few weeks ago, at the end of a publisher's dinner, the discussion turned to the subject of those novels which had been most widely read, and of which the greatest number of copies had been sold. While there was no reason that the argument should have been confined to comparatively recent books, it was significant that with one exception nobody thought of mentioning a book which antedated the publication of *David Harum.* Probably this was due to the generally accepted idea that before modern methods of exploitation were adopted no novel had ever had a genuinely immense sale. The one exception referred to mentioned in turn *Trilby, Saint Elmo, Ben-Hur,* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* but he was emphatically overruled on the ground that the success of the first named, when judged by actual figures, was not so great after all, and that the popularity of the other three was in no case spontaneous, but was the result of steady returns reaching over many years. On the other hand, books like *David Harum, When Knighthood Was in Flower,* and *Richard Carvel* represented a great sweep of immediate success that touched at once every corner of the land. This was undoubtedly sound, but in connection with it no one thought of mentioning the book which achieved a success unparalleled in the history of American book publishing, and probably in the book publishing history of any country—namely, Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Barnes of New York,* the belated sequel to which, under the title *Mr. Barnes, American,* is to be printed some time during the spring.

The Books Most Read

others, and a solace in his later years in befriending the son of the woman he once hoped to make his wife—all this we have had again and again in stories of varying merit from North and East and West as well as from the South. And there is no good reason why it should be otherwise. When any one of those near and dear to us comes with a confidential tale of intimate sorrow or gladness, we do not stop to ask whether it is a new and original joy or grief—something startling, amazing, undreamed of before. On the contrary, the commonplace, world-old tragedies of birth and marriage and death are perennially new and amazing when they enter the households of those we love. And so, when any writer, like this unnamed author of *The Master-Man,* begins by gaining our affection for the men and women of his story, we give our sympathetic interest to whatever happenings affect them deeply without stopping to recall whether the same situation has been used by Homer or Dickens or Laura Jean Libbey. *The Master-Man* is a book that will win its way quietly. There is about it a persuasive and unmistakably feminine touch. Its specific purpose is to show the importance of the physician in the social structure of country and village life, when the physician in question happens to be a man of high ideals, big heart, and dogged persistence along the line of duty, even though death awaits him at the other end. One further merit the book has: it depicts the tracking down, the arrest, and the attempted lynching of a negro, without a touch of melodrama or a hint of racial prejudice, but with a straightforward simplicity that makes a strong and convincing scene.

"Confessions to a Heathen Idol"

One thing may be said emphatically in favour of the psychological, introspective novel—it is based frankly upon the assumption that the interest of any human story depends far less upon what happens than upon how these happenings react upon the nerve centres of a particular man or woman. Take, for example, *Confessions to a Heathen Idol,* by Marian Lee, a refreshingly unusual and whimsical book, that purports to be the private outpourings of secret hopes and fears by a brave-hearted but rather lonely woman of forty into the receptive ears of her one confidante, the ugly little carved-wood image that stands upon her dressing table. A careless classifier of fiction would be quite likely to relegate this volume to the same shelf with *An Englishwoman's Love Letters,* which was so rashly overpraised a few years ago. There is, to be sure, the superficial resemblance that they are both written in the first person, and both reveal the secrets of a woman's heart. But in *An Englishwoman's Love Letters* the interest of plot was paramount. From almost the opening page there was a hint of mystery, the shadow of an unrevealed secret which took an unfair advantage of the reader and lured him on, blinding him to the fact that, taken on her own merits, the "Englishwoman" in question was a rather tiresome person and her letters inanely sentimental. These *Confessions to a Heathen Idol* belong to a different category altogether. They rest upon a foundation of plot, to be sure, but a very simple, natural one, without a hint of mystery. The writer of the confessions was left a widow at the age of twenty-four; and the man whose name recurs with suspicious frequency upon her lips was in the old days an intimate friend of her husband, and ever since has staunchly stood by her; but with masculine obtuseness, having begun by thinking of her as "Paul's widow," he has never ventured to think that she could do otherwise than remain Paul's widow to the end of time. And meanwhile the precious years are slipping away, and she has no other recourse than from time to time to ask her idol wistfully, "Confessor, I wish I knew whether it is something or nothing that I sometimes see in Tom's eyes." The reader who demands from novels the so-called pleasant ending may at once get a clue to the way in which this particular one ends by glancing at the caption accompanying the frontispiece, "Let me whisper something to you, Wise One: When a woman is married she confesses to no one, not even to a broad-minded teak-wood idol." Yet no matter how the volume had ended, it still would have left behind it the im-

pression of a brave, gracious, fine-natured woman, whom it has been a pleasure to know in the innocent intimacy of these revelations; for it is the exceptional woman with a wholesome philosophy of life who can preach the practical doctrine that "life with all its blisses and sorrows, its ecstasies and commonplaces, is mightily worth while to us mortals, because, good or bad, it is ever and always so surprisingly interesting."

Some argumentative reader will probably object that, while the theory of Subservience of Plot fits in very well with the psychological novel, it does not fit in at all with the big, epic, realistic novel. Is not plot, he will ask, more important than character in Zola's *La Débâcle* or in Kipling's *Kim?* It is quite true that in a story which attempts to trace some great national crisis, some widespread undercurrent of national thought, the character of any one man or woman cannot form the dominant interest of the book, not even in the case of such a central figure as the hero of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* And yet it is emphatically not the plot which forms the paramount importance of Mrs. Stowe's prose epic, or of Kipling's, or of Zola's. In each of these cases it is the character of a nation, the psychology of a race, that gives the books their value and interest. The escape of Emilia and Cassy, the whipping of Uncle Tom, would be merely sensational, dime-novel incidents if we did not see in them and behind them the working of ethnic forces that culminated in the Civil War. *La Débâcle* would be merely a repellent picture of carnage if it were not at the same time an interpretation of the mind of the French rank and file, the peasant and labourer, with his deep-rooted faith in *La Patrie,* in spite of incompetence and treachery in high places. And *Kim* would be merely a fantastic and purposeless extravaganza if it did not symbolise and interpret for us the very heart and soul of modern India. And in a more modest, more circumscribed fashion Sara Jeannette Cotes has attempted something of the same sort in her recent story of English life in India, *Set in Authority.* Racial antagonism is her theme, the antagonism that grows out of the open contempt shown by British residents and British soldiers for the natives, and more particularly from the difficulty which the Hindoo experiences in obtaining legal redress for any injustice from the white man. The author projects the epoch of her story somewhat vaguely into the future. Lord Curzon's tenure of office and that of one or more successors has expired, and a new Viceroy with new theories has come upon the scene. Justice, he determines, shall be administered, not according to the established Anglo-Indian methods, but without distinction of colour or caste. The height of his ambition, so his enemies declare, is to hang an English soldier for murdering a Hindoo. And before long he has the chance to do this very thing. A private in the Fifth Barfordshires, having carried on an intrigue with a native woman, is said to have been discovered one day by the husband and to have killed him—quite wantonly, so the native witnesses testify; in self-defence, the accused persistently declares. Tried after the usual methods, he is sentenced to imprisonment for two years. At this point the new Viceroy intervenes, and by using the whole power of his personal influence, his authority, the machinery of his office, he succeeds in having the man retried, convicted of murder and finally executed—and that, too, in spite of the remonstrance of his friends, the sneers of his enemies, the storm of denunciation that rises on all sides from every one, soldier and civilian alike, who understands India and knows the danger of this new radicalism. And when the luckless private of the Fifth Barfordshires has died a shameful death to establish a new precedent of racial equality, it turns out that the Hindoo whose murder he has expiated was not murdered after all. He was nursed back to life by his friends, who smuggled him out of the way and cheerfully committed perjury about him to gratify their private ends. And finally, as a crowning touch of irony, it develops that the dead private, whose antecedents had baffled the efforts of the secret service men, was in reality the missing brother of the woman whom the Viceroy finally marries. But for his own peace

"Set in Authority"

of mind, the Viceroy is spared this knowledge.

"The Master Spirit"

A good example of a novel that has run to plot, as an over-fertilised plant runs to leaf, is *The Master Spirit*, by Sir William Magnay. Imagine a highly gifted but badly warped nature, a man who is not only a subtle jurist but a born statesman, who in time may aspire, so his admirers predict, to be premier of England. And then one day news comes that while he is touring in Spain an accident has occurred to his train and he is one of the victims. But, as a matter of fact, he is not dead—merely crippled. An injury to the spine has left him with brain as keenly, dangerously alert as ever, but with limbs paralysed from the waist down. In the train with him was another young Englishman, a stranger, to whose prompt ministrations the cripple owes his life, and through whose connivance the false message of death reaches England. The two, plotting together in the temporary haven of a Spanish monastery, enter into a strange bargain. The older man, the cripple, is to give his intellect, his subtle grasp upon men and things, to the younger man; and the latter in turn pledges himself to obey the other's wishes, to play the part in politics that the other might have played, to make the other's friends and enemies his own, to follow up and crush whomever the Master Spirit designates as the victim. The plan works admirably for several years; but neither member of this strange partnership has foreseen the curious coincidence that the younger man will fall in love with the one woman in all England whom the cripple once hoped to make his wife. Such, in brief, is a suggestion of the plot which riots through the pages of Sir William Magnay's latest volume. If it had been handled with considerably more restraint, and if the characters concerned had been a little more like ordinary human beings and not quite such impossible combinations of superlative virtue and cleverness, vindictiveness and villainy, it might easily have made a better book.

"Beached Keels"

Beached Keels is a volume of three novelettes, by Henry M. Rideout. They deal with the sailor folk of the North Atlantic and the primitive social conditions of the Maine coast. Mr. Rideout's construction is faulty; his stories, short as they are, seem to ramble needlessly. But he has the gift of vividness and a rare sense of the value of little things; he can paint the crest of a wave or a trait of character with an admirable terseness. And beyond all dispute, he can make you feel the resistless call of the sea to those who know and love it. Of the three stories which make up the present volume, the strongest, though perhaps not the most characteristic, is "Wild Justice." It contains at least four graphic pictures that you do not readily forget. First, the dim grey dawn of the day when Marden Sebright bids his mother farewell to go on his first long voyage. The sea has taken his father and his brother, and now it claims him—for if he stays at home his mother will starve. Second, the day in Sicily, when temptation comes to Marden in the form of laughing eyes and soft speech and the sensuous joy of living in this foreign land; and with the strength to resist temptation is born a resolve to return home, to give up the sea, to forswear a life which made his dead father a brutal husband, his fugitive brother an undutiful son. Thirdly, the day of Marden's return home, to find that he has come too late, for his mother is dead; and lastly, the day when the wandering brother, depraved and sodden, also comes home and attempts to install a shameless woman in the room once occupied by Marden's mother. The attempt fails, for Marden kills him. A crude, ill-connected drama, one must admit, whose defects show up glaringly in a bald retelling; and yet, as set forth with Mr. Rideout's rugged directness, it possesses a certain grim strength easier to feel than to explain.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Napoleon, King of Elba*

We thought we knew all about Napoleon from the first to the last phase, so eloquently depicted by Lord Rosebery, and that only minor details would have to be added here and there to the narratives and descriptions of the imperial era placed at our disposal. We were mistaken. Monsieur Paul Gruyer, whose book, *Napoléon, Souverain de l'île, d'Elbe,* has added a whole chapter to the history of the extraordinary Emperor, the history of his ten months' sovereignty over the tiny island of Elba.

Paul Gruyer is not the only writer who has chosen this theme. He himself quotes a number of publications, the most recent of which are Foresi's *Napoleone all Isola d'Elba* and Marcellin Pellet's *Napoléon a l'île d'Elbe,* dealing with the same period of Napoleon's life. But nowhere before the appearance of the book under review had a complete picture of the surroundings and the central figure been presented with the necessary completeness. Now nothing remains to be known.

First of all, we know the place itself in which Napoleon resided between April 28, 1814, and February 28, 1815. Paul Gruyer's volume opens with a very sprightly narrative of the author's first visit to the comparatively unknown island of Elba. How many of us knew before being told by Monsieur Gruyer that from the high places in Elba, Napoleon could gaze upon the shores and mountains of his native island of Corsica? How many that Napoleon, on becoming sovereign (but not king, as erroneously stated by the translator) of Elba became thereby the owner of important iron mines, which provided him with part of his income during his short stay there? How many subjects did he rule over in his island kingdom after relinquishing the imperial crown that gave him sway over millions of human beings? Who of us knew that it was about twenty-five thousand?

Thanks to Monsieur Gruyer, we now can follow Napoleon almost day by day from his departure from Fontainebleau until his embarkation upon the brig *L'Inconstant,* by which he was brought back to the shores of France in 1815.

We see him dividing his activity between two objects, which seem as close to his heart, one as the other—the development of the natural resources of his small kingdom and the devising of measures that would help to maintain around him an atmosphere of imperial greatness. What linked his now restricted life to his years of splendour and achievements is not forgotten. Thus we are made acquainted in the fullest details with the vain and pathetic efforts of the Emperor to regain the companionship of his wife, or at least to keep her from going to Vienna, where influences decidedly hostile to him were sure to turn her away from the path of conjugal fidelity. Incidents are related turning upon his grief in relation to his absent boy which must have been known to Victor Hugo when he wrote his beautiful ode on Napoleon II. Not the least interesting are the pages dealing with Napoleon's mother, Letitia Ramolino, and with his sister, Pauline Borghese, who shared his exile—shall we not say, rather, his imprisonment?—at Elba. And then there is the romantic episode of the visit in August of Countess Walewska and her boy, Napoleon's own son. The writer of these lines may own to a personal interest in the episode. It brought back before his mind this son of Napoleon's, handsome Count Walewski, seen by him presiding over the French Chamber of Deputies about forty years ago, and a few years later another Count Walewski, Napoleon's grandson, his comrade-in-arms in the Franco-German War of 1870-71.

Of the five divisions of the book—The Island of Elba, The Emperor's Arrival, The Last Idyl, The Lion in the Fox's Skin, From the Evasion to Our

*Napoleon, King of Elba. From the French of Paul Gruyer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. London: William Hennemann, 1906.

Own Days—the most important and fascinating, the one which contains the key to the whole work, is the fourth one, viz., The Lion in the Fox's Skin. The story up to the middle of February is told without any reference to any thought in the mind of Napoleon relating to a possible escape and return to France. To be sure, rumours are mentioned as current of a possible attempt to land in Italy and join forces with Murat, then still on the throne of Naples; but these are at once dismissed as idle gossip. The only serious references to a possible departure of Napoleon from Elba relate to the undoubtedly justified fears of an attempt on the part of the powers of carrying out the plan, which was followed only after Waterloo, of removing the fallen Emperor to a far distant clime and treating him no longer as a sovereign, but as a prisoner. Great attention, even, is paid to plots of a much darker nature, directed against the very life of the hero.

Monsieur Gruyer, however, is not a believer in the sincerity of Napoleon's utterances when he proclaimed himself satisfied henceforth to rule in peace over his island subjects and to look after their happiness. But he successfully strives to produce upon the reader's mind the impression which, in his opinion, Napoleon from the start tried to produce upon public opinion in Europe. Napoleon, he holds, never for a moment thought of anything else but hoodwinking those that had conquered him. The idea of a return to the throne was formed by him not after hearing in Elba of the dissatisfaction caused in France by the unwise measure of the returned Bourbon, but on the very day when he signed his abdication at Fontainebleau. He foresaw two alternatives: either Louis XVIII. would take up things *de novo,* establish a modern government, cutting loose entirely from the old traditions, and then the rejuvenated Bourbon dynasty would become absolutely unattainable; or he would act as he did act in reality, and then the restoration of the empire was a foregone conclusion. The thesis is interesting, and we are surprised that in presenting it Monsieur Gruyer did not think of quoting a celebrated utterance of Napoleon's which it invests with a hitherto unsuspected meaning: "The best thing Louis XVIII. can do is to lay himself upon my bed; it is a good one."

As to the translator's task, it has been fairly done, as far as turning the French into readable English. But in other respects the performance is one of which it is impossible to write with too great severity. The translator is totally ignorant of everything French, except to a certain extent the French language, and of the history of the period. For instance, he mentions (p. 24) "a print by Epinal of Napoleon." He evidently thinks of Epinal as a designer or engraver. He never heard of the town of Epinal, where nearly all the cheap, coloured prints sold in France, and known as *images d'Epinal,* are made.

On page 77 he speaks of Cambronne, and represents him as then, in the spring of 1814, already celebrated for words which he is, correctly or erroneously, reported to have uttered toward the close of the battle of Waterloo, *i.e.,* on June 18, 1815. On page 78 Masséna is spoken of as having, at the battle of Zurich, been in command of the Swiss army. This is evidently the *Armée d'Helvétie, i.e.,* the French army operating in Switzerland.

In addition to such blunders, we must call attention to numerous misprints, some of them ridiculous, like Persia for Pisa, Madrid for Moscow, etc.

Adolphe Cohn.

II

Leland's Life and Letters*

There are many persons who regard genius as a rather painful quality, rarely indicative of respectability in the possessor, who becomes thereby an object of pity to the more normally minded. But trying as is the contempt of the mediocre minded, genius has its compensations for such dispensations of the artificial providence of the middle class; it has managed in a good number of cases to survive them. But there is a large class of people possessing marked ability

*Charles Godfrey Leland. A Biography. By Elizabeth Robbins Pennell. Illustrated. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

of one sort or another which just falls short of genius; it may be talent of the highest kind; it is not quite touched with the divine fire. And such talent is in many ways one of the saddest things in the world. It means tragedy—a tragedy none the less significant because it is as old as the human mind. Genius has its reward in its own kind, sometimes in other kind. Talent may or may not touch the passing taste; it can never go beyond the cruel limits of its own boundaries. And whenever it is true talent the realisation of those bars must cause more or less suffering.

Charles Godfrey Leland is a striking example of a man of genuine talent—and nothing more. His vivid and intensely interesting personality impressed itself upon every one who ever knew him. His intuition was wonderfully keen. His achievements were varied in the extreme; it is necessary only to turn to the bibliography at the end of these volumes to realise this. But in every direction his abilities just lacked the final touch. His work was so good that one wonders often why it was not just a little better. He was clever to a degree scarcely appreciated by a generation which, it is to be feared, only remembers him vaguely as the author of a catchy ballad which chanced to hit the popular fancy. His imagination was full of delightful quips and cranks. He had a keen sense of humour. His judgment of human nature, though sometimes mistaken, as in the case of Walt Whitman, was more frequently acute in its deductions. He had a distinct feeling for style. His industry was little short of phenomenal when one considers the many different topics which he treated. Moreover, we are told that he was a singularly capable journalist; it was his misfortune, not his fault, that so many of his engagements in this line were unsuccessful. It would scarcely be possible to enumerate all of Leland's gifts in any ordinary summary of his distinguishing characteristics.

Yet despite this wealth of possibilities Charles Godfrey Leland was all but forgotten except among his friends and a few sincere admirers many years before his death, less than four years ago. When he made his long visit to England in the seventies he was immensely popular; his reputation was probably greater than his accomplishment at that time warranted, and it is not unlikely that the subsequent comparative neglect which he suffered was in large measure due to this fact. The reasons for the sadness of the last years, which brought the insistent sense of failure to one whose dominant vitality could ill brook the oppression, were many. Leland's personality, as far as it reveals itself in his niece's somewhat overlong study of it, shows two very distinct individualities within one man. Mrs. Pennell lays much stress upon the fact that he never lived among the gypsies as George Borrow did, although his sympathy for them and his understanding of them was so keen. Without undue exaggeration of the significance of this fact, we may fairly take this as indicative of the warring nature of Leland's instincts. He was a Bohemian, and yet he liked clean linen and a roof to shelter him. His heart went out to Walt Whitman; and yet he was horrified when Whitman treated him with the rudeness which was wholly characteristic of the "good grey poet's" natural disposition. He had a wayward fancy for everything occult; but his sense of humour cropped up in the midst of his investigations into witchcraft and prevented him from accepting statements which appealed strongly to his love for the supernatural. And between all these contradictory impulses the real talents with which he was endowed were crushed and bruised. We must accord to them the sincere respect that they deserve. But it is not possible to recreate that which Leland himself, probably through no remediable failing of his own, destroyed.

It is therefore rather in Leland's personality, with its charm and its many notable qualities, that the reader of Mrs. Pennell's life of Leland is primarily interested. In so far as she has presented that personality in the most vivid possible manner she has succeeded in that part of her task with which the public is most concerned. It may be doubted whether she has been wholly wise in the method adopted to attain this end. In spite of much that is delightful, the book is longer than discretion would have dictated, and

even those who appreciate most the attractiveness of Mr. Leland's unique individuality must wish that many of the details of the early life had been omitted and that the author had passed more lightly over the later years in Italy. It is easy to understand that the temptation to quote from letters, delightful in themselves, yet out of place in a biography, was almost irresistible; and yet it should have been resisted. There is so much that is really absorbing in the book, so much of that true interpretation that is the rarest of all biographical achievements, that one regrets the more what must be regarded as an error of judgment. Mrs. Pennell's devotion to her uncle induces her to make a mistake which a less ardent friend would hardly have made.

But if it is not possible always to commend Mrs. Pennell's judgment as warmly as her heart, there is still much in these two volumes which calls for something more than perfunctory enthusiasm for the pleasure which they can hardly fail to give. The record of the ten years spent in England, when the Lelands were entertained by almost every one of note in the literary and artistic world, the story of his intercourse with the gypsies, and many other matters, are full of interesting bits of description, characteristic anecdotes and glimpses of famous men and women. Yet one must close the book with a sensation of poignant regret. It cannot achieve its purpose. Were it free from what must be considered defects, it still could not quite do that. And Charles Godfrey Leland, the man, is, with all his eccentricities, so lovable that the reader must share with him and with those who had the privilege of knowing him in deploring the failure of Charles Godfrey Leland the writer.

Elizabeth Kendall.

III

Lucas Malet's "The Far Horizon"*

Every American who has explored London beyond Regent Street and Piccadilly has viewed with curiosity the long, dreary rows of dwellings that characterise the suburbs of the great city, and wondered what sort of people those dismal houses sheltered and what kind of lives were theirs. In *The Far Horizon,* Lucas Malet, now writing over her own name of Mary St. Leger Harrison, has put before us that phase of existence (one can hardly call it life) so incomprehensible in its forlorn isolation to the gregarious American, and has made it by her skilful and sympathetic touch as interesting as the annals of Mayfair.

To few writers is it given to touch high-water mark more than once. Mrs. Harrison's latest book has neither the strong dramatic quality of *The Wages of Sin* nor the deep psychological interest of *Sir Richard Calmady.* This time it is in delineation of character that the author has shown her power, for the book is almost entirely lacking in action, though never in interest.

It is commonly said that English novel writers depend too much upon incident, and that it is the French, and in a lesser degree the Americans, who excel in character drawing. There is doubtless some ground for this criticism, but it is one which must be taken with considerable reservation as long as writers like Mrs. Harrison appear to carry on the tradition of Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell.

The Far Horizon contains four studies of character as different, as striking, and as complete as any that have appeared in fiction for a long time. Dominic Iglesias is the son of a Spanish political exile, who is aptly described as "a victim of that false passion of humanity which takes its rise not in honest desire for the welfare of mankind, but in blind rebellion against all forms of authority." Like all political refugees, Dominic's father is forever concerned in conspiracies and plots more or less futile, and from one of his many sudden and mysterious journeys he never returns. Thereafter Dominic, his occupation that of a bank clerk, leads a quiet and monotonous existence until his retirement on a pension at the age of fifty-five forces him to a complete readjustment of his life.

It is often said that women are unable to draw satisfactorily the character of a gentleman. Dominic Iglesias must be a

*The Far Horizon. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

convincing refutation of this theory as far as Mrs. Harrison is concerned. With his natural refinement, intensified by his love for his mother and the constant sacrifices made for her, his perception of beauty, his devotion to the church of his fathers, with his gentleness of soul, his innate self-restraint and his Old World courtesy, Iglesias stands clearly before us, recalling that other modern portrayal of a Catholic gentleman, Helbeck of Bannisdale.

To turn from Dominic Iglesias to Poppy St. John is like leaving the cool shadows of some quiet cloister for the vivid life of the street. No greater contrast could be imagined than that of the grave, courteous, unworldly man of middle age and the audacious, gay, unconventional young woman whose past is not wholly without shadow, but who retains her appreciation of goodness and her ability to be stimulated by it into a renewed hold upon herself and a fresh and successful start in life. As we read of Dominic's life, so incomprehensible to Americans, with its inferior social surroundings, from which there seems no escape, we can understand the beginning of his curious friendship with one so unlike himself as Poppy St. John, with her frank good-comradeship, her painted lips and her constant suggestion of the footlights. Had Mrs. Harrison chosen to call Poppy St. John an American, she might have done so unchallenged, for in her language and choice of adjectives the little actress is much more like a New Yorker than those strange creatures who frequent the pages of modern British fiction and are supposed to be faithful representatives of American womanhood.

From Poppy St. John to Serena Lovegrove is indeed a far cry. As Poppy is the embodiment of an unrestrained, unconventional youth, so Serena, faded, elegant, and well on in the forties, represents with an appalling fidelity to nature the typical middle-class Englishwoman, limited in mind, narrow in outlook, and contracted in sympathies.

"Her mind, like those of so many unoccupied, and consequently self-occupied, persons, was addicted to speculation of a minor and vacuous sort. She was also liable—as such persons often are—to mistake cavilling for spirit and wit—a most tedious error."

The consistency of Mrs. Harrison's characters is very noticeable. Having drawn a person like Serena Lovegrove, she is able to show us her train of thought, to let us follow her mode of reasoning. Her veiled pursuit of the unconscious Dominic, her gradual perception of the fact that it is hopeless, and the consequent change of her mental attitude toward him, are wonderfully well done, and, with the author's gift of saying much in few words, Serena's attitude toward men is described. "She laboured under the quaint, early Victorian notion that in the presence of members of the opposite sex a woman is called upon always to play something of a part."

But the crowning triumph of the book is the description of the unsuccessful author and playwright, DeCourcy Smyth. It is doubtful whether the born ingrate has ever been so well described before. Egotistical, vain, excusing his readiness to live off any man or even any woman by the cry, "The world owes me a living," this odious character is displayed in thought as well as word with a skill that Mrs. Harrison has never surpassed. Smyth's hatred of the successful, his girding at the "commercialism" of the present day, which he holds responsible for his failure in life, his envy of those better off than himself, repel Dominic at their meeting in the café, but the appeal for sympathy, which had drawn him to Poppy St. John, is one to which his gentle nature instinctively responds, and he becomes the benefactor of a man whom he instinctively loathes.

To the heart of the ingrate no insult is equal to that of benefits conferred. They rankle like poison, and from the moment Smyth accepts his money his attitude toward Iglesias is that of the envious, mean-minded man, who cannot forgive a kindness done him. And when at last, his play having failed, it is borne in upon even his hide-bound conceit that he has miscalculated his powers and success is not for him, it is the one inconsistency of the book that he puts an end to his own miserable existence. So would it not have been in real life. He would

have turned upon Dominic, even as the man whom William Terriss had befriended shot down his benefactor in cold blood because he could not forgive the kindnesses received from him.

It is delightful to meet some of our old friends in this book. From *The Wages of Sin* comes Dot Parris, whose artistic inheritance from her father, James Colthurst, takes a dramatic form, and who has just made her first success on the stage. Lady Constance Decies, who came so near becoming the wife of Sir Richard Calmady, and her brother, Lord Fallowfield, formerly the scapegrace Lord Shotover, are seen for a moment, but they have grown older and Fallowfield has lost much of his gayety. There is little humour in the book, no love-making, and the hero is a man of between fifty and sixty, and yet from what might be called unpromising material the author his given us a story of never-flagging interest, rich in thought and feeling.

Within the last few years Mrs. Harrison has joined the Roman Catholic Church, and the zeal of the convert is manifest in many of the pages of her book, but outside the limit of dogma or creed is the central idea of the story, which tells of "godly endeavour faithfully to travel the road which leads to the far horizon touched by the illimitable glory of the Uncreated Light."

Mary K. Ford.

IV

Ralph Connor's "The Doctor"*

When an author has sold more than a million copies of his books he has become a subject of investigation less for the specialist in literary matters than for the sociologist. It is high time that a subject fraught with such momentous interest to a large and growing class—the novelists—should receive adequate recognition from science. In this modern era the deductive method has already been applied with the happiest results to religious "revivals"—the psychology of the religious mob. Speculation has played about the theatrical mob (that in the seats, not on the stage). We have even seen, and perhaps read, portentously scientific volumes on the psychology of advertising. But none of these admirable investigations quite elucidates the psychology of the reading mob, though the advertising field impinges on that of the popular novelist. The latter individual has grown so numerous in the community that he and his followers or victims deserve a book all to themselves.

No attempt to forestall so valuable a work is to be made here. I write in full confidence that the acute specialist is near at hand, only awaiting the cue to attack the subject boldly and in the true scientific spirit. Yet a mere reader of books, who is no scientist, may be allowed to suggest a possible way of approach to this important matter. Nowhere is the material for this study more advantageously disposed than in the works of the gentleman who signs himself Ralph Connor. In the first place, the statistical information is reassuring. We have the word of his publishers, whose integrity is not to be questioned, that his books have reached a sale of more than a million and a half copies, and the imposing figures are given for each one in the series. There are not more than one or two authors, if indeed there are any, in this country who can match this honourable record. Again, there is reason for believing that these books are remarkably homogeneous. I myself have read but one, the latest; but I am given to understand that a Ralph Connor book is unmistakable—that while one may differ from another in glory, the quality of the light they shed is the same. The scientist, then, who applies his method successfully to one of them is not in danger of finding himself compelled to account for another on totally different grounds. He who has explained one has explained all.

Let our scientist, then, approach *The Doctor* (assuming it to be typical) without any literary preoccupations. It should be easy to maintain this impartial attitude, for in those qualities which have a literary bearing the book shows a fairly clean balance. Faulty construction, feeble characterisation, naïve disregard of the supposed relation between the novel and life, are offset by vigour and move-

*The Doctor. By Ralph Connor. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

ment in many detached incidents, an inoffensive style (this is very high praise) and a picturesque, fresh scenic background. None of these, however, is the sort of thing that accounts for a million and a half. The elements that make for ethical and social potency lie deeper.

But out of the total impression left on me by this story two facts emerge which seem to have significance of the right sort. One of these is the religious tone that pervades the book. The author does not forget that he is also a preacher, and the moving climaxes which occur with some frequency arise in many cases from the religious motive. In these scenes emotionalism is unrestrained, for this religion is no mere abstract theology, but, as it should be, a thing of the senses and feelings. It is reasonable to believe that this quality has much to do with the extent of Ralph Connor's following. If so, it seems to prove that the great heart of the American people is still religiously sound. Or, if you prefer, it proves that the American people are still in the grip of outworn superstitions to an extent undreamed of by the enlightened. To be sure, the author toys carelessly and even approvingly with such words as heresy and heterodoxy; but the heresy that he lauds is the straightest orthodoxy of the effete New Yorker. Essentially it is still the same old religious spirit as of yore, the spirit that brought forth the "revival" and the experience meeting.

The other significant fact is what I am compelled to call the immorality of portions of the book. This is no light matter, and I confess to some hesitancy before recording this phase of my impression. It is hard to define right or wrong in general terms, and I am far from wishing to do the reverend author of *The Doctor* an injustice. But the truth is, that I read with shocked amazement his realistic description of certain scenes in which carnal passions have full sway. Never could they have been intended for a deliberate appeal to the baser instincts of man; yet such was my first uneasy thought. Nor is the doubt removed by the conventional and artificial morals invariably appended to these scenes, though it is easy to understand their reassuring effect on a certain class of readers. I can imagine some thousands of pious old women and curious young ones reading these chapters with suppressed excitement and salving their inflamed Puritan consciences with the scriptural tag at the end.

Whether this element in the book has played its part in the winning of Ralph Connor's large audience must be left for my coming scientist to determine.

Ward Clark.

V

Alice Brown's "The County Road"*

In *The County Road* we have a dozen short stories in Miss Brown's best manner. Let us be very thankful that in at least five of them she allows her humour more place than usual. That in very few of them are there those overwrought, supersensitive, mystical, lovelorn women who vivisect their own hearts searching out abnormal emotional developments.

Of course, each story has some vivid human interest—breathless interest in many—but finding its expression in a wholesome and natural way. Miss Brown has always been able to make very extraordinary situations convincing, very incomprehensible people definite, but at present she is content, with few exceptions, to give the queernesses—which a nerve specialist might call monomania or hysteria—so gentle, so lovable a twist, to cure each "case" so sensibly and comfortably that there is left scarcely one hopeless victim. The *femme incomprise* has less of her sympathy than in "High Noon," for instance, and instead there are even two examples of *l'homme incompris*. One of these, "A Hermit in Arcadia," is cured of abnormal softness of heart, and also of being a hermit, by Angelica Payne, a delightful, "witchlike," gipsy-like girl, partly irrepressible, devilish fun, partly divine, comprehending tenderness. In her he finds so compelling an attraction that he "does not care whether he is going to make her happy or not." The sketch is filled with "pulsating promise of spring." We feel the

*The County Road. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

man's absorption in the life of the woods, sorrowing with Angelica, however, that his pies should have got burned, for very few men make flaky pie-crust! The other "misunderstood" man finds his comprehending tenderness in a woman who is willing to help him count the leaves on an apple-tree—"The Tree of a Thousand Leaves." Full of pathos and humour, with a unique "moral," is "A Day Off," in which Abigail Bennet is driven to desperation by her husband's persistent meddling in household affairs, and to especial exasperation by his having disappointed Claribel, the pretty daughter, in a long-anticipated celebration "of a kind of a particular day." Abigail gets a day off for herself, and makes possible the day of happiness for her daughter by telling the meddler one lie after another. Though she had never lied wilfully in her life before, the ease and success of her beginning led her, and us, on with irresistible temptation and delight, until at the end of the day she thus confesses to the kitchen, "inanimate witness of her perfidy," "I've had a splendid day. I've had the best time I've had for years. I ain't ever goin' to have another like it. I don't dast to. 'Twouldn't take much to land me in jail, but I ain't sorry, an' I ain't a-goin' to say I be." I mentioned pies in Arcadia. In "A Day Off" we have a cake well made and properly baked. This is but the first of a series of appetising, ambrosial cakes, pies, and biscuits, for these women, sentimental or sensible, are dexterous cooks. In "Bachelor's Fancy," not the least thrilling part is the furiously rapid making of cream-o'-tartar biscuits, custard pies and sugar gingerbread, "cut out in an oak-leaf pattern." To be sure, Cynthia's baking was an act of expiation, and also a preparation for suicide. The Cynthia in "A Sea Change," though on the verge of nervous prostration, bakes bread, a chest full of mince pies, boils bacon and "sprouts" potatoes, packs her trunk, harnesses the horse and drives to the railway station—all in one day. No wonder she collapses, but she is one of many remarkable "cures." "Sister" Frances "putting her to bed" and "feeding her up" is quite Doctor Weir Mitchell's method. Another amateur sanitarium is run by Zilpha Blake. She has filled her house with half-crazy relatives, gives them "hot water before meals," and goes joyously through all the routine of a rest-cure establishment, longing only for a "spare room" of her own—"The Pilgrim Chamber." Lucretia Blaine is also self-sacrificing, and her house, which I call another sanitarium, the young minister likens to The Cave of Adullam.

The title of the book is well chosen, carrying with it a leisurely pace, happy endings, unforced homely dialect, Yankee talk as it really is. Yankees and Yankee talk survive but here and there, and the unexacting, frugal foreigner is a poor substitute. It is indeed fortunate that Alice Brown is using her knowledge, insight, power of analysis, and appreciation of these passing conditions in the delightfully sympathetic way she now leads us along *The County Road,* whatever may have been her attitude toward the life and the people in some of her earlier stories. Her style is masterly, though condensation to the point of sheer wastefulness of material, combined with a fervour so tense that it tires, makes it advisable to read not more than two or three stories at a time, if one wants to retain capacity for rational judgment.

Alice Durant Smith.

VI

Jack London's "White Fang"*

Some artists there are whose work is so evidently merely a vehicle of expression for their personality that the form which that expression happens to take for the moment is immaterial. Jack London is of these. Form or subject that he happens to choose to write in or about matters little. It is the same vivid, virile personality pouring itself out in a wealth of words that mean warmth and strength or pitiless cold and pitiless cruelty—extreme in either case; exaggerated, but alive, always alive. This is Jack London, and it is of very little importance whether he is writing a story about a man or a dog, about a wolf or a whaler; whether

*White Fang. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

he gives us a sociological treatise on the city slums or a love story in letters. We enjoy it all because it is Jack London, not because it is whatever it happens to be in outer form. Thus, we cannot blame Jack London when he leaps from one style to another, from one point of view to another. He is really always fundamentally, delightfully the same.

White Fang, the story which is the latest vehicle for expression of Jack London's personality to appear in the form of a book, is an animal story, technically; a sort of companion piece to *The Call of the Wild,* the hit of several years back. It takes us up to the Northland Wild, to the scene of Nature's cruelty, to the companionship of cruel beasts and cruel men, the former preferable by contrast. It is full of blood and death, rough, rugged strength, horror and beastliness, passing glimpses of kindliness and love. It begins where the former similar book ended, in the Wild, and it ends where that closed, in the calm of a sunny South California valley. In place of the dog who became a wolf, we have as hero the wolf who became a dog, in tamed, loving submission to man in the lazy calm of civilised life. White Fang, three-quarters wolf, one-quarter Northland dog—which is but wolf once removed—is as thoroughly alive as was Buck, the St. Bernard who went over to his wild kindred to become one of them. We have had a good many stories of the intimate physical and psychical life of wild animals within the past ten years, but what gives a story value is not its subject, but the treatment of this subject. Because White Fang is so thoroughly alive we like to read of his early cub days and of his first experiences of slavery to man. We follow him with interest through the terrible years of his existence as a licensed murderer, the caged "Fighting Wolf," whose work it was to put his life to the test to make a holiday for humans much more embruted than he. As in the former book, the one good man of the story rescues White Fang from his tormentors and finds his heart in love. Only here this rescuer had to create a feeling that had never been called into life before. When Weedon Scott has thoroughly won the allegiance of the tamed wolf, he takes him down to the sunny Southland, and the chapters that tell of White Fang's experiences with civilisation, with conventional man and conventional dog, are not the least interesting, and are certainly the most novel of the book.

The first three chapters form a section by themselves, a moving little story of perils, which has very little to do with the main narrative, but which is too good not to have been utilised. In it the Wild becomes a living personality, terrible, pitiless, crushing down the rash men who venture to pit their puny strength against its vastness.

> They travelled on without speech, using their breath for the work of their bodies. On every side was the silence, pressing on them with a tangible presence. It affected their minds as the many atmospheres of deep water affect the body of the diver. It crushed them with the weight of unending vastness and unalterable decree. It crushed them into the remotest recesses of their own minds, pressing out of them, like juices from the grape, all the false ardours and exaltations and undue self-values of the human soul, until they perceived themselves finite and small specks and motes, moving with weak cunning and little wisdom amidst the play and interplay of the great blind elements and forces.

We get something of the feel of the Wild in sentences like this. The illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull are not the least good thing about the book. The virility of this artist is as strong and as alive as that of the author he companions, but there is a greater sense of self-control in it, a power of restraint and reserve which makes his work a lasting delight. He pictures the creatures of the Wild, but he pictures them with a touch of conscious conventionality, a suggestion of the New Art in the portraying of the Elemental and the Ever Old in Nature, that does not take from its strength, but gives it a piquancy which charms by its unexpectedness.

Grace Isabel Colbron.



W. J. LOCKE

WILLIAM JOHN LOCKE—AN APPRECIATION



TO the entomologist, there is no keener joy than at rare intervals to come across a beetle without next of kin in the whole vast family of beetles, a butterfly that refuses to be classified under any known genus of Lepidoptera. To the lover of good fiction there is a kindred satisfaction in discovering that equally rare prize, a novel that does not at once fall into one or other of the mental pigeonholes which we keep reserved for all the common, or "garden," varieties of plot and story. It does not follow that originality is necessarily a hall-mark of genius, that a new species of fiction or beetle or chrysanthemum is better than the old species, or that it is anything other than praise to say that a novelist is a worthy successor of Dickens, that he follows in the footsteps of Thackeray, that he has caught the spirit of Kipling. And yet the fortunate author who can hold us with the charm of a quaint novelty, who keeps secret the family tree of his intellectual development, who holds our interest for his own sake, and not because his book can trace its ancestry to Richardson or Smollett, may justly lay claim to a peculiar merit, and will be longer and more affectionately remembered.

An author who has quietly and steadily been developing a rich vein of originality is William John Locke, whose *Derelicts* and *Idols* first attracted notice to him as a writer of promise; whose *Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* in its dramatised form is one of the successes of the present London season, and whose latest novel, *The Beloved Vagabond*, is easily the most delightfully whimsical piece of fiction that the year has produced. The unobtrusiveness of Mr. Locke's advance in letters accounts for the surprise one feels, that the creator of characters and situations so thoroughly unique should not long ago have become more generally known, more familiarly discussed. Owing partly to a retiring disposition, partly to a caprice of fate, his writings have never received the public notice which they deserve; you will search the index of periodical literature in vain for any special articles devoted to him. In America, at least, the majority of reviews that greet each successive book of his, while often cordially recognising their peculiar quality, are only too apt to refer to him as "a certain W. J. Locke," as though his name awakened no chord of memory in the reviewer's mind. And, by a still stranger trick of chance, when this autumn *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* was brought out at the Garrick Theatre, it is said that the play was practically ignored by the theatrical critics, because the actor-manager, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, smarting over a previous failure, sent a personal request to the newspapers that they should refrain from criticism until the play had had its first week's run. Yet both books and play are steadily making their way by that best and most sincere of all forms of advertisement, the personal endorsement of reader to reader, theatre goer to theatre goer. The Garrick Theatre is playing to crowded houses, and already the announcement is made that *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* will be seen on Broadway within the year.

Among the many utterances of Sir Marcus which one suspects are the embodiment of Mr. Locke's personal views, his own private philosophy of life, is the following suggestive passage:

> Hasn't a phase of the duality of our nature ever struck you? We have a primary or everyday nature—a thing of habit, tradition, circumstance; and we also have a secondary nature which clamours for various sensations and is quite contented with vicarious gratification. There are delicately fibred novelists who satisfy a sort of secondary Berserkism by writing books whose pages reek with bloodshed. The most placid, benevolent, gold-spectacled

paterfamilias I know, a man who thinks it cruel to eat live oysters, has a curious passion for crime and gratifies it by turning his study into a *musée maccabre* of murderers' relics. In the same way predestined spinsters obtain vicarious enjoyment of the tender passion by reading highly coloured love-stories.

There in a nutshell we have the secret source of the delightful unconventionality of Mr. Locke's stories, the charm of irresponsible bohemianism with which they are permeated. This quiet, correct gentleman of forty-four years—he was born in the Barbadoes, March 20, 1863—this graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, with special honours in mathematics; this dignified secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects has a secondary nature which craves the various sensation of the *Vie de Bohème,* and gratifies it vicariously in his leisure hours, by writing the annals of more than one lovable and philosophic vagabond. As has already been intimated, there are no English writers with whom Mr. Locke is closely related, in style, mood or subject-matter. He is quite *sui generis,* as unimitative as he is inimitable. A rebellious vein of romanticism, a love of the Quixotic, a tender chivalry, an indulgent irony: these are some of the qualities possessed by his most characteristic volumes. In the feeblest passages of his earlier works, his romanticism sometimes betrayed him into lapses to which an unkind critic might suggest a parallel from Ouida. In the best pages of *Marcus Ordeyne* and *The Belovèd Vagabond* there is an intangible charm which finds its kinship in French literature, rather than in English—that typically Gallic vein of satire and humour which in one epoch and environment produced a Henry Murger, and in another an Anatole France. Mr. Locke could never have created a Sylvestre Bonnard or a M. Bergerat, but he might have embodied their philosophy, their erudition, their love of letters in some one of the patient and courageous denizens of that bohemia which he haunts by proxy and which Murger himself once defined as "the antechamber to the Academy, the hospital or the morgue."

Up to date Mr. Locke's fiction numbers ten volumes, and while it shows a steady advance in constructive ability, one may say without fear of contradiction that if they were to be measured by plot alone, only the last two or three would deserve to be ranked above the general dead level of mediocrity in fiction. But plot is the part for which the sympathetic reader cares least in Mr. Locke's books. What ultimately happens to his characters is of minor consideration; what they think and say and do from day to day makes up the vital interest. And one suspects that it is the same with Mr. Locke himself as with his readers; he loves his characters less for what they achieve than for what they are. He does not even trouble himself to seek for great variety in plot. Like Marcel's famous painting of "The Passage of the Red Sea," in *La Vie de Bohème,* which underwent an annual metamorphosis into "The Passage of the Rubicon," "The Passage of the Beresina," and finally "The Port of Marseilles," the ground plan of several of Mr. Locke's books prove to be clever variations on one and the same air. You know the typical Ouida plot, the mistaken generosity that makes a man give up a title, a fortune and the woman he loves, take upon himself the crime of another, and disappear from the world that knew him into a life of vagabondage and obscurity. Worked out with Ouida's riotous melodrama, her ignorance of life, her false ideals, we have *Pascarel* and *Under Two Flags.* Substitute for her deficiencies a rare sense of humour, a delicious philosophy of life, a command of irony as dexterous as the rapier play of a practiced swordsman, and you get the measure that separates William John Locke from Ouida. His heroes are often purposely, extravagantly, incredibly quixotic. They go into exile to shield a rival, as in *Where Love Is,* or to save the heroine's father from bankruptcy, as in *The Belovèd Vagabond.* And the fact that the reader accepts their most preposterous actions with equanimity, and even with approval, is Mr. Locke's sufficient justification. The truth is that no one really cares why the Belovèd Vagabond went into exile, why he became a stranger to the life to which he was born, and dropped down to a shiftless, irre-

sponsible vagabondage. One is satisfied to know that the metamorphosis was accomplished, for without it we never should have had Berzélius Nibbidard Paragot, slovenly and erudite, impecunious and arrogant, disreputable and chivalrous, inherently disreputable and lovable always.

But how is it possible, at second hand, to convey an idea of the pervading charm of a book whose very essence, like its title, involves a paradox—a book which forces us to find delight in the very things which on all logical grounds of tradition and education and habit of thought should be expected to disappoint and repel us. Paragot is not merely a penniless wanderer, he is not merely out-at-elbow, but he has lost much of the rudimentary sense of decency. His hair is a stranger to the barber, his hands are often in need not only of manicuring, but of the more elementary attention of soap and water; his predilection for absinthe makes it a nightly problem whether he can find his way unaided to bed. Nothing less than a *tour de force* could make us not only overlook the shortcomings of such a hero, but love him in spite of them—one might almost say love him the more on account of them. If he were different from what he is, he would cease to be the delightful, inimitable, big-hearted Paragot, sharing his poverty with various stray waifs, male and female, that come his way; accepting contentedly the chance means of earning a meal that are offered from day to day, whether it be fiddling at a village wedding or weeding a market garden or aiding in the excavations of the Roman Forum. And while we follow him on his wanderings throughout the length and breadth of Europe, with his two companions—Asticot, the lad whom he adopts and who chronicles his life for us, and Blanquette de Veau, the phenomenally stupid and unattractive peasant girl, who gives him the dumb devotion of an animal—we lose sight of his failings and see him surrounded by a halo of kindliness and chivalry; in the midst of his present sordidness we think of him in his youth, the eager, handsome lover of the woman he has lost, the woman with the *petit pieds si adorés*. At first we hope vaguely that the shadow will lift, the mystery be cleared away, and Paragot be restored to his rights, his fortune, the woman he loves. But little by little, in proportion as it becomes clearer that this transformation sooner or later is bound to take place, we grow apprehensive for his sake, because the truth is borne in upon us that the change will come too late—that he has grown too accustomed to his vagabondage, too out of touch with the conventions of life ever to find happiness apart from Bohemia, even with the one woman in the world. But our apprehension is misplaced; for when the crisis arises there is just one course for a Berzélius Nibbidard Paragot to pursue, and Mr. Locke with unerring instinct has divined what that one thing would be. Nothing is better in the whole extent of this rare and delightful book than the unexpected and appropriate whimsicality of its climax.

"When the soul laughs, tears come into the eyes," says Paragot; and it is with a mist before the eyes and laughter in the soul that one reads many of the best pages of Mr. William John Locke.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

III.—NEWTON BOOTH TARKINGTON

I



HILE, as a whole, this series of appreciations is planned along strictly impersonal lines, there will be apparent at times certain deviations from this course. It is a hackneyed but not unsound contention that an author's books alone are the proper subjects for general discussion, and that the details of his personal life, his tastes and his aversions, his habits and his circle of intimate friends, are to be passed over as matters which do not concern the reader, although he may regard them with a natural, though not very dignified, curiosity. But there are conditions under which the personal note is not only pardonable, but imperative. It may have a direct bearing upon an author's stories, his characters, his views of life, his methods of work. A certain comprehension of it may be absolutely necessary to a just and intelligent appraisement.

Probably there will be very few of the persons who take up this paper who are not already comparatively familiar with far more than the mere outlines of Booth Tarkington's career. He has been more than seven years in a place of conspicuous literary popularity; his political aspirations and his term in the Indiana legislature have led to the publication of a hundred more or less apocryphal anecdotes of which he has been the hero; during the period when everything has conspired to keep the band of Hoosier authors constantly in the limelight, half as a joke and half as a real literary force, he has been probably the most striking figure. His personal appearance is perfectly well known, for in addition to the number of legitimate portraits which have been published, he has, as an author, pure and simple, been oftener caricatured than any other American novelist, living or dead. And what is of great significance, is that amid all the skits that have been directed against him there has never once, so far as the knowledge of the present writer goes, been perceptible the note of intentional unkindliness. Even envy seems never to have found an excuse for ill nature. And to the qualities in the man himself which have been responsible for this, one must, in a measure, look for the full understanding of his work, its moods and its enthusiasms—and also, perhaps, its weaknesses.

All his life he has been, in a measure, a "great man." Even as a boy in his teens his exuberance of spirits, his spontaneity, and his infectious joy of life caused him to be picked out as one who would go far. At Phillips-Exeter to this day students retail his pranks and his exploits. At Princeton he was regarded as a young "lion" of whom fine things were to be expected, and when he was graduated and went out into the world with the avowed intention of devoting himself to literary work, there were many of his own class and some of maturer years who looked for almost immediate achievement. Perhaps he himself may have shared this hope and this belief. Perhaps it was of himself and of his own disillusionment that he was thinking when he described in *The Gentleman from Indiana* John Harkless occupied with a realisation that "there had been a man in his class whose ambition needed no restraint, his promise was so complete—in the strong belief of the University, a belief he could not help knowing—and that seven years to a day from his Commencement this man was sitting on a fence rail in Indiana. Sitting on a fence rail in Indiana was figuratively just what Tarkington was doing from 1893 until 1899. These years could not have been altogether happy ones. They represented much labour that apparently went for nothing, the disappointment and heartache that goes with repeated rejection, and possibly the growing doubt of his own ability. Then, again, in the eyes of many, the very brightness of the prom-

ise of a few years before lent a ludicrous aspect to every fresh failure. So much had been predicted and so little had been shown. It is the belief of the present writer that a good part of what Mr. Tarkington wrote during this period was comparatively poor, not intrinsically, but in detail. To use Mr. Kipling's phrase, he had not yet "found himself." At any rate, among certain people he was on the verge of becoming a joke, when the serial publication of *The Gentleman from Indiana* in 1899 gave him instantly a recognised place in the list of Representative American Story Tellers, a place which he has held with no waning popularity to the present day.

II

It is not easy to find a satisfactory order in which to deal with Mr. Tarkington's books. For example, *The Two Vanrevels* was published after he had won his audience through the successes of *The Gentleman from Indiana* and *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Yet the germ of *The Two Vanrevels* was a short story of two thousand words written many years before. In a form anything like that in which it ultimately appeared between covers, *The Gentleman from Indiana* was not begun until 1898. Yet as early as 1893 Mr. Tarkington had written forty thousand words of a tale about a young college graduate who became a country editor in an Indiana town very much like the Plattsville of the story. The early narrative came to an abrupt end when the hero was in the middle of a walk, the author being unable to carry him a step farther. In fact, one part of the story had even an earlier origin. The circus scene, one of the best descriptive chapters of the book, appeared in one of the college publications when the author was still an undergraduate at Princeton. It is only fair to say, however, that when he took up the writing of *The Gentleman from Indiana* in earnest, he discarded nearly all of the original manuscript and made several visits to the real Plattsville in order to refresh his memory. *Monsieur Beaucaire* was first written in 1897. It was sent to a magazine, and duly came back accompanied by one of the conventional rejection slips with which Mr. Tarkington was so familiar in those days. Thereupon he sat down and rewrote it. If we take up his books in the order of their acceptance, the one properly to begin with is *Cherry*, which, however, did not appear in book form until the autumn of 1903.

As a two-part serial *Cherry* had been taken by *Harper's Magazine* at a time when its author was practically unknown. It was taken on its merits as a whimsical and exceedingly well-written tale. Later it was probably regarded in the light of an unhappy selection—perhaps even as an editorial *faux pas*—until the success of the other books brought it quickly out of its obscurity in manuscript or galley-proof form, and led to swift publication with a greatly augmented value. In suggesting this the present writer has in mind no intention of questioning either the quality of the story or the wisdom of the editorial policy which so long withheld it from publication, for *Cherry*, though infinitely better than the average accepted tale of its kind, was in a certain respect the very last story that could stand alone. As the work of an unknown writer it would unquestionably have puzzled and irritated the majority of the readers of any magazine; over the name of an author of conceded reputation, its freshness and buoyancy were apparent to all. Yet at that it is not an easy tale to epitomise. Its characters are shadowy at the best and the story turns on a practical joke.

The story is told by the impossibly priggish Mr. Sudgeberry, nineteen years of age, and finishing his third year of study at Nassau Hall, who being enamoured of Miss Sylvia Gray and her cherry-coloured ribbons, urges his suit by a fine display of the erudition that he has wrung from the literature of the ancients, ignoring the beauties of nature to point out to her the allegory of the lowly cobweb. Although such thick-skulled pedantry as Mr. Sudgeberry shows would be outrageously impossible in real life, it gives to the narration of this whimsical tale an irresistible humour. Miss Sylvia's other suitor is William Fentriss, a fellow-student of

Sudgeberry at Nassau Hall, a rakish blade, fond of fine raiment and hot punch and merry companions. Of course Mr. Sudgeberry cannot possibly see that such a roysterer could possibly be a serious rival for the esteem and regard of a decorous and serious-minded young woman, and when Fentriss, on account of a misunderstood toast, is banished and in disfavour, the Sudgeberry complacence is supreme. A ride over the Delaware, an attack upon the coach in which Miss Sylvia and her father are journeying, by pretended highwaymen, whose purpose is to enable Fentriss to come galloping to the rescue like a hero of the most approved romance, and final confrontations and explanations are the contrivances by which the real state of affairs are forced into Mr. Sudgeberry's dull mind.

The tale was one which on its appear-



NEWTON BOOTH TARKINGTON

From the painting by Blumenschein

ance did nothing greatly to enhance its author's reputation: but, on the other hand, in no way marred it. Its chief merit was in the manner in which Mr. Tarkington caught and conveyed the spirit of the colonial life of the period and state—the atmosphere of wintry loneliness of the years before the war of the Revolution, when habitations were few and far between, when people journeyed on horseback, and when there was the menace of the men of the road.

III

Of a very different nature was *The Gentleman from Indiana.* This was the first ambitious attempt, the first story planned and carried out on a broad scale, the book which until the appearance of *The Conquest of Canaan* was his only novel in a real sense. As such it was a promise rather than an achievement. In it were evident fine but very uneven descriptive power, deep feeling, and strong dramatic sense—in a word, sheer natural ability. But throughout there was perceptible at every turn that lack of dexterity which had brought the early draft to an abrupt close with the hero in the middle of a walk. Some of the scenes, such as the circus scene, were obviously alien, and the book as a whole, when measured by the standards of literary workmanship, was a book of flaws.

John Harkless had been the most promising man in his class at college (Princeton), the man of whom great things had been prophesied. Yet seven years after his graduation, when the action of the story begins, we find him, disappointed and heartsick, the proprietor and editor of the local newspaper in Plattsville, an exceedingly dreary town in Carlow County, Indiana. Yet he has been, to the best of his ability, a power for good in the community. He has upset the plans of political tricksters and has taken a leading part in bringing to justice the White Caps of a neighbouring community, whose repeated outrages had hitherto gone unpunished. Having built up this formidable array of enemies, he adds to his unpopularity among the agents of evil by exposing a pair of sharpers who have found Plattsville a profitable field for the time-honoured shell game and forcing them to disgorge their winnings. In the face of repeated threats, and occasional shots from ambush, he goes about, unarmed, splendidly and ridiculously indifferent to danger. Enters the inevitable heroine, and of course follows the typical Tarkingtonian love affair, the hero in despair over what he takes—with perfectly preposterous density—to be affection unrequited, whereas to every reader it is perfectly patent that the girl is doing her best to tell him that she loves him. After one of these misunderstandings, Harkless rushes out into the night, the next morning there is no trace of him save a bloody stain near the railroad track, and the rumour runs through the town that the White Caps have "got him" at last. At this point the narrative sweeps on with really splendid dramatic power. The patience of the community has been exhausted, and as one man it rises for vengeance. The court-house bell rings out the call to arms, and to the burden of "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground," the men of Plattsville and the farmers of the surrounding country march out to the Six Cross Roads and wipe it out. But while the flames of the iniquitous settlement are still blazing, the news comes of a mistake. The two shell men routed by Harkless have been found in a neighbouring city, one of them wearing Harkless's hat. The other, in a half dead condition, and unrecognisable beneath his bruises, is identified as one Jimmy the Teller, and taken to a hospital. There he is seen by an old college friend of Harkless, who catches fragments of songs and sentences that come from the delirious lips that cause him to start up with a great cry. The injured man is Harkless himself. The rest of the story is dramatic, but a strain on credulity. During the convalescence of the hero, the heroine, without his knowledge, runs his newspaper with great success, brings to Plattsville an era of unprecedented prosperity, and contrives to have him nominated as a member of Congress. Furious at the apparent disregard of his telegraphed orders to the new editor, and misunderstanding certain veiled political allusions in the paper, Harkless finds

strength to rise from his hospital bed and to go to Plattsville. There to his amazement he finds awaiting him a triumphant reception, and discovers in the recalcitrant H. Fisbee, whom he has been so bitterly reviling, the girl of his choice, who at last is able to convince him of her love.

IV

Almost simultaneously with *The Gentleman from Indiana* appeared *Monsieur Beaucaire,* a tale much less significant, limited in its scope, and yet as perfect in its presentation as the other was awkward. *Beaucaire* was one of those very occasional bits of fiction which are absolutely *sui generis.* It was light, delicate, and charming; the very breath and essence of romance. Some one has said that it suggested a Watteau picture, and the comparison was a happy one. In a word, it was individual in its year in the same way that *The Prisoner of Zenda* had been in its day, and the analogy goes farther in that both Mr. Tarkington's story and Anthony Hope's show the suggestion of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The scene is laid in Bath, in the eighteenth century. A young Frenchman, calling himself Monsieur Beaucaire and supposed to be a gentleman of wealth and lineage, wins his way into the proudest English society of the place. Soon, however, strange rumours go abroad, and it is whispered that Monsieur Beaucaire is in reality a servant who came to England in the suite of the French ambassador. By Beau Nash—the great Beau Nash—the young Frenchman is rebuffed and bowed out of the pump-room, and after this he lives quietly and obscurely in his own lodgings, where, being a good gamester, he is visited secretly by some of the English noblemen of the gambling set. The story opens with Beaucaire and the Duke of Winterset, a titled blackleg, seated on opposite sides of a card table. The young Frenchman suddenly leans over and pulls a card from his adversary's sleeve. As the price of Beaucaire's silence Winterset consents to introduce him again into the society of the great as the Duc de Chateaurien. Chateaurien loves and woos Lady Mary Carlisle, the greatest beauty of England, and his suit is not unfavourably received. Winterset breaks the agreement and whispers to those about him that Chateaurien is no other than the disgraced Beaucaire, the barber of M. de Mirepois, the French ambassador.

A September night comes when Chateaurien rides out as an escort for Lady Mary's carriage. At a certain part of the road he is attacked by six masked horsemen. He defends himself gallantly, but is finally overpowered, and is about to be whipped in the presence of Lady Mary, when, in answer to his signal, six of his armed lackeys ride in, overturn his assailants and rescue him in the nick of time. Winterset, the instigator of the attack, rides forward and exposes him to Lady Mary. Beaucaire does not deny. Weak from the gaping wound in his side, he watches the woman of his love as he sees her tenderness and gentleness turn to insolent disgust.

A week later there is a great function at Bath. The French ambassador and a French prince of the blood royal have come, and society is congratulating itself that the impostor Chateaurien had been discovered before the arrival of the illustrious visitors. Then in the midst of the rout there comes the news that Beaucaire has obtained an entrance and is at cards in one of the small side rooms. It is there that Lady Mary finds him and gives final utterance to her contempt and abhorrence. To avoid scandal, six gentlemen decide to take him out instead of leaving the matter to the bailiffs. The French ambassador is sent for, utterly to confound the impostor and to brand him as his former servant. Then with all the personages of the tale dramatically grouped, Monsieur de Chateaurien, alias Monsieur Beaucaire, alias the barber Victor, emerges as His Highness Prince Louis-Philippe de Valois, Duke of Orleans, Duke of Chartres, Duke of Nemours, Duke of Montpensier, First Prince of the blood royal, First Peer of France, Lieutenant-General of French Infantry, Governor of Dauphiné, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Master of the Order of Notre Dame, of Mount Carmel and of St. Lazarus in Jerusalem, and cousin to his most Christian Majesty Louis the Fifteenth, King of France.

V

Although in many respects it showed a decided advance in style, and perhaps for that reason was at the time considered by the author to be far and away his best book, *The Two Vanrevels,* which, after running serially, appeared between covers in the autumn of 1902, was unquestionably regarded by the majority of its readers as a disappointment. With the knowledge that the story had originally been planned as a tale of two thousand words, it was not easy to avoid a certain wonder as to whether in expanding it to a narrative of eighty to one hundred thousand a mistake had not been made. As an illustration, it would be impossible to tell the plot of *Beaucaire,* which contained approximately twelve thousand words, in three times the space that is quite sufficient for an outline of *The Two Vanrevels,* a novel of seven or eight times the length. Strictly speaking, there are in *The Two Vanrevels* but four essential characters, Tom Vanrevel and Crailey Gray, Betty Carewe and her irascible father. None of the other figures is absolutely needed. Chenoweth, Trumble, Cummings, Fanchon Bareaud and the rest all help in forming the background; in the *dramatis personæ* they could not be classed at the bottom as "soldiers, citizens, dancing girls, etc."; but there is hardly one for whom the line "captain of the Janissaries," or "magistrate," or "boatswain" would not be adequate.

When, in the days just before the Mexican War, Miss Betty Carewe returned from the convent to the home of her father in Rouen, the law firm of Gray and Vanrevel was composed, in the eyes of old Carewe, of a fool and a knave. For the first characterisation there was perhaps some justification, for Crailey Gray was the town's darling scapegrace, a perpetrator of practical jokes, a lover of cakes and ale, a will-o'-the-wisp in matters of the heart, incorrigibly idle and delightful. But the opinion of Vanrevel was simply the outgrowth of a political enmity, the venom of which had so eaten into the old man's heart that he threatened to shoot Vanrevel in case he ever found him encroaching on his land. Betty Carewe does not share her father's views. From other sources she has derived a truer estimate of Vanrevel, while for the fickleness of Crailey Gray she cherishes only a kindly scorn. Yet all along, owing to a chain of curious circumstances, and the scapegrace's luck as a masquerader, it is Gray whom she mistakes for Vanrevel, a misapprehension which leads to the ultimate tragedy, when Gray, dressed in the uniform which belongs to his partner as major in the regiment just formed for service against Mexico, pays a nightly visit to the grounds forbidden to Vanrevel and is mortally shot down by old Carewe. To this point the narrative has been carried by a series of incidents of undoubted interest, but of questionable necessity. For example, the fire in the warehouse shows good descriptive writing, and serves a purpose, but it is pure forced invention, and any other exciting event would have done as well. Throughout is admirably maintained the quaint and pretty atmosphere of days of long ago, "when men sighed when they fell in love; when people danced by candle and lamp—that mellow long ago when the young were romantic and summer was roses and wine"; but as a whole the narrative leaves an undeniable impression of inadequacy.

VI

For a year or two after writing *The Two Vanrevels* Mr. Tarkington's activities were diverted to the political field, where he found the material for a number of stories, which were collected under the title of *In the Arena.* While these stories showed humour, keen observation and good descriptive power, they were in no way distinctive, and may be passed over with brief mention. Not so *The Beautiful Lady.* This, like *Monsieur Beaucaire,* was a brief little tale, which could be compared with no other, because it did not belong to any distinct line of story which was not mapped out according to any conventional method, but which grew out of some day-dream or fugitive impression.

In the case of *Monsieur Beaucaire* the idea came from glancing over some sketches that had been done for a little magazine that failed. After the failure

there were two or three sketches left over, and one night Mr. Tarkington was musing over one of them at his desk. It represented a little man in a peruke, sitting disconsolately at a table, while in front of him stood a tall man in a uniform that appeared to be English. The little man looked like a Frenchman and the other was big enough to be a Duke. Around this sketch was written the first draft of *Beaucaire*. The suggestion for *The Beautiful Lady* was much more vivid. It was a midsummer day in Paris when Mr. Tarkington saw a crowd, all laughing, in front of the Café de la Paix. The American bar round the corner was doing no business, patrons had emerged to stare. The object of mirth was the man with the painted head (which might have been the title of the story). He was good looking, well dressed, and immensely unhappy. What could have induced a man of his type to do such a thing?

In the story this pathetic figure becomes one Ansolini, a Neapolitan gentleman of twenty-four, who is obliged to accept this humiliating plight in order to find the money for the education and sustenance of his two little nieces. Amid the mocking laughter of the *boulevardiers* there comes to his ears the soft, pitying voice of the "Beautiful Lady," and straightway there springs into his heart a great and lasting worship. Through the recommendation of an English friend, and his own appearance of maturity, due to his shaven head, he is appointed the tutor and moral guide of a wild but generous American youth of about his own age, who is himself trying to drown in reckless pleasure the memory of the Beautiful Lady whom he has loved so long and with apparently so little chance of success. This youth, Rufus Poor, the son of an American millionaire, has recognised Ansolini as the man with the painted head of the Café de la Paix, and politely regardless of his mentor's admonitions, he pursues the reckless tenor of his ways, until he is touched by the realisation of the Neapolitan's plight. Then the two wander about Europe, and finally Ansolini balks the plans of his rascally half-brother, the Prince Caravacioli, who has spurned him and the two little nieces, and brings about the happiness of his protégée and the "Beautiful Lady."

VII

The Conquest of Canaan, at the present writing the most recent of Mr. Tarkington's books, was one of the half dozen books which stood out last year as the great popular successes of the season. In the mind of the present writer, it should have been not merely one of the successful books of a single year; it should have been absolutely the most successful book of a period of years—and it would have been so if the success of a book were in exact proportion to its qualities of popularity. Let this not be misunderstood. *The Conquest of Canaan* was a very good novel. There have appeared in the last few years many novels that are infinitely better. But not one other novel is there, to the writer's knowledge, with so many elements of all round interest, or so well builded for the purpose of striking every chord of the romantic spirit of the genuinely appreciative, decently educated American man or woman. It is melodrama, of course, but that kind of melodrama which depends not on the threadbare, clap-trap contrivances of convention, but which is fresh, buoyant and unforced, and in which the actors do not strut and rant, but make their points by the use of the subdued language of every-day life. And being exceptional melodrama, its bases, the hero, heroine and villain, are of no ordinary stuff.

Joe Louden, a boy of nineteen, whose home life has been made a drudgery by the marriage of his father with a widow having a son of about Joe's age, incurs the disapprobation of that part of Canaan which considers itself respectable, and finds himself driven for human companionship to the back rooms of saloons and a certain rather disreputable resort known as Beaver Beach. His one genuine friend of a better class is Ariel Tabor, the granddaughter of a poor painter, herself so shabby and shy and *gauche* that the youths who dance with her under compulsion wink mournfully at one another and mop their feverish brows. Canaan is not kind to these two young

people, and very early in the book both leave it, but under vastly different conditions. Joe caps a series of pranks by one that brings down on him the vengeance of Martin Pike, Canaan's millionaire, a fine old figure of a villain, whose wickedness is made the more effective by the cloak of sanctity and respectability under which he bullies the town into submission. Joe leaves Canaan, and for years the only news of him that is brought to Canaan is that of the venerable Eskew Arp, who, seeing something familiar in the features of the barker before the tent of the "Spotted Wild Boy" at the State Fair, goes nearer and nearer and finally blurts out, "I know you; you're Joe Louden," and is met with the extraordinary reply, "Positively no free seats."

Seven years later Joe returns to Canaan for the purpose of practising law. To his astonishment he finds that the bad name he earned as a boy clings to him still. He holds out his hand to Eskew Arp and is met with a freezing "Positively no free seats"; he is turned away from the National House on the flimsy pretext that there are no vacant rooms; the young men and women whom he knew as a boy cross the street to avoid him; his father greets him with hostile embarrassment; his half-brother genially asks him if he has saved up enough money to starve on. For shelter he is obliged to go to Mike Sheehan and Beaver's Beach; for friends and clients to the poor, the criminal, and the downtrodden. It is thus that his fight begins—the fight that is to end with the conquest of Canaan.

From this point on the drama is distinctively one of situation. The struggle between Louden on the one hand and respectable Canaan, with Martin Pike and his newspaper at its head, on the other, becomes tense. Passive antipathy gives way to active attack. There is one time when Joe is on the verge of weakening; when, heartbroken and almost worn out by his loneliness, he takes another partner to share the rooms occupied by his dog and himself—a brown jug, that was too often emptied and replenished. From this fate he is saved by the return of Ariel Tabor, who, having inherited a fortune, has gone to Paris, and comes back transformed from the shy tomboy of other times into a vision of grace and loveliness that is fatal to the entire male population of Canaan. This is the turning point of the story. Joe achieves triumph after triumph; wins a great lawsuit in the face of overwhelming public opinion; foils Martin Pike in his attempts to defraud Ariel of her fortune; becomes the Mayor of Canaan not merely as the representative of the outcast element, but as the choice of the town's best citizens; and finally, after evincing the usual symptoms of amorous density of the Tarkingtonian hero, comes to the realisation of requited love.

VIII

It is almost an axiom that a novelist will put into each of his heroes some part of himself, his ambition, or his experience. For the purpose of romance he draws upon his enthusiasms and daydreams. If pessimistic realism be his creed, he is only too ready to analyse his basest thoughts and most ignoble motives. But there must always be something of the man himself. Take John Harkless of *The Gentleman from Indiana,* or Crailey Gray of *The Two Vanrevels,* or Joe Louden of *The Conquest of Canaan,* or Rufus Poor of *The Beautiful Lady.* In each of these characters you find much that suggests the personality of the author. Perhaps Harkless is the closest. *The Gentleman from Indiana* was a first novel, and, like so many first novels, was in part autobiographical. But this "hot-eyed young man from the East," who went on the witness stand and swore White Cap after White Cap to the penitentiary, was but one mood. For another you must turn to Crailey Gray, with his wild songs and his mad pranks; for another, to Rufus Poor, who did not fail to carry out his expressed intention of "creating considerable trouble for Paris"; for another to Joe Louden, whom Canaan held in such pious horror.

The composite Tarkington hero, it must be admitted, is not entirely a respectable person. Indeed, by the "unconscious" element of the average small town he would be held in downright suspicion.

His age is somewhere in the neighbourhood of twenty-eight, and while these years have been far from unfruitful, some of them have unquestionably been sadly misspent. He drinks, not in secret, but openly, before all the world, for the sheer joy of companionship and good cheer, and perhaps with the more abandon because he so seldom has to pay the penalty of the morning after. Kind old ladies like him, though they shake their heads deploringly over his shortcomings. In short, he is regarded as wholly incorrigible, which does not disturb him much or interfere in the least with his good humour, and he is seldom angry—never with human weakness, only in the face of tyranny and intolerance and downright rascality. His demeanour toward the woman of his heart is contradictory—at times dashing and *debonair,* again abashed and humble, when he thinks, with perfect reason, of his own unworthiness.

The stupidity of these heroes appears the more crass in view of the simple candour that is the predominating characteristic of every one of his heroines. In fact, it is that personal directness that in almost every case is brought into play as a last resort. Helen Fisbee, Betty Carewe, and Ariel Tabor do not actually propose, but all of them come rather close to it. Ariel Tabor extends her hands to Joe Louden, bidding him take them instead of the empty gloves; Betty Carewe whispers to the undiscerning Vanrevel that he is the one whom the dying Crailey Gray prophesied was to return to complete her life; Helen Fisbee, finding that conventional encouragement is of no avail, resorts to measures still more direct. Yet never is the reader jarred by the suggestion of boldness. What else was to be done with swains so humble minded and obtuse?

It is meet and right that the composite villain should not only be the absolute opposite of the composite hero, but should be constructed along the lines of the hero's particular prejudices and aversions. There is a tendency among many of our present-day story spinners to dispense with villains or else to endow them with some likable characteristic. Not so Mr. Tarkington. To show how little ready is he to compromise with rascality one need only enumerate the list of his arch scoundrels—the Duke of Winterset in *Monsieur Beaucaire,* Robert Carewe in *The Two Vanrevels,* Prince Caravacioli in *The Beautiful Lady,* and Martin Pike in *The Conquest of Canaan.* The first may be summed up as a card sharp and a cutthroat; the second as a bullying father and a brutal foe; the third as an utterly unscrupulous fortune hunter and blackguard; the fourth as a browbeating, snivelling thief and hypocrite—about as pleasant as would be a combination of Mr. Pecksniff and Jonas Chuzzlewit. In not one can you find the slightest redeeming quality.

IX

Mr. Tarkington is one of the few contemporary story tellers who has succeeded in handling what may be called scenery and weather in a manner to make a definite impression. It is a kind of writing once of great moment, but that now seems to be dying out. In the average light novel, when the author turns from narrative or dialogue to a description of the sunset, or the vast forest, or the "tall Corinthian pillars of the stately old Southern home," or the hazy, distant mountains, it is purely for the sake of a breathing spell and to help round out the book to the conventional length. This sort of padding is harmless, convenient and easy.

If a digression be permitted, it is curious to note how two writers of comparatively equal genius may describe, each with absolute sincerity, the same bit of landscape and yet produce absolutely unequal effects. One of them may spend days toiling over the two or three pages in which he is to describe the spectacle of a storm, seeking and finding every shade and colour, every sound and smell, and turning them into sentences instinct with life and action and beauty, and yet produce a bit of work that will appeal to the reader for but a moment and then be banished forever from his thoughts. The other may write simply one short line, and yet that line shall burn itself into the minds of those who read, so that whenever the scene or the episode comes up in

memory, the few brief words will be dominant over all. Dickens, in *Martin Chuzzlewit,* devotes several pages to the description of autumn leaves being driven before the wind. It is a wonderful bit of word painting; Taine has quoted it as an example of the poetic qualities of the Great English writer; and still it may be said that one might read over *Martin Chuzzlewit* for the tenth time and yet be utterly unconscious that such a passage had been ever written. On the other hand, probably no one ever read and loved *The History of Henry Esmond* and did not always afterward remember that when Henry went back to Castlewood after his first bitter experience with the great world, and walked by his Lady's side the night of that 29th of December, that "the moon was up and glittering clear in the frosty sky." It is the simplest and briefest touch, almost, one might say, an aside in the course of the narrative, and yet it is just that touch which makes the picture so effective and complete.

In a minor way many of Mr. Tarkington's descriptive passages stand out from the average, some as possessing an exceptional charm and some by reason of their sheer exuberant topsy-turvy exaggeration. There is a great deal of the latter kind in *The Gentleman from Indiana.* For example, the following is particularly far fetched:

A second great flock of blackbirds was settling over the Plattville maples. As they hung in the fair dome of the sky below the few white clouds, it occurred to Harkless that some supping god had inadvertently peppered his custard and now inverted and emptied his gigantic blue dish upon the earth, the innumerable little black dots seeming to pause for a moment, then floating slowly down from the heights.

On the other hand, here is an exceedingly simple and effective passage from *Monsieur Beaucaire:*

There fell a clear September night when the moon was radiant over town and country, over cobbled streets and winding roads. From the fields the mist rose slowly, and the air was mild and fragrant, while distances were white and full of mystery. All of Bath that pretended to fashion or condition was present that evening at the house of a country gentleman of the neighbourhood. When the stately junket was concluded, it was the pleasure of M. de Chateaurien to form one of the escort of Lady Mary's carriage for the return.

X

Perhaps no light story of the past ten years offers a better example of dramatic situation than the end of *Monsieur Beaucaire,* when the discredited young Frenchman emerges to the huge discomfiture of his English enemies, in all the glory of a dozen great names. While at times Mr. Tarkington's narratives may lag, he is seldom found wanting when the action becomes swiftest and the interest most tense. As an illustration, how simple, how reasonable, and how convincing is the following description, from *The Gentleman from Indiana,* of how the news goes about that the "White Caps" have got Harkless:

Suddenly out of the stillness there came the sound of a horse galloping over a wet road. He was coming like mad. Some one for a doctor? No; the hoof-beats grew louder, coming out from the town, coming this way, coming faster and faster, coming *here.* There was a plashing and trampling in front of the house and a sharp "Whoa!" In the dim grey of first dawn she made out a man on a foam-flecked horse. He drew up at the gate.

A window to the right of hers went screeching up. She heard the judge clear his throat before he spoke.

"What is it? That's you, isn't it, Wiley? What is it?" He took a good deal of time and coughed between the sentences. His voice was more than ordinarily quiet, and it sounded husky. "What is it, Wiley?"

"Judge, what time did Mr. Harkless leave here last night and which way did he go?"

There was a silence. The judge turned away from the window. Minnie was standing just outside his door. "It must have been about half-past nine, wasn't it, father?" she called in a shaking voice. "And, you know, Helen thought he went west."

"Wiley!" The old man leaned from the sill again.

"Yes!" answered the man on horseback.

"Wiley, he left about half-past nine—just before the storm. They think he went west."

"Much obliged. Willetts is so upset he isn't sure of anything."

"Wiley!" The old man's voice shook; Minnie began to cry aloud. The horseman wheeled about and turned his animal's head toward town. "Wiley!"

"Yes."

"Wiley, they haven't—you don't think they've got him?"

"By God, judge," said the man on horseback, "I'm afraid they have!"

Where could a dramatist turn to find better material for a third act than that chapter in *The Conquest of Canaan,* in which Joe Louden is told that he is to be a candidate for mayor and begins to learn something of the infamy of his arch enemy, Martin Pike:

"But the other people," Joe objected, "those outside of what is called the saloon element—do you understand how many of them will be against me?"

"It iss der tsaloon element," Mr. Farbach returned, peacefully, "dot does der fightin'."

"And you have considered my standing with that part of Canaan which considers itself the most respectable section?" He rose to his feet, standing straight and quiet, facing the table, upon which, it chanced, there lay a copy of the *Tocsin.*

"Und yet," observed Mr. Farbach, with mildness, "we got some pooty risbecdable men right here."

"Except me," broke in Mr. Sheehan, grimly, "you have."

"Have you thought of this?" Joe leaned forward and touched the paper upon the table.

"We hef," replied Mr. Farbach. "All of us. You shall beat it."

There was a strong chorus of confirmation from the others, and Joe's eyes flashed.

"Have you considered," he continued rapidly, while a warm colour began to conquer his pallor—"have you considered the powerful influence which will be against me, and more against me now, I should tell you, than ever before? That influence, I mean, which is striving so hard to discredit me that lynch-law has been hinted for poor Fear if I should clear him! Have you thought of that? Have you thought——"

"Have we thought o' Martin Pike?" exclaimed Mr. Sheehan, springing to his feet, face aflame and beard bristling. "Ay, we've thought o' Martin Pike, and our thinkin' of him is where he begins to git what's comin' to him! What d'ye stand there pickin' straws fer? What's the matter with ye?" he demanded angrily, his violence tenfold increased by the long repression he had put upon himself during the brewer's deliberate utterances. "If Louie Farbach and his crowd says they're fer ye, I guess ye've got a chanst, haven't ye?"

"Wait," said Joe. "I think you underestimate Pike's influence——"

"Underestimate the devil!" shouted Mr. Sheehan, uncontrollably excited. "You talk about influence! He's been the worst influence this town's ever had—and his tracks covered up in the dark wherever he set his ugly foot down. These men know it, and you know some, but not the worst of it, because none of ye live as deep down in it as I do! Ye want to make a clean town of it, ye want to make a little heaven of the Beach——"

"And in the eyes of Judge Pike," Joe cut him off, "and of all who take their opinions from him, I *represent* Beaver Beach!"

Mike Sheehan gave a wild shout. "Whooroo! It's come! I knowed it would! The day I couldn't hold my tongue, though I passed my word I would when the coward showed the deed he didn't dare to git recorded! Waugh!" He shouted again, with bitter laughter. "Ye do! In the eyes o' them as follow Martin Pike ye stand fer the Beach and all its wickedness, do ye? Whooroo! It's come! Ye're an offence in the eyes o' Martin Pike and all his kind because ye stand fer the Beach, are ye?"

"You know it!" Joe answered sharply. "If they could wipe the Beach off the map and me with it——"

"Martin Pike would?" shouted Mr. Sheehan, while the others, open-mouthed, stared at him. "Martin Pike would?"

"I don't need to tell you that," said Joe.

Mr. Sheehan's big fist rose high over the table and descended crashing upon it. "It's a damn lie!" he roared. "Martin Pike owns Beaver Beach!"

XI

From the first his humour has been conceded by those who otherwise have been his most captious and unsympathetic critics. It is always unforced and yet it is always hard to classify and define. Very often it is the humour of the club

raconteur, and as is so often the case with this kind of humour, it attains its highest effect when voiced in a whimsical, foreign, strange-sounding English. Mr. Tarkington is one of the few men writing to-day who is genuinely happy in the use of dialect. It is to this that is owed much of the charm of *Monsieur Beaucaire.* That story invariably leaves the impression of being in many respects humorous, and yet analysis shows that this lies almost entirely in the method of presentation. In *The Beautiful Lady* the original humour of Rufus Poor is magnified by the mystification of Ansolini and the childlike delight with which he grapples with what he conceives to be the intricacies of the North American idiom. Another character, whose quaint mispronunciation of the language is a source of unfailing delight, is Louie Farbach of *The Conquest of Canaan,* who, when acting as spokesman for those influences that have decided upon Joe Louden as their candidate for mayor, genially tempers his championship of a clean and impartial administration, in which no faction of the saloon element would be given an unfair advantage by the candid reflection: "Also, my trade iss larchly owitside off Canaan."

Of even more robust quality is his humour of characterisation, which, perhaps, is seen at its best in the opening chapter of *The Conquest of Canaan,* where the venerable sages of the city gather in the office of the National House to bicker peevishly with one another and to comment pessimistically upon the general wickedness of mankind. Squire Buckalew, Eskew Arp—embittered by many years of explanations that the Eskew did not indicate his initials—Jonas Tabor, Colonel Fletcraft—the very names are a source of positive delight. That first chapter is a decided achievement; in a sense, it is the ballast that holds down the occasional flights into melodrama in the chapters that follow. Allusion has already been made to Joe Louden's retort to Eskew Arp's assertion of recognition. That "positively no free seats" is distinctively Tarkingtonian.

His humour and pathos are very close to each other. Often they are merely two interpretations of the same character. Under the gaiety of the masquerading Beaucaire is the note of weary sadness. The assumption of lightheartedness on the part of the poor gentleman Ansolini never quite hides the tingling shame and heartache beneath. The very qualities in Eskew Arp which provoke our laughter make more poignant and touching his death.

XII

Of the twelve or fifteen American storytellers who occupy conspicuous positions through repeated successes, and not on account of one much acclaimed or much abused book, Mr. Tarkington is one of the four or five who are still under forty years of age. In addition, with each successive novel, he has broken into a comparatively new field, and while in *The Gentleman from Indiana, The Two Vanrevels* and *The Conquest of Canaan,* he dealt mainly with Indiana scenes and people; for *Cherry* he turned to New Jersey and colonial days, for *Monsieur Beaucaire* to eighteenth-century Bath, and for *The Beautiful Lady* to Paris, Switzerland and Italy. In consequence, it would be sheer futility to attempt to forecast in any way his work in the future. There has been much in his experience of which no use has as yet been made in his writings. Essentially a club man in the broadest and truest sense of the term, he has never yet drawn a real club type. With a wide knowledge of the men and women of the theatre, of the people who write books or draw, or paint, he has never introduced into one of his books, in the full sense as a major character, a player, a painter or a man or woman of letters. Perhaps this has been because of a certain doubting reticence; a fear that these persons are not adapted to his particular vein of story-telling; perhaps they are to be the heroes and heroines of the stories that are to come. Of these stories nothing can be said now. It is the personal conviction of the present writer that they will be found worth while.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

CHRONICLES OF THE IMP

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

V.—THE BLASTED OAK



HAD quarrelled with Lisbeth; had quarrelled beyond all hope of redemption and forgiveness, desperately, irrevocably, and it had all come about through a handkerchief—Mr. Selwyn's handkerchief.

At a casual glance this may appear all very absurd, not to say petty, but then I have frequently noticed that insignificant things very often serve for the foundation of great; and incidentally quite a surprising number of lives have been ruined by a handkerchief.

The circumstances were briefly these: In the first place, I had received the following letter from the duchess, which had perturbed me not a little:

MY DEAR DICK: I hear that that Agatha Warburton creature has written threatening to cut off our dear Lisbeth with the proverbial shilling unless she complies with her wish and marries Mr. Selwyn within the year. Did you ever know of anything so disgusting?

If I were Lisbeth, and possessed such a 'creature" for an aunt, I'd see her in Timbuctoo first—I would! But then, I forget the poor child has nothing in the world, and you little more, and "love in a cottage" is all very well, Dick, up to a certain time. Of course, it is all right in novels, but you are neither of you in a novel, and that is the worst of it. If Providence had seen fit to make me Lisbeth's aunt, now, things might have been very different; but alas! it was not to be. Under the circumstances, the best thing you can do, for her sake and your own, is to turn your back upon Arcadia and try to forget it all as soon as possible in the swirl of London and everyday life.

Yours,

CHARLOTTE C.

P.S. Of course, "Romance" is dead ages and ages ago; still, it really would be nice if you could manage to run off with her some one night!

Thus the fiat had gone forth, the time of waiting was accomplished; to-day Lisbeth must choose between Selwyn and myself.

This thought was in my mind as I strode along the river path, filling me with that strange exhilaration which comes, I suppose, to most of us when we face some climax in our lives.

But now the great question, How would she decide? leaped up and began to haunt me. Because a woman smiles upon a man, he is surely a most prodigious fool to flatter himself that she loves him, therefore. How would she decide? Nay, indeed; what choice had she between affluence and penury? Selwyn was wealthy and favoured by her aunt, Lady Warburton, while as for me, my case was altogether the reverse. And now I called to mind how Lisbeth had always avoided coming to any understanding with me, putting me off on one pretence or another, but always with infinite tact. So Fear came to me, and Doubt began to rear its head; my step grew slower and slower, till, reaching the shrubbery gate, I leaned there in doubt whether to proceed or not. Summoning up my resolution, however, I went on, turning in the direction of the orchard, where I knew she often sat of a morning to read or make a pretence of sewing.

I had gone but a little way when I caught sight of two distant figures walking slowly across the lawn, and recognised Lisbeth and Mr. Selwyn.

The sight of him here and at such a time was decidedly unpleasant, and I hurried on, wondering what could have brought him so early.

Beneath Lisbeth's favourite tree, an ancient apple-tree so gnarled and rugged that it seemed to have spent all its days tying itself into all manner of impossible knots—in the shade of this tree, I say, there was a rustic seat and table, upon which was a work-basket, a book, and a

handkerchief. It was a large, decidedly masculine handkerchief, and as my eyes encountered it, by some unfortunate chance I noticed a monogram embroidered in one corner—an extremely neat, precise monogram, with the letters F. S. I recognised it at once as the property of Mr. Selwyn.

Ordinarily I should have thought nothing of it, but to-day it was different; for there are times in one's life when the most foolish things become pregnant of infinite possibilities; when the veriest trifles assume overwhelming proportions, filling and blotting out the universe.

So it was now, and as I stared down at the handkerchief, the Doubt within me grew suddenly into Certainty.

I was pacing restlessly up and down when I saw Lisbeth approaching; her cheeks seemed more flushed than usual, and her hand trembled as she gave it to me.

"Why, whatever is the matter with you?" she said; "you look so—so strange, Dick."

"I received a letter from the duchess this morning."

"Did you?"

"Yes; in which she tells me your aunt has threatened to——"

"Cut me off with a shilling," nodded Lisbeth, crossing over to the table.

"Yes," I said again.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Dick, stop tramping up and down like a—a caged bear, and sit down—do!"

I obeyed; yet as I did so I saw her with the tail of my eye whip up the handkerchief and tuck it beneath the laces at her bosom.

"Lisbeth," said I, without turning my head, "why hide it there?"

Her face flushed painfully, her lips quivered, and for a moment she could find no answer; then she tried to laugh it off.

"Because I—I wanted to, I suppose!"

"Obviously!" I retorted, and rising, bowed and turned to go.

"Stay a moment, Dick. I have something to tell you."

"Thank you; but I think I can guess."

"Do you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Aren't you just a little bit theatrical, Dick?" Now, as she spoke she drew out Selwyn's handkerchief and began to tie and untie knots in it.

"Dick," she went on—and now she was tracing out Selwyn's monogram with her finger—"you tell me you know that Aunt Agatha has threatened to disinherit me; can you realise what that would mean to me, I wonder?"

"Only in some small part," I answered bitterly; "but it would be awful for you, of course—good-bye to society and all the rest of it—no more ball gowns or hats and things from Paris, and——"

"And bearing all this in mind," she put in, "and knowing me as you do, perhaps you can make another guess and tell me what I am likely to do under these circumstances?"

Now, had I been anything but a preposterous ass, my answer would have been different; but then I was not myself, and I could not help noticing how tenderly her finger traced out those two letters F. S., so I laughed rather brutally and answered:

"Follow the instinct of your sex and stick to the Paris hats and things."

I heard her breath catch, and turning away, she began to flutter the pages of the book upon the table.

"And you were always so clever at guessing, weren't you?" she said after a moment, keeping her face averted.

"At least, it has saved your explaining the situation, and you should be thanking for that."

The book slipped suddenly to the ground and lay, all unheeded, and she began to laugh in a strange, high key. Wondering, I took a step toward her; but as I did so she fled from me, running toward the house, never stopping or slackening speed, until I had lost sight of her altogether.

Thus the whole miserable business had befallen, dazing me by its very suddenness like a "bolt from the blue." I had returned to the "Three Jolly Anglers" determined to follow the advice of the duchess and return to London by the next train. Yet, after passing a sleepless night, here I was sitting in my old place beneath the alders pretending to fish.

The river was laughing among the reeds just as merrily as ever, bees hummed and butterflies wheeled and hovered—life and the world were very fair. Yet for once I was blind to it all; moreover, my pipe refused to "draw"—pieces of grass, twigs, and my penknife were alike unavailing.

So I sat there, brooding upon the fickleness of womankind, as many another has done before me, and many will doubtless do after, alack!

And the sum of my thoughts was this: Lisbeth had deceived me; the hour of trial had found her weak; my idol was only common clay, after all. And yet she had but preferred wealth to comparative poverty, which surely, according to all the rules of common sense, had shown her possessed of a wisdom beyond her years. And who was I to sit and grieve over it? Under the same circumstances, ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have chosen precisely the same course; but then to me Lisbeth had always seemed the one exempt—the hundredth woman; moreover, there be times when love, unreasoning and illogical, is infinitely more beautiful than this much-vaunted common sense.

This and much more was in my mind as I sat fumbling with my useless pipe and staring with unseeing eyes at the flow of the river. My thoughts, however, were presently interrupted by something soft rubbing against me, and looking down, I beheld Dorothy's fluffy kitten Louise. Upon my attempting to pick her up, she bounded from me in that remarkable sideways fashion peculiar to her kind and stood regarding me from a distance, her tail straight up in the air and her mouth opening and shutting without sound. At length, having given vent to a very feeble attempt at a mew, she biz-zagged to me, and climbing upon my knee, immediately fell into a purring slumber.

"Hallo, Uncle Dick!—I mean, what ho, Little John!" cried a voice, and looking over my shoulder, carefully so as not to disturb the balance of "Louise," I beheld the Imp. It needed but a glance at the bow in his hand, the three arrows in his belt, and the feather in his cap to tell me who he was for the time being.

"How now, Robin?" I inquired.

"I'm a bitter, disappointed man, Uncle Dick!" he answered, putting up a hand to feel if his feather was in place.

"Are you?"

"Yes; the book says that Robin Hood was 'bitter an' disappointed,' an' so am I!"

"Why, how's that?"

The Imp folded his arms and regarded me with a terrific frown.

"It's all the fault of my Auntie Lisbeth!" he said in a tragic voice.

"Sit down, my Imp, and tell me all about it."

"Well," he began, laying aside his 'trusty sword,' and seating himself at my elbow, "she got awfull' angry with me yesterday, awfull' angry indeed, an' she wouldn't play with me or anything; an' when I tried to be friends with her an' asked her to pretend she was a hippopotamus, 'cause I was a mighty hunter, you know, she just said, 'Reginald, go away an' don't bother me!'"

"You surprise me, Imp!"

"But that's not the worst of it," he continued, shaking his head gloomily; "she didn't come to 'tuck me up,' an' kiss me good-night like she always does. I lay awake hours an' hours waiting for her, you know; but she never came, an' so I've left her!"

"Left her!" I repeated.

"For ever an' ever!" he said, nodding a stern brow. "I 'specks she'll be awfull' sorry some day!"

"But where shall you go to?"

"I'm thinking of Persia!" he said darkly.

"Oh?"

"It's nice an' far, you know, an' I might meet Aladdin with the wonderful lamp."

"Alas, Imp, I fear not," I answered, shaking my head; "and besides, it will take a long, long time to get there, and where shall you sleep at night?"

The Imp frowned harder than ever, staring straight before him as one who wrestles with some mighty problem, then his brow cleared and he spoke in this wise:

"Henceforth, Uncle Dick, my roof shall be the broad expanse of heaven, an'—an'—wait a minute!" he broke off, and lugging something from his pocket,

disclosed a tattered, paper-covered volume (the Imp's books are always tattered), and hastily turning the pages, paused at a certain paragraph and read as follows:

"'Henceforth my roof shall be the broad expanse of heaven, an' all tyrants shall learn to tremble at my name!' Doesn't that sound fine, Uncle Dick? I tried to get Ben—you know, the gardener's boy—to come an' live in the 'greenwood' with me a bit an' help to make 'tyrants' tremble, but he said he was 'fraid his mother might find him some day, an' he wouldn't, so I'm going to make them tremble all by myself, unless you will come an' be Little John, like you were once before—oh, do!"

Before I could answer, hearing footsteps, I looked round, and my heart leaped, for there was Lisbeth coming down the path.

Her head was drooping and she walked with a listless air. Now, as I watched I forgot everything but that she looked sad, and troubled, and more beautiful than ever, and that I loved her. Instinctively I rose, lifting my cap. She started, and for the fraction of a second her eyes looked into mine, then she passed serenely on her way. I might have been a stick or stone for all the further notice she bestowed.

Side by side, the Imp and I watched her go, until the last gleam of her white skirt had vanished amid the green. Then he folded his arms and turned to me.

"So be it!" he said, with an air of stern finality; "an' now, what is a 'blasted oak,' please?"

"A blasted oak!" I repeated.

"If you please, Uncle Dick."

"Well, it's an oak-tree that has been struck by lightning."

"Like the one with the 'stickie-out' branches, where I once hid Auntie Lis—her stockings?"

I nodded, and sitting down, began to pack up my fishing rod and things.

"I'm glad of that," pursued the Imp thoughtfully. "Robin Hood was always saying to somebody, 'Hie thee to the blasted oak at midnight!' an' it's nice to have one handy, you know."

I thought that under certain circumstances, and with a piece of rope, it would be very much so, "blasted" or otherwise, but I only said, "Yes" and sighed.

"'Whence that doleful visage,' Uncle Dick—I mean Little-John? Is auntie angry with you, too?"

"Yes," I answered, and sighed again.

"Oh!" said the Imp, staring, "an' do you feel like—like—wait a minute"—and once more he drew out and consulted the tattered volume—"'do you feel like hanging yourself in your sword-belt to the arm of yonder tree?'" he asked eagerly, with his finger upon a certain paragraph.

"Very like it, my Imp."

"Or—or 'hurling yourself from the topmost pinnacle of yon lofty crag?'"

"Yes, Imp; the 'loftier' the better!"

"Then you must be in love, like Alan-a-Dale; he was going to hang himself, an' 'hurl himself off the topmost pinnacle, you know, only Robin Hood said 'Whence that doleful visage,' an' stopped him—you remember?"

"To be sure," I nodded.

"An' so you are really in love with my Auntie Lis—her, are you?"

"Yes."

"Is that why she's angry with you?"

"Probably."

The Imp was silent, apparently plunged once more in a profound meditation.

"'Fraid there's something wrong with her," he said at last, shaking his head; "she's always getting angry with everybody 'bout something—you an' me an' Mr. Selwyn——"

"Mr. Selwyn!" I exclaimed. "Imp, what do you mean?"

"Well, she got cross with me first—an' over such a little thing, too! We were in the orchard, an' I spilt some lemonade on her gown—only about half a glass, you know, an' when she went to wipe it off she hadn't a handkerchief, an' 'course I had none. So she told me to fetch one, an' I was just going when Mr. Selwyn came, so I said, 'Would he lend Auntie Lisbeth his handkerchief, 'cause she wanted one to wipe her dress?' an' he said, 'Delighted!' Then auntie frowned at me an' shook her head when he wasn't looking. But Mr. Selwyn took out his handkerchief, an' got down on his knees, an' began to wipe off the lemonade, telling her something 'bout it

'heart,' an' wishing he could kneel at her 'eet forever!' Auntie got awfull' red, an' old him to stand up, but he wouldn't; ın' then she looked at me so awfull' cross hat I thought I'd better leave, so while he was saying, 'Rise, Mr. Selwyn—do!' I ran away, only I could tell she was ıwfull' angry with Mr. Selwyn—an' hat's all!"

I rose to my knees and caught the Imp ›y the shoulders.

"Imp," I cried, "are you sure—quite ure that she was angry with Mr. Selwyn esterday morning?"

" 'Course I am. I always know when Auntie Lisbeth's angry. An' now let's o an' play at 'Blasted Oaks.' "

"Anything you like, Imp, so long as we ind her."

"You're forgetting your fishing rod ın'——"

"Fishing rod be—blowed!" I exlaimed, and set off hurriedly in the lirection Lisbeth had taken.

The Imp trotted beside me, stumbling requently over his "trusty sword" and ssuing numberless commands in a ıoarse, fierce voice to an imaginary "band ›f outlaws." As for me, I strode on unıeeding, for my mind was filled with a ast-growing suspicion that I had judged Lisbeth like a hasty fool.

In this manner we scoured the neighourhood very thoroughly, but with no uccess. However, we continued our earch with unabated ardour—along the iver path to the water stairs and from hence by way of the gardens to the rchard; but not a sign of Lisbeth. The hrubbery and paddock yielded a like reult, and having interrogated Peter in the arness-room, he informed us that "Miss Elezabeth was hout along with Miss Dorothy."

At last, after more than an hour of his sort of thing, even the Imp grew iscouraged and suggested "turning irates."

Our wanderings had led by devious aths, and now, as luck would have it, re found ourselves beneath "the blasted ak."

We sat down very solemnly side by ide, and for a long time there was ilence.

"It's fine to make 'tyrants tremble,' isn't it, Uncle Dick?" said the Imp at last.

"Assuredly," I nodded.

"But I should have liked to kiss Auntie Lisbeth good-bye first, an' Dorothy, an' Louise——"

"What do you mean, my Imp?"

"Oh, you know, Uncle Dick! 'My roof henceforth shall be the broad expanse.' I'm going to fight giants an'—an' all sorts of cads, you know. An' then, if ever I get to Persia an' do find the wonderful lamp, I can wish everything all right again, an' we should all be 'happy ever after'—you an' Auntie Lisbeth an' Dorothy an' me; an' we could live in a palace with slaves. Oh, it would be fine!"

"Yes, it's an excellent idea, Imp, but on the whole slightly risky, because it's just possible that you might never find the lamp; besides, you'll have to stop here, after all, because, you see, I'm going away myself."

"Then let's go away together, Uncle Dick, do?"

"Impossible, my Imp; who will look after your Auntie Lisbeth and Dorothy and Louise?"

"I forgot that," he answered ruefully.

"And they need a deal of taking care of," I added.

" 'Fraid they do," he nodded; "but there's Peter," he suggested, brightening.

"Peter certainly knows how to look after horses, but that is not quite the same. Lend me your 'trusty sword.' "

He rose, and drawing it from his belt, handed it to me with a flourish.

"You remember in the old times, Imp, when knights rode out to battle, it was customary for them when they made a solemn promise to kiss the cross-hilt of their swords, just to show they meant to keep it. So now I ask you to go back to your Auntie Lisbeth, to take care of her, to shield and guard her from all things evil, and never to forget that you are her loyal and true knight; and now kiss your sword in token, will you?" and I passed back the weapon.

"Yes," he answered, with glistening eyes, "I will, on my honour, so help me Sam!" and he kissed the sword.

"Good!" I exclaimed; "thank you, Imp."

"But are you really going away?" he

inquired, looking at me with a troubled face.

"Yes!"

"Must you go?"

"Yes."

"Will you promise to come back some day—soon?"

"Yes, I promise."

"On your honour?"

"On my honour!" I repeated, and in my turn I obediently kissed his extended sword-hilt.

"Are you going to-night, Uncle Dick?"

"I start very early in the morning, so you see we had better say 'good-bye' now, my Imp."

"Oh!" he said, and stared away down the river. Now, in the buttonhole of my coat there hung a fading rosebud which Lisbeth had given me two days ago, and acting on impulse, I took it out.

"Imp," I said, "when you get back, I want you to give this to your Auntie Lisbeth and say—er—never mind, just give it to her, will you?"

"Yes, Uncle Dick," he said, taking it from me, but keeping his face turned away.

"And now good-bye, Imp!"

"Good-bye!" he answered, still without looking at me.

"Won't you shake hands?"

He thrust out a grimy little palm, and as I clasped it I saw a big tear roll down his cheek.

"You'll come back soon—very soon—Uncle Dick?"

"Yes, I'll come back, my Imp."

"So—help you—Sam?"

"So help me Sam!"

And thus it was we parted, the Imp and I, beneath the "blasted oak," and I know my heart was strangely heavy as I turned away and left him.

After I had gone some distance I paused to look back. He still stood where I had left him, but his face was hidden in his arms as he leaned sobbing against the twisted trunk of the great tree.

All the way to the "Three Jolly Anglers," and during the rest of the evening, the thought of the little desolate figure haunted me, so much so that, having sent away my dinner untasted, I took pen and ink and wrote him a letter, enclosing with it my penknife, which I had often seen him regard with "the eye of desire" despite the blade he had broken upon a certain memorable occasion. This done, I became possessed of a desire to send some message to Lisbeth also—just a few brief words which should yet reveal to her something of the thoughts I bore her ere I passed out of her life forever.

For over an hour I sat there, chewing the stem of my useless pipe and racking my brain, but the "few brief words" obstinately refused to come.

Nine o'clock chimed mournfully from the Norman tower of the church hard by, yet still my pen was idle and the paper before me blank; also I became conscious of a tapping somewhere close at hand, now stopping, now beginning again, whose wearisome iteration so irritated my fractious nerves that I flung down my pen and rose.

The noise seemed to come from the vicinity of the window. Crossing to it, therefore, I flung the casement suddenly open, and found himself staring into a round face, in which were set two very round eyes and a button of a nose, the whole surmounted by a shock of red hair.

"'Allo, Mr. Uncle Dick!"

It needed but this and a second glance at the round face to assure me that it pertained to Ben, the gardener's boy.

"What, my noble Benjamin?" I exclaimed.

"No, it's me!" answered the redoubtable Ben. "'E said I was to give you this an' tell you, 'Life an' death!'" And he spoke he held out a roll of paper tied about the middle with a boot lace; which done, the round head grinned, nodded and disappeared from my ken. Unwinding the boot lace, I spread out the paper and read the following words, scrawled in pencil:

Hi the to the Blarsted Oke and all will be forgiven. Come back to your luving friend and bigones shall be bigones. Look to the hole in the trunk there of.

Sined,

ROBIN, Outlaw and Knight.

P.S. I mean where i hid her stockings for you no.

I stood for some time with this in

mysterious document in my hand, in two minds what to do about it; if I went, the chances were that I should run against the Imp, and there would be a second leave-taking, which in my present mood I had small taste for. On the other hand, there was a possibility that something might have transpired which I should do well to know.

And yet what more could transpire? Lisbeth had made her choice, my dream was over, to-morrow I should return to London—and there was an end of it all; still——

In this pitiful state of vacillation I remained for some time, but in the end curiosity and a fugitive hope gained the day, and taking my cap, I sallied forth.

It was, as Stevenson would say, "a wonderful night of stars," and the air was full of their soft, quivering light, for the moon was late and had not risen as yet. As I stepped from the inn door, somebody in the taproom struck up "Tom Bowling" in a rough but not unmusical voice; and the plaintive melody seemed somehow to become part of the night.

Truly, my feet trod a path of "faerie," carpeted with soft mosses, a path winding along beside a river of shadows on whose dark tide stars were floating. I walked slowly, breathing the fragrance of the night and watching the great, silver moon creeping slowly up the spangled sky. So I presently came to the "blasted oak." The hole in the trunk needed little searching for. I remembered it well enough, and thrusting in my hand, drew out a folded paper. Holding this close to my eyes, I managed with no little difficulty to decipher this message:

Don't go unkel dick bekors Auntie lisbeth wants you and i want you to. I heard her say so to herself in the libree and she was crying to, and didn't see me there but i was. And she said O Dick i want you so, out loud bekors she didn't no I was there. And i no she was crying bekors i saw the tiers. And this is true on my onner so help me sam.

Sined,
Yore true frend and Knight,
REGINALD AUGUSTUS.

A revulsion of feeling swept over me as I read. Ah! if only I could believe she had said such words—my beautiful, proud Lisbeth.

Alas! dear Imp, how was it possible to believe you? And because I knew it could not possibly be true, and because I would have given my life to know that it *was* true, I began to read the note all over again.

Suddenly I started and looked round; surely that was a sob! But the moon's level rays served only to show the utter loneliness about me. It was imagination, of course, and yet it had sounded very real.

And she said, "O Dick, I want you so!"

The river lapped softly against the bank, and somewhere above my head the leaves rustled dismally.

"Dear little Imp, if it were only true!"

Once again the sound came to me, low and restrained, but a sob unmistakably.

On the other side of the giant tree I beheld a figure half sitting, half lying. The shadow was deep here, but as I stooped the kindly moon sent down a shaft of silver light, and I saw a lovely, startled face, with great, tear-dimmed eyes.

"Lisbeth!" I exclaimed; then, prompted by a sudden thought, I glanced hastily around.

"I am alone," she said, interpreting my thought aright.

"But—here—and—and at such an hour!" I stammered foolishly. She seemed to be upon her feet in one movement, fronting me with flashing eyes.

"I came to look for the Imp. I found this on his pillow. Perhaps you will explain?" and she handed me a crumpled paper.

DEAR AUNTIE LISBATH: (I read) Unkel dick is going away bekors he is in luv with you and you are angry with him and I can't sleep so i am going to the Blarsted oke, where I hid yore stokkings if you want to kiss me and be kind to me again, come to me bekors I want someboddie to be nice to me now he is gone.

yore luving sorry IMP.

P.S. He said he would like to hang himself in his sword-belt to the arm of yonder tree and hurl himself from yon topmost pinnakel, so I no he is in luv with you.

"Oh, blessed Imp!"

"And now where is he?" she demanded.

"Lisbeth, I don't know."

"You don't know! Then why are you here?"

For answer I held out the letter I had found, and watched while she read the words I could not believe.

Her hat was off, and the moon made wonderful lights in the coils of her black hair. She was wearing an indoor gown of some thin material that clung, boldly revealing the gracious lines of her supple figure, and in the magic of the moon she seemed some young goddess of the woods —tall and fair and strong, yet infinitely womanly.

Now as she finished reading she turned suddenly away, yet not before I had seen the tell-tale colour glowing in her cheeks—a slow wave which surged over her from brow to chin, and chin to the round, white column of her throat.

And she said, "O Dick, I want you so!"

"Oh," she murmured.

"Lisbeth, is it true?"

She stood with her face averted, twisting the letter in her fingers.

"Lisbeth!" I said, and took a step nearer. Still she did not speak, but her hands came out to me with a swift, passionate gesture, and her eyes looked into mine; and surely none were ever more sweet, with the new shyness in their depths and the tears glistening on their lashes.

And in that moment Doubt and Fear were swallowed up in a great joy, and I forgot all things save that Lisbeth was before me and that I loved her.

The moon, risen now, had made a broad path of silver across the shadowy river to our very feet, and I remembered how the Imp had once told me that it was there for the moon fairies to come down by when they bring us happy dreams. Surely, the air was full of moon fairies to-night.

"O Imp, thrice blessed Imp!"

"But—but Selwyn?" I groaned at last.

"Well?"

"If you love him——"

"But I don't!"

"But if you are to marry him——"

"But I'm not! I was going to tell you so in the orchard yesterday, but you gave me no chance; you preferred to guess, and, of course, guessed wrong altogether. I knew it made you wretched, and I was glad of it and meant to keep you so a long, long time; but when I looked up and saw you standing there so very, very miserable, Dick, I couldn't keep it up any longer, because I was so dreadfully wretched myself, you know."

"Can you ever forgive me?"

"That depends, Dick."

"On what?"

Lisbeth stooped, and picking up her hat, began to put it on.

"Depends on what?" I repeated.

Her hat was on now, but for a while she did not answer, her eyes upon the "fairy path." When at last she spoke her voice was very low and tender.

"'Not far from the village of Down, in Kent, there is a house,'" she began, "'a very old house, with pointed gables and pannelled chambers, but empty to-night and desolate.' You see I remember it all," she broke off.

"Yes, you remember it all," I repeated, wondering.

"Dick—I—I want you to—take me there. I've thought of it all so often. Take me there, Dick."

"Lisbeth, do you mean it?"

"It has been the dream of my life for a long time now—to work for you there, to take care of you, Dick—you need such a deal, such a great deal of taking care of—to walk with you in the old rose garden; but I'm a beggar now, you know, though I sha'n't mind a bit if—if you want me, Dick."

"Want you!" I cried, and with the words I drew her close and kissed her.

Now, from somewhere in the tree above came a sudden crack and might snapping of twigs.

"All right, Uncle Dick!" cried a voice, "it's only the branch. Don't worry."

"Imp!" I exclaimed.

"I'm coming, Uncle Dick," he answered, and with much exertion and heavy breathing he presently emerged into view and squirmed himself safely to earth. For a moment he stood looking from one to the other of us, then he turned to Lisbeth.

"Won't you forgive me, too, Auntie Lisbeth, please?" he said.

"Forgive you!" she cried, and falling on her knees, gathered him in her arms.

"I'm glad I didn't go to Persia, after all, Uncle Dick," he said over her shoulder.

"Persia!" repeated Lisbeth, wonderingly.

"Oh, yes; you were so angry with Uncle Dick an' me—so frightfull' angry, you know, that I was going to try to find the 'wonderful lamp' so I could wish everything all right again an' all of us 'live happy ever after'; but the blasted oak did just as well, an' was nicer, somehow, wasn't it?"

"Infinitely nicer," I answered.

"An' you will never be angry with Uncle Dick or me any more, will you, auntie—that is, not frightfull' angry, you know?"

"Never any more, dear."

"On your honour?"

"On my honour!"

"So help you Sam?"

"So help me Sam!" she repeated, smiling, but there were tears in her voice.

Very gravely the Imp drew his "trusty sword," which she, following his instructions, obediently kissed.

"And now," cried he, "we are all happy again, aren't we?"

"More happy than I ever hoped or dreamed to be," answered Lisbeth, still upon her knees; "and oh, Imp—dear little Imp, come and kiss me."

(To be concluded.)

TEACHING IDEALS



ESS than twenty-five years have passed since Mark Hopkins, Thomas Arnold, Louis Agassiz, Benjamin Jowett and James McCosh were prominent before the world, not merely as teachers, but as men of influence and power. Despite the preparation and specialisation of the instructor of to-day, there seems to be a singular scarcity of such names. Connecting with this fact the wide separation of student and teacher, we may well feel that present-day ideals are far different from the past. These conditions lead us to question the character of our teachers and to ask if they have retrograded or advanced; if their influence approaches or equals that of the old-time instructor? The existence of these undesirable conditions was acknowledged about a year ago by the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, which stated editorially:

> Something is very far from right here at Yale (and we imagine it is very much the same throughout the university world) with the relation of teacher and student. They do not get together as they should. Why not confess it? We have seen effort after effort, by the best men in the Yale faculty, working with the best men in this country, fail miserably to produce that communion which is necessary for the best results in teaching. A great lecturer is a great man, a great teacher is infinitely more. But a man cannot be a great teacher without personal contact at one point or another. . . . It is necessary. . . . that teacher and student meet . . . in great sympathy.

The same feeling has found expression in almost every large university and college in the country, but on the whole has been little heeded. One institution, however, has endeavoured to bridge the gap and establish more intimate relations between teacher and student by the introduction of the tutorial system.

Formerly the teacher and the preacher were closely allied, and, in fact, were often one and the same. This no doubt had a most important effect upon all in-

struction; for there came into teaching the idea of influence and character building. Not merely did the minister instil into the mind of the youth a knowledge of Greek roots and Latin verbs, but he also impressed upon him the necessity of noble living. On account of the intimate relations of the student and the teacher, the transition from the ancient languages to the essentials of an upright life was by no means difficult. The ministry made its influence felt not only in the preparatory part of a boy's career, but it entered with him into the college halls. The trustees and overseers chose their early teachers from the ministry, and as a consequence the moral element was duly emphasised. Especially did these men make their influence felt in philosophy, or moral science, as it was then called. They were interested in the ultimate end of things, the "telos," and governed their thought by a consideration of the end toward which life was working. These teachers were by no means broad in their preparation, but they had the ability to present to their classes concisely and clearly their knowledge, such as it was. They taught it dogmatically, to be sure, but nevertheless they taught with such power that they secured the respect of their students and seemed at least to solve the problems under discussion. Moreover the teacher of the earlier day won the regard and reverence so sadly lacking in most modern class rooms.

However narrow and dogmatic the early teacher may have been, he possessed great wealth of knowledge as regards men. He appreciated the questionings of the boy's heart, the desire for sympathy, the need for encouragement, and the longing for companionship with those of greater knowledge. Truly did the instructor of old respond to these wants, and nobly did he endeavour to satisfy them. He drew his students about him and gave freely of the humble hospitality of his home. The result has been that the world has looked up to and admired these men for their nobility of character and their great sympathy with the student class. It is said that Jowett habitually gathered at his home for Sunday tea a group of his students, who spent the evening in friendly discourse. At one time they might delve into some Greek author, or the talk might drift down some historical channel, or again it might be philosophy that held their attention. There was never any attempt at scholasticism; but under the leadership of Jowett the student talked and thought freely and naturally. It was undoubtedly this intimate relationship with students that gave to Jowett his great reputation as a teacher and accounts for his enduring influence. Sympathy and a broad knowledge were also the basis of Thomas Arnold's wonderful influence. Boys and men instinctively turned to him for encouragement, for they knew they would meet with a ready response. Because of this close bond between teacher and student "Tom Brown" and many another Rugby boy called him blessed, mourned his death, and as they returned to school halls they sought the grave of the master to offer silent benediction. The personality of teachers of the stamp of Arnold and Jowett, of Hopkins and McCosh, are not easily forgotten. They were something more than mere instructors; they were men who influenced the age and generation in which they lived.

Contrast with men of that type the modern teacher, and the latter at once sinks into obscurity. The student does not attend an institution nowadays to be under the influence of the teacher, but he choses his Alma Mater on the grounds of personal or family loyalty, or for the sake of studying certain subjects, or because of its athletic reputation. If research be the motive, he selects the place that offers the best facilities for study, such as laboratories and libraries. Little attention is paid to the man who teaches, for the tendency of the present day is to lay the stress upon the subject taught. This does not mean that within the student's heart there is not the same old desire for companionship with men of greater knowledge; that there is no longer the need of sympathy and of intimate relationship between student and teacher, but merely that the teaching ideal has been lowered. Men now enter upon a career of teaching as they would any other profession. The idea of a "call" and special fitness has vanished and all thought of influence has disap-

peared except in a purely scholastic sense. Men become teachers after long years of study and special training in their own particular field. Specialisation is the demand of the hour, and no longer does a man teach many subjects, but instead directs his energy to International Law, Organic Chemistry or American History. Under the lead of Germany this demand has grown stronger and stronger. Men now seek deeply into the minutiæ of some limited field, and all too often lose sight of outside interests save as they touch their own "ism." Never in the history of the world, perhaps, has the training of the teacher been greater, but the question might fittingly be asked, Has his influence grown in proportion to his greater technical training? Does he still feel an interest in the student under him? Is his mind so fully occupied with questions of research that he has no time for the boy who sits in front of him? Has not this intense devotion to purely scientific problems been accompanied oftentimes by a selfishness and commercialism that is deplorable? It is only too true that the teaching profession is underpaid in proportion to the training required in preparation. There seems to be a constant attempt to get a decrease of teaching hours with an increase of salary in order that a man may devote himself to research, while the class-room work is in many instances piled upon the younger instructors, who often do the hardest work and receive the least pay. The result is that the overworked instructor has no time to give to the care of the student beyond the confines of the class room, while the professor is too deeply engrossed in his individual work to pay any attention to him. Research may win the seeker great renown and may thoroughly demonstrate his title as scholar; but in the meantime the student is left to his own devices, and the separation between the two becomes complete. The student finds ready consolation among his mates, and together they blame the professor as a narrow-minded person.

Within the universities of the country there has been an increasing tendency to employ men for their scientific or purely professional standing, and thus reflect renown upon the institution. Frequently the men so chosen are not teachers and are ill-fitted for the class room, their interests being centred upon their writings and research. The result is that the class-room work is but perfunctorily done. It is this which to a degree explains the attitude of students that spend the lecture period in idleness, or, in some cases, in reading papers. To this cause also might be laid the lack of respect which is shown the professor. Of course, it would be folly to place all the blame upon the shoulders of the teacher, for students, especially in America, have become filled with a sense of their own importance to such a degree that they regard themselves as superior to the instructor. It should be remembered also that our large universities at the present time draw a class of students who come to college not from any innate desire, but simply because it is the proper thing to do, or because it is the desire of their parents, who consider the college a good place to bridge over the four years of transition from youth to manhood. These facts, however, will not entirely explain incidents which are reported in our large universities in recent years. At Harvard we find a large class interfering with a lecture by throwing pennies to some small ragamuffins who happened to wander past the open door of the class room. Coppers and nickels and dimes were tossed before the face of the astonished professor to the scrambling gamins who had invaded the room itself. Again, in Yale it was necessary for a teacher to stop a lecture and reprimand the class for putting their feet so high in the air that their heads were hidden. Such performances indicate not only a lack upon the part of the student but serve as a severe commentary upon the professor. The student is quick to recognise a strong personality even though it be a narrow one. Consequently it would seem to show that the professor in many instances has not the personality and character which fit him to be a teacher of men. In other words, he is not a leader and has not the power to command respect or to inspire higher purposes in others. Owing to the extreme youth of many college freshmen, these four years of academic life are of

great formative importance. Here under the shadow of college walls he acquires those habits which work for his weal or his woe. Here in fact some of the foundation stones of character are laid. During this building period our teachers should be men of influence.

Not long since the dean of a leading university published a book of essays upon the relation of the college to the student, in which he maintains that "It soon becomes clear that parents are accountable for more undergraduate shortcomings than they or their sons suspect—and this after liberal allowances for faults in the college and its officers." The question might be raised whether liberal enough allowances had been made for the faults of the college and the defects among its teachers. In other words, we again confront the problem of the instructor's influence. If the professor is to become centred in his "ism," which is the tendency of specialisation, he can do very little toward gaining a sympathetic relation with the student. It is well enough to say that the boy's character should be formed at home, but change of environment is always apt to work transformations in character. The removal from home to college is bound to produce marked effects. The same writer notes that the feeling of the freshman when first coming to college is one of confusion and then of elation that at last his elders have ceased to restrain him. As a result the boy follows the crowd and often commits errors which he regrets afterward. In order to aid the newcomer the institution which this professor represents appoints officials known as freshmen advisers, whose duty it is to give official advice. The boy takes his official medicine and there the relationship generally ends. The suggestion is also made that it is a good thing for idlers to go to college; for in choosing some easy course they may come in contact with a man who shall inspire them to greater earnestness of purpose. To accomplish such a result, however, it is necessary that the teacher shall be a person of magnetism and force. Can we say, then, that personality and character are no longer necessary in the teacher? Can we say that mere technical training is sufficient? Can we say that there is no longer need of character-building upon the part of our professors? Are they to live merely within themselves, within their specialty, with no sympathy, no willingness to come in touch with the students under them? Such questions answer themselves, and it would seem that we must return to the ideals of fifty years ago, or rather let the qualifications of the great teacher of the past be combined with the professional ideals of the present.

We have already touched lightly upon one or two of the great instructors of the past, and it is necessary that we should examine their lives further if we are to have any adequate idea of their power. It is only thus that one can see how their success was obtained.

Coleridge, in writing of Arnold, said that the latter had not a grain of vanity or conceit, and that above all he was a lover of the truth. The master of Rugby was a man of strong religious convictions, and a great believer in the earnestness of life, maintaining that each person has a work to do. But, better still, Arnold had the power of impressing these convictions on his students. It is interesting to see the requirements that he himself regarded as essential to a good teacher. In a letter of inquiry for a master he wrote, "What I want is a man who is a Christian and a gentleman, an active man, and one who has common sense and understands boys"—not a bad definition for a good teacher even for the present day. One might think from the preceding that Arnold did not care for learning. No such conclusion should be drawn, for elsewhere he writes that intellectually as well as morally the instructor should be continually gaining knowledge. In another letter he writes that, "to be in sympathy with the mind you propose to influence is at once indispensable and will enable you in a great degree to succeed in influencing it." According to Thomas Arnold, the teacher should be a gentleman and a Christian; one who influences a person through sympathetic relationship; one loving the truth and filled with a great earnestness of purpose, and above all lacking in conceit.

Jowett, like Arnold, asserted that the instructor must be ever growing or he will fail to do justice to himself and to the student. The growth implied by both these men was something more than increase of knowledge along a given line. It was increase of breadth of view and keener appreciation of men. A former student wrote that what he found of greatest assistance in Professor Jowett was his sympathy and encouragement. He was a great exponent of the theory that work, not success, makes life worth living. Above all, Jowett was a man of great kindliness, toleration and manliness, and one who loved to come into close personal contact with his students.

Turning to America, the name which at once comes to the mind is that of Mark Hopkins, for he stands pre-eminent as the great instructor of American youth. Garfield is said to have asserted that a college might consist of a log with a student on one end and Mark Hopkins on the other. In different words, equipment might be discounted somewhat in the presence of a teacher of such personality. This man, however, was not a great specialist, and in fact did not always keep abreast of his own times, as is well illustrated in the conversation that a leading educator of the present day once had with him. Their talk had turned to philosophy, and the younger man made mention of Kant. Mark Hopkins turned to him and said, "What do you make out of Kant? I cannot make anything out of him." He went on to say that he did not think him worthy of much attention, or words to that effect. Think of a modern teacher casting aside Kant with so little ceremony! It was not, then, as a specialist that Mark Hopkins influenced men. Yet in him, as in Arnold, are to be found that love of truth, that sincerity and faith which is a characteristic of strong, religious men. Religious qualities, using that word in its best sense, were interwoven and interlaced in the hidden life of this great teacher, and in an unassuming way he endeavoured to enthrone the spirit of the Christ in the hearts of his students. President Hopkins was most tactful in adapting his and was ever skilful in drawing out the questions to the caliber of the respondent, thoughts and queries of his class. Such a characteristic is, indeed, necessary to any one who would lay claim to the title of a good instructor. Many a teacher has the ability to get brilliant work out of the bright boy, but there are few who are able to draw out the dull student. Williams men learned that their president taught even more by example than by voice and pen. They learned to obey him because they loved him, and his classes were exempt from those scenes which disgrace some modern class rooms. David Dudley Field, in an address before the Williams Alumni Association, well characterised the influence of the great teacher:

"We may already claim that he impressed himself so strongly upon hundreds of young men who came within the range of his oral teaching that they diffused their impressions upon thousands and tens of thousands of their countrymen, and that by the solidity of his character and the influence of his writing he added immensely to the strength of the moral and religious sentiment of his time, and furthermore that he opened in some directions new views of great truths."

"Sincerity and faith were his characteristics. He was heart and soul dependent upon the All-Wise and the Almighty, and all that he did, with all that he thought, was interwoven with that great idea."

Look for a moment at another of America's great teachers, Louis Agassiz. Born and bred abroad, he had so applied himself in youth that he came to be recognised as a genius. Educated under the best German instructors, Agassiz came to possess all the technical learning of the modern expert. Not only that, but he caught from the teacher Leuchart the ability of making the most prosaic studies delightful and interesting to the masses. Few, if any, of the scientists of the present day possess this greatest of powers—the making of technical subjects clear to the ordinary mind. Possessed of a magnificent physique and a magnetic personality, Louis Agassiz had the power of inspiring his students to their best efforts. Such a teacher, of necessity, was enthusiastic in his work. He showed great kindness to all, and he possessed such self-control that he was patient with ignorance. Even the ordinary day labourers

knew, respected and loved Louis Agassiz, for they fully appreciated the sympathetic character of the man. Not long since the writer was talking with a former student of the great teacher, and the description that was given of Agassiz was most enthusiastic. It was forty years since he had studied and worked under the master, and yet his conversation showed a most vivid memory of the great scientist.

Even the brief outlines that have been given of these teachers have shown in some degree the characteristics that have made them truly great. Taking account of these and noting the present tendencies, we may be able to catch some glimpse of what the teacher of the future should be if he wishes to stand in the same class with those mentioned. We notice that the present age is demanding careful training of its teachers, and, in fact, is laying stress upon graduate degrees as a qualification for college positions. Specialisation has come to stay, and a minute knowledge of a limited field will be necessary to the future college teacher; but at the same time there will be a demand for a broadmindedness and an ability to look beyond the limited field and appreciate other problems besides those of his own "ism," for it is only as that spirit is attained that the instructor's influence can be felt outside of purely scholastic channels, and only thus shall he exert a power in the lives of men and boys. No class of society more readily appreciates personality and recognises the real man than the student, and none are more eager to pay him respect. Many of our younger teachers are failures, not because of lack of knowledge, but because those virile, athletic, positive characteristics that mark the real man are wanting. Too often they belong to the so-called "sissie" type. Just that criticism was recently passed by a Yale professor upon the men fitting themselves for the teaching profession.

If one would upbuild character he must have sympathy. If one would draw out the dull boy there must be such sympathy on the part of the instructor that he shall suit his questions to the caliber of the student, turning the foolish question in such a way that the brightest can ill afford to laugh. If one would appreciate the hidden longings and desires of the boy's heart he must put himself into sympathetic relations with him. Vastness of knowledge is a valuable possession, but when it is of the walking-encyclopedia type, without character and culture, it is, indeed, vain. Expert knowledge has become almost a necessity to the teacher, whether he instructs children or men, but there is a most pressing need that he shall possess sympathy, culture and character. Let him have a sympathy which is deep enough to comprehend the difficulties of the dull student; let him have a culture pure enough to enrich the life of the collegian, and let him have a character noble and strong enough to inspire lofty ambitions.

Allen Harmon Carpenter.





THE PREPOSTEROUS PARADOX

When I become as truly great
 As Shakespeare, Dante, Shaw or Davis,
And reach the pate-inflated state
 Of literary *rara avis;*

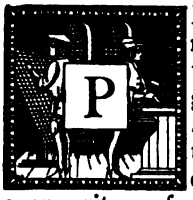
When I become as truly rich
 As Dixon, Caine, or Dame Corelli;
And have the royalties of Fitch
 To buy a Sandro Botticelli;

When I can charge as high a price
 As James or Conan Doyle or Kipling,
Can sell the same old story twice,
 And *add* to my repute by tippling;

When all these "whens" become a fact
Through talent, wisdom, wit, or tact,
Then publishers will run in flocks
To see *The Human Paradox;*
For I shall be the *only* fad—
Apart from great or rich or bad—
The envy of the Big and Small:
One Writer Who Won't Write At All!

Richard Butler Glaenzer.

WANTED—A BLACK LIST BUREAU



ROBABLY no one but a magazine editor knows to what extent literary plagiarism is practised nowadays. While it is true that charges are frequently brought against even writers of note, it is equally true that many petty cases come to light and are known only to those intimately concerned. Such an accusation as that recently brought against so eminent an author as Mr. Thomas Hardy, which was fully discussed in these pages at the time, gives the reading world a new interest in the subject and causes much talk for a brief time.

But minor cases of plagiarism are so common, and so little—if, indeed, anything at all—is done to put a stop to them, that a suggestion as to how the matter may be successfully dealt with may accomplish some good purpose.

It is the general custom in every editorial office for the manuscript clerk to keep what is known as a "black list," whereon are recorded the names and addresses of those contributors who deliberately steal whatever happens to appeal to them as particularly salable. But these black lists are usually kept under lock and key and considered as sacred as the secrets of the confessional. In order, however, that many literary pirates may be brought to justice, it would doubtless be an advisable thing for the editors throughout the country to form what might be called a Black List Bureau—an institution that would prove of mutual benefit.

Each editor who joined this bureau would be expected to issue, immediately upon discovering a plagiarist, the complete history of that particular case and send it broadcast to his confrères, in exactly the same manner that the hotels protect themselves against dishonest patrons. As things now are, too little attention is paid to the numerous literary frauds that are practised. Editors, it is true, are busy men as a rule, but the time consumed in revealing a plagiarist's identity would be small compared to the amount of good that might be done. There is scarcely a magazine which has not at some time been victimised by unscrupulous contributors, and so dangerous an element in the literary world should be sharply dealt with.

The initial step would be to find a locale for the bureau. Since the suggestion for its formation is made in these pages, perhaps the simplest and wisest plan would be to ask the editors of THE BOOKMAN to permit all lists of magazine plagiarists to go first through their hands, and by them be distributed to each member of the bureau. If this cannot for any reason be done, the writer will himself be happy to become the medium through whom the literary pirates are made known, and if sufficient encouragement is given to the scheme, more definite arrangements will be outlined and considered. What is needed, of course, is a central office, some one point from which the various names on the separate lists may be systematically sent to editors and publishers.

The Kipling incident of recent memory has set many a layman to laughing at the editorial policy that is said to be pursued in practically every magazine office of the country. It will be recalled that two men were discussing the possibility—or, rather, the impossibility—of a new writer having his work accepted by any periodical, one man claiming that it was absolutely absurd to believe that a good story, submitted to a magazine by a wholly unknown author, would stand any chance of acceptance. The conversation led to one of the participants copying, verbatim, one of Kipling's "most popular stories," changing only the title, the names of the characters, and the locale—which happened to be English, and which was made, with little difficulty, American. In no other way was the story mutilated; "not even a comma" was altered. In was then sent, in rotation, to about a dozen of the leading magazines, and was promptly rejected by every one of them. In the end, Kipling's original publishers are said to have purchased the manuscript, and I have no doubt they did. The persons who thus fooled every editor of importance in

the country wrote of their experience in a letter to the New York *Sun,* and numerous replies have been given space in that paper. The fact of the matter is that the incident proves nothing at all, except that two grown men made it evident that they had very little to do.

In the first place, no editor, I think, will deny that a story by Mr. Kipling might be very unsuitable to his purposes, even with the distinguished author's name signed on the manuscript. And I am not sure but that the names of any of Mr. Kipling's characters and the setting he might give a story would prove most important factors in the *tout ensemble* of the tale—far more important than "the changing of a comma." I believe that the name "Mulvaney" had no little to do with the success of the Mulvaney stories. Suppose Kipling had called his hero Martin! One might as well think of David Copperfield as David Carter, or of Becky Sharp as Mary Everett! It takes genius to invent even the names of the characters which live in literature.

And, too, it is highly probable that the story *was* recognised by some of the readers into whose hands it fell, but not definitely identified, not absolutely placed in their minds. An editor not long ago had a poem sent to him which he felt confident was one of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," but he could not be certain. He happened to have no copy of Mrs. Browning's book at hand, and he was too occupied with other things to look it up. The poem therefore went back, and I suppose the woman who submitted it has been laughing ever since at the editor's ignorance. It is such cases as this, however, which should be followed up, if the Black List Bureau, above suggested, is to be of real service.

It would be folly to say that no editor should allow himself to be victimised by plagiarists. It is beyond reason to presume that a busy man can read from cover to cover the contemporary magazines, or read with any degree of intelligence one-tenth of the current fiction that is produced. The omnivorous magazine readers are not the magazine editors. Indeed, I venture to think that the man who is responsible for the make-up of any one of the modern periodicals is the last person who reads another. He does, as a matter of business, glance through the contents of his contemporaries; but beyond such a cursory examination he is unfamiliar with what they contain.

Many people will recall a daring piece of plagiarism which was widely talked about in the newspapers several years ago. A story of Margaret Sutton Briscoe's which had originally appeared in *Harper's* only a year before, was copied almost verbatim by a woman who sent it to *Munsey's,* where it met with ready acceptance. A large percentage of the public was amazed that the editor of *Munsey's* could have been so lax in his reading as to have missed seeing the tale in *Harper's!* His failure to read Mrs. Briscoe's story did cause him some embarrassment; but to have charged him with negligence seemed too absurd for discussion.

It is only when plagiarists are unwise enough to filch poems so well known as to be almost committed to memory by every schoolboy, that the average editor feels reasonably safe. An alleged original contribution was recently sent to a magazine. It was a portion of Thomas Hood's famous "Faithless Sally Brown," containing the lines:

> They went and told the sexton, and
> The sexton tolled the bell.

This is only matched by the young fool who attempted to pass off Lovelace's

> Yet this inconstancy is such
> As you, too, should adore;
> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more,

as his own; and when rebuked by the editor, to whom he had submitted the verses, he explained the situation by saying that the poem had been given to him by a "friend" in payment of a debt!

A well-known weekly lately published a short story, in the course of which occurred a lengthy passage which had been taken bodily from Ouida's *Moths,* and a youth in Kansas City once attempted to palm off Lowell's "What is so rare as a day in June" upon an editor who fortunately knew more than he did.

One editor in New York who himself writes verse when he finds the time felt

highly complimented not long ago when a contributor left with him several poems, among which he recognised two of his own that had been published anonymously ten years previously. He was inclined to forgive this particular offender, who showed such discrimination in selecting his wares.

Translations from the French and German are frequently offered to the magazines without the customary note that the manuscript is not original; but this is not always done with an intention to deceive.

A particularly interesting case of plagiarism once came to my notice. A manuscript entitled "At the Health Resort" was submitted to a New York editor, presumably by a man. The story was accepted and a cheque sent in payment, but at the last moment the editor decided to change the title to "Never Say No!"—a phrase which occurred many times in the dialogue. After the story appeared it was discovered that it had been printed in an English periodical about two years before under that very title. The plagiarist, who, it developed, was a woman, had, of course, altered the title in order to escape detection, and the change back to the original seemed a curious working of fate. It was learned through an endorsement on the cheque that she was employed in a publishing house in some clerical capacity, and when confronted with the evidence of her guilt and asked to return the money, she left town. Only the day before she had handed to the editorial department of the firm for whom she worked the manuscript of a poem which it was found had been written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Sometimes an editor is amazed to receive a manuscript from one of his regular contributors which bears so close a resemblance to another story he has either chanced to read or has published in his own magazine that it fairly takes his breath away; but many cases of unconscious plagiarism occur. A writer of short stories who is well known throughout the country, and whom we will call Miss K., sent a manuscript not long since to a magazine that had once published a story with the identical plot. Save in the opening passages, the stories were exactly the same in treatment, but the editor felt confident of his contributor's lack of intentional wrong, since it was in his periodical that the original tale had appeared. It would hardly have been wise for Miss K. to send a stolen story of Mr. M.'s to the editor of the L. magazine, when the L. magazine was known to print all of Mr. M.'s work. So attention was called to the similarity in the two manuscripts, and Miss K. replied by saying that she did remember reading Mr. M.'s story, but only in the most hurried way, and she had completely forgotten it until the editor had sent her a copy of the number of his magazine containing it. The situation on which the whole plot depended was such an unusual one that it must have remained in her memory in some sub-conscious way, and long afterward she grew to feel that it was her own idea, and unhesitatingly embodied it in a story of her own. She was much humiliated, and, of course, withdrew the manuscript from the open market.

There is danger, too, of writers using the same material as a working basis in these days when so many authors find their chief plots in newspaper clippings. It is very evident that a writer in San Francisco and one in New York might seize upon the dramatic possibilities of a story from real life as reported in a daily paper, and around them weave practically the same story. Jack London and the late Frank Norris did this once upon a time, and later it was discovered that a totally unknown author from a remote part of the country had taken the same idea from a Chicago daily—the original source of all three stories; yet each writer was totally ignorant of the existence of the other tales until his attention was drawn to it.

It is the intentional magazine plagiarist who should be uncovered and brought to an account, and if a Black List Bureau could be seriously organised, a great deal of good might result.

Charles Hanson Towne.

THE FETICH OF THE HAPPY ENDING



HE writer of these lines belongs to a class which feels itself peculiarly called of Heaven to be councillor to magazine editors. For when the fates are kind she is a contributor to their publications. Yet for many years she has subdued her natural inclination to advise concerning editorial policies. "Still has she borne it with a patient shrug" when she has seen her own and other people's ideas parodied by illustrators. The unending mystery of certain acceptances has gone unchallenged by her, and she has silently bowed her head to the inexplicable decree of her own rejections. Once these rejections admitted no argument; the impersonal courtesy of the printed slip is unanswerable. Even the especially dictated note of regret that a contribution is "unavailable for our present needs" is final.

But lately the kind editor has sometimes unbent to explain as well as to regret, and the writer is constrained to believe that the reason she is not oftener one of the bright throng of the accepted is because she has periods of seeing the world as a somewhat grim place of toil and pain, in which men and women are born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward. To the popular magazine editor this view, so far from appealing to his orthodoxy, is anathema maranatha, if one may judge from his notes of rejection. (It is, by the way, worthy of consideration that all editors, if they commit themselves to any opinions at all, express a much warmer admiration for the work which something obliges them to reject than for that which the necessity of filling a certain number of magazine pages compels them to buy.)

"My dear Miss So-and-So," writes one, "we are trying to print a cheerful magazine!" "Your story is conceived with so much sincerity and written with so much delicacy and grace," says another as he self-sacrificingly surrenders what must have been a great opportunity, "that we regret exceedingly to decline it. But the sombre note makes it impossible for us to use it." Another writes: "It is against our policy to print anything of a tragic nature unless there is a distinct note of uplift in the dénouement." (The language as well as the lofty thought are the editor's.) Another, after putting his publication on record as opposed to the grim in fiction, throws out a straw of hope as the waters of rejection threaten utterly to submerge the literary swimmer. "If you have anything cheerful on hand," he says, "we should like to see it for our October number." And so on and so on.

Now, the writer of these lines knows as well as the editors who reject or who accept her work know that she is not dowered with the "divine, dread gift of genius." She is merely a fairly diligent labourer who is obliged to work and who likes to observe the world and to weave tales based on her observations. As long as her efforts are rejected on the perfectly comprehensible grounds of lack of merit and interest there is nothing for her to do but to struggle for improvement. But when she is able to sell badly constructed, flimsy stories, as long as the varnish of cheerfulness is thick upon them, and cannot publish her better, more mature, more discerning work when it lacks that varnish (it is the popular editor's explanation, not her own, remember!), has she not some reason for breaking the proper, deferential silence of the mere writer and for making, not a protest, but an inquiry?

When ten editors of ten popular magazines tell you that they want happy endings, it does not mean that they are ten altruists, dedicated to the sacred cause of carrying light into gloomy places. It means that they are ten business men who think they can sell more copies of their magazines if marriage bells ring noisily, closed doors are unbarred, buried treasure unearthed, at the end of every tale, than if the wedding invitations are withdrawn, the doors irrevocably locked and the buried treasure discovered to be worthless.

Are they right? Have the great comedies or even the pleasant tales told by geniuses outlived the tragedies, outweighed them in the general regard? Is Lear or Falstaff a more popular figure?

Do Rosalind's adorers outnumber Juliet's lovers? Does *Die Meistersinger* or *Tristan und Isolde* call forth the larger audience? Is Mr. Pickwick better known, more dearly cherished, than Colonel Newcome? Does Jane Austen's England, in which a heart never broke, receive more library pilgrims than George Eliot's England of the relentless struggle between impulse and conscience, between man and his destiny? How many agreeable old tales of lovers' meetings has the story of the parting of Orpheus and Eurydice outlasted?

"Ah!" smile the editors who constitute themselves the standard bearers of pleasant fiction, "you speak of the works of genius, madam. Show us a Colonel Newcome, kill a Juliet for us, create us a Maggie Tulliver and we shall not reject you!"

Perhaps they would not, but one grows a little sceptical. As has been said before, they reject professedly not because they think their readers demand high creative and literary skill, but because they think they demand happy endings. Have they, by any chance, ever listened to the conversation that goes on around them? Have they ever sought to learn what interests the mass of their fellow-beings? The sewing circle, they may be sure, does not close up about the parish room fire to tell and to hear how good and devoted a husband young George A. makes. Jed and Ury do not foregather in the village grocery to chant pæans because Silas's barn was not struck by lightning or because Esek has not been obliged to mortgage his house. Mrs. X. does not stand at the front wheel of Mrs. Y.'s buggy half the forenoon to hear that Gracie B. is going to have a trousseau "of half a dozen pieces of everything," but to learn how Lizzie is taking Tom's engagement, and what has become of the poor thing down by the mill. Mrs. Van Buren, who ought to know better, does not discourse by the hour on her vigorous state of health, but on the symptoms of disease which she has enjoyed, the surgical experiments which she has survived. To similar tales does she incline a willing ear and not to stories of well being. That the C.'s have dined together with mutual enjoyment and admiration three hundred and sixty-five evenings since their marriage a year ago does not arouse in the most friendly of us a consuming desire to hear more of their domestic life; but let it become known that Mr. C. is quite as much at the club as in his bachelor days, and that Mrs. C. is beginning to go about alone, and the curiosity of even the least meddlesome of us is pricked. The woman who has just moved in next door, with her children gathered around her on the piazza, is a commonplace person on whom her neighbours dread to call—it may mean such boredom! The woman next door, drooping among a lessened group from which one child is gone, is in her neighbour's mind and heart all day, in her dreams all night. The fact that the new superintendent made an easy trip to the mines last week, and paid off all the men without incident, will never pass into the history of the mountainside; but that he was waylaid by highwaymen, murdered and robbed will be told to the mountaineers' children's children by the winter fire; and every shiver that thrills them will be testimony to the fact that fear, sorrow, terror, speak a language to which our tragic race inevitably must listen.

Anne O'Hagan.



THE BOOK IN THE MAKING—IV

A DESCRIPTION OF THE METHODS EMPLOYED IN THE MECHANICAL PRODUCTION OF THE ORDINARY BOOK OF FICTION

PART II



N the previous instalment under this head the manufacture of the book was carried to a point where the plates were ready for the press. Before the book goes on the press, however, it is, of course, necessary to provide paper, and the selection of this depends on the general character of the volume. If, for instance, pen and ink illustrations appear in the text pages, it is necessary to use what is technically known as a "medium" finish paper, which is a comparatively smooth surface, and in some instances the very smooth "English finish" is required, but this is only when the illustrations are very delicate. Books containing no illustrations in the text are usually printed on a "rough" finish paper.

Besides the three common finishes—rough, medium, and high or English—book papers are distinguished as being "wove" or "laid." To the uninitiated eye this is easily determined by holding the sheet up to a strong light. When this is done the "laid" sheet will show the laid lines—that is, lines running closely together across the sheet and intersected at regular intervals with a single line running in the opposite direction, which is technically known as the "chain." This effect is produced by the screen, which is the woven wire foundation upon which the pulp passes in making the paper; the wires displace the pulp, making it thin, and thus producing the effect of alternating dark and light lines, the intersecting lines or chains being used to hold in place the numerous wires which run in the opposite direction. The general construction of the screen is well exemplified in the ordinary bamboo porch screen. In fact, the Japanese screens for making paper are constructed of bamboo in exactly this manner, the strips, of course, being very fine, in some cases no thicker than coarse sewing cotton. In this connection it might be interesting to explain that the "water mark," which is particularly familiar in writing papers in the form of trade marks and firm names, is accomplished by weaving these forms or letters with wires in the screen, which, as described above, displace the pulp, thus rendering it translucent.

On holding the "wove" sheet to the light, it displays no patterns or characteristics such as the "laid," but is perfectly plain in appearance, which is due to the fact that the pulp in this case passes over an extremely fine screen, which is woven in the same manner as the familiar netting used in window screens, but having the wires so close that there is no perceptible displacing of the pulp, although an impression of the wires is made on the surface of the paper, which is plainly discernible to the trained eye. For many years the "laid" paper was preferred to the "wove," but as printers realised that the "laid" lines somewhat affected the even impression of the type on the surface of the paper, the tendency toward the "wove" has been increasing, and now it is rather the exception to find a book of fiction printed on "laid" paper.

In an account as brief as this must necessarily be, a description of the operation and capacity and remarkable functions of the modern printing press cannot be adequately described. Briefly, then, the modern printing machine automatically feeds, prints, and delivers in piles, 1500 sheets of thirty-two pages each, per hour with a perfection and precision which exceeds the same operations by human hands. In preparing the "form" for the press—that is, the placing of thirty-two plates for the printing of one side of a sheet—the plates are set on "patent" blocks, which are wood blocks slightly larger than the plate itself. These have adjustable fastenings on the upper edges,

which catch the narrow margins of the plates on all four sides and hold them rigid while running on the press. The thirty-two blocks with the plates thus fastened on them are in turn locked together. This placing of the plates or the "imposing" of the form, as it is called, requires no little skill, for the pages must be so arranged that when the sheet is folded the sequence of the pages will be correct.

The locking up of the blocks is done on the bed of the press, which, when the press is in operation, moves back and forth under the cylinder over which the sheet of paper runs to receive the impression. The sheets being thus printed, they are now ready for the binder, and the various details involved in this final stage of the work will be covered in the next instalment.

RECENT EXAMPLES OF FINE BOOK-MAKING

In the production of fine volumes there is occasionally one which is particularly noteworthy as expressing the tendency, so strong at present, toward a revival of the best work of the early Italian printers. Such a volume has just been published with the imprint of Little, Brown and Company of Boston, and entitled *The Triumphs by Petrarch.** The volume is entirely the production of the University Press of Cambridge, and its unique and distinguishing feature is mainly in the typography. A face of type was specially designed and cut under the supervision of the University Press to be used in a series of such books, having the significant title of "The Humanistic Volumes," of which the present example is the first. It is well worth while to consider the inspiration for these volumes.

The Humanistic MSS., from which the drawings for the Humanistic types were made, are the outcome of an exceedingly important and interesting movement which preceded and brought about the Renaissance. Until the end of the fourteenth century scholasticism prescribed ecclesiastical literature and proscribed the classics. The Humanistic movement, however, broke down the bonds of ignorance, superstition, and tradition, which up to that time had confined the intellectual life upon all sides. It brought about the liberation of reason and the recognition of the rich humanity of Greece and Rome, which aimed to habilitate the human spirit with all the life, activities and arts which had belonged to the classical age.

This created a natural desire among cultivated people to add copies of the classics to their libraries, which had hitherto consisted only of theological works. The wealthy book collectors, therefore, gave orders to the scribes for hand-lettered copies to such an extent that hand-lettering as an art received a wonderful impetus, and attained the highest point of perfection which it ever reached.

Aldus and Jenson and the other earliest printers naturally based their type faces upon the best hand-lettering available at the time their punches were cut, and those which have been cut since then have been based upon these early patterns. But the best work of the Humanistic scribes was done after the early faces were cut. This Humanistic type, therefore, represents the first attempt to base a type face upon hand-lettering at its highest point of perfection. A specimen showing two lines of this type is here reproduced.

*The Triumphs by Petrarch. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1906.

And from her spouse the Queen of Morn withdrew
Her sandals, gemm'd with frost-bespangled dew.

THE "HUMANISTIC" TYPE

Beyond this, however, we are told that an effort has been made by the University Press to have each step in the manufacture approach as near to perfection as can be accomplished. The type was set by compositors who are craftsmen, and who were not limited as to time, and the presswork has been executed with equal deliberation and care. The large initials are of leaf gold, raised by hand, the smaller ones being printed in ink made of powdered Lapislazuli, to secure the purity of the ancient Humanistic blue. The paper was especially manufactured in Italy, after an old Italian formula. The binding is in leather, with heavy boards, the leather being blind-stamped with a beautiful fourteenth century design, adapted from a volume of that period.

The illustrations, six in number, are of particular interest and value, being faithful reproductions of the set in the British Museum. Sidney Colvin says of them: "These are among the best as well as the rarest works of early Florentine engraving. Only two sets in the pure early state are known to exist: one at the British Museum, the other in the collection of M. Ed. de Rothschild. They have been variously attributed to Baccio Baldini, to Nicoleto da Modena, to Filippo Lippi, and others. Their peculiar grace and charm are those of the fine flower of Florentine quattro-cento art."

Considered in every detail it is a volume of unusual harmony and beauty and it is easy to conclude that it will stand out among the fine books of the past year as a particularly desirable specimen.

The edition was limited to one hundred numbered copies for sale in America.

The ideal volume from the standpoint of the reputable publisher is one which combines literary interest with an appropriate and attractive type setting and a new edition that goes far toward the accomplishment of this are two volumes recently published with the title *Venice. Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic,** by Pompeo Molmenti. These are the initial volumes of a series that is planned to cover the tragic history of the City of the Doges. The books were designed by the University Press and appropriately set in the now popular Bodoni series of type. The arrangement of the text page and the typography throughout is very simple and satisfactory. Each volume contains a frontispiece, in full colour, very successfully printed on Japan paper, and the numerous illustrations throughout the volumes are beautifully printed on dull coated paper, which gives them all the softness and richness of a photogravure. The text paper is a feather-weight, giving the volumes a lightness in handling which always appeals to the reader. The binding is simple, but particularly neat, in a full smooth garnet cloth, with raised bands, and an appropriate device stamped in gold on the side and back. Certainly the publishers have presented the series in a decidely attractive and appropriate form.

Another attractive two-volume edition has recently been published by this house, entitled *Literature of Libraries in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.** They were designed and printed by Mr. T. B. Updike of The Merrymount Press, and exemplify the usual good taste and simplicity which marks the production of this plant. The matter contained in the volumes covers two early Discourses on the duties of a librarian, and it is interesting to note how well they apply to the "library-keeper" of the present day. The titles of these interesting papers are "The Reformed Librarie-Keeper," and the other, "The Duties and Qualifications of a Librarian." The author of the former discourse is John Dury, a seventeenth century clergyman who made a study of the subject, and wrote during his life more than fifty pamphlets on library-keeping. A biographical sketch occupies more than half of this volume, but its peculiar interest is sufficient excuse for its length. The Discourse on "The Duties and Qualifications of a Librarian" is explained in a Bibliographical Note as having been originally "spoken in Latin," and that it was first printed in 1780 in the very limited edition of twenty-five copies. The value of the paper was recognised by one Pierre Alexander Gratet Duplessis, and was translated by him into French, when it appeared in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile* of January, 1839, the present volume being the first reprint since that date. The volume also contains a notice by the editor and an introduction, as well as notes at the back. Each volume contains an engraved title-page drawn in the French style and adapted from an

*Venice. Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic. By Pompeo Molmenti. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 1906.

*Literature of Libraries in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 1906.

original design formerly in the Goncourt Collection. The type in which the Discourses themselves are set appears large for the dimensions of the leaf and type page, but apparently this was necessary to bring the book out to a sufficient number of pages; otherwise, the typography is most pleasing.

The little books are bound with a grey vellum back, with mottled green English cloth on the sides, and a neat leather label. They are enclosed in a slip case covered with an attractive marbled paper.

We have received a volume entitled *Engraving and Etching.** A Handbook for the Use of Students and Print Collectors. The author is Dr. Fr. Lippmann, late keeper of the print room in the Royal Museum, Berlin. This volume represents a translation from the third German edition revised by Dr. Max Lehrs and Martin Hardie, and it has long been an authority on the subject of engraving. As a comprehensive text book it is probably only equalled by the writings on the same subject by Philip Gilbert Hammerton. For the student of engraving it is invaluable, since it gives not only an elucidated description of the technique of engraving, with excellent illustrations of the various tools used in the art, but devotes the greater part of the volume to a history of engraving throughout the Continental countries, with reproductions of the most noted examples in each instance. Altogether the book cannot be commended too highly for its educating value on the subject of which it treats.

Laurence Burnham.

*Engraving and Etching. A Handbook for the Use of Students and Print Collectors. By Dr. Fr. Lippmann. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1906.



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

American Book Company:

Melodic First, Second, Third and Fourth Readers. By Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper.

American Baptist Publication Society:

Odds and Ends from Pagoda Land.

American Unitarian Association:

Cap'n Chadwick. By John White Chadwick.

The Shepherd's Question. By Estes Howard.

Four American Leaders. By Charles W. Eliot.

Father Taylor. By Robert Collyer.

The Joy of Books.

D. Appleton and Company:

Credit and its Uses. By William A. Prendergast.

The Ladder to the Stars. By Jane H. Findlater.

The Victory. By Molly Elliot Seawell.

Letters to Women in Love. By Mrs. John van Vorst.

Salvage. By Aquila Kempster.

The Avenging Hour. By H. F. Prevost Battersby.

Under Castle Walls. By H. C. Bailey.

The Prince Goes Fishing. By Elizabeth Duer.

The Guarded Flame. By W. B. Maxwell.

A History of Higher Education in America. By Charles F. Thwing.

A History of the People of the United States. Vol. VI. By John Bach McMaster.

Memories of My Dead Life. By George Moore.

A History of Hungarian Literature. By Frederick Riedl.

The Authors' and Newspapers' Association:

The House of Defence. By E. F. Benson.

A Rock in the Baltic. By Robert Barr.

Doc Gordon. By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman.

The Lady Evelyn. By Max Pemberton.

The Man Between. By Amelia E. Barr.

The Automobile Institute:

Whys and Wherefores of the Automobile.

Richard G. Badger:

City Songs and Country Carols. By Thomas F. Porter.

The Banks Law Publishing Company:

Hints for Forensic Practice: A Monograph on Certain Rules Pertaining to the Subject of Judicial Proof. By Theodore F. C. Demarest.

George Bell and Sons, London:

Rossetti. By H. C. Marillier.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Captain Letterblair. By Marguerite Merington.

In Clive's Command. By Herbert Strang.

Half a Rogue. By Harold MacGrath.

Knights of the Silver Shield. By Raymond Macdonald Alden.

Little Red, White and Blue. By Josephine Scribner Gates.

The Live Dolls' House Party. By Josephine Scribner Gates.

The King of Gee Whiz. By Emerson Hough.

Rich Men's Children. By Geraldine Bonner.

Saul of Tarsus. By Elizabeth Miller.

Romance Island. By Zona Gale.

Jewel Weed. By Alice Ames Winter.

The Bodley Head:

The Music of To-morrow. By Laurence Gilman.

George William Browning:

Lyrics and Legends of Christmastide. By Clinton Scollard.

Brentano's:

Thalassa. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

Decorative Art in America. A Lecture. By Oscar Wilde.

Tales from Shakespeare. 2 vols. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited by Alfred Ainger.

A Game at Love and Other Plays. By George Sylvester Viereck.

H. M. Caldwell and Company:

Louis Salads and Chafing Dishes. By Louis Muckensturm.

The Century Company:

Lincoln the Lawyer. By Frederick Trevor Hill.

The Chateau of Touraine. By Maria Hornor Lansdale.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Helen Nicolay.

The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard. By John Bennett.

In the Days of the Comet. By H. G. Wells.

The Clarendon Press:

The Great Revolt of 1381. By Charles Oman.
The Canadian War of 1812. By C. P. Lucas.
The Complete Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Craig.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Beastly Rhymes. By Burges Johnson.
Famous Actor Families in America. By Montrose Moses.

The Decker Publishing Company:

Old Cronnak. By Joseph Haldane.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Hat and the Man. By Henry Irving Dodge.
The Gold Worshippers. By Harris Burland.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Sir Joshua and His Circle. By Fitzgerald Molloy.
Twenty Years of the Republic. By Harry Thurston Peck.
The Swarm. By Maurice Maeterlinck.
Rome. Edited by Esther Singleton.
The Face of Clay. By Horace A. Vachell.
The Chase of the Golden Plate. By Jacques Futrelle.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

Patricia at the Inn. By J. C. Snaith.

R. R. Donnelly and Sons and Company:

Whisperings of the Sphinx.
A Scrap-book of Pictures and Fancies. By William Leighton.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Crumbs and His Times. By Dolores Bacon.
Inventors at Work. By George Iles.
Fighting the Polar Ice. By Anthony Fiala.
The Passing of Korea. By Homer B. Hulbert.
Glimpses of Italian Life. By Tryphosa Bates Batcheller.
Dem Good Ole Times. By Mrs. James H. Dooley.

Duffield and Company:

Marcel Levignet. By Elwyn Barron.
Geronimo's Story of His Life. Taken down and edited by S. M. Barrett.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

A Child's Recollections of Tennyson. By Edith Nicholl Ellison.

Eaton and Mains:

Chunda. By Horatio Oliver Ladd.
Valley Forge. By Alden W. Quimby.

Paul Elder and Company:

Watts-Mumford Grant. By Oliver Herford.
The Altogether New Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1907. By Ethel Addison Mizner.
One Hundred and One Mexican Dishes. Compiled by May E. Southworth.
The Auto Guest Book of Mobile Maxims. By Ethel Watts-Mumford Grant.

Dana Estes and Company:

Slavery and the Race Problem in the South. By Hon. William H. Fleming.
Young Folks' Nature Field Book. By J. Alden Loring.
The Nature Lovers' Treasury. By Carrie Thompson Lowell.
From Low to High Gear. By Edward S. Ellis.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Breath of the Runners. By Mary Mears.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Court of Pilate. By Roe R. Hobbs.
Letters of a Business Woman to Her Niece. By Caroline A. Huling.
The Corner House. By Fred M. White.

Forbes and Company:

"Boy Wanted." By Nixon Waterman.

Henry Peck Fry:

The Voice of the Third Generation. By Henry Peck Fry.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

In London Town. By F. Berkeley Smith.
The Spirit of Love and Other Poems. By Charles Gibson. Published by the Author.

Ginn and Company:

Brier-Patch Philosophy. By "Peter Rabbitt." Interpreted by William J. Long.

The Grafton Press:

Smith of Bear City and other Frontier Sketches. By George T. Putnam.
Prince Ivo of Bohemia. By Arthur Sitgreaves Mann.

Grafton Historical Press:

King Philip's War. By Ellis and Morris.

Harper and Brothers:

The Americanism of Washington. By Henry van Dyke.
Lew Wallace. 2 vols. An Autobiography.
Lord Randolph Churchill. By Lord Rosebery.
Some Successful Marriages. By Abby Meguire Roach.

The Future in America. By H. G. Wells.
Social Usages at Washington. By Florence Howe Hall.
Dissertation by Mr. Dooley. By F. P. Dunne.
The Story and Song of Black Roderick. By Dora Singerson.
Gray Mist. Anonymous.
Beyond the Rocks. By Elinor Glyn.
The Illustrious O'Hagan. By Justin Huntley McCarthy.

Henry Holt and Company:
The Romances of Chivalry in Italian Verse. Edited by J. D. M. Ford and Mary A. Ford.
Text-book on Hydraulics. By L. M. Hoskins.
The Labour Movement in Australia. By Victor S. Clark.
Affairs of State. By Burton E. Stevenson.
The Friendly Town. By Edward V. Lucas.
The Cruise of the Violetta. By Arthur Colton.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:
The Struggle for a Free Stage in London. By Watson Nicholson.
The English Patents of Monopoly. By William Hyde Price.
The Practice of Diplomacy. By John W. Foster.
The Man in the Case. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Montlivet. By Alice Prescott Smith.
The Opened Shutters. By Clara Louise Burnham.
Ecclesiastes in the Meter of Omar. By William Byron Forbush.
The Plutarque de Montaigne. Edited by Grace Norton.
Charles Godfrey Leland. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell.
The Golden Days of Rome. By Rodolfo Lanciani.
My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East. By Moncure D. Conway.
Beached Keels. By Henry M. Rideout.

B. W. Huebsch:
Are You a Bromide? By Gelett Burgess.

George W. Jacobs and Company:
Queen of the Rushes. By Allen Raine.
Rhymes for Wee Sweethearts. By Katherine Forrest Hamill.
Captain Courtesy. By Edward Childs Carpenter.
Trusia. By Davis Brinton.

C. R. Kaplinger:
A Score of Sonnets. By William Burt Harlow.

Mitchell Kennerley:
Shorty McCabe. By Sewell Ford.

Laird and Lee:
A B C of Motoring. By Sigmund Krausz.
Automobile Record. By Sigmund Krausz.

John Lane Company:
The Coming Dawn. By Charles Egerton.
A Cruise Across Europe. By Donald Maxwell.
The House in Saint Martin's Street. By C. Hill.

Life Publishing Company:
Why They Married. By James Montgomery Flagg.

J. B. Lippincott Company:
Eating to Live. By John Janvier Black.
Paul. By E. F. Benson.
The Flight of Marie Antoinette. By G. Lenotre.
Heroes of Progress in America. By Charles Morris.
Napoleon King of Elba. By Paul Gruyer.
The First Century of English Porcelain. By W. Moore Binns.
Drawings of J. F. Millet, and an Introductory Essay by Léonce Bénédite.
Balzac. By Ferdinand Brunetière.
Granada. By Leonard Williams.
Christopher Columbus and the New World of His Discovery. 2 vols. By Filson Young.
Gabrielle. By Harris Dickson.

Little, Brown and Company:
The Queen's Hostage. By Harriet T. Comstock.
In Treaty with Honor. By Mary Catherine Crowley.
Pardner of Blossom Range. By Frances Charles.
The Impersonator. By Mary Imlay Taylor.
The Slave of Silence. By Fred M. White.
The Dragon Painter. By Mary McNeil Fenellosa.
The Wonders of the Colorado Desert. (Southern California.) By George Wharton James. Vol. I. and II.
Mars and Its Mystery. By Edward S. Morse.
The Garden and Its Accessories. By Loring Underwood.

A. C. McClurg and Company:
Lincoln at Gettysburg. By Clark E. Carr.
The Guilds of Florence. By Edgcumbe Staley.
History of Venice. By Pompeo Molmenti.
The True Story of George Eliot. By William Mottram.

Pilots of the Republic. By Archer B. Hulbert.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. By George R. Roe.

Bob Hampton of Placer. By Randall Parrish.

Romola. By George Eliot.

Ridolfo. By Egerton R. Williams, Jr.

The Stained-Glass Lady. By Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Chippinge Borough. By Stanley J. Weyman.

Doubloons. By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett.

In Pastures New. By George Ade.

The Shadow of the House. By Ivan Strannik.

Tinker Two. By Edgar Jepson.

The Macmillan Company:

The Art of the Greeks. By H. B. Walters.

The Romantic Composers. By Daniel Gregory Mason.

A History of Modern England. 5 vols. By Herbert Paul.

Lectures on Modern History. By Lord Acton.

Correspondence of William Pitt. Edited under the auspices of The National Society of Colonial Dames of America.

English Grammar. By George R. Carpenter.

Mars and Its Canals.

Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley. By Clifton Johnson.

The Story Book Girls. By Christina Gowans Whyte.

Poems. By Alfred Noyes.

Poems. By W. B. Yeats.

Songs for Schools. Charles Hubert Farnsworth.

Business Opportunities. By Samuel E. Sparling, Ph.D.

Disenchanted. By Pierre Loti.

The Warrior Spirit in the Republic of God. By Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay.

The Romance of John Bainbridge. By Henry George, Jr.

When Love Speaks. By Will Payne.

The Amulet. By Charles Egbert Craddock.

White Fang. By Jack London.

Mayhew Publishing Company:

Bridget or What's in a Name. By Will W. Whalen.

Moffatt, Yard and Company:

The von Blumers. By Tom Masson.

The Face in the Girandole. By William Frederick Dix.

Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla. By John W. Munson.

Behind the Scenes with Wild Animals. By Ellen Velvin, F.Z.S.

Morgan Shepard Company:

The Diary of a Forty-Niner. By Chauncey L. Canfield.

Gifts and Givers. By Margaret Collier Graham.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Women of the Confederacy. By Rev. J. L. Underwood.

A History of Southern Literature. By Carl Holliday, M.A.

The Man from London Town. By Sarah Stone Williams.

A Kentucky Chronicle. By John Thompson Gray.

Roger of Fairfield. By Virginia Carter Castleman.

Gates of Flame. By Roe R. Hobbs.

Zaos. By Roe R. Hobbs.

Ernest Dressel North:

A Pedlar's Pack. By Daniel Henry Holmes.

The Post Publishing Company:

The Story of the Rocks and Minerals of Wisconsin. By Publius V. Lawson.

James Pott and Company:

Algiers. By M. Elizabeth Crouse.

The Public Publishing Company:

Golden Rule Jones Mayor of Toledo. By Ernest Crosby.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France. By Elise Whitlock Rose and Vida Hunt Francis.

Jean Jaques Rousseau. A New Study in Criticism. By Frederika MacDonald. Vol. I. and II.

Princesses and Court Ladies. By Arvede Barine.

The Reilly and Britton Company:

Daughters of Destiny. By Schuyler Staunton.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Doctor. By Ralph Connor.

The Undertow. By Robert E. Knowles.

America's Awakening. By Philip Loring Allen.

My Old Bailiwick. By Owen Kildare.

The Silver Maple. By Marian Keith.

Benjamin H. Sanborn and Company:

A First Book of Poetics. By Martha Hale Shackford.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Old Creole Days. By George W. Cable.

The Novels, Stories, Sketches and Poems of Thomas Nelson Page.

Drawings of Thomas Gainsborough.

Correggio. By T. Sturge Moore.

English Music.

Real Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis.

Court Beauties of Old Whitehall. By W. R. H. Trowbridge.

Napoleon's Last Voyages. With Introduction and Notes by J. Holland Rose, Litt.D.

The First Forty Years of Washington Society. By Margaret Bayard Smith.

The Italy of the Italians. By Helen Zimmern.

The Robberies Company, Ltd. By Nelson Lloyd.

The Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales. By Frank R. Stockton. With illustrations by Frederick Richardson.

The Prisoner at the Bar. By Arthur Train.

Some Reminiscences. 2 vols. By W. M. Rossetti.

The Works of Rudyard Kipling. Vol. XXIII. Puck of Pook's Hill.

A Knight of the Cumberland. By John Fox, Jr.

Elliot Stock:

A History of the Revised Version of the New Testament. By Samuel Hemphill, Litt.D.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of December and the 1st of January.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Chateaux of Touraine. Lansdale. (Century Co.) $6.00.
3. Prisoners. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Glimpses of Italian Court Life. Batcheller. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $4.80.
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Thalassa. Baillie-Reynolds. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Are You a Bromide? Burgess. (Heubsch.) 75 cents.
6. Benvenuti's Cellini. Train. (Brentano.) $6.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Love of the Lady Arabella. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Ann Boyd. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. 2 vols. Bisland. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $6.00.
3. Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Chilleyfuerst. Hohenlohe. (Macmillan.) $6.00.
4. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Daughters of Destiny. Staunton. (Reilly & Britton Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Ridolfo. Williams. (McClurg.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
4. A Knight of the Cumberland. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decorations. Little. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. In Pastures New. Ade. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Saul of Tarsus. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1,50.
3. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Rosemary in Search of a Father. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Rosemary in Search of a Father. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Saul of Tarsus. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Hearts and the Cross. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. From a College Window. Benson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Saul of Tarsus. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Saul of Tarsus. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. Rosemary in Search of a Father. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Col. Crackett's Coöperative Christmas. Hughes. (Jacobs.) $1.00.
4. The American Girl. Christy. (Moffatt, Yard & Co.) $2.50.
5. The Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. In Pastures New. Ade. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Squaw Man. Faversham. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Saul of Tarsus. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Jewel Weed. Winter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Rosemary in Search of a Father. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
2. Songs and Stories of Tennessee. Moore. (Winston.) $1.25.
3. Summer Hymnal. Moore. (Winston.) $1.25.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. The Breath of the Runners. Mears. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. A Maid in Arcady. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $2.00.
4. A Warning to Lovers. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor. Connor. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Roosevelt Bears. Eaton. (Stern.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Crimson Sweater. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

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1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Rich Men's Children. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Chateaux of Touraine. Lansdale. (Century Co.) $6.00.
4. The Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe. Hohenlohe. (Macmillan.) $6.00.
5. Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Dragon Painter. Fenollosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. McDonald of Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Snow-Bound. Whittier. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $2.50.
2. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $2.00.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
6. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Pass. White. (Musson.) $1.25.
3 "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50 cents.
4. In Treaty with Huno. Crowley. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. In Pastures New. Ade. (Musson.) $1.25.
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (Briggs.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Chippinge Borough. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. The County Road. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. My People of the Plains. Valbot. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. Eve's Diary. Clemens. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book	standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50	241
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	135
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	121
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	115
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50	96
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50	74

Blessings never come singly they come in



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Chemically Practically



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You'll find it a PURE—SAFE—EASY—QUICK—LABOR & CLOTHES SAVING Soap Powder—better than Bar Soap in every respect—the most Up-to-Date Soap Powder—and Powdered Soap is the sort to use.
EVERY PARTICLE OF

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Soda Bi-Carb.	1. "
Caffeine	.6 "
Homeopathic Trituration of Mandrake, Blue Flag, and Nux Vomica	1. "
Total	5. Grs.

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Grip
Headache
Neuralgia
Indigestion
Brain Fag
Offsets Chill and Exposure

25c Package FREE for Test

ORANGEINE is mailed anywhere on receipt of price. 10c package (2 powders), 25c package (6 powders), 50c package (15 powders), $1.00 package (35 powders). We will mail, free, one 25c package, on receipt of request, with assurance of honest test, under suggestion of our directions.

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By

George Barr McCutcheon

I am in everybody's mouth every day—or ought to be.

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A well-known medical authority says: "It would be no easy task for me to indicate all the maladies that, under the names of debility, nervous affections, tremors, and chronic disease, prevail among the coffee-drinking set, enervating humanity, and causing degeneration of mind and body."

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Men of clear brains—men who are wide awake, alert, energetic, are sought to fill the best positions and put in line for promotion.

The man who *knows* he must depend upon a clear brain to get up in the world is far better off without coffee—because it contains a treacherous nerve-racking drug.

There is a *certain practicable* way to get rid of the bad effects of and the craving for coffee; that is, to quit short off and drink well-made

Postum Food Coffee

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Postum (when boiled properly—see directions on pkg.) has a delicious flavor and coffee snap of its own, and is emphatically wholesome.

It works both ways when you quit coffee and take on Postum. The old nervous tremors, headaches, indigestion, etc., disappear with the coffee, and Postum builds up new energy so that life is a joy and work an appreciation!

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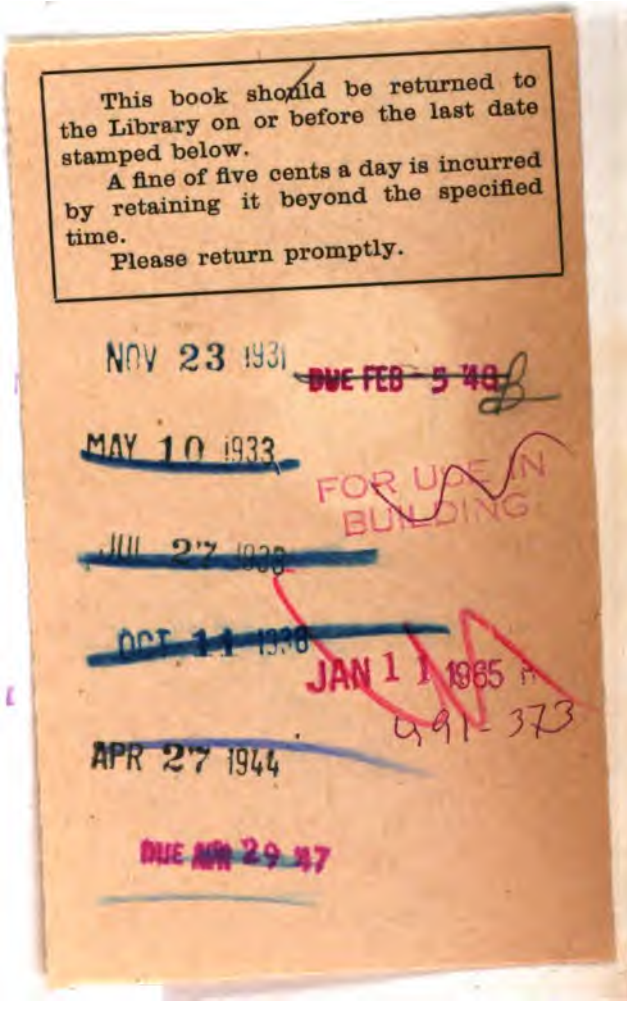
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